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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME X.

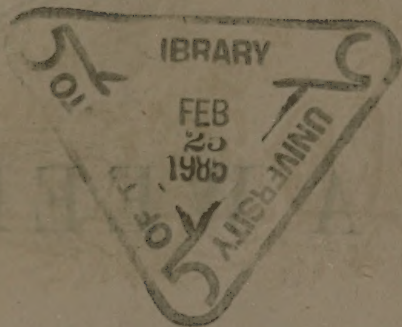
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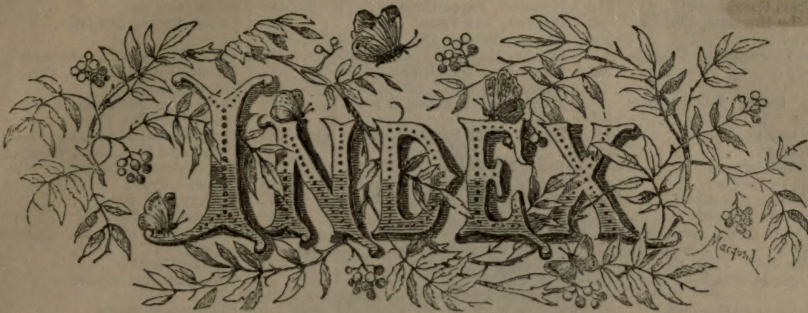
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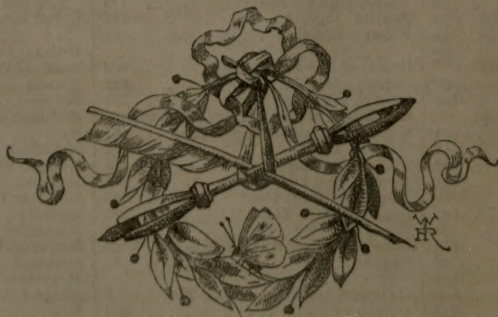
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ONCE A WEEK.



(See p. 5.)

NORMAN'S VISIT TO GUESTFORD.

PART I.

On the morning of the 30th September, 185—, I found myself on the Great Northern,

in company with my friend John Norman, bound for my uncle Sir Ralph Evesham's place at Guestford. It is a nice house, and a

good property, and, as it must come to me by the entail when the worthy baronet is gone, he makes a great point of my spending certain months down there, and acquiring a knowledge of my future duties as a landed proprietor. He is one of the best old fellows going, and, to please him, I strive hard to appear interested in the rotation of crops and the fattening of cattle, and to bestow something more than an uninstructed approval on the improvements he is making in the property. At any rate, I flatter myself I succeed in listening with an air of intelligent interest when he discourses on matters agricultural and bucolic, and perhaps that answers the purpose equally well.

It isn't a very lively place, Guestford, and Sir Ralph, who in his time had tasted the "delight of battle with his peers," and by no means overrated the local attractions, had always given me *carte blanche* to bring down any friend I could lay hands on to enliven my stay. I had known Norman well—few men better—nearly all my life, from the time when I was his fag at Harrow, but as yet he had never been with me to Guestford. It was much too quiet a place to suit him, I thought; he was not at all the man for ruralising, and only found the country endurable when it came in the shape of an admirably appointed great house full of pleasant people: but at last he really was my companion to stay as long as he found it suit him, and it fell out thus:—

The season had been unusually pleasant. Our advance in civilisation was markedly shown in the increased facilities presented for getting rid of money, and of most of these I, like a true "heir of all the ages," had freely availed myself. A month or so at Ems and Wiesbaden had completed the business, and, towards the end of September, I found myself under the necessity of seeking the bowers of Guestford several weeks sooner than I had intended. I had to stay a few days in town on my way, and the evening of my arrival, the first man I saw in the dining-room of the almost deserted club was Norman.

"My dear fellow," said he, "we don't know the true value of a friend till we are in adversity, or in London in September. I am unfeignedly glad to see you."

I thought he was at that moment off the coast of Algeria in Lord Stillbrook's yacht, and told him so.

"Stillbrook isn't going," said he. "Stillbrook is in love, or thinks so, which comes to the same thing. He has been trying every means to get up a consuming passion any time these three years, but never came across any

woman who encouraged him enough to give him a decent pretext, so now his delight is childish. But, for all that, he had no right to throw us over at the last minute."

"Why did he not send you all off, and stay behind?"

"Of course, that arrangement would have suited everybody, and so Dick Scarsdale pointed out to him; but it seems the lady is staying somewhere in North Wales, on the coast, and Stillbrook thinks the possession of a yacht will add to his attractions. I suggested he should marry her at once, and bring her with us for the honeymoon; but he didn't seem to see that at all: in fact, he got quite angry at last, and said he didn't know why he hadn't as good a right to his own way as we had. Of course we demolished such a manifestly untenable proposition in no time."

"No doubt," laughed I; "but such amazing energy of self-assertion is something quite new for Stillbrook."

"Isn't it odd?" said Norman, musingly; "it seems so obviously the final cause of Stillbrook to provide yachts and such things for men like Scarsdale and me, who can't keep them ourselves, that it quite shocks one to see a man flying in the face of Providence in that way. I believe Scarsdale urged this very forcibly after I had gone, but failed to make any impression. His heart was hardened."

"It is very sad," said I; "but, meanwhile, what do you mean to do with yourself?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. I've refused several invitations already, because I had made up my mind to go with Stillbrook, and now, as the Fates seem to have pronounced against my enjoying myself, I almost think I shall accept their bidding. I can't stay longer up here; that is too much; but I shall go down to some quiet seaside place, and read and write for awhile. I have plenty to do in that way, and can easily occupy myself till better times return."

"You can do better than that," said I; "I am going down to Guestford the day after to-morrow. Come with me; it will be a personal favour to me. Sir Ralph will be charmed to make your acquaintance, and you can indulge in scholastic retirement to your heart's content." And so it was finally settled.

And here a few words on John Norman. He was a little my senior, and at the time I am writing of must have been about thirty. He had been called to the bar some years previously, but, as far as I know, had never done anything in his profession; but he wrote a good deal in an uncertain way, and by this means eked out a slender private fortune.

When he pleased, few men could be more thoroughly charming, and his social success was already considerable; but there was about him a certain cynical indifference which he could not help showing, which repelled many. He was striking, rather than lovable. Women, however, seemed to find him very attractive: somehow they always *do* appreciate the satanic. Probably his personal appearance had a good deal to do with it. Though his stature was but mediocre, yet there certainly was something in the proud, clear-cut face, with its dark, eager eyes, that might account for the approving glances bestowed on it; to say nothing of a glossy black beard that would have done credit to a pasha. Any way he did exercise a fascination over most women, which he well knew, and, unless report belied him, availed himself of without stint.

"By-the-by," said I, as we rolled along in the train, "you will meet a man at Guestford, whom I think you must remember at Cambridge—Newton, of Emmanuel."

"Of course I remember him," said Norman, taking the cigar from his lips. "I used to know him pretty well, though not so well as you did. He was a good fellow enough, and not without brains, too. What is he doing at Guestford? I thought he had gone into orders."

"So he has," said I, "and his father bought the next presentation to Guestford for him; and he succeeded old Dr. Whitty there only three or four months ago. It is a long time since I have been in the neighbourhood, and I have not seen him yet. He is a married man now, with a couple of small children, I understand, and my cousin Jane writes that everybody is enchanted with Mrs. Newton. So you see there may be something to enliven your retreat, only spare your friends, and don't be the ruthless destroyer of poor Newton's domestic felicity, which I am told is quite paradisiacal."

"My dear Evesham," laughed Norman, "pray don't agitate yourself with needless apprehensions. I assure you I by no means deserve to be considered a Lovelace. Newton's Eden shall be quite safe from my serpent breath. I am going to luxuriate in Asiatic calm, and must absolutely decline to make love to maid or matron for some time to come."

We were warmly welcomed at Guestford by Sir Ralph, and his only child, my cousin Jane, a very nice, pleasant girl, but undeniably plain. Sir Ralph had often heard me talk of Norman, and I believe was really glad to see him. Norman was in excellent spirits, and exerted himself to make a good impression. I fancy, when once this love of social power has become

a passion with a man, any triumph, however easily won, has its value, and I could see that Norman intensely enjoyed the fascination he was exercising over my uncle and his daughter. Jane had at least one charm for my friend—great skill in music, and a lovely voice, and she sang Mendelssohn and Schubert to him till I think he quite forgot whether she was pretty or not. We did not separate till late, Sir Ralph thanking Norman warmly for having given him the pleasure of his society, and hoping that he might find Guestford sufficiently endurable to induce him to make a long stay.

Jane had told me that the Newtons were coming to lunch the next day, so I put off meeting my old friend Frank until then, and strolled about with Norman, smoking. After awhile my uncle joined us, and the talk chanced to turn on classic poetry. Sir Ralph was no mean scholar—Norman a better, and the two soon got absorbed in their subject. The little Greek and Latin I ever succeeded in mastering had grown far too rusty to enable me to follow them, so, as the conversation was getting uninteresting to me, and lunch time was approaching, I left them and went to see if the Newtons had come. I found Mrs. Newton with Jane; her husband was to follow shortly.

She really was very pretty and very charming. A tiny brunette, with not very regular features, but bewitching eyes, shy and downcast, yet with a latent fire about them. She was altogether one of those "primrose-faced" little women who seem made to be petted, and looked so young I could hardly fancy she was the mother of two children. There was a frank cordiality in her reception of me as an old friend of her husband's that quite took my heart by storm.

"Where did you leave Mr. Norman and papa, Charlie?" asked Jane.

"In the garden, quoting Horace by the yard," said I; "but they said they would be here directly: in fact, here they come, and Newton with them. I'll go and meet him. I chanced to glance towards Mrs. Newton as I spoke, and was somewhat surprised by the slight flush I noticed on her cheek. Is she so much in love with her husband, then, thought I, as to colour at hearing he is near her, after being married three years? Good fellow, Newton—very; but I should hardly have thought the man to inspire a *grande passion*. But then, one man never *does* give another credit for being able to do that. At this moment Newton and Norman entered the room side by side. The rector was a tall man, light-haired, and large-limbed, somewhat loosely hung. His

face was the very personification of honesty and genial good-nature, but it lacked the *distinction* that belonged to Norman's.

The room was large, and as Norman entered it he did not see its other occupants. I stood a moment talking to him and Newton at the door.

"Come," said the latter; "I see my wife: let me introduce you."

Norman was a firm believer in Brummell's dogma, that "a gentleman may be amused, but he should never suffer himself to be surprised." Nevertheless, he certainly was for a moment a prey to the vulgar emotion when he found himself face to face with Mrs. Newton. There was a coldness, almost, I fancied, a defiance in the silvery voice as she received him (without any of the *empressement* she had shown to me), saying, "How do you do, Mr. Norman? I suppose you hardly expected to see me," adding, to her husband, "I have met Mr. Norman before, years ago, at Torquay."

She had had the advantage of Norman in previous preparation, but he was always master of any feelings he might have, and it was in the calmest of his calm tones that he replied:

"I never forget faces or voices, Mrs. Newton, and I am past being surprised at anything. I congratulate my friend Newton on being a still more fortunate man than I thought him."

The careful modulation of his voice, and the somewhat Grandisonian nature of his speech, were sufficient indications to one who knew him as well as I did, that all was not smooth within. He always became grammatical and elaborate when put out or vexed. I didn't like the symptoms; and then I bethought me of the flush I had observed on the lady's cheek awhile back. So ho, *ma petite*, thought I, is that to be put to Norman's account, and not to the rector's, after all? If he saw much of you, with your soft eyes and winning ways, the chances are that "years ago" he made more or less love to you. Deuce take it! I wish you had been as nice as you are, and anybody else. One comfort is, though, that you can't well be in love with one another at present, for he to my certain knowledge has been *épripis* with a dozen women since he can have set eyes on you; and you, by all accounts, are devoted to your husband and children. And if you hate one another, it does not much matter, for you each of you have too much taste to show it offensively.

I sat by Mrs. Newton at luncheon, and once or twice ventured to allude to her previous acquaintance with Norman—for I always like understanding the "lie" of a country. I only discovered that she had met him four years

ago, when he had, as I knew, been staying in South Devon. Certainly no one would have gathered from her manner that the subject was an unpleasant one, only that it had little interest for her. I began to think I had lighted upon a mare's nest. Norman sat at the other end of the table, talking to Newton and my cousin. From his manner, thoroughly self-contained, and without the least effusion, I perceived that he was conscious of the presence in the social atmosphere of some hostile influence, but this might be only Newton. Poor Frank was a capital fellow, but his jokes were not the best, and he made puns and laughed very loudly at them, and altogether there was a boisterous hilarity about him that rather overwhelms men with keen nerves. Besides, he was as glad as a schoolboy to see us both again. He had to go directly after luncheon, and his wife persisted in accompanying him, both promising to dine with us on the following day. I suggested to Norman to walk through the park with them, and smoke our cigars, which Mrs. Newton was good enough "rather to like." (I suspect the rector had pretty well broken her in to the weed.)

It was a lovely afternoon. Everything was bathed in that "soft lustre" which one never sees but at that time of the day at the end of September and the beginning of October. Newton was enthusiastic on "the effects;" Norman laughingly begged him to spare him.

"It isn't that I have anything to say against the sun and the woods," said he; "but really I have seen both so very often before. Partridges and pointers are the most pleasing objects to my vision:—

"In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

He quoted lightly, but as he spoke looked full at Mrs. Newton. The shy eyes fell before his, and a slight change flitted over the beautiful face—not an angry one, it seemed to me. But she looked up and said, somewhat bitterly:—

"So not even Tennyson is safe from your irreverent hands, Mr. Norman."

Norman smiled.

"Tennyson and I are such very good friends, that you see I fancy I am entitled to take a little liberty with him when I like."

"I don't believe you really care for him a bit," said she; "you only say you do because now it is the fashion to like him."

"You bring very heavy charges against me, Mrs. Newton. First, that I do not really like Tennyson, which is bad enough; and next, which is worse, that I feign a taste I have not, out of a base subserviency to popular opinion."

Norman's tones could be very winning when he chose. They seemed to influence Mrs. Newton now, for the mocking accent had quite died out of her voice as she answered hurriedly, playing nervously with her parasol,—

"If you really cared for poetry you would not laugh at Frank for liking the sunlight. And—and I think you do sometimes 'feign a taste you have not,' whatever you say."

Perhaps I was not intended to hear those last low words. Newton certainly did not, for he was still taken up with the view, and was not attending. How Norman looked I don't know, but he said nothing. Suddenly Mrs. Newton, to change the conversation, I rather fancy, began to admire some pretty purple and white flowers on the bank. I forget what she called them—"beautiful something or other,"—but I never could recollect those names. Norman gathered a handful and put them into her hand, saying:—

"Perhaps you won't believe that I care for wild flowers, Mrs. Newton, but I do—in my way."

She only said, "Thank you," and then, turning to her husband, took his arm, complaining of being tired. By this time we were at the gate, so, bidding them farewell for the present, we turned back.

We walked a few yards in silence.

"Well," said I, at last, "I did not know that you would meet another friend at Guestford."

"Yes," said he, "I used to meet her when I was staying at the Thornley's; but she was only there once or twice. Miss Lyddon she was then. She has hardly altered at all. She and Newton seem to suit each other well enough. How well that fellow wears!"

He seemed to hesitate as to whether he should say more. I did not press him, and he must have seen that I purposely forbore. My former suspicions were decidedly confirmed by the incidents of the walk, and had the lady not been Newton's wife, I should have tried a little "chaff" with Norman on the subject. But as it was, I thought that acquiescence in the view they both intended should be taken of their acquaintance was my wisest course. Any other might have produced embarrassment, perhaps have led to Norman's departure; so I dismissed the subject from my mind.

We took a rather extended walk, then went in and played billiards until it was time to dress for dinner. The cloud, if there had been one, had entirely passed away from Norman. Jane was most anxious to know what we thought of Mrs. Newton; and Norman was far too cunning in conversational

fence to *show* any wish to turn the conversation, whatever he may have felt. But even I could detect no *arrière pensée* in his manner. He spoke of their having met in old days just as he and she had already done, and praised her very much; not enthusiastically, to be sure, but he never was enthusiastic. Moreover, even when, as with Jane, he had no desire of conquest, he had trodden the war-path too long to be able so to violate its principles as to force upon the woman you are talking to the conviction that she is second in your thoughts. "Women," he would say, "are no doubt often *very* fond of each other. Their intimacies ripen to bosom friendship in twenty-four hours; and I *have* known cases where they have lasted three whole months. But, even with men, no one likes to think himself *really* subordinate to his friend; and a woman, you know, has no other test of her value than the way in which men treat her. The doctrine of reserve should be attended to in praising one woman to another, even when their friendship is at a white heat. You can't but have noticed that the usual *entente cordiale* between two spaniels becomes seriously overclouded if their master obtrusively caresses one whilst the other is by."

Norman and I spent the next morning in shooting; but we left off rather early, as he said that he had letters to write. Proceeding homewards through some fields adjoining the Rectory, we came upon Mrs. Newton, who had been "district visiting," and was going home the same way. We had not been together five minutes (during which time she had talked almost exclusively with me), when Farmer Brownson met us. Now Farmer Brownson was one of my uncle's chief tenants, and had known me ever since I could walk, and I was a great pet and hero of his; so there was nothing to be done but telling my friends I would overtake them directly, to stop and shake hands with him, and listen to his delight and wonder at seeing me again. It was some time before I could get loose without hurting the good old boy's feelings. When at last I turned away, Mrs. Newton and Norman were not in sight. Three minutes' rapid walking, however, brought me to them, standing at the gate of the Rectory field, in which were her children with their nurses. He was bending towards her as I came up, evidently talking very earnestly, but I heard nothing. Her face, as much as I could see of it, seemed very troubled, and yet there was a lurking smile about the mouth too. She seemed confused.

"Here is Mr. Evesham at last. I must go in; I am late. I suppose you would not

thank me, Mr. Evesham, for offering to show you my babies?"

She hesitated, shook hands with me and then with Norman, just lifting her eyes to his half a second as she did so. I could not help feeling that it was just as well no one else was by.

"Norman," said I, as we turned away, "I suspect you and Mrs. Newton were very good friends once upon a time."

"At any rate, that is no reason why we should not be friends now, is it?" was his reply.

"*Cela depend*," said I. "*Quid si prisca redit Venus*, you know? I fancied I saw the *irre amantium* yesterday, and something suspiciously like the *integratio amoris* to-day."

"For Heaven's sake, my good fellow," broke in Norman, almost angrily, "don't go suspecting what does not exist in that way. I beg your pardon," he continued, in his usual cool tone, "but let me entreat you, *mon enfant*, to be reasonable. Nobody knows better than you that the kind of thing you are talking of is my way with women, and I can't help it. If, as you imagine, Mrs. Newton and I were old friends, she must know me well enough to be in no danger. Really, Charlie, you have an unnecessarily bad opinion of me. I am not a saint, I know, but there has not been, and will not be, any question of love-making between me and the wife of Frank Newton."

"Don't be cross, old fellow," said I; "only do be careful. You know you are dangerous, and I am bound to say, if the aforesaid Frank Newton had been at the gate just now, I fancy he would have thought the aspect of things decidedly queer."

I was not satisfied, and he saw it. It was the very absence of any attempt at that hard flirting which he called his way with women, coupled with his reserve, that bothered me. I felt as if I were smoking in a powder magazine.

I determined to take Mrs. Newton into dinner myself, and succeeded. It was not a large party. The Wintons, and one or two other people from the neighbourhood, were there—all great admirers of the Rector's pretty young wife, and all with singularly little to say for themselves. Our two stars, Norman and Mrs. Newton, were both at their best, and together with Sir Ralph, who had great social powers in his way, made the party go off very well. But as the evening went on, it became more and more difficult for the two friends to remember that they were supposed to have been but the merest acquaint-

ances of old. At least, it was the case with Mrs. Newton: and even Norman was by no means always master of the situation. There was a marvellous knowledge of each other's likings and dislikings in the way of songs and books, which showed me that my cynical friend must at one time have opened himself far beyond his wont to that fair young matron. They stood with Jane by the piano, and Norman asked for song after song, saying he was hungry for music. Mrs. Newton sang, as she did everything, very charmingly, though by no means with my cousin's rare skill. The latter bore the greater part in the performance, Mrs. Newton declaring that, whatever Mr. Norman's politeness might induce him to say—not that she believed he ever let that interfere with his pleasure—it was Jane he really wanted to hear. I really believe she did her best to treat him and myself with the same frank friendliness; but the dear child was continually slipping into a different tone with him, seeming to assume a right to say what she pleased to him, and make saucy little speeches that, I think, quite puzzled poor Jane. And then ever and anon she would recollect herself, and draw back into iciness for awhile, which generally ended in the lovely dark eyes being lifted to his for a second, with an appeal in them for him not to be angry, for she did not mean to vex him. Knowing, as I did, the vehemently sensuous nature that lay beneath Norman's outward impassiveness, I could not but feel that all this must try him. But, save that his eyes would sometimes flash out rebelliously with mingled triumph and tenderness upon her, he made no sign. Newton meanwhile was enchanted with the way in which his wife seemed to get on with Norman and me. True, he had not seen all that I had; but, though I said otherwise to Norman, I scarcely think if he had it would have made any impression on him. Looks and tones of voice were matters not in his line. He worshipped his wife, and was immensely proud of her; and her evident success with so fastidious and *distingué* a man as Norman, not to mention my more humble self, filled him with the most radiant satisfaction.

As soon as our guests had departed, I went to the smoking-room, where I was soon joined by Norman. He filled a little briar-wood pipe with Cavendish, stretched himself on a divan, and smoked awhile in silence. I made some observation, which he answered absently, as if thinking of something else. At last he roused himself.

"Old fellow," said he, "I was rude to you this afternoon, and beg your pardon again."

Stop. Don't interrupt me, I haven't done yet. I was also less frank than you had a right to expect of me, and I saw I left an unfavourable impression on you. Now, if you were Stillbrook, I should not say what I am going to, because he would never see anything that was not shown to him; and if you were Scarsdale, I shouldn't, because he doesn't care a straw for any mortal but himself. You have eyes in your head; and, moreover, I really believe you have—though not in a virulent form—the peculiar combination of emotions which go to make up what they call conscientiousness. I *did* see a great deal of Mrs. Newton, who was then Annie Lyddon, some four years back. She wasn't in the same line of life as I was at all. The Thornleys were fond of having her at their house, until they thought I paid her too much attention, and then they left off asking her. I am not easily stopped, though, when I take a fancy to anything, and one way and another I contrived to meet Annie constantly for many months. I was very fond of her then, and small blame to me, and it would be mock modesty in me to say that I did not succeed in making her very thoroughly in love with me. Of course I could not marry her: she had neither the money nor the social position, one or other of which would be indispensable to a man like myself,—in the world, and of the world to the very core of the heart. Neither could I do her any harm; I had not the heart, even if I had the power, which I doubt. But we went dreaming on until I had to leave, and then I admit I felt guilty when I saw—but, however," he went on, checking himself, and refilling his pipe, "that's neither here nor there. We corresponded for awhile, but it soon fell through. We gave it up—it was stopped by her people. I forget exactly: *n'importe*. I knew that our modern Calypsos *se consolent* without much difficulty. I did not *forget* mine; I never do *forget* my loves; but she subsided into a *souvenir*. You know what that means. Well, yesterday I saw her again for the first time after four years: I confess I was a little staggered at first, and I could see she had not the most pleasant recollection of me:—probably had long regarded me as a heartless trifler, and that sort of thing. But she can afford to forgive, as she has got a better and a richer man for a husband, and seems perfectly happy; and this I think now she sees. Her friendship is very pleasant to me, I admit; and, for my own part, I can't see the least chance of her getting any harm from occasionally meeting me whilst I stay here. I like this place. I like Sir Ralph and your cousin immensely; and I like the

Newtons. Only look here, Charlie, I can't have you troubled in spirit on my account. If you think my presence dangerous and objectionable, say so now, frankly. I shan't think the worse of you, for I shall quite understand your motives. You and I can concoct some story for your uncle, and I will be off to-morrow. I can't say fairer."

I felt I could make only one answer to this. John Norman had been a good friend to me often and often. He had cleared me from an "entanglement" that threatened to become very embarrassing. He had pulled me honourably through an ugly quarrel with some Frenchmen at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had sacrificed pleasant engagements to sit with me when I was ill. And now he was offering to do still more for me,—to give up his own pleasure. Was I to tell this man that I would rather he left my uncle's house on account of apprehensions that as likely as not were enormously exaggerated? Besides, I felt it would not be so easy to account for Norman's departure. If my suspicions *had* been shared by any one else, this was the very course to confirm them. It might get round to Newton himself—the deuce knew what might come of it. I should be distrusting my friend, and behaving like a churl, and perhaps, after all, bring about the very result I dreaded. All this passed through my mind as Norman was speaking. When he had done, I rose, went over to him, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"My dear, good fellow," said I, "forgive me for having made a fool of myself. I am very much obliged for the confidence you have bestowed on me. As for your going away, it is not to be thought of for fifty Mrs. Newtons. Henceforth rely on it I shall make myself quite easy: I dare say I absurdly overrated the danger; but even if I did not, you have a strong head, and can be trusted not to fall over the precipice, unless you choose. And so there's an end of that."

"All right, Evesham," said he; "so be it. And now let us turn in."

(To be continued.)

WINTER.

Cold—piercing cold!
And Time's life current, so free and bold,
Congeals in his veins as the year grows old.
Keen and clear the Aurora gleams
On skeleton forests and coffined streams:
Night dews freezing as they fall
On the stiff stark earth in her wide white pall;
Ghostly cloud-wreaths hurrying past,
Shivering down the icy blast;
A silver world set in an iron sky,
And a steel-bright moon for company.

C. W. A.

THE HADDOCK AND JOHN DOREE.

IN treating of these two interesting sea-fish, I have thought it desirable to speak of them conjointly, rather than devote to each a separate paper: firstly, because a short account of each is all that is required to interest the readers of this series of fish-papers; and secondly, because both the haddock and John Doree lay claim to the singular title of "St. Peter's fish." On the side of each of these fish, and close beneath the gills, there is a dark mark, very strongly resembling the impression of a man's finger and thumb; and from this fact a legend has arisen that either the haddock or John Doree must be the fish out of the mouth of which St. Peter took a piece of money, as related in the Bible.

Without discussing the pros and cons of the case, I own to thinking that there is a certain poetical beauty in this sort of legend, which, though often entirely opposed to facts, has yet a great fascination for the students of natural history. I will, however, at once pass on to the description of the two fish I have selected to speak of in the present paper, and will give the place of honour to the haddock.

Haddock are perhaps the most interesting of all the fish classed under the head of the Cod-tribe, and are always much sought after for the London market. The best haddock are those of the North Sea and of the Irish Channel, and those taken off the Shetland Isles; but those of the Irish Channel are so excellent, that the name of "a Dublin haddock" has passed into a proverb. Probably, when sent to table fresh, and when properly served up, there is no sea-fish that can excel it.

Haddock, of late years, have become very much scarcer than they were some twenty years ago, and this I attribute to the wholesale destruction of small fish. I have before remarked* that much injustice has been done to the "trawl-net" by the assertion of its opponents that it is destructive to the spawn of sea-fish. The "trawl" certainly does destroy spawn, but only in a very minor degree, as it cannot be used on the rocky spawning-beds.

It is astonishing that people do not see that the real reason for the scarcity of sea-fish is the want of protection for the brood-fish at spawning-time. I will not here repeat all that I said before on the subject, but I will say that as long as the salmon, trout, perch, and all fresh-water fish are protected by law at the

spawning-time, it is extraordinary that our law-givers cannot see the urgent necessity of protecting the cod, herring, haddock, and in fact all sea-fish, in like manner. Great Britain's wealth in sea-fisheries might be quadrupled by the very simple justice of allowing the fish to rest during the period when they are propagating their species.

Haddock are taken both in the trawl-net and with hooks, those taken in the latter way being far the best fish. Good fresh haddock are always in demand for the London market, and their price varies from eightpence to three shillings. The supply is rarely equal to the demand, for the fish appear to grow scarcer and scarcer, and consequently it is a rarity to obtain a fresh haddock in London at anything like a low price. The best way of dressing a haddock for the dinner-table is to take a fresh plump fish, of not less than three pounds' weight: then stuff with sweet herbs, as I have recommended for Jack: boil the fish carefully, so that it shall not break in the dressing, and serve it up garnished with slices of lemon and oyster or shrimp sauce, though some prefer fennel-sauce to either. Dried haddock are exceedingly fine for a breakfast relish, and a peat-smoked haddock from Ireland will bear away the palm from almost anything.

These haddock, cured as I have tasted them, have an exquisite flavour, very similar to that of a Westphalia ham. They are cheaper than the fresh fish, because, being cured on the spot where they are taken, no cost is incurred by the hurry of sending them off to London in time to be eaten whilst fresh—an expense which takes one-third off the profit of fish sent to Billingsgate. Small-sized cod-fish are very often cured and smoked, and passed off on unwary purchasers for "Dublin Bay haddock." But this fraud is easily detected by the practised connoisseur in fish; for the haddock has a dark-chocolate stripe extending the whole length of its body from the eye to the fork of the tail, whereas the cod has no such distinction. A great many haddock are taken off the Orkneys and Shetlands, on the long lines used for taking cod, tusk, ling, and other deep-sea fish; but the greater part of those supplied to London are net-fish, and consequently Londoners rarely get prime fresh haddock, however they may flatter themselves they do.

The weight of the haddock in general extends from one to seven pounds. I never saw a haddock taken with spawn in it; but from what I can gather I incline to believe that they spawn twice in the year, as does the herring—viz., in April or May, and again in

* See vol. ix., p. 252.

September or October. If sprats be (as I believe they are) young herrings, this would fully account for the great difference of size we see in the sprats brought to market.

The haddock is in finest condition in the autumn months, and perhaps from October to Christmas may be reckoned its best season. I can remember, a dozen or fifteen years ago, that haddock were abundant on the South-eastern coast from Margate to Dover; and I have seen heavy takes of them brought into Ramsgate, Dover, Sandwich, Folkestone, and other Kentish ports. Now, however, a haddock caught by a Kentish trawling-boat is a veritable "rara avis;" and it is a fact that most of the haddocks eaten in the towns mentioned come through London from Plymouth, Torbay, and other Devonshire and Cornish fishing-places.

The scarcity of fish at those places where they were formerly so abundant (and which are their natural breeding-grounds) puts me in mind of a fact that occurred when our Queen visited the Emperor of the French a few years since. Although France is famous for its peaches, there were none good enough for Royalty, and the Emperor had actually to send to our Covent Garden for fruit to set before his august visitor at the Tuileries! Lest, however, I should trespass too much on the patience of my readers, I will pass on to the second branch of my subject—namely, the John Doree.

The John Dory (as it is popularly spelt) derives its name from the French words *Jean Doré*, which being interpreted means, literally, "Gilded John," that is, the sea-dandy: a term singularly inappropriate, since the John Doree is, without exception, the most hideous of sea-fish—or, at least, of sea-fish used for the table.

This fish is a kind of compromise between one of the haddock species and a flatfish—in appearance only, I mean, for it is not a hybrid but a distinct species. The John Doree has on his back a large fin, in shape resembling that of the river-perch, the curvature of which is so peculiar as to give the fish the appearance of being humpbacked. It is an exquisitely-flavoured fish, and hence its merit must not be judged of from its external credentials. There is a story that Quin, the actor, once went all the way to Plymouth to eat John Dorees in perfection. I, for my part, see nothing extraordinary in the story, since it is by no means uncommon now-a-days for epicures to travel all the way to the Highlands merely to eat black game and venison "*comme il faut manger*." Certainly there is this to be said for Quin's compliment to the John Doree—namely, that

those days were not the days of railway-trains.

Seriously, however, it is true that the John Doree is a fish highly prized by the gourmand, and he is one of those very few fish admitted to first-rate dinner-tables. In this respect the John Doree must have the preference over the haddock; for, whereas the latter is very much under-estimated by many persons, the John Doree is greatly sought after, and is thought good enough for the table of Royalty itself. The Doree is not caught in any great quantities. For instance, a trawling-boat that has made a heavy catch of soles, plaice, haddock, whiting, &c., will have not more than two or three Dorees—perhaps only a single fish of the sort—in her nets during an entire night's fishing. For this reason the John Doree commands a good price. From half-a-crown to five shillings is not out of the way for a small fish, and I have known one to fetch a great deal more. Perhaps a fair average price is three shillings for a fish the size of a small plaice.

The best Dorees are those of the South-western coasts, and especially of Torbay. The Scottish Dorees are also famous; and, if I remember rightly, one of these fish is spoken of by Scott, in his "Antiquary," as forming the subject of a bargain by Miss Grizzel Oldbuck, that inimitably-drawn specimen of the bustling house-manager.

The John Doree is mostly taken in nets—indeed, I have not actually seen one taken with a hook; and if it be *not* so taken, that will debar it from its claim to the title of "St. Peter's fish." I have often heard the Irish call the haddock "St. Pather's fish," but never heard the term applied to the John Doree, who is principally so styled by the Cornish and Welshmen.

The flesh of the Doree is so good in itself that it requires but very few additions to improve it, and I will boldly recommend gastronomes to eat Dorees plainly boiled with shrimp-sauce and a little anchovy. Harvey sauce mixed with anchovy, is, perhaps, an improvement for most sea-fish, but not for the John Doree. Many persons, indeed, prefer the Doree without any sauce whatever, using merely a little clear melted butter.

The size of the John Doree varies usually from three-quarters of a pound to three pounds. I have seen them larger, but very seldom; and I imagine a pound and a-half to be a fair average estimate of the weight of this fish. We usually see but one or two specimens at a time on a fishmonger's stall, as they are comparatively so scarce that they are snapped up as soon as they come into the market.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

"What sweeter music can we bring
Than a Carol for to sing
The Birth of this our Heavenly King?"

SOME twenty or thirty years ago we should scarcely have dared to predict the resuscitation of the Christmas Carol. At that time the custom of singing carols had become little better than a respectable scheme for raising money, the miserable street-singer drawing out, in lamentable and tuneless strains (in hope of pecuniary recompense), the "good tidings," that "our Saviour He was born on Christmas Day in the morning." In villages and quiet country places, it is true, carols in some form or other have never been allowed to die out, and appear to have been cherished with no little reverence as one of the rarest delights of the "blessed Christmas Tide."

Hone, in his "Ancient Mysteries," A.D. 1823, says:—"The melody of 'God rest you, merry gentlemen,' delighted my childhood; and I still listen with pleasure to the shivering carolist's evening chaunt towards the clean kitchen window, decked with holly, the flaming fire showing the whitened hearth, and reflecting gleams of light from the surfaces of the kitchen utensils."

And Irving, too, in the "Sketch Book," A.D. 1850, describes, in his customary happy way, the carolling of village children on Christmas morning:—"While I lay musing on my pillow I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chaunted forth an old Christmas Carol."

The sheets of carols, embellished with rude cuts of the Nativity, and other events in the Life of our Blessed Saviour, still issued from Clerkenwell, the Seven Dials, and provincial towns, are becoming scarcer every year, and the race of street carolists, there can be little doubt, will, in a few years, become altogether extinct.

It is curious to note the remarkable way in which old conventional forms and traditions have been retained in the broadsides annually hawked about the streets; the arrangement of subjects, borders, and general treatment, being in many cases decidedly mediæval.

The selection of subjects is not always remarkable for aptness, nor their execution for particular brilliancy. Upon one carol sheet in my possession occur representations of "The Crucifixion," the "Return of the Soldier," the "Celebration of the Eucharist," and Two Lovers walking in green bowers, while a Fairy points to a Temple wherein the Matrimonial

Alliance may be perfected. Upon another is shown a Village, a young man borne to the skies in the arms of some ethereal beauty (by sprites of all sizes and shapes), our Blessed Lord instituting the Holy Eucharist, a Family Party, and a Deathbed. Again, we have the Seven Ages, boys playing at marbles, girls gathering flowers, fiends seizing a murderer, and a congregation at worship, to illustrate "favourite carols for the present year."

The mental powers of the printer are again taxed to invent "catching" titles for his publications; and we have "The Christmas Holly," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Christmas Mirth," "Blossoms of Holiness," "The Heavenly Garland," "The Select Carolist," "The Morning Star," "The Golden Chaplet," and "The Gem, a variety of excellent carols."

The design and execution of the woodcuts are sometimes highly ludicrous; and when coloured in the "approved style," they are apt to provoke mirth rather than devotion. In many instances the ancient method of representing several subjects in one picture is preserved, e.g., the Adoration of the Angels, the Visit of the Shepherds (with regular pastoral staves), and the Magi, all occur in one engraving, the Star appearing in three places. Hone mentions the case of a printer of Moorfields, who placed so high a value on his woodcuts, that he positively refused to give up the blocks without a strict reservation of the copyright of the designs. For the amusement of his readers, Hone annexes four of these rude pictures.

It is to Mr. Davies Gilbert, the well-known antiquary, that we are primarily indebted for the revival of Christmas carolling. In A.D. 1822 Gilbert published the music of twelve favourite carols preserved in the west of England, and in the following year enlarged the collection to twenty. Mr. W. Sandys, F.S.A., brought out in A.D. 1833 a set of fourscore carols, with seventeen melodies, and some French Noël's. This valuable work, containing an abundant store of information on all customs and traditions of Yule-tide, has been since supplemented by a book by the same author on "Christmas; its History, Festivities, and Carols." Mr. Wright's reprint of mediæval and later carols, published for the Percy Society, with Dr. Rimbault's "Little Book," Mr. Parker's "Sixteen Carols," Mr. Chappell's "National Airs," and other similar works, led the public to appreciate the time-honoured custom, and to comprehend more clearly the rich store-house of melody and poetry contained in these delightful reliques of the Christmas of our forefathers.

Publishers became cognizant of a real want

of carol music suited for actual performance by choirs and families; and in the year 1850 Mr. Novello produced a collection of carols at a low rate, arranged for four voices by the Rev. T. Helmore, Priest of the Chapel Royal, with words, principally in imitation of the original, by the Rev. Dr. Neale. Messrs. Masters issued a collection of twelve carols, with original music by Mr. Hine and Dr. Gauntlett; and Dr. Gauntlett himself brought out a book containing some very good specimens of Christmas melodies. And now collections of carols are every year multiplying, the advertisement sheets of musical and other papers testifying to the universal demand for suitable music for Christmas time.

The majority of modern carols evince in a marked manner a desire to imitate the honest sincerity and piety exhibited in the productions of our ancestors. The men of the nineteenth century are fain to admit that better means for attracting the ear and ravishing the hearts of the poor and simple, can scarcely be employed than those used by the men of old. The quaint expressions, the homely recital of Scripture narrative, and withal the soothing and plaintive strains of pure English melody, strike home at once to the hearts of the humble and devout observers of the blessed coming of our Redeemer in the Flesh. I propose to give a few specimens of ancient and modern carols.

The first example is a translation from the pen of Dr. Neale, and is taken from the collection published by Messrs. Novello, being with the refrain, "In Bethlehem," in strict accordance with the original:—

From church to church the bells' glad tidings run;
A Virgin hath conceiv'd, and borne a son
In Bethlehem.

And angel-hosts, the midnight of His birth,
Sang "Glory be to God, and peace on Earth,"
In Bethlehem.

"Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing,"
The shepherds said, and seek the new-born King—
In Bethlehem.

* * * * *
The star went leading on from east to west:
The wise men follow'd, till they saw it rest
In Bethlehem.

Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold, they bring,
To hail the God, the Mortal, and the King,
In Bethlehem.

With threefold gifts, the Threefold God three praise,
Who thus vouchsaf'd the sons of man to raise,
In Bethlehem.

The above is said to be of the eleventh century. In many cases, Latin is intermixed with the English, as in the subjoined example from a manuscript of the sixteenth century, preserved in the British Museum. The spelling is modernized:—

Jhesu Fili Virginis,
Miserere nobis.

Jesu of a Maid Thou wouldest be born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
And all for our sins,
Miserere nobis.

Angels there were, mild of mood,
Sung to that sweet Food,
With joy and bliss,
Miserere nobis.

In a cratch was that CHILD laid,
Both ox and ass with Him played,
With joy and bliss,
Miserere nobis.

Then for us He shed His blood,
And also He died on the Rood,
And for us I wit,
Miserere nobis.

And then to hell He took the way,
To ransom them that there lay,
With joy and bliss,
Miserere nobis.

And again from the Harleian MSS. :—

N^{ro} paremus canticum, excelsis gloria.
When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlem, in that fair city,
Angels sung there with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appeared with great light,
And said, "God's Son is born this night,"
In excelsis gloria.

This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In excelsis gloria.

Amongst the earliest specimens of carols are those for bringing in the boar's head.

The boar's head was the first dish served up at ancient feasts, and was carried in with great solemnity, dressed with garlands. Flourishes of trumpets and singing of carols accompanied the pageant. The custom of bringing in the boar's head is still observed in great houses, and (as has been stated over and over again) at Queen's College, Oxford, where upon Christmas night the precentor and choir sing a modernized version of Wynkin de Worde's carol.

The accompanying is from a sixteenth century MS. :—

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Tidings good I think to tell.

The boar's head that we bring here
Betokeneth a Prince without peer,
Is born this day to buy us dear
Nowell.

A boar is a sovereign beast,
And acceptable in every feast;
So might this lord be to most and least,
Nowell.

This boar's head we bring with song,
In worship of Him that thus sprung
Of a Virgin, to redress all wrong:
Nowell.

There is a much earlier example given by Sir Frederic Madden in the "*Reliquæ Antiquæ*."

The word *Nowell*, or *Noël*, which occurs very frequently in old carols, is by many supposed (and with good reason) to be derived from *natalis*, the birthday of our blessed Lord. This word was used as a cry of joy, and was "sung at Angers during the eight days preceding Christmas." The Portuguese, Irish, and Welsh terms for Christmas evidently come from this source. But on the other hand, *Nowell* is very frequently used in the sense of news or tidings, and as has been elsewhere stated, was a "joyful exclamation not absolutely confined to Christmas." The following lines, from "*Ane compendious booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs*," seem to strengthen this interpretation:—

I come from Hevin to tell
The best *Nowellis* that ever befell:
To you *this tythings* trew I bring.

And again in a fifteenth century carol:—

Gabryell of hygh degree,
Came down from the Trenyte,
To Nazareth in Galilee,
With *Nova*.

Christmas Evergreens, the Holly and the Ivy, form the subject of many an old carol. The Holly Carol, most popular and familiar to us, details at length the various symbolical references this favoured evergreen bears to the Incarnation of our LORD, e.g. :—

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.
The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesu Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The editor of "*Christmas with the Poets*" remarks:—"Several carols relating to the holly and the ivy convey the idea that these two favourite Christmas evergreens had each their partizans, who espoused their several causes as warmly as they supported the claims of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, whose struggle for pre-eminence was waging at the time these carols were at the height of their popularity."

I give an ancient holly and ivy carol from Mr. Wright's second book of carols:—

Holly and Ivy made a great party,
Who would have the mastery
In lands where they go.
Then spake Holly, I am fierce and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where they go.
Then spake Ivy, I am loud and prond,
And I will have the mastery
In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly, and set him down on his knee,
I pray thee, gentle Ivy,
Assay me no villany

In lands where we go.

One of the carols frequently printed on the cheap broadsides is that of *Dives* and *Lazarus*:—

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich *Dives* made a feast,
And he invited all his friends
And gentry of the best.

Then *Lazarus* laid him down and wept,
And down at *Dives'* door,
Some meat, some drink, brother *Dives*,
Bestow upon the poor.

Thou art none of my brother *Lazarus*,
That is begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ His sake.

* * * *

Then *Dives* sent out his hungry dogs
To worry poor *Lazarus* away:
They had not power to bite one bit,
But licked his sores away.

Now it fell out upon a day,
Lazarus sickened and died,
There came two angels down from Heaven
Thereto his soul to guide.

* * * *

As it fell out upon a day,
Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother *Dives*,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepared in hell,
From which thou canst not flee.

Another species of carol is that for bringing in the wassel. This term, derived from the Saxon, and signifying "Be in health," occurs in the early Anglo-Norman-French carol preserved in the British Museum, and translated by Mr. Douce. The wassel was introduced with considerable state originally upon Twelfth Night, but in course of time New Year's Eve came in for a share of these festivities; and later still, the bowl was carried round from house to house by young damsels with songs, the bearers being repaid for their trouble by some gratuity. The most common of wassel songs is that given in Brand's "*Antiquities*":—

Wassail! wassail! all over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree,
We be good fellows all—I drink to thee.

Here's to Dobbin, and to his right ear,
God send to our master a happy new year:
A happy new year as e'er he did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to Smiler, and to her right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;
As good Christmas pie as e'er I did see—
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to Fillpail, and to her long tail,
 God send our master us never may fail
 Of a cup of good beer; I pray you draw near,
 And our jolly wassail it's then you shall bear.

* * *
 Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of the best,
 And I'll hope your soul in Heaven will rest,
 But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
 Then down may fall butler, and bowl, and all.

I venture to quote the beautiful carol
 by that prince of Christmas poets, Robert
 Herrick:—

THE STAR SONG.

A CAROLL TO THE KING. SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

1. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
 Lies He the lillie-banks among?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
 Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
 Spangled with dew-light; thou canst cleere
 All doubts, and manifest the where.
3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
 Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
 Or search the beds of spices through,
 To find Him out?

Star. No this ye need not do;
 But only come and see Him rest,
 A princely Babe in's Mother's breast.

Chorus. He's seen! He's seen! Why then around
 Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground;
 And all rejoyce that we have found
 A King, before conception, crown'd.

4. Come, then, come then, and let us bring,
 Unto our prettie twelfth-tide King,
 Each one his severall offering.

Chorus. And when night comes, we'll give Him
 Wassailing;
 And that His treble honours may be seen,
 Wee'l chuse him King, and make His Mother
 Queen.

The custom of using carols in church at Christmas time has been retained in Cornwall, Wales, the Isle of Man, and the west and north of England, and has been in many places revived with the greatest success. In good truth, the Christmas carol bids fair to be re-instated with full honours to its orthodox position among the festivities of Yule Tide. The annexed paragraph from a Hawaiian journal will moreover testify that the primitive and godly practice is not now confined to our own England:—

On Christmas Eve (at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands) we had a midnight service, in the native language, at which their majesties (King Kamehameha and Queen Emma) attended. . . . Afterwards, we went through the principal streets singing carols. Forty torchlights, fifteen feet high, formed of the stem of an oleaginous nut peculiar to the islands, were borne by native men, and completely illuminated the streets. We stopped at intervals, and sang some of the old English carols. . . . The king joined in the tenor heartily.

One more example, and I have done. May our good friends who with loving hearts celebrate the "Holy Tide of Christmas," not omit

from their catalogue of festivities the hearty and genuine old carol.

The following is extracted from "Antient Christmas Carols," published by Novello, and is written by Mr. Morris:—

Masters in this hall,
 Hear ye news to-day,
 Brought from over sea,
 And ever I you pray.

Chorus. Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
 Nowell! sing we clear!
 Holpen are all folk on earth,
 Born is God's Son so dear:
 Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
 Nowell! sing we loud!
 God to-day hath poor folk rais'd,
 And cast adown the proud.

Going over the hills,
 Through the milk-white snow,
 Heard I ewes bleat
 While the wind did blow.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

Shepherds many an one
 Sat among the sheep,
 No man spake more word
 Than they had been asleep.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

Quoth I, "Fellows mine,
 Why this guise sit ye?
 Making but dull cheer,
 Shepherds though ye be?"
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

* * *
 Quoth these fellows then,
 "To Bethlem Town we go,
 To see a mighty Lord
 Lie in manger low."
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

"How name ye this Lord,
 Shepherds?" then said I,
 "Very God," they said,
 "Come from heaven high."
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

Then to Bethlem town
 We went two and two,
 And in a sorry place
 Heard the oxen low.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

Therein did we see
 A sweet and goodly May,
 And a fair old man,
 Upon the straw she lay.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

And a little child
 On her arm had she,
 "Wot ye Who This is?"
 Said the hinds to me.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

Ox and ass Him know,
 Kneeling on their knee,
 Wondrous joy had I
 This little Babe to see.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

This is Christ the Lord,
 Masters be ye glad!
 Christmas is come in,
 And no folk should be sad.
Chorus. Nowell, &c.

EDMUND SEDDING.

Legend of the Castle of Monetier.



HERE summer sunshine lends its softest smile,
And Mont Salève lifts his scarr'd brow toward
Heaven,
There is a long-deserted feudal pile,
To ruthless ruin given.

Beneath the precipice on which it stands,
Like a gray warder endless vigil keeping,
Geneva, like mosaic in gold bands,
By Lemman's side lies sleeping.

No hardy flower, no clinging ivy trains
A kindly leaf to veil its broken arches ;
Of all its garden bowers no trace remains,
Save some poor stunted larches.



Upon its ancient gate, midst rime and rust,
As a fit comment on its fearful story,
Some cunning hand, long gone to mouldering dust,
Graved "Nasci, pati, mori."

The moss-grown ruins* of its massive wall
Teaches the littleness of man's ambition;
But of its ancient glory and its fall,
Speaks only grey tradition.

This saith, that in the olden, feudal times
It was the stronghold of a warlike baron,
Whose ghost, condemned for unrepented crimes,
Still haunts the Styx with Charon.

He loved a noble lady of the land,
With eyes like summer twilight, blue and starry,
Tresses like braided sunshine, lily hand—
Gentle, bewitching fairy.

He loved her with a heart that could fulfil
Its wildest purpose in the hour of trial,
And sought her with the stubborn, lawless will
That never brook'd denial.

But the fair lady was the promised bride
Of one who wore the cross of a crusader—
Who gave his heart to lovely Linneleid,
His sword to the invader.

And he, Sir Athold, was at danger's post—
The colours of his lady waving o'er him;
The bravest leaders of the Paynim host
Falling like grass before him.

Long, but in vain, the warlike baron woo'd;
The lady still was cold in word and bearing;
But in those cloudy times the world was rude,
And chieftain lovers daring.

And to compel what love could never gain,
He sallied forth with many an armed vassal;
Surprised the lady, put to flight her train,
And bore her to his castle.

And there, midst waving torches, gleaming swords,
And iron hearts that never deign'd to falter,
And priestly mockery of holy words,
He led her to the altar.

She buried then the hopes of all life's years—
Her cruel anguish brook'd not to be spoken;
Despair dried up the fountain of her tears—
Her gentle heart was broken.

Yet there was breath upon her pallid lips,
And light beneath her blue-vein'd eyelids gleaming;
Hers was not life, nor death, but that eclipse
Which the soul knows in dreaming.

She sat in her lone tower, in vague repose,
Her sad gaze fix'd upon the distant mountains,
And yet she did not see their winter snows,
Nor hear their summer fountains.

Heart, mind, and soul with one fond thought were rife;
One blessed image mock'd her soul's endeavour,
It was the only star of her young life,
Distant and dimm'd for ever.

* * * * *
Night crown'd the mountains with pale coronals,
And moonbeams trembled down through Leman's
waters,
To light the coral bowers and fairy halls
Of Undine's fair-hair'd daughters.

But ho, there was a cry, a trumpet blast,
The castle's sleepy sentinels alarming!
Wild words from pallid lips, that spoke their last;
Shrieks, groans, and hurried arming.

They rallied, mann'd the ramparts; but too late!
The baron's furious life-blood dyed the paving,
And soon, from lofty tower and massive gate,
The blood-red cross was waving.

With fainting heart the lady heard that cry—
Sir Athold's voice through the still night-air driven;
She could not live to meet his alter'd eye—
And—pity her, O Heaven!

The fight was over, and Sir Athold gone
To seek his lady-love in hall and bower;
The lamp burn'd in her turret-chamber lone;
Where was she, in that hour?

He breathed her name with loving words, in vain;
She heard him not, and there was no replying,
Save the sad night-wind through the lattice pane,
Mournfully sobbing, sighing.

They sought her with swift feet, above, below,—
They call'd her with wild words, but unavailing;
And morning found them hurrying to and fro,
Their brave hearts faint and failing.

At length a peasant came, with wild dismay,
And hurried words of most terrific meaning—
There was a lady dead, a little way
From where he had been gleaming.

And on the sands, where two deep ravines meet,
Half hidden by the pine-plumes waving round her;
Below her lattice full five hundred feet,
Pale as the snows they found her.

O, slowly, slowly toll'd the solemn knell,
As many a gallant knight and wondering vassal
Wound with the black pall up *Pas-de-l'Echelle*,*
And bore her to the castle.

With tearful eyes they made her grave apart—
With loving hands they laid the cross above her;
And there the lady of the broken heart
Sleeps with her noble lover.

But there are those who, on a certain night,
Deem they can hear a wail—a low, wild weeping;
And see a lady, in a robe of white,
From that same lattice leaping.

The brave Sir Athold went not forth again
To tread the warrior's dizzy path of glory—
But, as he liv'd, had suffered, loved in vain,
Wrote, "Nasci, pati, mori."

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

* Many English tourists will remember with pleasure the ruin to which this legend belongs. It was situated on the verge of a towering precipice of Mont Salève, and looked from Geneva, Switzerland, like an eagle's cryic hung between heaven and earth. Engraved on the arch of one of its gateways, and covered with the rust of centuries, were the words—"Nasci, pati, mori!" In 1857, some enterprising vandal built a hotel on the site of this interesting ruin, and frightened away the spirit of its romance for ever.

* A narrow rocky pathway leading from the valley to the site of the Castle of Monetier, or Château de l'Hermitage, as it was formerly called.

CURIOSITIES OF CATS.

GENIUS has been defined to be the power of seeing wonders in common things. A man might justly be supposed to lay claim to no small share of it who should undertake to discern marvels in such ordinary every-day animals as cats. All must have noticed, however, that the commonest things frequently repay a careful consideration, just as our own age has found it profitable to work over again the cinders which the Romans flung away as useless in extracting lead. When Opie left Cornwall to push his way in London, he painted portraits (which may be seen at an old house in the West) not only of the Prideauxes who were his patrons, but also of the servants, and even the household cats. In like manner we will honour these useful animals by giving them a niche along with more dignified characters, though certainly not more curious animals.

The first question that meets us is, are our domestic cats indigenous to Great Britain? Probably not. It is true that wild cats roam in our larger forests and less populous districts; but their colour is invariably grey, and their build is firmer and more powerful than that of our tame cats. They are irreclaimably savage, too; and house-cats which have run wild to the woods, though perhaps more incorrigible poachers than even the native wild cat, never show any tendencies of reverting to it as the original stock. They are most likely a foreign importation, like the Persian and Angola cats of the present day. Conjecture may fancy some unknown Whittington, in prehistoric times, drifting on our shores from the Continent with a cat under his arm, the mother of all the cats in our land. The tailless Manx cats approach the wild cat very nearly in ferocity and appearance. House-cats, on the contrary, are of all colours, and "sports" are perpetually being bred. A positive argument for their introduction may be founded on the terms in which they are mentioned amongst the old Welsh laws of Howell the Good (943 A.D.). They were evidently scarce at that time, for it is there laid down: "The worth of a kitten until it shall open its eyes is one legal penny; from that time till it shall kill mice, two legal pennies; after it shall kill mice, four legal pence, and so it shall always remain." A law of one of our own Edwards made the killing a cat punishable with death—a remnant of barbarism only expunged from the statute-book, we believe, by the late Sir R. Peel. Both the ancient Welsh and our own law concurred in a curious penalty for killing the king's cat, "the

guardian of the royal barn." The offender was mulcted in a heap of corn sufficient to cover the defunct animal, when held up by the tip of its tail with its whiskers touching the floor.

The palmy days for cats were in the times of Egypt's power as a nation, some 500 years B.C. They were held then as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur, the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshipped at Syene. Herodotus tells us some marvels about them. The "toms," it seems, in his time had a peculiar liking for making away with kittens,—a very fortunate thing too, or the land would have been overrun with cats. Crowning wonder of all, when a fire breaks out, the sole care of the natives is to keep the cats from it, to do which they post themselves as guards round the burning house, and take no thought for putting out the flames. A divine impulse, however (says the chronicler), seizes the cats; they dart under the men, or leap over them, and fling themselves into the flames. Then great mourning takes possession of the land. If a cat were found dead in any one's house, the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows. The defunct animals were carried into the temples, where they were embalmed and solemnly deposited in the city Bubastis. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum. Very different is their fate at modern Rome. A recent traveller tells us they are there as highly esteemed for culinary purposes as puppy-dogs in China. If you have a roast hare for dinner, you had better not make too many inquiries as to what kind of "Pussy" it was before it came into the chef's hands.

The ancient physicians had a firm belief in the healing powers of different portions of this animal, probably from some confusion existing in their minds with regard to its own nine lives. One of them gives us, as a valuable receipt to cure fevers, two pints of water mixed with three drops of blood taken from the ear of an ass, and certain parts of a cat's digestive organs! The claw of an owl, or a wolf's eye bound on to the patient, was a good external application to accompany this dose. Catching at the slightest verbal resemblance, their system of medicine would at present be well represented by prescribing a cat in a case of catalepsy. The very ashes of the animal, sprinkled where mice were, would prove quite sufficient to scare them away, according to Pliny's belief.

If we are surprised at the respect cats obtained in the infancy of nations, we need only remember how much our own childhood was

charmed by "Puss in Boots," and still more by that excellent fairy-tale of "Whittington and his Cat." This may be one of "the fairy tales of science," however, and is not without its particle of truth in witnessing to the early importation of the cat into our country that we mentioned above. Antiquarians have fought over the inferences of the story, perhaps with much the same results at the battle of the far-famed Kilkenny cats themselves. It is certain that a wealthy family of Whittingtons possessed land and houses at Gloucester in Henry the Sixth's time, and quite recently a sculptured stone was dug up from this land, representing a youth with a cat in his arms. The legend is common enough, however, both in Europe and Asia, and existed years before the probable historic date of our Whittington. Remembering, too, how many tricks are played off on antiquaries, the incident of the sculptured stone, instead of causing us to pin our faith to any hypothesis, ought simply to make us suspect them all. A curious testimony to the value of imported cats has been disinterred from an account sent in by one Bragge to the East India Company in 1621:—

Item, for 20 Dogges and a greate many Cattis which, under God, ridd away and deuoured all the Ratts in that Iland (Bermuda), which formerly ate up all your corne, and many other blessed fruites which that land afforded. Well, for theis, I will demand of you but 5lb. apiece for the Dogges, and let the Cattis goe.

100lb. 6s. 0d.

The popular sayings connected with cats are so numerous, that they might be utterances of Father Cats himself, whose poems are so grateful to the Dutch peasantry. Their tenacity of life comes out in the proverb, "Care killed the cat." Their familiar presence at every one's hearth is alluded to in "A cat may look at a king." Indeed, there could be no legal hamlet in the old Welsh constitutions unless it possessed a cat. We confess ourselves puzzled as to the explanation of the Scotch proverb, "grinning like a Cheshire cat," unless it alludes to their uniform cheerfulness in that county; but as "all cats are black in the dark," we pass on to see how Shakespeare embalms the animal in his amber verses. Lady Macbeth taunts her husband, when he hangs back from the murder, with—

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage,

—alluding to that animal's fondness for fish ("what cat's averse to fish?"), but its unwillingness to wet its feet in catching them. Falstaff seizes upon another feature of the animal's character, so detested by all wakeful sleepers in town, "Sblood! I am as melancholy as a

gib-cat!" When Mercutio longs for a fray with Tybalt, he accosts him, "Good king of cats, I would have nothing but one of your nine lives: that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight;" and thereupon receives that celebrated "scratch," which was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door." How subtly, too, does our great poet hit off the character of those who are fond of being led!—they "take suggestions as a cat laps milk." While upon the proverbial sayings connected with cats, we may mention that the Madras catamaran, which invariably rights itself in the wildest surf, has been ingeniously derived from the Italian *gatta marina*, "sea-cat," alluding to the faculty a cat possesses of always falling on its feet.

In our old literature the word "cat" had a more generic sense than obtains at present. So Tyndall, in his New Testament of 1525, calls a leopard a "catt off the mountain." The Laureate, who lets nothing slip by him, places the Princess on her throne, guarded by two leopards, and then speaks of—

The two great cats

Close by her, like supporters on a shield.

One of the most common natural antipathies is an utter abhorrence of cats. We know a lady who cannot stay in the same house with one, and knows its hateful presence instinctively, even before she sees it. Blue-eyed cats, oddly enough, are always deaf. Mr. Darwin has a curious speculation how a scarcity of cats in any rural district would soon affect the neighbouring vegetation; as the field animals they prey upon would, of course, proportionably increase, and their greater numbers would in turn tell upon vegetable life. Cats have always been known to have a strong passion for the scent of valerian; they are also very fond of rolling over the pretty blue nemophila of our gardens—so horticulturists should take precautions accordingly. The best mode of prevention, we may suggest, is to keep a small terrier. Much as we hate cats about our houses, however, they are capable of strong attachments. We have known more than one instance where they have followed their benefactor in his country walks like a dog. It is upon record, too, how an ancestor of Wyatt the poet was fed and preserved by a cat when confined in the Tower by Richard III. As for its sagacity, we knew one that belonged to an old lady which, at her invitation, would ascend the tea-table after she had finished her potations, look askant a minute at the narrow-necked cream-jug, and then (quietly sitting down by it) would insert the tip of her tail, and

draw it forth with the liquid covering it. The process she repeated till the jug was empty, with much apparent satisfaction. Another had the curious taste strongly developed in it of ascending to the open bedroom windows of an old mansion by means of the climbers on the walls, and then making away with all the soap the washing-stands contained.

Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why seafaring men are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat, he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that, after a ship has been abandoned, some domestic animal—a dog, a canary-bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. A singular occurrence of this kind was related in the papers last winter. A vessel was found abandoned on the banks of Newfoundland with only a cat on board: a crew that boarded her navigated her safely across the Atlantic to the Kintyre coast, when another storm broke upon the ill-fated ship. She soon went to pieces, and the crew were drowned with the exception of the mate, who drifted to shore on a piece of wreck. At the last moment the cat sprang on to his neck and clung there till they were both washed ashore, when she concealed herself amongst the rocks, and will not probably care any more to tempt the sea.

We spoke above of the value of cats in medicine amongst the ancients; in conclusion, we beg leave to extract a receipt for catching fish, from a very old collection called "The Young Angler's Delight." It is so old indeed that it was evidently published before fishing became the gentle craft; so all anglers of nice susceptibilities had better accept this warning, or at all events not read it "fasting." It gives us no very elevated view of the humanity of our forefathers, and may well serve to finish our enumeration of a cat's good qualities. "Smother a cat to death," says this remorseless author; "then bleed him, and having flea'd and paunched him, roast him on a spit without larding; keep the dripping to mix with the yolks of eggs, and an equal quantity of oil of spike-nard; mix these well together, and anoint your line, hook, or bait therewith, and you will find 'em come to your content." W.

EXPLODED SUPERSTITIONS.

It is a comfort to think that we are wiser than our ancestors. The mortification of knowing what fools they were is amply compensated by the sense of our own superior enlightenment. How long is it since we hung our last witch? It is said that there are obscure country districts where the schoolmaster has not yet penetrated—in which reputed witches may still be found. Are there yet haunted houses in the metropolis, gloomy and untenanted? There are still doubtless the remains, here and there, of the current and almost universal beliefs of an age whose departing shadows still linger.

One of the most general, cherished and persistent of English superstitions, was the belief in the supernatural power of our monarchs to cure certain diseases. For centuries few Englishmen, learned or ignorant, doubted that the touch of the hand of his king or queen was a sovereign remedy for the scrofula, which was therefore called the king's evil, it being the evil the king had most certain power to cure.

For a period of seven centuries—from Edward the Confessor to Queen Anne—the sovereigns of England were accustomed, at stated seasons and with solemn ceremonies, to heal their subjects of loathsome and otherwise often incurable diseases, by the laying on of hands and prayer; and the most distinguished physicians, far from being incredulous of the existence of this kingly power, were employed in sending proper patients to the sovereign, and in recording the marvellous cures. Are we to infer that kings, the greatest and best who ever ruled England, combined with her ablest physicians to gull an ignorant public, or must we come to the conclusion that all were alike deceived?

The early English writers, as may naturally be supposed, make frequent allusions to these miracles. Shakespeare, from whose comprehensive genius and "copious industry" few things escaped, does not lose the opportunity to give a graphic description of the exercise of this standing proof of the Divine right of kings. We have the *modus operandi* most accurately given in "Macbeth," act iv., scene 3:

Malcolm. Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.]

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;

Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely visited people,
All swolln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers ; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.

The monarchs of France claimed to exercise the same power, and there was once a great contest between the writers of the two countries as to the comparative powers of their respective sovereigns in the cure of disease, as earnest, perhaps, as the controversies of the present day about armies and navies.

Philip of Valois is reported to have cured fourteen hundred persons. Gernell, the traveller, describes a ceremonial in which Louis XIV. touched sixteen hundred persons afflicted with scrofula on Easter Sunday, saying : "*Le Roi te touche, Dieu te guérise.*" The French kings kept up the practice until 1776, when republican principles were beginning to interfere with many of the prerogatives of royalty.

King Edward the Confessor, as we are informed in Collier's "*Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*," was the first king of England who exercised this extraordinary power, and from him it has descended upon all his successors. "To dispute the matter of fact," says this grave historian, "is to go to the excesses of scepticism, to deny our senses, and be incredulous even to ridiculousness." The authority of Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice under Henry VI., is no less explicit. "The kings of England," he assures us, "at the time of unction, received such a divine power, that, by the touch of their hands, they can cleanse and cure those, who are otherwise considered incurable, of a certain disease, commonly called the king's evil."

The ceremony of touching, as described in Shakespeare, was accompanied by the gift of a small coin of gold, which was worn as a medal by the patient, and during some reigns, when the monarch was popular, or faith active, or scrofula prevalent, these coins amounted to 3000*l.* a-year. Henry VII.—to give the ceremony a greater solemnity—ordered a form of religious service to accompany it.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been averse to the custom, as either superstitious or disgusting ; but she practised it notwithstanding, and with great success. She was, however, more select than had been the practice of former sovereigns, either to save herself trouble, or expense to the treasury ; for she required that every one who presented himself to be touched should bring a certificate from the Court surgeons that the disease was scrofula,

and that it was incurable by the ordinary means ; and one of Her Majesty's surgeons, William Clowes, testifies that "a mighty number of Her Majesty's subjects were daily cured and healed, which otherwise would have most miserably perished."

The historians of the reign of Charles I. do not neglect to inform us that he excelled all his predecessors in this divine gift ; and so great were the numbers who came to be cured, that out of regard to economy, he used silver medals instead of gold ; and when these failed, sometimes cured by mere praying, without even the laying on of hands. Among the State Papers of this reign, there is a proclamation "for the better ordering of those who repayre to the Court for their cure of the disease called the king's evil." Such proclamations were issued from time to time, during all those dark ages, of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, and were ordered to be posted up in every market town in the kingdom.

During the Protectorate of Cromwell—when there was no king to cure it—scrofula appears to have greatly increased, for no English monarch was ever called upon to touch so many as Charles II. after the restoration. After all the care of the surgeons to see that none but the really scrofulous, and those beyond their own power to cure, approached him, the numbers were almost incredible. A register was kept at Whitehall ; and though one day in a week was appointed and the number limited, it is set down in the record that the Merry Monarch in twenty years touched and prayed over more than 92,000 persons.

In Evelyn's Diary, March 28, 1684, a sad accident is recorded, as resulting from the crowds who pressed to be cured, six or seven being crushed to death "by pressing at the chyrurgeon's doore for tickets." At this time as many as 600 were touched in a day. Some were immediately relieved, others gradually, and few are reported as not benefited. The king's surgeon, whose scientific incredulity appears to have yielded only to the stubborn facts, confessed himself "nonplust," and asserted that "more souls have been healed by His Majestie's sacred hand in one year than have ever been cured by all the physicians and chirurgeons of his three kingdoms ever since his happy restoration." Wiseman, a writer on surgery, who declares that he was an eye-witness of hundreds of cases, and had accounts of others by letter from all parts of the kingdom, and also from Ireland, Scotland, Jersey, and Guernsey, makes a similar declaration. In fact, the belief in this Royal power appears to have been almost universal, and

persons who denied it were considered guilty of high treason. It may well be supposed that those who had any doubts kept them to themselves, when the penalty for expressing them was to be drawn and quartered.

We have placed this belief in the power of monarchs to cure a particular disease under the head of exploded superstitions; but it must be confessed that the recorded facts in the case are hard to get over. "Imagination," says Lord Bacon, "is next akin to a miracle—a working faith." The facts, so far as they must be admitted, are usually explained upon this hypothesis; but we submit that a somewhat different one is needed to account for the cure of infants at the breast, who were presented in full proportion of numbers, and were cured as often as adults. Perhaps some of our scientific men will take the trouble to offer us another and more universal explanation.

It must not be supposed, however, that our gracious sovereigns limited their healing powers to the cure of scrofula. They did not hesitate to grapple with cramps and epilepsy. The ancient chronicles inform us that they used "to halowe, every yere, crampe rynges." They were worn on the finger, and held to be of sovereign efficacy. Many were hallowed by Henry VIII., and of these a number were sent to Rome, as very choice gifts, by Anne Boleyn, when she hoped to gain certain favours by such rare presents. A ring of this kind was for a long time preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, and was touched by a great many persons for the cure of cramp or epilepsy. Of the efficacy of these applications we can find no authentic record.

That a "child's caul" will protect its possessor from drowning is a superstition not wholly exploded, since many shipmasters and sailors are furnished with these curious articles, and they are sometimes advertised for sale in the newspapers. But these are only the vestiges of ancient beliefs. The "caul," it should be noted, is supposed to have a double efficacy, or is as good a preservation against conflagrations as shipwrecks. What are a few pounds for a talisman good against two out of the four elements?

The belief in amulets, or charms, which had the power to preserve the wearer from danger, was once so universal, that persons going to fight a duel were obliged to make oath that they had no such supernatural protection. There was formerly, and perhaps is still, a considerable traffic in Africa in amulets warranted to preserve their possessors against thunderbolts and diseases, to procure many wives, avert shipwreck and slavery, and secure victory over enemies.

The precious stones were once believed to have great virtues, either when worn on the person, or taken as a powder internally. Even so famous a medical writer as Avicenna tells us that lapis armenius, and lapis lazuli, taken internally, are sovereign remedies for melancholy. The garnet, either hung about the neck, or taken inwardly, "much assists sorrow, and recreates the heart." The chrysolite induces wisdom, and cures folly. It may have been observed even in our day that pearls and diamonds, properly administered, have cured some bad complaints, when other means have failed.

The old writers, either out of their own imaginations, or in accordance with the popular belief, give us curious accounts of precious stones, for some of which we should look in vain at the shops of our London jewellers.

Of the heliotropius they say,—*"It stauncheth blood, driveth away poisons, and preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh rain, and darkeneth the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused."* *"A topaze healeth the lunaticke person of his passion of lunacie."* *"Cornelian mitigateth the heat of the mind, and qualifieth malice. It stauncheth bloody fluxes."* *"A sapphire preserveth the members, and maketh them livelie, and helpeth agues and gowts, and suffereth not the bearer to be afraid. It hath virtue against venome, and staieth bleeding at the nose, being often put thereto."*

These fancies are just now dying out. If stones or metals are now given as medicines, it is because they possess real, rather than mystical properties. Silver, mercury, antimony, and arsenic, are dealt out in prescriptions, and not worn as charms. The foot with which an elk scratches his ear, on being knocked down, would not now be considered a very certain cure for epilepsy. A ring made of silver collected at the communion service, or of three nails or screws of a coffin-lid, or of five six-pences collected of five bachelors, carried by a bachelor to a smith who is a bachelor, would not now, we may hope, in any part of England, be very confidently relied on to cure fits and convulsions. Grose, an author once of no mean repute, assures us that a halter wherewith one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache; but he says, also, that moss, grown on a human skull, powdered and taken as snuff, is no less efficacious. In our enlightened age, though a few persons may be found who believe that the hangman's rope, or his victim's cold hand, will cure diseases, there are many more who have no faith in the halter, even for the cure of moral and social evils.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

It was early in the afternoon when Beppo left Fano, but it was far into the night before he reached Bella Luce, and he never could give any account of the intervening hours. The tidings of his bad number were known in the village before he came there. For though he had been the first of all those who returned from Fano to Santa Lucia that evening, to leave the city, and most of the others had to perform the journey on foot, they all reached home before him. Yet none of them had seen anything of Beppo Vanni by the road. He must have wandered out of it somehow. But he could give no account of himself.

Though it was past midnight, he found his mother sitting up for him. Her first idea on looking into his face as he entered the house was, that he had been drinking to drown the sense of the misfortune that had fallen upon him. The Romagnole peasantry, though not great offenders in that way, are not so wholly free from the vice of drunkenness as the Tuscan populations are. But Beppo Vanni had never been known to have been guilty of excess in that kind. So much the more heavy, thought his mother, must the blow have been that has driven him to seek such a relief.

But she soon perceived that her son was perfectly sober.

"The chance has been against me, mother; I have drawn a bad number!" he said, as he sat down on the bench by the side of the long table, just inside the kitchen door. He looked haggard, and as if worn out by fatigue.

"We have known it hours ago, my son! All the lads have been back at Santa Lucia a long time; and all free except poor Niccolo Bossi and you, my poor boy! Where have you been, and what have you been doing, Beppo mio?"

"I don't know, mother! I came away as soon as I had drawn my number! I don't know how I have been so long on the road; I was thinking of other things."

"And yet, Beppo mio," said Santa, looking wistfully at him with the tears in her eyes, "it was not for want of doing the best I could. There was not one of them," she continued, alluding to the mothers of the lads whose drawing had placed them out of danger of being called on to serve, and speaking with a strong sense of the injustice which had been done her, "there was not one of them who did as much as I did! I burned two candles of half

a pound each at the altar of the Seven Sorrows, and I promised two more if things went well—best wax, and half a pound each, my son! There was no other who did so much!"

"There was no other of them, mother, who had a son with a malediction on him!" said he, looking up at her with profound dejection. "There was no other of the men as willing to go as to stay, no other that was as tired of his life as I am of mine!"

"Oh, Beppo, Beppo! my son, my son! do not speak such words. You shall not go to serve; no, not if I sell all the linen in the great press! It's mine. My hands spun the yarn, mine and the girl's together. You shall not go, my Beppo, if I sell the last bit of it; and there's the spinning of four-and-twenty years!"

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" cried Beppo, to whose mind his mother's mention of the share "the girl" had had in producing all that linen, had brought back the vision of the quiet happy times when Giulia used to sit by the kitchen fire, or out in the loggia, plying her spindle, and when a skittish word from her was the worst grief in connection with her; "Oh, mother, I am very miserable!"

"But I tell thee, my son, that thou shalt not go! I will speak to the Curate—any way thou shalt not go!"

"Mother, I don't care to stay, I tell you! I had rather go, and never see Bella Luce again! Oh, mother, mother!"

"Don't say such words!—don't say them!" reiterated the old woman. She had poured out all the comfort she had to give, to the uttermost extent of her power; and she could say no more.

"Mother! that poor girl! Why did you send her away from you? Why did you send her to her destruction?"

"*Misericordia!*" exclaimed the old woman, as this new light broke in upon her mind; "is that the reason why you don't care to stay at Bella Luce any more, or ever to see the place again? Why, Beppo, my son, she was a good-for-nought! She was not worthy of so much as a look from thee!"

"Mother! mother! She was as good a girl as ever breathed!" said Beppo, with a sob in his voice; "you know she was, mother!"

"I did think she was; but you ask his reverence! Ask the priest, my son. He knows the truth."

"Yes! and I know the truth! If she is bad now, who has made her so? Who sent

her to the cursed city to her destruction? Poor child, all by herself amid good-for-nothing people! They are all bad in the cities, mother, all of them. Who sent Giulia there? when it was better,—twenty times over better,—to send her to her grave!”

“Why, you know, Beppo, as well as I do, that the priest said it was for the best. It was little enough either your father or I had to say in the matter. Signor Sandro—and he is a very good man, and a sponable—said it was a good thing; but your father would never have sent her for all that, without the priest. He said it was the best that could be done for her:—you know he did.”

And from the instance of *la Signora Santa's* pleading, it might be inferred that she was not altogether easy at heart about the sending out of the poor girl from under her roof, to what she fully believed to have been her ruin. Nevertheless, the idea that it could have been otherwise than right to do as the priest had advised in the matter, was very far from presenting itself to her mind.

“I know this,” replied Beppo, “that you and *babbo* and the lawyer and the priest together have sent—body and soul—to ruin the poor girl who was brought up in your house, and who was once the best as well as the loveliest I ever saw, or shall see. She was! she was good!”

It was the time of his farewell meeting with her under the cypress tree in the path, that his mind recalled to him as the epoch up to which it was certain that she had been good and true.

“I know,” he continued, with a tremor in his voice, and with tears in his eyes,—“I know that she is worthless now. And the knowledge that she is so, mother, is ten times worse to me than losing her! It makes me mad to think of it! And that is why I have no care what becomes of me, and would rather die than live! Mother! I am so miserable!”

That refrain came like the inarticulate cry which is the first-taught of all Nature's lessons to every living creature, the instinctive bringing of all pain and trouble to the mother for assuagement and consolation. But the patient's woes had got beyond the sphere of maternal surgery. Santa would have died for her first-born; and she *did* get to the length of articulately telling him that she would sell all the linen in the great press for him. She had no words to go beyond this. If there was anything beyond in the maternal heart, it was away in the dimly seen abysses which none of us ever fully sound, and which Santa had never so much as looked into, and had to remain unrecognised and unspoken.

“I would give thee ease, Beppo, if I knew how,” she said. “To-morrow thou shalt speak with the priest; he will tell thee what is best. And now get to bed, my son! Thou look'st as if thou hadst not rested for a twelvemonth: and my eyes are so heavy!”

“Good night, mother!”

And with that the stricken man crept off to the bed-room, where his brother was soundly sleeping.

The next morning he rose to go forth to his work in the fields as usual. He found it less difficult to do that than it had been to find his blinded way through the unwonted occupations of the day before. Habit stood his friend, in guiding his limbs to do their office in the accustomed labour, unaided by any mental guidance.

There passed but short communication between the father and the son as they went forth to the field.

“So thou hadst no luck, *figliuolo mio*!” said the old man, with a snarl that seemed to partake of the expression of a sneer; “and the infidel man-stealers must take thee! The Vannis were never lucky!”

“The chance was against me, father, and I must take my chance,” said Beppo.

That was all! The old man said nothing more, but he had many things in his mind.

Carlo appeared to be in a specially communicative mood that morning,—one would have said he was in high good humour even.

“This is a very sad business,” he said to his elder brother, when their father was at a distance; “a bad business for Bella Luce! How the farm is to go on without you, Beppo, I don't see. Babbo and I put together are not worth you! And yet he don't mean to come down with the money! You'll have to march, Beppo; unless, indeed, you take the priest's advice, and do as he would have you.”

“I don't care much about it, Carlo. They may settle it which way they choose for me,” said Beppo, listlessly.

It was not, however, a matter of indifference to Carlo which way the matter was settled. The priest had said—and Carlo implicitly believed him—that the taking to the hills would involve no lasting consequences; that it would be but for a short time—till the soldiers were gone out of the country. All would then be blown over, and Beppo would return to resume his place as eldest son and heir at Bella Luce. But if he were to join the army, away to the north of the mountains in Piedmont, to fight against the Austrians, perhaps even to cross the Alps, who knows what might happen! It seemed to Carlo's imagination very unlikely

that any man should come back again from such a going away! And then—

"If they are to settle it for you, it'll be" and he made a gesture which was sufficiently expressive of "over the hills and far away." "But," he continued, "I don't know that if I were in your place, Beppo—and I wish with all my heart I were, for the good of the family, I do—that I would let it be settled for me that way. Soldiering is a bad trade, I know, mostly; but there is such a thing as thriving at it. And if any man in the world could, it would be such a strapping fellow as you. It would be a fine thing to come back with a title to your name, and a couple of gold epaulettes on your shoulders! Captain Vanni, or General Vanni, mayhap, who knows! would sound very well. And, *per Bacco!* what a handsome fellow you would look, all gold and colours, with a long sword rattling by your side, like one of those officers down in the town yonder, that all the girls look after when they pass down the street!"

"Ay, or better still, what a handsome corpse I should make, lying full length on the broad of my back with an Austrian bullet through my heart! shouldn't I, Carlo?" said his brother, with a dreary smile, which was half satire on the thoughts that he knew very well were in Carlo's heart, and half genuine acquiescence on his own part in the truth of the proposition.

"Oh!—if you are afraid of that—!" said Carlo, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't feel as if I was very much afraid!" replied Beppo, quietly, while his eyes looked out into the distance of the seaward landscape, with that expression of vaguely speculation which is so apt to accompany the musings of those who feel that all immediately around them has become flat, stale, and unprofitable.

"I knew one, at all events, who would look at you in a different sort of way, and speak in a different sort of way, if you was to come back to Bella Luce, or to Fano, as the case might be, Captain, ay, or even Corporal Vanni!"

Carlo fancied that he was feeling his way delicately to hint at a consideration which he dared not urge more directly. But the spot in his brother's heart which he had ventured to touch was sore and sensitive to a degree of which he had no idea. He had already gone far beyond the tolerance of a temper which, placid as it ordinarily was, had been tried by an excess of agony that had left every nerve quivering. The allusion, especially that implied in the last words his brother had uttered, was more than he could bear.

He stood for an instant glaring at Carlo, and then brandishing the heavy triangular

spade he had in his hand above his head, he after a moment's pause hurled it far away from him into the field.

Carlo, who had been at first startled and frightened by his brother's movement, recovered himself as soon as the tremendous weapon was at a distance.

"What did you throw away your spade for?" he said, with a half sneer.

"For fear of the curse of Cain!" said Beppo. "Now I am going to pick it up. Don't come after me! Let me work by myself this morning; and never dare again, if you don't want your blood to be on my head, to breathe a word or a hint to me of—of—of what you had in your mind just now."

And Beppo walked away to pick up his spade, and worked in a furrow by himself during the rest of the morning.

His brawny limbs went on with their mechanical task; but his mind was busy in meditating on the point which he had told his brother that others might settle for him. The priest was desirous, Carlo reminded him, that he should avoid the conscription by flight to the mountains. It was natural to him, and a life-long habit, to be guided obediently by any suggestions from that source. Besides, Beppo had—or rather had had, when he cared for anything—as strong a repugnance to the military service as any of his fellow Romagnoles. But now it seemed to him as if that lot was best which took him farthest away, and most irrevocably separated him from Bella Luce, and all its surroundings and memories. Nevertheless he was conscious of a longing he could not conquer to remain within the possibility of hearing of Giulia, and her future conduct. Was it that that sudden departure from the hall of the drawing, and Lisa's point-blank assertion respecting the cause of it, had again lighted up a faint spark of hope in his mind? He speculated upon it again and again; and though each time he arrived at the conclusion that it was an absurdity to allow any weight to such a chance circumstance, in the face of what he had seen and heard at the house of *la Dossi*, and what he had since heard from the priest himself, and also, though differently coloured, from Signor Sandro, yet he could not prevent his mind from recurring to the fact, and Lisa's explanation of it. And if there were the faintest spark of hope that, despite all, Giulia still loved him—and girls were so difficult to understand, that all things in such matters were possible;—in that case he would not quit the neighbourhood for all the world,—no, not for all the epaulettes King Victor Emmanuel had the bestowing of!

The result of these meditations was that, by the time the hour of repose arrived, he had determined on a line of conduct; and it was well that he had been able to do so, for just as the silent dinner at the farm-house had come to a conclusion, and the farmer and his sons were lounging out of the kitchen door, to enjoy as they best might the after-dinner hour of repose, Don Evandro made his appearance, and after a word of greeting to Signor Paolo, and a few of condolence for the misfortune which had fallen on the family to *la sposa*, intimated his desire to speak a few words to Beppo. Beppo had been about to put his hour of rest to profit by getting a little sleep, of which he stood so much in need. But of course he roused himself to do the priest's bidding; and at his invitation, strolled with him along the path leading to the village. The priest was aware of the readiness and acuteness of his friend Carlo's ears, and he chose that his conversation upon this occasion should not be overheard by them.

CHAPTER XVII. A PAIR OF CONSPIRATORS.

"Your number was one hundred and one, I hear, Signor Beppo!" said the priest.

"Yes! your reverence, that was my number!" answered the young man.

"What is the number of men demanded by the excommunicated government?"

"Somewhere between seventy and eighty from our district, I believe, your reverence. I don't know exactly."

"And it don't signify to know exactly, worse luck! Of course it is quite certain that one hundred and one will be far within the number that will be wanted to make up the roll."

"I suppose so, your reverence! no doubt of it. Of course they all know that it was as safe to have to march as number one."

"And what do you mean to do, my young friend?" asked the priest with a manner expressive of much sympathy.

"I have not thought much about it yet, your reverence," said Beppo, without being aware how far his words deviated from representing the exact truth.

"But you must think; and think very seriously too, my son! It is a matter requiring very much consideration. You are aware, from what I said the other day, that I cannot in conscience advise your father to bring forward the sum necessary for procuring a substitute. Indeed if it were his purpose to do so, I should feel it to be my bounden duty to use my utmost influence to dissuade him from it. You must have understood, I think, the nature of my views on this point. And I can assure you that they are shared almost with-

out exception by my brother priests throughout the country."

"I dare say your reverence is very right."

"You have not nourished any expectation then, I suppose, that your father should interfere to such a purpose?"

"Not the least, your reverence."

"Well, then we come to the question, what course you mean to pursue," said the priest, again looking hard into the young man's face. "You may speak to me, my son," he continued, "with all openness, not only as the old friend of your family, but as your own parish priest, whose bounden duty it is to assist you with his counsel in every difficulty. And remember, that what you say to me in that capacity is as sacred as if it were said in the confessional. If you feel that you could speak more freely under the protection of that holy sacrament, you have only to say so, and I am ready to hear you in confession. It is the intention and not the confessional that makes the sacredness of the rite, my son."

"In truth, father, I have little to say either in confession or otherwise. The fact is, that I do not seem to care so much about going for a soldier as I did, before— before— before I had been made very unhappy by——."

"I know what is in your heart, my son, as well as if you had spoken it," said the priest with a compassionate sigh. "My son, you have suffered and are suffering the penalty inseparable from having bestowed affection where it was not deserved,—where the older and wiser friends who knew that there were none of the qualities which should have called it forth, warned you not to place it. You cannot say, my son, that you were unwarned; or that if your heart had been more chastened and docile, the misery which has fallen on you would not have been spared you. You must feel that, Beppo *mio*."

There was a long pause, during which the young man kept his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Any way," he said at last, with a profound sigh, "the misery which your reverence seems to know I am suffering, has made me care little about this other trouble of the conscription."

"But it is my duty, my son, to warn you that recklessness is the frame of mind in which, above all others, the eternal enemy of our souls finds an easy conquest. I will not insist on the fact, that the day will surely come when you will look back on the feelings and passions which are now tormenting you, as on the disquietudes of a troubled dream; when new hopes and new objects will have grown up in your mind, and all that now

appears to you of such vast moment will have faded away, and be looked back on by you with a contemptuous smile. I will not preach to you of this, although it is as certain as that the weary body, when it has been refreshed by repose and food, no longer feels its weariness; because I know how difficult it is for youth to credit it, or to conceive it. But I will remind you, *figliuolo mio*, that there are other grounds on which this question should be decided, besides your own mere liking and inclination. There are duties of the most sacred kind in question. If you were to go for a soldier, as you say, for what cause would you be fighting?"

"There are many, your reverence, who say that it would be against the Austrians, who certainly have no right to rule over us in Italy; and that it would be for the good of the country, and to make Italy better and happier in all ways."

"Many who say!" retorted the priest, with infinite scorn in his voice; "but who are they who say so? Have you heard any of God's ministers say so? Have any of those who are your appointed guides and teachers, told you so? You cannot be expected to know much of politics or history. But you know that this country was governed by our Holy Father the Pope, and that his government has been turned out, and his property stolen by force. That cannot be right! You know that the king who has done this wrong, and who wants to take you to fight in his wrongful cause, is excommunicated. That cannot deserve the blessing of Heaven! If you do not know, it is my bounden duty to tell you, that the curses of excommunication will rest on all those who make themselves partakers of this infidel king's guilt, by taking his part, or fighting under his banner. Even taking your own view of the sorrows which have come upon you, as a consequence of refusing to be guided by your natural and appointed guides and friends, even admitting that there is no more prospect or hope for you in this world—if it were possible for an instant to suppose such folly—even if it were so, is that a reason for forfeiting all hope in the next world also? Because you see nothing but misery before you in this life, will you for that reason ensure misery in the life to come also? It is a small matter that this impious government hurries away the bodies of its unfortunate victims to slaughter on the field of battle! It carries them to die excommunicated, and lost for ever! Can you wonder at it, that we, who have the charge of your souls, should be earnest and instant to save you at all hazards from such a fate!"

The priest remained silent for awhile to give this tirade time to do its work. And Beppo

remained silent also, intently striving to see his mental way among the conflicting notions and ideas that had found their entrance into his mind from different sources. But the priest's unfailing and most powerful ally in the work of subjugating a human soul—a sore conscience—was absent. It was easy to keep old Paolo Vanni in a state of subjection by the exhibition of similar threats and terrors. For he had that within which could only be drugged to sleep by sacerdotal soothing-syrup. And in the case of his son, the priest had all the advantage of a hazy and clouded intelligence to deal with. But it was curious to see how the clear conscience of honest rectitude struggled against the conclusion the priest sought to force upon it, even though the intelligence was unable to detect any one error in all his theory.

After musing for awhile, Beppo looked up with his clear blue honest eyes, not at the priest, but to the blue vault above him, and said:

"All that your reverence has said seems very true! And yet, somehow or other, I can't get to feel afraid God will be angry with me in this matter. I have no thought to do wrong!"

It did not in any way suit the priest's purpose to enter into a dissertation on any of the monstrous heresies and errors involved in this wholly irregular profession of faith. So he contented himself with saying:

"That is because He knows that you are about to be guided in the right path. The wish to do right, joined, my son, to docility towards those whom God has appointed to show you the right, is always sufficient to secure the blessing of a peaceful conscience. But, it happens in this case, as it generally does happen, that considerations of worldly prudence are also on the same side as duty towards Heaven. Remember what, when the Papal government is restored to this unhappy country, which will assuredly be the case very shortly,—in a few months, probably, as I understand,—will be the situation of those who have deserted their natural allegiance to fight for the usurper;—of them, and of their families! Surely you would not, even if there were no other consideration to influence you, you would not bring down ruin and disgrace upon your poor old father! We clergy have no commission to speak to our flocks about the intentions of the restored government. But I may tell you, Signor Beppo, between ourselves, and speaking as an old friend, rather than in my character of your pastor, that it will go very hard with the families of those who have assisted in the sacrilege of rebellion against the legitimate authority. Certainly, confiscation of all property, and most probably

imprisonment also ! Once again, I say, can you wonder that as a friend, as well as in the character of a priest, I should be anxious to prevent you from committing this sin, and at the same time this worldly imprudence ?”

On this ground poor Beppo was more entirely unable to contend with his temper, than on the theological one. Mankind is provided with no internal voice to whisper to them of political probabilities. And Beppo had no reason for not believing every word that the priest had said on that head.

“I am sure we are all very much obliged to your reverence,” he said ; “of course I would not willingly do anything that should injure my father or Carlo, or bring any sorrow upon my mother.”

“I am sure you would not, Beppo ; and these considerations alone should suffice to decide you in favour of the course I was speaking of the other evening at the farm.”

“But is your reverence sure that I might not be bringing them into trouble in some way by going against the present government ? They, at all events, have the power in their hands now !”

“Yes ! but they have a great deal too much upon their hands to look after one such fellow as you, Beppo ! And besides that, they are too much afraid to make the people hostile to them. There is discontent against them enough, as it is. They will think twice before they do any thing to increase it. In taking part with the real government against the usurper, you will have all the really good men in the country with you. In the other case, there will be nobody to stand between you and the just anger of the Pontifical authorities !”

“Well,” said Beppo, “it is a hard thing for a poor ignorant man, such as I am, your reverence, to tell how to act when popes and kings are at variance, and both parties claim his obedience ; but I will be guided by your reverence in this matter, if you, on your part, will do one thing to please me ;—and I am sure that it is a good Christian deed for any priest to do.”

“Well, what is your condition, *figliuolo mio* ?” said the priest, with much surprise and a little displeasure in his voice ; “I am not in the habit of making conditions with my parishioners, when I find it necessary for their welfare to advise them to any particular line of conduct. Nevertheless, if it is in my power to do you a pleasure, you know that I shall be happy to do so. You need not have made a condition of it. I must say, indeed, that it would have been more becoming to have mentioned your wish in any other way.”

“I humbly ask your reverence’s pardon,” said poor Beppo ; “but I have been hard pushed by sorrow and trouble. And if your reverence would think it well to do this thing for me, it might be the saving of two souls, not of one only ; for, to say the truth, I am well-nigh desperate with trouble !”

“Saving of souls, *figliuolo mio*, is more my business than yours. It is not seemly for the laity, let alone the uninstructed laity, to speak of such matters too lightly. It may well be, that you are a very incompetent judge of what may tend to the saving of souls, which you speak of so glibly.” For the priest began to suspect, that the good deed to be asked of him might be nothing less than the taking of some step for the bringing together of Beppo and Giulia, and he had no intention to do anything for the saving of their souls in that direction. “Nevertheless,” he added, “let me hear what it is that you would have me do. I should wish to content you, if it were only to soothe the pain of the misfortune that has fallen upon you. If it be anything that my duty and conscience make lawful to me, I will not refuse you.”

“Your reverence no doubt remembers,” said Beppo with a deep sigh, and after a little hesitation, “all the sad account you were giving my father and mother the other night of—of my unfortunate cousin ?”

“Assuredly, it has been a matter of great concern to me. I fear there is little good to be hoped for her.”

“She was a good girl as long as she was with us at Bella Luce, your reverence.”

“She was good as long as she had no opportunity of being otherwise. What can be thought of that goodness, my son, which is apt to vanish at the first approach of temptation !”

“Yet we pray, my father, that we may not be led into temptation,” said Beppo, submissively.

The priest looked at him with astonishment. He could not have imagined, that slow, simple Beppo had ever thought as much of what he was taught to pray, still less that he had the wit so to make application of the fruit of his thinking. But the priest neither guessed how intensely Beppo had suffered, nor knew what a powerful forcer and ripener of the intelligence such suffering is.

“Be cautious and chary, my son, in attempting to apply the sentiments with which we are taught to approach the heavenly throne, to the relationship of man with his fellows. We pray that our Heavenly Father may lead us not into temptation, but we must none the less try the strength of our own good resolutions, by measuring them against such temptations as

he does in his wisdom nevertheless think fit to lead us into. Your cousin was placed in no circumstances of exceptional temptation, beyond that which most girls are exposed to, but—we know the result. I think it must have at last convinced you, my son, that those who strove to prevent you from so placing your affections were your best friends and wisest counsellors."

"At all events, father, it was in consequence of the wish of those friends to prevent me from doing so, that she was sent away from her home to the life which has been fatal to her. At all events, she has been sacrificed to what those friends considered to be my advantage. But now that that advantage has been secured," said the young man, speaking with increasing bitterness, "now that I have been made miserable, and she has been made worthless, surely some effort might be made to remedy as far as may be yet possible, the evil that has been done."

"I tell you, my son, such a mode of looking at the matter is mistaken. The evil you speak of was not *done*, it was discovered only. The girl was a bad girl, would have been a bad girl under any circumstances. The circumstances which occurred gave us an opportunity of seeing that such was the case, that is all. And as for remedy, the matter is past that, I am afraid."

"Nevertheless, although we may be afraid that it is past remedy, let us at least try. Let us at least do our part, by taking her away from the temptations which have been fatal to her!"

It is true that if poor Beppo's heart could have been anatomised and analysed, there would have been found a very considerable and indestructible residuum of Corporal Tenda in the ashes of it;—true that when he spoke of removing Giulia from temptation, the temptation he had in his mind was Corporal Tenda;—true also that, despite his representations to his own heart, all was for ever over between him and Giulia, and this talk to the priest about the object of sending her away having been secured, he would that instant have thought himself the happiest of men, and have rushed into her arms, if only Giulia would have told him that she *did* love him, and did *not* love the Corporal; nevertheless he was perfectly sincere in representing, that he had no notion of there ever more being a question of love between them; and in basing his wish that she should be taken from Fano on the ground of the simple moral and religious duty of endeavouring to reform her conduct

Poor Beppo! his mind had been so entirely

abused by the report of the priest, joined to what he had himself seen, and to the few words dropped by the attorney, which, though they spoke of the Corporal in different terms from those used by the priest, yet equally testified to Giulia's monstrous falseness to himself (and when was ever lover, who did not deem *that* the one damning and irremissible sin against morality!), that he really felt that it was a question of snatching a brand from the burning. But I am glad for both their sakes that Giulia did not hear her respectable and moral cousin thus treating her as a Magdalen, and making her the subject of reformatory philanthropy.

"But even supposing, that any good were to be done by so removing her, what is it you would propose Signor Beppo," asked the priest in reply to his companion's last words?"

They had strolled up, during their talk, about half-way to Santa Lucia, and were now under the great cypress tree in the path. Oh! If Giulia could have known that it was just there, of all places in the world, that Beppo was concerting a scheme for rescuing her from the moral dangers of improper flirtations with—other men! Oh! if the little green lizards which were basking in the sun among the crevices of the old trunk, and were perking up their heads every now and then, evidently to listen to what was being said, could have blabbed to her what they heard,—that, if anything, might have given Corporal Tenda a chance, and the freehold farm at Cuneo a mistress!

"What would I propose, your reverence? Why simply to undo what was done. To recall Giulia back again to Bella Luce."

"Have her back again here!" said the priest, thoughtfully.

"I should be absent, you know, *padre mio*," urged Beppo, ruefully.

"You would be absent!" said the priest, pulling his under-lip with his forefinger and thumb, as he considered the matter.

"Since I should be either in the ranks, or away among the hills," rejoined Beppo.

"But what would Signor Paolo say?" asked the priest.

"Oh! your reverence knows that my father would be entirely guided by you in the matter. A word from you would bring her back, just as a word from you sent her away."

"And if I were to see no objection to acting in this matter as you would have me—," said the priest.

"I should see none in acting as *you* would have *me*, your reverence," said Beppo.

"I presume you would wish that Giulia should not return home till after you have left

Bella Luce?" asked the priest, with a look of observation at Beppo's face as he spoke.

"Oh, certainly not—by no means. Immediately afterwards, but not before," replied Beppo, with a sincerity in his manner that quite convinced the *curato* of his openness and frankness in the matter.

"Well," replied the latter, "I do not see that there is much objection to it; and I do not think your father will make any difficulty about it. I am not so sure that the girl herself will be well pleased to return to her old home."

"I am afraid we have but too good reason to be sure, your reverence, that she will not return willingly. But surely that ought not to prevent us from taking the step in her best interest!" returned Beppo.

"Oh, no! no reason at all, of course. Some few days of notice, I suppose, must be given to that actress-woman with whom she has been placed. And, on the other hand, some little preparation and forethought will be necessary respecting your——" and the priest finished his sentence by the same expressive gesture which Carlo had used to signify being away to the mountains.

"Oh, your reverence, it's very little preparation I should need," said Beppo, speaking in a very dejected tone.

"Ay, ay! but—I told you, *figliuolo mio*, that the lads who go out to avoid serving this government will not want for friends; that we shall have our eyes on them; and that means will be taken to aid them in securing their safety. I shall take care—but I must have time to communicate with—in short, some little time is necessary. When is the day that is appointed for the medical examination?"

"The first week of next month, I was told, your reverence."

"Oh! we have good fifteen days, then. Very good. It is more time than enough."

"Will your reverence, then, speak to my father, and cause notice to be given to *la Signora Dossi* that *la Giulia* is to leave her? And *Signor Sandro* should be told also, I suppose?"

"Yes. I will come down to the farm this evening, and talk to your father after supper. I am sure I hope that a return to *Bella Luce* may be the means, under Heaven, of in some degree reclaiming the unhappy girl. And I most sincerely rejoice, my young friend, that your eyes have been opened on the subject; and that you are at last aware what a fatal step any engagement with such a person would have been. Good day. I will not fail to come down this evening."

So the two conspirators separated: the priest

returning up the hill to the dinner which was waiting for him, to *la Nunziata's* great displeasure, at the *Cura*; and Beppo to return to his afternoon work in the fields as usual.

And in the evening the priest came down to the farm, as he said he would. And when, after a private conversation with the old farmer in the *loggia*, in which it was finally settled that Beppo was to be found missing some morning towards the end of the following week, *Don Evandro* remarked, that as he would be absent some time from *Bella Luce*, and as the girl seemed to be getting no good in the town, it might be as well, perhaps, if she were brought back to the farm, *Signor Paolo* made no objection. *La padrona*, when this part of the deliberations of her lord and master and his prime minister was communicated, was delighted at the prospect of having once again at her command those active and industrious fingers, the absence of which was making itself very sensibly felt in the diminished amount of the weekly produce of yarn.

The precise day for Beppo's secret departure, and the exact direction of his flight, were reserved for further and more detailed arrangement between him and the priest. Notice, however, was to be given to *Signor Sandro*, who was to be requested to communicate to *la Signora Dossi* that the farmer would come to *Fanoto* fetch *Giulia* home on the Sunday week.

(To be continued).

"WEEP THOU NO MORE!"

WEEP thou no more; a common lot is thine!
Fold thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast:
In alien sympathy can be no rest;
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

O, heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!
O, weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,
That striv'st against the stream, yet all in vain,
Weep thou no more, none hear thy weary cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still,
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creation's dawn,
'Midst their eternal music. All things cease,
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,
For nature knows no turning. All things born

Take sorrow for their heirloom with the light,
But wake and cry, and fall to sleep again:
So slumber thou,—in sleep forget thy pain;
White morn is breaking in the darkest night,

The billows fast return upon the shore,
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea;
Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can be;
Thither thou driftest fast,—weep thou no more!

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVIII. A CONFESSION.

WHEN Lisa was left alone with Giulia, at the corner of the little lane leading to the *osteria* frequented by the *contadini* from the Santa Lucia part of the country, in the manner that has been described at the close of the last book of this history, she was not a little frightened at the state in which Giulia was, and not a little indignant against Beppo for his conduct. She was not aware, it will be remembered, how much reason he had for being angry. She knew nothing, in the first place, of the scene under the cypress, which alone gave Beppo any right to tax Giulia with falsehood; nor, in the second place, had she witnessed the unfortunate scene in the great hall of *la Dossi's* house, having been more agreeably occupied herself the while in that slumbering lady's quiet sitting-room; nor could she guess that Beppo's mind had been poisoned by the malicious insinuations, to which what he had himself seen lent such unlucky confirmation.

Giulia had swooned, and, to Lisa's great terror, did not recover herself for some minutes. Fainting fits are not so common on the shores of the Adriatic as they are in some other latitudes, and the nature of them, consequently, is not so well understood. Lisa feared that her friend was dying, killed by Beppo's cruel words!

The two girls were on their way from the *palazzo publico*—where poor Giulia had already received a shock from the announcement of Beppo's bad number, which, despite all her efforts, she had been unable to conceal from Lisa—to the house of *la Signora Dossi*, when they had met Beppo on his way to his inn. The spot was an unfrequented one; and to-day, when everybody in the city was in the great square before the *palazzo publico*, it was absolutely solitary. There was not a human being within sight or within call. It was a great comfort to Giulia as soon as she recovered her senses; but it considerably increased little Lisa's embarrassment and distress in the meantime. She hung over her, calling to her again and again by her name in increasing terror, and imploring her to answer her, or at least make some sign, if she could not speak.

At last the colour began to come back into her ghastly pale cheeks, and she opened her eyes. After wearily and languidly looking round her for a moment or two she said:

"Oh yes! I remember it all now! Lisa, dear, how long have I been asleep? Why did you not wake me up? Did I fall down, or how was it?"

"Yes, dear, you fell down! And, oh me! I was so frightened! I thought you were dead or dying! Do you think you can stand up? Do you feel ill?"

"I can get up now," said Giulia, doing so as she spoke by the help of Lisa's hand.

"Are you ill, dear?"

"I feel very strange—much as if I had been stunned. But I am better now; I can walk home I think, though I feel a little giddy."

"Lean on me, dear! It will be a long time before I can forgive Signor Beppo, I can tell him. *E proprio da contadino!*" said Lisa, using the townsfolk's usual expression for signifying anything bearish, or unmannered or ignorant.

"Ah! now it all comes back to me!" said Giulia, with a long-drawn sigh. "Ah, yes! now I remember it all! Poor Beppo!"

"Poor Beppo *davvero!* He ought to be ashamed of himself! I never heard of a man behaving in such a way. To say such horrid words!"

"Yes, Lisa dear, they were very dreadful words to hear; but—but—but it is not all his fault."

"It is true, he had just drawn a bad number, and no doubt he was much put about. But that's no excuse for treating a girl as he did you!"

"Yes, he drew a bad number; and he won't like to leave the country; poor Beppo! but—but that was not all that vexed him, Lisa."

"Let what would vex him, he had no business to speak as he did!"

"He said I was false and worthless! But I have not been false!" sobbed poor Giulia, and the tears began to overflow her eyes.

"False! how should you be false? I have been hearing any time this two years from him of his love for you, and how you never would listen to him, nor look at him! What business can he have to talk about falseness then, I should like to know? I was all in his favour, and hoped you and he might come together,—mainly because I didn't want him myself, as you know, dear! But now, upon my word, I think you had better listen to the Corporal. Signor Giocopo says he is as good a little man as ever stepped, and will have a

snug little bit of land of his own when his uncle dies."

"Nonsense, Lisa;—what nonsense you are talking. You can't really think that there can ever be anything serious between Corporal Tenda and me! He has no more thought of it than I have."

"Well! I am sure I don't see why you should not, nor why he should not. My belief is that he thinks a great deal about you in serious earnest."

"Oh, don't, Lisa, don't say such things; I don't like it!"

"Why not? If there was nothing between you and the Corporal, what was it put Signor Beppo into such a dreadful passion? And why did you say it was not all his fault? Whose fault was it, then?"

"Why, — Corporal Tenda's fault!" said Giulia, blushing a little and speaking with some hesitation. "He will go on in such a way! And Beppo made me angry that day. And I spoke unkindly to him," said Giulia; and the tears again ran down her cheeks, and her voice was broken by suppressed sobbing; "—and when the Corporal laughed at him, I laughed too; and I could have knocked my head against the wall afterwards. And I hate Corporal Tenda, Lisa!"

"I am sure you don't seem to hate him, Giulia! What is he always coming to the house for? And why do you let him come into the kitchen, and talk and laugh and go on?" said Lisa, the last phrase having in similar context, it will be observed, the force of an "et cetera," and being capable of a very extended significance.

"How can I help it?" replied Giulia, not without a certain amount of self-consciousness, which imparted a degree of embarrassment to her manner, and a little extra colour to her cheeks. "He will go on in such a way, and he makes me laugh in spite of myself; and he is so different, you know, from our own *paesani* (the people of our village); and Beppo does not understand such ways; and—and—what could I do, you know, Lisa dear? Could I seem for all the world as if I was breaking my heart, because I had been sent away from Bella Luce, and I sent away because they were afraid that I—that I should listen to Beppo? Could I now, Lisa dear? And Don Evandro himself told me the night before I came away" (here a pause, while certain other reminiscences connected with that same night caused a little half-suppressed but audible sob, not perfectly intelligible to Lisa)—"the night before I came away, that I was not to shut myself up like a nun, but was to make acquaintance with any people that fell in my

way; and—and—and that's all I did, you know, Lisa!"

"Any way, let Signor Beppo have been pleased or not pleased with your knowing the Corporal, he had no business to speak in that way, seeing that he never had any right to think that you cared about him!" said Lisa, still indignant at the way she had seen poor Giulia treated. "And I, like a fool, to go telling him that you took on so when he drew the bad number! I don't wonder you were vexed at me for saying so!"

"But, Lisa dear—come in just a moment." They had, as Lisa was speaking, reached the great entrance of the Bollandini palace. "Just come up-stairs a moment; I want—I want to speak to you."

So the two girls went up the great stairs together, and sat down on the stone window-seat of the large window at right angles with the door of *la Dossi's* apartment, by which the staircase was lighted. The great staircase was as silent and as solitary as the grave, and *la Dossi* was doubtless busy in superintending the progress of her *casseroles*.

"Look here," continued Giulia, who had taken her pocket-handkerchief from her pocket, and busied her hands and eyes with folding it and refolding it on her lap, "Lisa dear. You must not be too hard on Beppo. I—suppose he thought that—that I was different from when we parted at Bella Luce."

"Different! How different? If you had always refused to listen to him, why should you not be free to listen as much as you pleased to the Corporal or to anybody else?"

There is nothing so provoking in some circumstances as a confidant who will see nothing but the plain logical meaning of what is said to them. Lisa would be so deplorably reasonable. Giulia could not fold her handkerchief to her satisfaction. Yet it was not for want of giving all her eyes to the operation. She tried again and again; and even her shoulders seemed to writhe and twist themselves with the difficulty of the task. Presently, too, her foot began to beat the pavement with nervous impatience. The handkerchief would not get folded right.

"But—perhaps—Beppo—thought—that—thought—that—I did care for him!" and each word came as if it had been squeezed out of her by some mechanical means that forced out a little panting groan with it.

"But the question is, what right had he to think so?" said the pitilessly logical Lisa.

"And—and you said just now, Lisa, yourself, that I did not seem to hate Corporal Tenda."

"And why should you hate him? He is a very nice little man."

"And Beppo, perhaps, thought I seemed not to hate him—though I do! I do, Lisa!"

"And what if Beppo did think so? What right has he to object, I should like to know, if you liked the Corporal ever so much?"

"Because I told him once, Lisa, that—that—I—hated—all—men!"

"Meaning him in particular, of course. That is one way for a girl to tell a man that she cannot love him. That don't bind her, I suppose, always to hate all the men she ever sees."

"But I told him, Lisa,"—and here the little panting groans became out-and-out sobs, and the difficulty with the handkerchief became so complicated that the fingers began to twitch and jerk at it in impatient desperation,—“I told him that I did *not* hate him!"

"Giulia! you told him that you hated all other men, and did not hate him. Oh, Giulia! that seems to me very like the same thing as telling him that you did love him."

Then, at last, the flood-gates were opened, and the great pent-up deeps of poor Giulia's soul poured themselves forth.

"And I do!" she cried. "I do! I do! I do love him! I do love him better than all the world beside! And oh, Lisa, Lisa! I am so miserable—so very, very miserable. And I can do nothing but make misery for him! I could have kissed his feet when he was saying those dreadful things in the street, I could. Oh, Lisa! you don't know how good he is, and how true! And he thinks me false and worthless! Oh, me! oh, me! what shall I do? what shall I do? Oh, Lisa! I shall die! I shall break my heart!"

"And you do not care anything, then, for the Corporal?" said Lisa, much perplexed, but persisting in drawing her logical inferences, and putting two and two together.

"Lisa!" cried Giulia, turning on her with the air of an enraged tigress; "Lisa! how can you? I would tear him limb from limb, if it would do Beppo a service, or make him know that I was not false!"

"But why not tell him so, then? Why did you make him think, for these two years past, that you did not care for him?"

"What else could I do? And he rich, and his father's heir! And I living there upon their charity! And all of them watching me from morning to night to see if I so much as looked at him! To be told that I paid their charity by snaring the love of their son, because he was rich! My heart is breaking, Lisa—it is! but I would rather it should

break, twenty times over, than live to hear that said. I wish I could die, Lisa! I wish I could die! But I am as strong as a horse!" she said, shaking her head, and stretching out, as she spoke, her two magnificently rounded and moulded arms in front of her, and gazing on them ruefully. "I wish I was *tisica*, and could die! Then Beppo might be told afterwards that I was not false, but loved him, oh, so dearly, so dearly! And then he would be free to forget me, and marry some rich wife, according to his father's will."

"But if you as good as told him that you loved him," persisted Lisa.

"But I did not. I told him there could never be any love between us: I told him that I would never love him. And now, must I not do all I can to make him believe me, and show him that I was in earnest? Must not I all the more make him think that I do not care for him, if I let him see how much I did care when I left Bella Luce? But it is very, very hard."

"I should tell him that I loved him," said Lisa.

"I cannot do it, Lisa. And you would not, if you had heard and seen the sneers and hints and all the cruel words that I have heard. I could not do it to save my soul. You will keep my secret, Lisa?" she cried suddenly, half getting up, turning towards her companion, and seizing her hand in her own: "you will keep my secret?"

"Of course I will, Giulia. Though I think you are wrong, your secret is safe."

"You promise—swear to me that you will breathe to no living soul what I have told you. I could not help telling you, because you were blaming Beppo, when it is I who ought to be blamed—only I."

"I swear to you that I will tell no one, unless you some day give me leave," replied Lisa.

"Ah! that time will never, never come in this world!" said Giulia, sighing heavily. "I must go in, or *la Dossi* will be wondering what has become of me. Are my eyes very red?"

"Yes, very; and you look like a ghost. You had better wash your eyes before you go to her; and tell her that the heat of the hall where the drawing was knocked you up. Good bye, dear! I shall see you again soon—perhaps this evening."

"Thanks, Lisa dear; come, if you can. But I hope Corporal Tenda will not come this afternoon. I should be more apt to cry than to laugh with him."

So Giulia let herself in with a latch-key; and Lisa returned down the great staircase

alone, with a phase of human nature that was new to her to study.

Lisa could have told her friend, if she had seen any necessity for doing so, that she would be disappointed in her hope that Corporal Tenda would not make his appearance that evening at the Palazzo Bollandini; for her own intention of returning was mainly due to an intimation to that effect, which she had found the means of conveying to Captain Brilli in the hall of the drawing; and there was very little doubt that the Corporal would accompany him.

La Signora Dossi's dinner, and therefore her *siesta*, took place at a later hour than usual that day, in consequence of the ceremony of the drawing for the conscription, which in the little city of Fano made that day an exceptional one. Giulia, when she went in to her mistress, was expected to give an account of all she had seen at the *palazzo pubblico*—how those who had escaped had rejoiced, and how those who had been hit bore their bad chance, &c. All which she did, poor girl, feeling all the time the heavy weight at her heart, not got rid of at all, but put by to be brought into the foreground again whenever she should have leisure to attend to it.

Then the dinner was got over; and Giulia had to be scolded because she did not eat, and had to tell lies as best she could about the heat of the room and the fatigue, and so on.

And then *la Dossi* went to her *siesta*; and the time for bringing out the great heavy sorrow came round, and Giulia sat down in the silent house all by herself to think.

"Had she been to blame in the matter of the Corporal? Had she been to blame in the matter of that last parting under the great cypress-tree—that greatest event of her life—that most precious memory for all her future years?" She feared that she could not quite acquit herself on this latter head. It was a break-down; a fall from the line of duty that she had chalked out for herself. Had she been stronger on that occasion—had she made a better fight, Beppo would have had no reason to call her false. He would have been spared the suffering of thinking her so. Yet would he on the whole have been happier? Was it not possible that the remembrance of that moonlight farewell might, despite all, be as precious to him as it was to her? Yes, she had been wrong and weak on that occasion, but she found it very difficult to repent of the wrong-doing.

With respect to the Corporal, her conscience acquitted her more easily. Care about the little man, in any such sort as could make any lover or husband in the world jealous? *Che!*

She had spoken the truth from the very bottom of her heart, when she had said to Lisa on the staircase that she could have annihilated the Corporal, if by so doing she could have served or pleased Beppo. He was less than nothing to her in comparison with him! Had she been pleased, more pleased than was right, with the evident admiration of the Corporal? Well! pleased? She had been amused by him. She had found it pleasant to talk to him; pleasant to laugh with him and at his joking. But her heart had been heavy, God knew it had been heavy, all the time! Would it have been judicious to remain glum and moody in *la Dossi's* house? She had come to the city with the firm determination not to wear the willow, to give no curious spy the slightest reason to sneer or suspect that she had left her heart at Bella Luce. Was it not absolutely necessary that she should do so? Would the Corporal have any right to think himself ill-used if she told him to-morrow that her heart was, and had long been, given to her cousin? Certainly not the least. If only there were no other reasons for not doing so, how gladly, how triumphantly, would she tell him so to-morrow.

But was there any possibility that what Lisa had said might be true? Was it possible that the lively little man had mistaken her good-humour and frank courtesy, and was seriously thinking of her? Giulia thought not. But it behoved her at all events to take care that such should not be the case. But he was one of those men whom it is very difficult to keep at a distance; how different from poor dear, dear, modest Beppo! It would be far more difficult to make Beppo believe that he was loved, than to make the Corporal understand that he was not. She wished with all her heart that he knew she had no love to give to any one—that it was all given away! She wished he knew all about Beppo, and her unhappiness. She felt sure that if he did, he would not quiz Beppo any more, and would respect her unfortunate attachment. For after all he was a good, honest-hearted little man. She felt sure of that. But how was she to behave to him when he came there? Here was already Lisa taking notions into her head. Good Heaven! if any such reports should get about in the town, and should come to Beppo's ears! The mere thought made her blood run cold. It was evidently necessary that she should be more guarded in her manner to the Corporal, and when he came next—"

Exactly as Giulia reached that point in her meditations the bit of twine outside the magnificent walnut-wood door was pulled, and the little bell which hung on the inside of it tinkled. Before going across the great hall to

open the door, she stepped lightly to the door of *la Dossi's* room, for the allotted time for her nap was just about completed, and, looking in, saw that, faithful to her habitudes, her mistress was awake and on the point of rising.

"There is somebody at the door, signora," she said, "so I thought I would look to see if you were ready to receive any visitors. Shall I let them come in?"

"Yes! Let them come in, whoever it is, my girl! I have been alone all day till you came home, and I want to wag my tongue a little! Let them come in! I am coming out into the *salottino* in two minutes."

So Giulia went to the door, and there, as she had feared, were Captain Brilli, and his shadow, Corporal Tenda.

"Good evening, Signora Giulia! Are we too early? Is the *padrona* stirring yet? May we come in?"

"*Sì*, Signor Capitano! Walk in; my mistress is awake; she will be in the *salottino* in a minute! Good evening, Signor Caporale!"

"Gentilissima Signora Giulia!" said the Corporal, with a military salute, performed in a slightly exaggerated fashion; "I am delighted to see that you have not altogether deserted this sublunary world for your native skies, as I begun to fear must be the case, when you vanished so suddenly from your place in the palazzo to-day! I was coming through the crowd to speak to you after your—guardian—ahem!—drew his bad number; and when I got across the hall, to that private box out of a place they had put you to sit in, you had vanished, and the Signorina Lisa too!"

"Did the Signorina Lisa say she was coming here this afternoon?" asked Captain Brilli.

"*Sì*, signore. At least, she said that it was very likely she might come. She said, Signor Capitano, that she would come to see me!" said Giulia, looking at him with a smile in her eye.

"Of course! For what else should she come?" said Brilli, in the same tone. "Did she say about what time she would be here?"

"Oh! I suppose about the hour of the *paneggiato*," replied Giulia. "Will your worship be pleased to walk in to the drawing-room? I dare say *la Signora Dossi* has come out from her room by this time."

"I like a large airy room like this, I do," said the Corporal. "I think I had rather stay here while my officer goes to pay his respects to *la Signora Dossi*," he added, giving Giulia a look as he spoke that plainly uttered a very earnestly pleading entreaty that she would remain there also.

"As you please, Signor Caporale! The room is entirely at your service!" said Giulia,

speaking with perfect good-humour, but evidently about to precede Captain Brilli into the sitting-room.

The Corporal stood looking after her as she crossed the great hall to the opposite door till she had just reached it, then springing after her with a hop, skip, and jump, he said:

"I think I won't stay here after all; I am disappointed in the big room. All its charm is leaving it,—leaving it now at this moment, and it seems very dull and cold all of a sudden. I think I shall like the sitting-room best!"

"As you please, Signor Caporale!" said Giulia, again with unaltered good-humour; "or if your worship prefers to remain here, to being exposed to the cold of the great room, you are welcome to shut yourself in with the old sedan-chair in the corner!"

"Oh, Signora Giulia, you are cruel to-day! What have I done to offend you? Perhaps you were displeased at the result of the drawing this morning. But remember that I am not commander-in-chief,—at least not yet. I need hardly assure you that when I am, nobody shall be drawn except those whom your ladyship has no objection to see in the ranks. But in the meantime I confess I thought the blind goddess had done very well in sending the big cousin, who takes it upon himself to superintend the comings in and goings out of the most discreet as well as the loveliest young lady in all Romagna, to learn proper subordination in the ranks. It's a capital school, signora, for teaching presumptuous people to mind their own business and not their neighbours'."

"And you have had the advantage of some years' education in it?" said Giulia, raising her eyebrows with an affected expression of surprise.

"Yes, Signora Giulia; and accordingly I am, I assure you, minding my own business at this moment—and the most pressing and important business to me in all the world!"

"Dear me! I never should have guessed that, if you had not told me so!" retorted Giulia; "but as to the drawing to-day," she added after a little pause, in a more serious tone, "it was in all earnest and seriousness a matter of great sorrow to me. I would have given much to have saved my cousin from drawing his bad number. It was because I was so vexed," she added, with a manner that seemed to indicate a determination to speak what she felt reluctant to confess, "that I left the hall in such a hurry. And *la Signora Lisa* was kind enough to come with me."

"Excuse me, signora, I was not aware that

you had such a tender interest in Signor Beppo. He is a more fortunate man than I thought him!"

"I said nothing of the kind! I said no word about tender interest," replied Giulia, firing up, and flashing the lightning out upon him.

"Well, of whatever sort the interest is—family interest, perhaps," returned the Corporal in a more serious tone, "I am sorry for what makes your sorrow, Signora Giulia; and above all had no thought of offending you. But I confess that the Signor Capitano here, and I, as we were looking on the drawing, congratulated one another on the army having got such a soldier. But I thought that there was small chance of our getting Signor Beppo! I fancied that his father was in a position to buy him off. It seems to me a great pity he should not go. He would be sure to rise to be a corporal!"

"I fancied it was pretty certain, Signora Giulia, that your cousin would pay his bad number by proxy," said Captain Brilli; "and I confess I thought it a great pity that the service should lose a man who would make such a fine soldier. That is the sort of men we want, not a lot of poor, rickety scum from the towns."

"I don't know whether Signor Vanni will buy him off, or not," said Giulia; "but I know that he is very unwilling to serve."

"Why should he be? What is his objection to the service?" said Brilli.

"I am sure I don't know, Signor Capitano; the same, I suppose, that all our *contadini* have. They don't like being sent out of the country, away from their homes—"

"And their cousins!" said the Corporal.

Giulia tossed her head, and turned her shoulder to him, without deigning any reply to this shot.

"It is a very great pity," said Captain Brilli, gravely, "that there should be so widespread a dislike to the service throughout all this district: and they are just the best men who manifest the most unwillingness to serve their country. It is a very great pity; the more so as the government is fully determined to enforce the law. There has been so much difficulty about it, that it will go hard with those who are contumacious. There seems to be a notion among the people," continued the Captain, "that they will escape by absenting themselves for a time, a little more or a little less, from their homes, and that all inquiry after them will then blow over. It is a most unfortunate mistake. The men will be brought in and tried as deserters; or, if they should succeed in eluding the pursuit of our fellows,

they must remain bandits and outlaws, under the penalties of felony, all their days. It is quite a mistake to imagine that they will be able to return to their homes after a while."

Captain Brilli said all this as if it was a matter of ordinary conversation. But Giulia could not help thinking that it was intended as a special advertisement to her, for the use and behoof of her cousin. She had no certain knowledge of his intentions in this respect; but she knew the avarice of old Paolo Vanni, and thought it little likely that he would be persuaded to disburse a sum large enough to procure a substitute for Beppo. She knew, also, how strongly Beppo shared the aversion of his countrymen for service in the army. She feared that he might take to the hills, rather than submit to it; and the thought of Beppo a bandit, an outlaw, a felon, who could never any more return to his home without meeting a felon's doom, was very shocking to her.

No doubt the thoughts that rose in her mind, as Captain Brilli was speaking, made themselves legible in her face; and as little that the Corporal, whose eyes were very sure to be employed in that direction, read them there.

Then *la Signora Dossi* came in; and in a few minutes afterwards *Lisa*.

When she and the Captain were fully engaged in paying exclusive attention to each other, Corporal Tenda made a variety of efforts to induce Giulia to come out into the great hall. But they were all in vain. Giulia persisted in remaining close to *la Dossi* all the rest of the evening.

(To be continued.)

DUTIES ON PLAYING-CARDS.

IN the financial year, which ended on the 31st March, 1863, the duty on playing cards was reduced from one shilling to three-pence a pack. The present duty is nearly fifty per cent. lower than it has ever been before. This fact alone calls for some comment; it affects directly the card-player (who is, of course, the card user); and indirectly, and in a minor degree, the whole of the tax-contributing community. Before we proceed to the suggested comment, which will include an analysis of the last annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, let us just trace the successive changes through which we have arrived at existing arrangements.

In the reign of James I. a duty, or tax, of five shillings per twelve dozen packs was levied on playing-cards by the authority of the Lord Treasurer. The popular belief is that a tax

on playing-cards was first levied in the year 1631, in the reign of Charles I. This, however, as we have just seen, is an error. The belief is founded on the fact that about the time mentioned a protest was made by the Commons against the unconstitutional imposition of taxes which was then but too common. The duty on playing-cards was one of the taxes complained of as being "arbitrary and illegal, and levied without the consent of Parliament."

We hear no more of duties on playing-cards till we arrive at the reign of Queen Anne. In her reign card-playing had attained its full tide in every part of civilised Europe. In England, in particular, card-playing was both fashionable and popular. There were then forty thousand reams of Genoa white paper annually imported to this country, chiefly for the purpose of making playing-cards. It is not to be wondered at that the officers of the Crown should seek to meet the necessities of the revenue by taxing an article, the consumption of which was so considerable. Accordingly, in the year 1710, the earliest Act of Parliament, by which a tax was imposed on playing-cards, was passed. The object of the Act was to obtain an annual sum of 186,670*l.*, as a fund or security for raising a sum of 2,602,200*l.*, "for carrying on the war, and for other her Majesty's occasions." It was enacted that playing-cards were to pay a duty of sixpence a pack for a term of thirty-two years, commencing the 11th of June, 1711. By this Act, all makers of cards or dice were required to send to the Commissioners of the Stamp Duties on vellum, parchment, and paper, notice in writing, containing the address of the house or place where cards or dice were manufactured. Makers omitting to send such notice, or manufacturing in houses not notified, became liable to a penalty of 50*l.* Various other obligations, more or less vexatious, were at the same time imposed on the card and dice makers. They were required to permit the proper officers for the duties in question to enter their houses of business, that they might "take an account of the cards and dice there made," under a penalty of 10*l.* for every refusal. The makers were not to remove cards from the manufactory until the paper and thread enclosing every pack of cards was sealed in such a manner as was satisfactory to the Commissioners of the duties, under pain of forfeiting the goods removed, and treble their value. The unfortunate card and dice makers were required in addition to make entry, upon oath, once in every twenty-eight days, of the number of cards and dice manufactured by them in the interim, and they had to clear within the ensuing fortnight the amount of the tax then

declared due. Neglect on these scores was visited by forfeiture of 20*l.* for default in making entry, and double duty for non-payment of the tax within the specified time.

The proposal to lay an impost on playing-cards naturally encountered much opposition. It was represented on the part of the card-makers that the business was in the hands of small masters, most of them poor, and that on them several of the clauses of the Act would press heavily. Of these small masters it was estimated that there were no less than a hundred in and about London. Their price to the trade, taking one sort of cards with another, was three-halfpence a pack, and their profit not above a halfpenny. Though cards were much smaller at that period than they are now, and though money possessed a much higher exchangeable value, it is difficult to conceive how a pack of cards could be manufactured at so low a price. The card-players, too, had their champions. A pamphlet, which still survives, was printed for circulation among the members of the House of Commons. It opposes the tax from both the card-makers' and the card-players' point of view. It is entitled, "Considerations in Relation to the Imposition on Cards, humbly submitted to the Honourable House of Commons." It is very quaint, and gives us an insight into the style of thought deemed popular at the beginning of the last century. One of its arguments is as follows:

"Nine parts in ten of the cards now made are sold from six shillings to twenty-four shillings per gross; and even these, at six shillings, will by this duty be subjected to three pounds twelve shillings tax. This, with submission, will destroy nine parts in ten of the manufacture. For those cards which are now bought for threepence (per pack) can't then be afforded under tenpence or a shilling. If any of your honours hope by this tax to suppress expensive card-playing, it is answered, that the common sort who play for innocent diversion will only be hindered. The sharp gamblers who play for money will not be discouraged; for those who play for many pounds a game will not be hindered by twelvepence a pack."

Her Majesty's "occasions," however, were such that opposition was fruitless, and the Act became law. The duty was imposed on all cards, "made fit for sale," during a certain term. In the following year it was found expedient, for the better securing the duties on playing-cards and for preventing the defrauding of the revenue, to alter this, and to enact that all stocks of cards which were fit for sale before the operation of the former Act commenced, and which still remained unsold in the hands

of any person trading in cards, should be brought to the stamp-office to be marked. On the traders making oath that the stocks so brought were actually made and finished before the 12th of June, 1711, they were entitled, on payment of one halfpenny per pack, to have them sealed or stamped accordingly. All cards not brought to the office before the 1st of August, 1712, were to be deemed to be made fit for sale after June, 1711, and to be charged with the full duty. And after July, 1712, no playing-cards were to be exposed for sale or used in play in any public gaming-house, unless marked in accordance with the provisions of the Act, both on the wrapper and on the spotted or painted side (face) of one of the cards of each pack.

Offenders were made liable to a penalty of 5*l.* for every pack of unstamped cards found in their possession. It was also made felony, punishable with death, to counterfeit or forge the seals, stamps or marks which denoted the payment of the duties. About eighty years ago the punishment of death was actually inflicted on an unlucky engraver, named Harding, who engraved an ace of spades to the order of a card-maker. The card-maker escaped from the country, or, in all probability, he would have shared the engraver's fate. By the same Act of Parliament the regulations permitting the search entry of revenue officers were extended to public gaming-houses; and the notices required to be given by card-makers, and the clauses relating to the removal of unstamped cards, were amended and made more stringent.

Despite these precautions, frauds on the revenue continued. Indeed, every successive enactment relating to playing-cards, down to that of last session, is accompanied by some reference to fraudulent practices in relation to the duties. It was discovered that persons were in the habit, after cards had been used, of cutting out and tearing off the marks placed on the face of the playing-cards, for the purpose of affixing the same marks to fresh packs, and so of making one stamp serve over and over again. There was also a method of rendering available for further use the seal and stamp upon the outside papers or wrappers. In order to check these proceedings, a clause was introduced into an Act passed in the sixth year of the reign of George I. (1719), "for preventing frauds and abuses in the public revenue." A penalty of 10*l.* was imposed on any person convicted of working-up old stamps; and when it was suspected that cards were being made up for sale in any private place, that is, in any place of which the commissioners had not the usual written notice, power

was given to the officers employed by the commissioners, on a warrant being granted, to break open the doors of the suspected places, and to enter and seize all "cards, dice, tools, and materials with which they are made."

If we add to the facts already stated, that the term over which the duty upon playing-cards was to remain in force, was extended from thirty-two years to perpetuity, we shall possess an accurate epitome of the principal points connected with the duty on playing-cards to the end of the reign of George I., and for some time after. In the twenty-ninth year of the reign of George II. (1756), an additional duty of sixpence a pack was imposed on playing-cards. The opportunity was taken, as usual, to frame measures in expectation of preventing the fraudulent evasions of the duty which still obtained. It transpired that great frauds were committed under pretence that cards were manufactured for exportation, cards for exportation being exempt from duty. It was therefore enacted that all playing-cards intended for exportation should be distinguished by a particular wrapper, and that one card in each export pack should be marked on the face with a special stamp. Cards wrapped and stamped, as for exportation, were not to be used in Great Britain under a penalty of 20*l.* A 20*l.* penalty was also attached to the selling and buying of any covers and labels which had been already used. It appears, too, that the trick of selling slightly soiled playing-cards, as waste-cards, was largely practised to the detriment of the revenue. These soiled cards consisted of cards so damaged in the process of manufacture as to be rejected by the card-makers. They were purchased for a few pence per pound, chiefly by Jew speculators, who sorted them and disposed of them at a cheap rate. In order to put a stop to the system, all persons disposing of cards, "commonly called waste cards," were required before sale to "mark the back or plain side of every painted or pictured card in such manner as to render the same unfit to be used in play."

In the reign of George III. no less than seven Acts of Parliament were passed relating to cards and dice. All this legislation tended to two ends,—to impose additional duties, and to circumvent the evaders of the tax. It was more than suspected that the Inland Revenue officers were tampered with. A new plan was therefore resolved on. The ace of spades was selected as the card to bear the stamp. From and after the 5th of July, 1765, makers of playing cards were required to send to the Stamp Office the paper on which the ace of spades was to be marked. The Commissioners of Stamps had a new plate prepared,

with a device somewhat similar to that of the ace of spades in use up to last year, only less elaborate. The commissioners had the power of altering the device at pleasure, in order to throw difficulties in the way of counterfeiting it. The card-makers were further required to send to the office the wrappers which they proposed to use for enclosing the cards. The wrappers were to have the maker's name printed on them, and were to be stamped with a sixpenny stamp. This stamp was not an additional duty. The duty still remained at one shilling: but the mode of imposition was varied, so that one-half of the duty fell on the ace of spades, and the other half on the wrapper. At the same time, the penalty for refusing to allow inspection of premises where card-making was carried on, was raised from 20*l.* to 50*l.*

Eleven years later an additional duty of sixpence a pack was levied, making the total duty one shilling and sixpence. In the meantime the ingenious enemies of the revenue had not been idle. The occupation of selling waste cards was gone; but there was no prohibition against selling second-hand cards. Accordingly, the card-maker's waste was still sorted into packs, which were disposed of as second-hand cards, "to the great injury of the revenue." A penalty of 5*l.* a pack was therefore imposed on any person selling second-hand cards, unless the backs of the pictured cards were so marked as to render them unfit to be used in play.

In 1789, and again in 1801, the duty was further increased by sixpenny steps, till it reached the sum of half-a-crown a pack. The traffic in cards not duly stamped was powerfully stimulated by the high duty. Various evasive devices were invented, and more than one speculator amassed a large fortune by selling, under various pretences, cards on which no duty had been paid. Under the then arrangements, waste aces of spades could not be procured to any great extent, for the damaged aces were returned to the Stamp-office, and allowed for in the card-makers' accounts. Packs, therefore, were made up for sale with a blank card in place of the ace of spades. Cut-corner cards, as they were called, *i. e.*, packs of cards of which one corner was cut off, and minus the ace of spades, were sold in immense quantities. Cards with a corner cut off were considered by parliament sufficiently mutilated to render them unfit to be used in play. The public, however, put up with the inconvenience of using cut-corner cards rather than pay the high tax. In fact, the law was found powerless to prevent evasions; every fresh enactment produced

some fresh dodge for driving through it. It was therefore decided to diminish the duty, and to legalise, under certain restrictions, the sale of second-hand cards. In the year 1828, the half-a-crown duty was reduced to one shilling. The shilling duty was to be denoted on the ace of spades. This was the "duty one shilling" ace, called "Old Frizzle," on account of the elaborate flourishes which adorned it, with which all card-players were familiar up to last year. The aces were supplied on credit to the card-makers, the duty being exacted from time to time on their making up their packs for sale, when an officer was supposed to attend to put on the wrapper, and to take an account of the numbers. Second-hand cards were permitted to be sold, except by licensed card-makers, provided the words "second-hand cards" were legibly printed or written on the wrapper.

Under the protection of this permission the sale of so-called second-hand cards flourished more vigorously than ever. The less scrupulous manufacturers used to make "works" of waste by the ton, for the purpose of sale under the name of second-hand cards. Indeed the clandestine manufacture of cards was so extensive that one person alone owned to the sale of more unstamped packs in one year than the whole number which, according to the revenue returns, had been charged with duty in the same period. We gather from the Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue,* that in hopes of suppressing the enormous evasion of the duty which notoriously prevailed, the duty on playing-cards was last year reduced to threepence a pack, and the form in which the duty was levied was amended. The duty is now levied, not on the ace of spades, but on the wrapper in which each pack, whether of new or of second-hand cards, must be enclosed before it is sold. This wrapper is prepared at the Stamp-office, and is supplied to the card-makers as required. The ace of spades, instead of being impressed at the office, is now printed by the card-makers along with their other cards. This plan is much more convenient than the former one.

From the Report just quoted it appears that as yet the revenue has not reaped any pecuniary benefit from the reduction of the duty. There is a decrease of 4,450*l.* on last year's account. On the other hand, there is an increase of about 160,000 in the number of packs stamped.

It remains to be seen whether in another year the card duty will recover itself, or whether, after all, the evaders will be able

* Seventh Report of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Inland Revenue. 1863.

to "drive a coach and four" through the last Act of Parliament, as they have through previous ones. We have heard it stated by persons whose opinion is of weight, that according to the present Act, payment of duty is quite "optional." It is hoped, however, that the small sum of threepence per pack will not hold out a sufficient inducement to tempt speculators to exercise their option of cheating the revenue. In our opinion any tax, however small, is enough to turn the scale in favour of the dealer who can evade it; consequently the smallness of the tax, though it will diminish, will not altogether remove the temptation to fraudulent practices. We also think that a pack of cards is an article of luxury which could well bear a higher tax than one of threepence; and we further entertain a very strong opinion that the tax on playing-cards is capable of rigid enforcement. Under proper regulations not a single pack need escape; and then even the threepenny card stamp would produce a larger amount than the late shilling duty.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER MARRIED AND SETTLED.

FOR my part I confess I never could care much for Jack the Giant Killer after he had got the coat of darkness, the shoes of swiftness, the sword of sharpness, and the cap of knowledge. I could kill giants myself with such an outfit as that; and one cannot help feeling that there is something unfair and unmanly in using magic weapons, even against ogres. A real hero should disdain any conquest except such as he can obtain by his own skill and courage.

These being my sentiments, I was much delighted by a discovery that I made a little while ago, and which I will now relate to you.

One day last summer, having nothing particular to do, I thought I would go into Somersetshire, and dig in the ancient Welsh Castle of Camelot (now called Winchester*), to see if I could find anything curious about King Arthur and his knights, and the famous Court Enchanter and First Prophet-in-Waiting Merlin, who, you know, all lived there in the good old times.

Accordingly, having provided myself with a stout teaspoon, a gimlet, and a corkscrew, I proceeded to the place, and set to work with such assiduity and vigour that in a few weeks I had sunk a trench thirty inches long, twenty wide, and two deep; at the bottom of which I

found, just as I had intended, a large flat stone, with a ring in the middle of it. I need hardly add that on lifting up this stone I beheld a flight of steps. These I descended, then turned right round to the left, then walked straight down a crooked passage, then knocked my nose against a wall, then stumbled over a coal-scuttle of the period which had been left in the way, and at last found myself in a dark room, which I at once recognised as Merlin's Brown Study.

In the middle of this study was a table, in the middle of the table was a drawer, and in the middle of the drawer lay a large folio book, in the great magician's own hand; and what do you think this was? Why, the original manuscript of the History of Jack the Giant Killer. Now I know Merlin's writing as well as I do yours, and I am as familiar with the ancient British as I am with Hebrew; so I immediately sat down and read the whole of it. Then, thinking that I had stayed away from home long enough, I put back the book, shut the drawer, walked up the steps, filled in the trench, smoothed the turf over it, and went away by the mail-train that very night; and when you go to Camelot yourself you will not find the least trace of my having been there before you.

I must now tell you what my great discovery was, for I don't call the little matters that I have mentioned hitherto discoveries—they are mere trifles to me, I do such things every day, and think nothing of them—my great discovery was, that the manuscript contained a Third Part of the adventures of Jack, besides the Two Parts that we know so well already. This Third Part was full of the most wonderful, surprising, and delightful adventures; I recollect every word of it, of course, and could say off the whole by heart if I chose, but as it was in nine hundred and ninety-nine chapters, perhaps you would find it rather tedious, so I had better only tell you a few bits out of it to-day. The only reason I can think of why this Part has always been left out by the editors is, that it does (I must confess) contain something like a Moral, which certainly has no business in a story; but you needn't notice it, and then it will do you no harm, I hope.

In the first place, it turns out that the Welsh giant, whom Jack called Uncle, and who gave him the coat, the shoes, the sword, and the cap so easily, was not such a stupid giant as you supposed. He saw that if Jack went on in that way much longer, he would soon kill off all the giants in the land; and he knew that the best way to stop him was to let him have these enchanted articles, which were

* If you look in Mr. Wright's edition of the "History of King Arthur" vol. I. p. 59, you will find that this is an exact description of the spot.

sure after a while to make him lazy, and insolent, and cowardly; for everybody becomes so who does not keep his body and mind in wholesome exercise, and trusts to underhand help for what he ought to do for himself.

What the cunning giant expected came to pass. Jack, who was a favourite at court, and had a pension from King Arthur, besides having a duke's daughter for his wife, began to give himself airs, and instead of following his fine old calling of destroying wicked ogres and magicians, and rescuing distressed damsels, thought of nothing but sport and pastime, feasting and luxury. He ceased to practise his sword exercise, used to lie in bed half the day, and grew quite fat and puffy. The wise Merlin was much distressed at seeing this, and often offered him good advice; but (strange to say) Jack would never take it. People always take advice now, though I don't see that they follow it a bit the more. "My son," he would say to him, "you are wasting your time and losing your reputation. It was not by leading such a life as this that you earned your fame and honour; you could not swim to St. Michael's Mount and dig a pit twenty-two feet deep, and as many broad, in a single night now. There are plenty more giants about, but you could not kill them as you did Cormoran."

"Pooh, pooh," Jack would answer, "there's no hurry. I can't go just yet, I have so many engagements to balls and hunting parties; but when the season is over I have only just to take my Sword of Sharpness, my Coat of Darkness, and my Shoes of Swiftness, and then I will finish off all my arrears in a week."

"Depend upon it," Merlin replied to this one day, "if you trust to such helpers as those, instead of relying on yourself, they will play you a trick some day, and put you to shame. What does your own Cap of Knowledge tell you about it?"

Jack turned red, and stammered a little at this. "The fact is," he said at last, "it tells me much the same as you do; but it is all nonsense, and I won't wear it any more. I don't see why I should be insulted by my own nightcap, and I have thrown it away into the dusthole."

Merlin said no more just then, but he quietly went to the dusthole, picked the cap out again, and used it himself.

Meanwhile the country was being again overrun with giants; for they generally marry young, and have large families, and their children grow up very quickly. Monsters with more heads than ever now infested every neighbourhood; and peaceable citizens could not go about their daily business without being

eaten up or otherwise incommoded by these horrid creatures. This was very bad for trade, and the people laid all the blame of it on Jack. They began to hoot and jeer at him as he passed. "Now then, fat Jack," they would say, "what have you done to earn your pension this year? Where's your belt with the verses on it? I suppose it won't go round your waist now." And one day, after some giants had been eating them worse than usual, they even broke his windows, and pelted him with mud.

This at last roused him. "Very well, rascals," he said, "I will go forth once more; you shall see that I am still the great Giant Killer; and when I come back crowned with victory, you will repent of your insolence."

So he called for his horse, packed up the coat and shoes in his saddle-bags, put on the Sword of Sharpness, and set out in search of adventures.

He had not gone far before he met a crowd of people flying along the road in the greatest terror and confusion, crying out, "The Giant! the Giant! the Giant!" and, looking up, he saw, sure enough, above the trees of a neighbouring wood, a monstrous giant stalking towards him. "Ho, ho!" said he, "this is just what I was looking for; stop, you wretched cowards, sit down on that hillock, and you shall see what sport the mighty Jack can show you."

So saying, he got off his horse, and took out his Shoes of Swiftness, intending to play the same tricks with this giant as he did with the two-headed giant Thundel before he killed him; but when he tried to put them on he found them too small, his feet had grown so fat for want of exercise. Here was a dreadful situation! He pulled and tugged with all his might, and at last he did manage to get one of them on; but the other would not go over his heel, do what he would. Meanwhile, the giant was drawing nearer and nearer. "Take care, Jack! take care!" the people cried out, "he will be upon you directly." And at last, seeing that the giant was almost close to him, Jack was obliged to start off with one shoe on and the other in his hand. Fancy what a ridiculous figure he cut! for the foot with the magic shoe on it took enormous strides, while the other one could only make little hops after it; so he went stumbling and blundering round and round in a circle, with the giant after him, banging at him with his club; and it was only because he went so crooked that he escaped the blows. The people who were looking on, in spite of their fright, couldn't help roaring with laughter at the sight, particularly when they thought of his big words

just before; and at last, after running and dodging till he was quite exhausted, Jack was glad to save his life by creeping into a hole that he spied under a rock, where the giant left him, being, as it seemed, not particularly hungry at the time.

Here Jack had leisure to think over his discomfort; and he felt so mortified that he would not come out till it was dark, and all the people had gone away. But presently he recovered his spirits. "It was not my fault, after all, he said to himself; 'it was all these stupid, ill-made shoes, which never did fit me properly; I will never wear them again.'" With these words he flung them in a rage into a stream that was flowing by; and that stream, which was then the most sluggish one in the country, has run as fast as a mill-race ever since.

Then Jack, having found his horse, went on, determined to recover his character by some more successful adventure.

After going up fifty hills and down fifty dales, he came to a shallow river, on the opposite bank of which he saw a good-sized giant lying fast asleep. "Oh, oh!" said Jack to himself, "here is an opportunity for me! I think I can ford this river, and chop off yonder gentleman's head before he has time to wake." So, drawing the Sword of Sharpness, and turning up his trowsers, he stepped gently into the water, and began to wade across. But, unluckily, when he was about half-way over, he made a stumble; and, to save himself, he leant with the point of his sword upon a piece of rock, forgetting its magic powers. The enchanted blade pierced through the solid stone as if it had been so much mud; and Jack, losing his balance altogether, rolled over and over in the water. The splashing woke up the giant, who soon spied Jack out, and began to pelt him with pebbles as big as portmantoes, crying out, at the same time, "Now, my little hero, why don't you come on? Is it only when people are asleep that you are brave enough to attack them?" Jack, in a fury, tugged away at his sword, but in vain; it had sunk up to the hilt in the rock, and there it remained fixed; so, at last, as the pebbles came thicker and thicker, he was glad to scramble back again to the bank he had left, where he threw himself down on the grass, dripping wet, shivering, and, what was worse, ashamed and crestfallen. However, the giant did not follow him. "It's lucky for you," he howled out, "that I have got a cold, and don't wish to wet my feet; but you had better not let me catch you here again, you little sneaking rascal."

So Jack was able to recover himself at his

leisure. As for the sword, it remains sticking in the rock to this day; and if you walk ten miles along the bank of the river before breakfast some spring morning, and then take a draught of the water at the right spot, you will find it has given you the sharpest appetite you ever had in your life.

You would have thought that these two misadventures would have pretty well sickened Jack of the cunning old giant's presents; but no. He still relied on what remained to him, the coat of darkness,—“that, at least, must be useful to me,” he said to himself. So he went up more hills and down more dales, with the coat in his saddle-bag as before.

He travelled a long time, however, without having any sport. This put him out, and he got very cross; for he had been nearly spoilt by being made so much of at King Arthur's court. One day, when he was in the worst of humours, he met a knight in armour riding quietly along the road, and, having nothing else to vent his ill-temper on, he determined to pick a quarrel with him. "Hollo, you sir," he cried out, "how dare you pass me without saluting? Don't you know that I am the great Jack the Giant Killer? You shall either salute me or fight me!"

"If you are indeed he," replied the stranger, "you had better pursue your profession, instead of molesting peaceable travellers. I shall not salute you, because I am as good a knight as you; and I will not fight you, because I hear you carry magic weapons, for which I am no match."

"I will not use them against you," replied Jack: "it shall be all fair; but fight me you shall."

"Very well," said the other. "I don't want to fight you or anybody; but if you attack me, of course I must defend myself."

Then Jack lowered his lance, and ran full tilt at the knight; but the other kept his seat without moving an inch. Again and again Jack tried to overthrow him; but he might as well have tilted against Stonehenge. You may suppose that this did not improve his temper. He got nearly mad with rage and vexation; and at last, I am sorry to say, the desire to defeat his adversary took such hold of him that he forgot his promise, and was tempted to slip on the Coat of Darkness. "I will not hurt him," he said to himself, "but I really must have the pleasure of seeing him roll over in the mud, just once." So he made himself invisible, and then rode at the knight again. The knight, not seeing which side the blow was coming from, of course was unable to resist it. So he was hurled from his horse to the ground, and there he lay, motionless, as one dead.

When he saw what he had done, all Jack's bad passion left him in an instant, and he was seized by shame and remorse. He ran up to the knight and endeavoured to raise him. The wounded man recovered a little, but refused his help. "Begone!" he said, in a stern though feeble voice; "you have slain me by a foul blow; let not my last moments be disturbed by the presence of a coward." With these words he fell back; his face turned pale, his limbs stiffened, and he spoke no more.

Jack, in the greatest distress, did all he could think of to revive him, but with no success. Then, rising up, he slowly and sorrowfully turned his horse's head homewards.

"The knight spoke truly," he said within himself. "I have done a shameful and cowardly deed, and am no longer worthy to punish the crimes of others. Henceforth I will retire from the world, and live in penitence and obscurity. I now perceive that those magic gifts were only fatal snares. Oh that I had listened to the advice of the wise Merlin! But I will go now and tell him all."

So he returned to Camelot in a very different mood from that in which he had set out. He sought the wise Merlin, and freely told him everything that had happened, confessing all his errors and misfortunes without any concealment. When he had finished his tale, the wise Merlin smiled cheerfully, and answered him thus:

"My son, be comforted. I see with joy that you are now cured of the faults which were creeping over you, and I may safely tell you the truth. Learn, then, that the two giants and the knight were no other than myself. You know that I have the power of assuming any shape I please; and perceiving that you needed a sharp lesson to rouse you from your state of indolence and self-satisfaction, I took this means of bringing you to a sense of your duty. Cheer up, therefore, there is no harm done; and you are a better man than ever. You have already got rid of the shoes and sword, get rid of the coat also; and then you will be worthy to wear the only one of the giant's treasures that was really useful, the Cap of Knowledge, which I now return to you."

Jack embraced the good Enchanter with the warmest gratitude and delight.

"You have taken a load off my heart," he cried, "and have given me a lesson which I will never forget. But as for the Cap of Knowledge, pray keep it yourself. You are wise, and will know how to use it; but I perceive that knowledge without wisdom is of no avail. I possessed it; but it did me no good. Henceforth I will learn to depend on myself alone."

Just then King Arthur was busy making up a huge fire to boil that famous plum-pudding of his that you have so often heard of. So Jack went up to the furnace and thrust the coat into it.

Merlin kept the cap, and became ten times more knowing than even he had been before. Nevertheless, he was made a regular fool of by a pretty woman soon afterwards.

Jack got up early the very next morning after his return and practised the dumb bells two hours before breakfast; and after a few weeks of training he felt fit for his old work once more, and went forth in a proper state of mind, as he had done in the days of Cormoran, to destroy all the race of wicked giants on the face of the earth. He had a vast number of adventures, which I have no time to tell you. I can only say, that in the end he was perfectly successful; and the best proof of it is that you may travel from the Land's End to John o'Groat's and back again without meeting a single giant, except, perhaps, at a fair, and he will be only a puny stunted creature, barely eight feet high, who couldn't eat so much as a baby if he tried.

A FUNERAL FEAST.

I.

In the halls of Derg there is quiet and gloom—
The old lord lies dead in the great Blue Room.

II.

The servants are whispering under their breath,
And they hurry to pass by the chamber of death,

III.

But gather in knots on the winding stair,
And point—for they know He is lying there.

IV.

And shake their heads at each gossiping friend,
And say, "The old lord made a fearful end."

V.

They tell how he yell'd and raved and tore
His few white hairs; how he shrieked and swore,

VI.

And cursed himself, and his kith and kin,
And gloried to die, as he'd lived, in sin;

VII.

How *he*, who kept his relations in rags,
Had screamed to the last for his money-bags;

VIII.

How with failing breath he had Heaven defied,
And, leaping up, he had howled and died.

IX.

Then they wonder when the young lord will come
To seize the broad lands of his castle home,

X.

For an earnest message has gone from the priest,
And the young lord has risen in haste from a feast.

XI.

He has flung down the cup on the wine-stain'd table,
And roars for his horse to be brought from the stable;

XII.

He sways in the saddle with drunken glee,
And they drink the stirrup-cup lustily,

XIII.

And speed his way with their tipsy breath—
"He will ride," say they, "to be in at the death."

* * * * *

XIV.

In the halls of Derg there is silence and gloom—
The old lord lies stiff in the great Blue Room.

XV.

By the side of the body for half the day
Have hover'd two women like birds of prey—

XVI.

Two snickering crones, who for years have made
This ghastly office their living and trade;

XVII.

They have streak'd and straighten'd each knotted
limb.
He is dead—and they are not afraid of him;

XVIII.

They have closed with copper each staring eye
That had looked for gold so greedily.

XIX.

Now, one at the head and one at the feet,
They wrap the poor corpse in its winding-sheet;

XX.

And one at the feet and one at the head,
They lift the old man from the great Blue Bed.

XXI.

In the long elm coffin they've laid him straight,*
And snuffle and vow that it waxeth late;

XXII.

They open the casement, the wind is loud,
And ruffles the plaits of the dead man's shroud.

XXIII.

But their task is over—the women are gone,
And the "dust and ashes" are left alone.

* * * * *

XXIV.

The autumn wind is rising fast,
The sky is lurid and overcast,

XXV.

And twilight is deepening into night,
As clouds overshadow the last red-light,

XXVI.

And a gust of storm comes loud and shrill,
And something aights on the window-sill—

* In the north of Ireland they do not cover the coffin with the lid, but lay it crossways till the morning of burial.

XXVII.

A bird of prey, all black and grim,
And it bends its head and it looks at Him!

XXVIII.

It flaps its wings with a goblin croak,
So low it would seem 'twas the dead man spoke,

XXIX.

And then, by its horrible instinct led,
It perches itself on the coffin-head!

XXX.

Ah! the cruel beak has plunged full deep
In the sockets where, later, the worms will creep.

XXXI.

Eyes and nose and cheeks are bare,
And the carrion-crow is still feasting there—

XXXII.

Gorging and feasting, fast and full,
Till its wings droop down and its eyes grow dull,

XXXIII.

And the long black bill is steeped in red,
And smeared with the spoil of the freshly dead.

XXXIV.

Instead of those features grim is seen
A bloody patch—where the face has been!

XXXV.

And heavy and dull, in the tainted air,
The foul black devil is sleeping there.

* * * * *

XXXVI.

Hark! hark! 'tis the rattle of hoofs beneath,
And voices resound in the house of death;

XXXVII.

Torches are gleaming about the hall,
And steps are heard on the stairs to fall.

XXXVIII.

With the fumes of the liquor still in his head,
The young lord enters the room of the dead.

XXXIX.

What horror arose at the fearful sight—
Some fainted, some fled, and some pray'd from
fright;

XL.

And some did shriek and wail full loud
For the mangled corpse in its bloody shroud.

XLI.

But the young lord looked with a tipsy eye,
Then scared them all with a sudden cry—

XLII.

"A crow! a crow! by this liquorish bird
My fine old father has kept his word.

XLIII.

"To his word, ye can see, he did true remain,
For he swore I should ne'er see his face again!"

NORMAN'S VISIT TO GUESTFORD.



PART II.

RATHER more than a fortnight passed away. After what had taken place between Norman and myself, I felt it almost a point of honour to avoid as much as possible watching his behaviour with Mrs. Newton. He did not seem particularly to seek her society; never went to the Rectory alone, and in company made no effort to engross her. Still, they

were of necessity thrown a great deal together, and not infrequently were virtually alone. For many days Mrs. Newton's manner to him had been precisely what it was in the drawing-room at Guestford that first evening, only that the icy fit became less and less frequent; but towards the end of the period I speak of, a change came over her, and she certainly avoided Norman. When with him, both iciness and

pretty imperiousness had given place to a shy submissiveness, but she seemed to me to try to see as little of him as she could. At this juncture there was a ball at Ashwick; Mr. Winton's house; to which the Newtons and ourselves, and indeed all the county, were going. The excitement seemed to act beneficially upon Mrs. Newton. She looked bewitchingly pretty; all her natural playfulness came back, and she appeared especially desirous of making up to Norman for her previous coldness. Whether he would, in any case, have asked her to dance, I do not know; but she almost forced him to do it, by saying that she felt it would be inconsistent with her position to waltz, and she supposed "swells" like me and Norman did not care for anything else.

I was only equal to the *minimum* of exertion that evening, for I was suffering from a splitting headache, and could only keep myself going at all by occasional turns in the cool air. I was on the point of setting out for one of these when the quadrille in which Norman had danced with Mrs. Newton came to an end. I heard him say to her, "There are a few words I must say to you. Walk aside with me for five minutes."

She seemed to hesitate, but yielded. I felt almost too ill to notice anything at the moment, but a few turns up and down the terrace somewhat restored me. I was passing the conservatory, when, through its open windows, I heard Norman's voice. Mrs. Newton was with him, and they were the sole occupants of the room. I suppose I ought to have withdrawn, but by so doing I should have left them at the mercy of some far more dangerous auditors; and, in addition to this motive for remaining, which really I think had weight, I had a most intense curiosity to know the true state of the case.

"Dearest child," I heard in Norman's dangerously soft tones, "I can't bear to see you as you have been for the last few days. You are not angry with me now, are you?"

There may have been a slight involuntary pressure of the little hand that lay on his arm. There was no other answer.

"Annie," he said again, "I can hardly bear to leave you, but I will if you wish it. Shall I go at once? Were you happier before I came to Guestford?"

A sigh.

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"Do you love me still, Annie?"

I almost saw the words rather than heard them, they were so low, but they roused her.

"No, no; Mr. Norman, you forget—I do not—I must not—oh! you are cruel to me."

I saw the fire in those soft eyes at last. They were eloquent in love and reproach.

"Forgive me, Annie," said Norman. "I am not a cold-blooded man, you know, and this tries me."

He spoke with forced calmness, but I could tell that passion was surging strong within.

She had withdrawn her hand from his arm when she spoke. They stood now looking at each other till she seemed no longer able to resist the fascination, and trembled.

He took her hand—so willing to be made a prisoner—and covered it with kisses.

"Shall I go?" he asked again.

The small white fingers nestled lovingly amidst the coils of his heavy black moustache. Her other hand was laid lightly upon his arm.

That kiss and that touch snapped the chain of his self-restraint.

"My darling!" I heard him whisper as he drew her to his breast; "once more, then, Annie." He kissed her passionately and long. "We must go back now," he said at last, looking down on her flushed and frightened face with that calm smile that seemed to spring from such a reserve of conscious strength. "We must go back now—we have been away too long. Come, dearest, let me get you some water, and I will take you back."

She was quite passive, and went with him like a child.

I had stood as if spell-bound, seeing all this, and now I wished to Heaven I had been a thousand miles away. I was too confused to think, but as I entered the ball-room, and my eyes fell on honest-hearted and unsuspecting Frank Newton, I felt I could not let this go on. I was only conscious of one clear wish—not to be alone with Norman till I had made up my mind. One thing I knew full well—that I might as well urge philanthropy on a hungry tiger, as the moral law on John Norman, when it stood between him and his heart's desire.

It was now very late, and for the rest of the night Norman exerted every art he was master of to screen Mrs. Newton from too close an observation. He succeeded perfectly. Never had I seen him more fascinating. I could not wonder at any woman's loving this man. But what should I do? We were soon on our way home. I pleaded illness—no feigned excuse, as the cause of my silence, and went to my room directly on our arrival.

I awoke the next morning no clearer in mind, and, according to my wont under such circumstances, lay in bed till the afternoon, "thinking it over." Under the influence of

brandy and soda-water and an unlimited supply of cigars, my ideas at last began to shape themselves, and I came to the, at any rate, easily practicable conclusion, that I had best do nothing. For, first, I felt that my knowledge of the incidents of last night had been acquired in too equivocal a manner to be acted upon. The least an eavesdropper can do, is to hold his tongue. Then, to take a high tone and quarrel with Norman was absurd and out of the question. He had done *me* no wrong, and until my friend has wronged me, my creed is that I am bound to stick to him. And, lastly, though a few words from me would no doubt be enough to induce Norman to leave Guestford Park, I was not at all sure that a few words from him might not be enough to induce Mrs. Newton to leave Guestford Rectory, and interference with him might sweep away any hesitation he had in uttering them. So, having come to this conclusion, I dressed, went down, and found the house empty. Norman was out shooting, and Sir Ralph and Jane had driven to the neighbouring town.

I strolled out, wandered into one of the most sequestered glades of the park, and lay down in the fern, watching the fast-declining sun. I had not lain thus a quarter of an hour, when the very two people who were in my thoughts—Mrs. Newton and Norman—paused within a few yards of me. As I lay, I was completely hidden, but the least movement would have betrayed me, and I thought it best to stay as I was. Had they met by chance? I could hardly think so.

Norman's first words showed they had not, and also that they could not have been long together.

"It is very good of you," he said, "to come to meet me. I shall not often ask you to do it, and I shall not keep you long now."

But I was thankful to find that this time I could not hear much of what they said—or, rather, what he said; for she could only leave her hands in his and look up into that noble face she loved so well. He told her of his deep love, but made no excuses for having left her, and did not seek to persuade her that he had been constant to her memory. This man was too proud, too conscious of his power even as he was, to have any wish to be taken for other than he was. He spoke long and earnestly, but I only heard stray words; at last they came clear and strong.

"I do believe I have a right to some part in you. I made you what you are. No other knows your whole soul as I do." He paused. "Come to me now, my own," he said, his voice full of longing tenderness, and as he

drew her arms about him, she laid her head upon his breast, and there sobbed bitterly.

It was sad, very sad, to see the wild love and devotion she lavished on him, her first love, who alone had ever thoroughly mastered her heart, and to feel, and to know that she felt, that it was all a deep wrong done to her husband and her children.

I did not see Norman's face as he at last released her from their long embrace, but his voice was now thick and broken from the violence of his emotions.

"Annie," he said, "you need not fear that I shall ever forget you. I must not ask you to remember me."

"But you are not going away. I shall see you again," she broke in, clinging again to his arm, a new terror in her eyes and voice.

"Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly. "But not often—not thus. I dare not trust myself;" and again he strained her in his arms, and their lips met again.

A strong effort, and he was himself again.

"Come now, darling," he said, "it is late, and you must compose yourself." They passed on out of sight.

I did not meet him until dinner, when outwardly he was calm enough. Throughout the meal and afterwards, as we sat over our wine, he talked politics incessantly with my uncle. I could see he selected the subject because it forced him to exert his intellect, and thus acted as a safety-valve. In the evening he got Jane to play Beethoven's Sonatas, and sat silently listening, his thoughts seemingly very far away. He left us early, saying he thought he must have caught my headache.

It was early next morning, not much after six, when I was roused from my morning slumbers by a knock at my door, and Norman came in.

"Are you awake, Evesham?" said he. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you like this, but I must speak to you."

I was shocked to see him. He was still in evening dress, and plainly had not lain down all night. His face, always strongly marked, looked haggard and worn, and his eyes were gleaming with an unhealthy fire.

"In Heaven's name, Norman," said I, "what is the matter?"

He gave a bitter laugh.

"I have been wrestling all night with the fallen archangel," said he, striving to speak in his old cool way. "I believe, Evesham, theologians are right when they say that the devil is a very *exigeant* master. They would tell you that I have served him faithfully for many years, and yet now he grudges the smallest leave of absence. You look as if you thought

me mad. Not yet, at least. The fact is I must leave your hospitable roof, and that forthwith. You remember a talk we had one night, a fortnight back, about—you know whom I mean. I was not frank with you then, Evesham. I saw the danger every whit as clear as you did, but I chose to walk into it. Moreover, I was a hypocrite in offering to go. I knew all the time that, when I put the case to you as I did, you would no more let me leave your house than you would have picked my pocket. The thing has gone on as those things always do. I told you there would be no question of love-making between me and Frank Newton's wife. Well, there has been. I have broken my word."

It was now my turn to speak. I, too, had my confession to make, and I told Norman what I had seen and heard at Ashwick, and in the park. His brow clouded as I spoke, but cleared again :

"Well, Charlie," said he, "I know perfectly well that you did what you thought best, and perhaps it was. You have saved me from telling a long story, and, any way, there is this comfort, you know the worst. By Jove, sir," he went on fiercely, "I love that child madly, now,—better than I loved her before—better than I have ever loved any woman. I believe in my soul that if I said to her 'come,' she would come—she could not help herself : but I know also that it would kill her. I know I should be a villain both to you and to poor Newton ; but yet, on my solemn word of honour, I am only just able *not* to be that villain. For the last ten years of my life, I have never denied myself anything I greatly cared to have, and now flesh and blood are furious at the curb. I am really afraid of myself. You know what I am, and can fancy what this is to me."

I could, and I still feared the result. It was impossible to say anything in the way of consolation, even had he been the man to care for it.

"You are right," said I, "you must go, for your own sake, no less than for hers. Tell me what I can do for you. When do you go, and where?"

"I go at once," he answered. "I dare not risk seeing so much as the hem of her dress again. I shall go without stopping to Trieste, and thence to Egypt. I must try what incessant movement will do for me. You can do this, if you will—make my *adieux* to your uncle and cousin, and explain my sudden departure as you think best. I leave it to your discretion—and—see her—yourself—*alone*, and tell her I am gone. She will know why.

Now I am going to have a bath, and dress. Will you have some conveyance to take me to the station? Don't come yourself ; I had rather you did not, really. I shall be ready in twenty minutes."

He left me. I rose, dressed myself hastily, gave the necessary orders, and went down to see him off. The dog-cart stood at the door, and in a few minutes Norman appeared.

"Let me hear from you soon," said I.

"You shall," he answered, "but not just yet. Now, Evesham, remember what I want you to do, and good-by. It is a bad business ; but I suppose, from first to last, I have brought it on myself, and I must 'dree my own weird.'"

"I can't bear you to go like this," said I ; "but it must be."

Once more we shook hands, and he was gone.

My morning meditations were anything but pleasant as I paced up and down the garden, waiting till I thought Sir Ralph would probably be rising. I had made up my mind what course to take with him.

"Uncle," said I, as I entered his dressing-room, "Norman has left us suddenly this morning. I have just seen him off. I know the reason, but would rather you did not ask me."

My uncle fixed his keen grey eyes, undimmed by years, upon me. "He has gone *alone*, Charlie," he asked.

"*Alone*," I replied.

"I am very sorry to lose him," said my uncle, with a sigh ; "but I fear it was time. I used to know something of such matters, Charlie, and I suspected it. However, we will not talk of this, and will try to forget all."

It was no difficult matter to frame an excuse for Norman's departure which should satisfy my unsuspecting cousin. She was of course full of regret, the more so when she heard that there was no likelihood of his returning for a wholly indefinite period, innocently adding, "She was sure the Newtons would be so sorry." I was anxious to get the painful part of my commission executed, so in the course of the morning I walked down to the Rectory, choosing a time when I was certain Newton would not be at home. Mrs. Newton was sitting listlessly with a book in her hands, which she manifestly was not reading. The colour came to her cheek as I entered : she rose, and looked eagerly to the door, plainly expecting to see some one else. I gave some trilling message which Jane had charged me with, then walked to the window

and stood looking out into the garden, so that my eyes should not be upon her.

"I have had a great surprise this morning, Mrs. Newton," said I. "Norman is gone."

She started up. "Gone!" said she, in a dreary voice.

"Yes," said I, "he has gone, and I fear it will be long before we see him again. He spoke of starting immediately for Egypt."

I looked round now. She was ashy pale, and was struggling hard for self-control. She trembled so that the book she had been holding slipped out of her hands, and as I stooped to pick it up some dried flowers fell from its pages. I remembered them—they were those Norman had given her the first day they met. Her agitation was so manifest that it was impossible to affect unconsciousness. I felt that I must speak.

"Mrs. Newton," said I, "you need not be afraid of me. I know *why* Norman has gone. He has gone because he dared not stay. I know you were both the victims of circumstances. I cannot wonder at your caring for him; certainly I cannot blame you. No one else knows anything. Now, good-by. I shall leave you to yourself to-day; to-morrow I shall bring Jane to you. You must keep up for the sake of Frank and your children—and for *his*."

I held out my hand to her. She took it and pressed it between her two little hands, looking up at me with an appealing glance, as if there was something she wanted to hear, but could not ask. I knew for what her woman's heart was really thirsting, and though I felt it was almost wrong to gratify her, I could not resist it.

"John Norman was in earnest this time, at least, Mrs. Newton," said I; "if you had seen him this morning you would know how he suffered. You would indeed do him injustice if you thought he had been only amusing himself."

Involuntarily she bent, and just touched my hand with her lips.

"Thank you, Mr. Evesham," she said; "you are very kind to me; I shall be better to-morrow." So I left her.

Two years have passed since the incidents recorded above took place, and Norman has not yet returned to England. He has been a great traveller; has penetrated as far East as Ispahan, and had all manner of adventures with robbers and wild beasts. I have heard from him now and then, and of him often. For some months after his departure I was told he rather avoided society, and showed a perfectly morbid desire for movement. I suppose at last he has calmed down, for I have

just heard from him that he will be in London for the season, when he supposes we shall meet—that he has written a book on the East, which he thinks will succeed, and that he is going in strong for politics.

Mrs. Newton is devoted to her duties as a wife and mother, and is apparently happy; but that bright playfulness which used to characterise her is gone. She looks older and more subdued. It will, I think, be long, very long, before either of us three forget John Norman's visit to Guestford.

(Concluded)

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

It is seldom that one can walk in the country during the spring without meeting marauding boys with birds'-nests in their hands, which they have pillaged from neighbouring copses or hedges. Some of these nests may be observed to be formed with wonderful skill and labour, such as no human art could successfully imitate. Amongst these may be mentioned the nest of the Bottle Tits, or Long-tailed Titmouse (*Parus cordatus*). Perhaps nothing in the architecture of birds can exceed its beauty. The fabricators of this pretty nest are among the smallest of our British birds; and yet we shall presently see with what skill and industry they build a home for their numerous young, not only remarkable for its external appearance, but for its extraordinary internal arrangement. I have mentioned these bird-architects in the plural number, although it is generally supposed that the nest is exclusively the work of the female, who is employed four or five weeks in its construction, and which I will now attempt to describe.

The nest is composed of white moss and cow-hair, and of another lichen, called Liverwort. These are fixed together by means of gossamer-like fibres, and the empty cocoons of spiders' webs. The mosses, or lichens, are in very small bits, and the spiders' webs are drawn out to assist in felting (if the term may be used), that when the texture of the nest is stretched, as it must be when the young are nearly full-grown, portions of the gossamer fibres appear among the fibres of the wool, which has also been used in the construction of the nest. This is so plentifully lined with feathers of various kinds, that, upon being counted, they proved to be about two thousand in number; and amongst them were observed those of the peacock, turkey, partridge, barn-door fowl, greenfinch, wood-pigeon, duck, turtle-dove, thrush, blackbird, &c. Indeed, so numerous are they, that I have seen a common cigar-box filled with

the feathers from one nest alone. The nest generally contains from ten to twelve eggs, and both parents add their united warmth during the period of hatching. When this has been accomplished, the exertions of both the old birds are necessary to provide food for their very diminutive young ones, who remain at the bottom of the nest, enveloped in a mass of feathers, and are fed in utter darkness. It is difficult to conceive how this is done, but done it is. The old birds pass in and out, through a hole in the nest, a hundred times in the day, carrying one, two, or three caterpillars at each visit—thus causing immense destruction to surrounding insect-life. This is done from morning to night. When it has been more than usually cold weather, I have observed a feather stuck in the upper part of the hole of entrance, which gives way both back wards and forwards, thus acting as a screen, and keeping out much of the cold wind. It is impossible not to admire the care and ingenuity of the parent-birds in this respect.

As the little ones increase in size, they come up to the entrance, and there remain, with gaping mouths, ready to receive the food their parents collect for them. Mr. Gould, in his charming work on the "Birds of Great Britain," has given a beautiful coloured representation of the nest, and of the brood at the entrance of it.

Such is a short account of this very interesting bird, and of its nest, by which it will be seen that its architecture and its habits are not a little curious. It may be added, that when the young brood are able to fly, they remain with the old birds until the next pairing-season; and it is a pretty sight to watch the whole family flitting from tree to tree, uttering their cheerful call-notes which collect the stragglers. At night they crowd together in a huddled heap, on a low branch of a tree, thus resembling a ball of feathers—their united bodies giving out more heat in a mass than if they perched singly.

The Golden-crested Wren is the smallest of our British birds; and although its nest is not so beautiful and curious as that of the Long-tailed Titmouse, it nevertheless shows considerable ingenuity in its architecture, and the situation chosen for it. I have generally found it suspended underneath the branch of a fir-tree, which in some degree shelters it from the rain. It is round, and very elegant, composed of moss and wool, and well lined with feathers, in which from six to ten eggs are deposited. It offers one of the prettiest examples to be found amongst our native nest-makers.

When we consider the diminutive size of this bird, and the delicacy of its structure, we may

well wonder at its braving our severest winter; yet so it is. It always appears full of life and activity, being constantly in motion—fluttering from branch to branch, creeping on all sides of the trees (sometimes with their backs downwards) in search of small insects. Sometimes the male will stop to sing its feeble but yet pleasing song. Mr. Pennant informs us that these birds cross annually from the Orkneys to the Shetland Isles, where they breed and return before winter. This is a long flight for so small a bird, the distance being sixty miles. The body, when stripped of its feathers, is not quite an inch in length. Colonel Montagu has given us the following interesting account of these birds.

He says that a pair of them built their nest in a fir-tree in his garden; and as he was desirous of ascertaining whether the male bird ever sung by way of instructing the young ones, as our song-birds invariably do—for this purpose he took the nest when the young were about six days old, placed it in a small basket, and by degrees enticed the old ones to his study-window. After they had become familiar with that situation, the basket was placed within the window, and then at the opposite side of the room. It was remarkable that although the female seemed regardless of danger, from her affection for her young, the male never once ventured within the room, yet would constantly feed them while they remained on the outside of the window. On the contrary, the female would feed them at the table, and even while I held the nest in my hand, provided I remained motionless. But on moving my head one day while she was on the edge of the nest, which I was holding in my hand, she made a precipitous retreat, mistook the open part of the window, knocked herself against the glass, and lay breathless on the floor for some time. She recovered, however, and made her escape; but this did not lessen her affection for her young. She soon returned with food for them, and again, when the nest was held in my hand, she continued her maternal labour of making collections of insects for them. The visits of the female were generally repeated in the space of a minute-and-a-half, or, upon an average, thirty-six times in an hour; and this continued full sixteen hours in a day, which, if equally divided between the eight young ones, would give to each seventy feeds in a day! In fact, it was calculated that they consumed nearly their own weight in food in four days. This extraordinary consumption seems absolutely requisite in animals of such rapid growth. The old birds weighed from eighty to ninety grains each. The male constantly attended

the female in her flight to and fro, but never ventured beyond the window-frame. He never uttered any note but when the female was out of sight, and then only a small chirp.

This diminutive but hardy bird may be called migratory. That observant naturalist, Mr. Prideaux Selby, says, that after a very severe gale, with a thick fog from the north-east, thousands of the Golden-crested Wren were seen to arrive upon the seashore and sandbanks of the Northumbrian coast, many of them so fatigued by the length of their flight as to be unable to rise again from the ground; and great numbers were, in consequence, caught or destroyed. This flight must have been immense in quantity, as its extent was traced through the whole length of the coasts of Northumberland and Durham.

The nest of the Window-swallow—which, from its structure, may be called the work of a mason-bird—is well known. The nest is formed of small pellets of clay, worked up with the saliva of the birds, and lined with feathers. But it is not of the nests that I am about to write, but of the singular situations in which the swallow-tribe sometimes build them. I am indebted to the late Earl of Albemarle for the following very interesting fact, which occurred on his lordship's estate at Quiddenham, in Norfolk. A limekiln had been erected on that property, and under the arch of the kiln a pair of swallows built their nest. A fierce fire was kept up at the end of this arch to burn the bricks, but the heat was so great that the nest dropped to pieces. A second was built by the persevering birds, and then a third; but they all met the same fate. At last they constructed a nest which stood the heat, and in it they hatched their eggs, and brought up a brood of young swallows; this they did during the three following years, each successive nest standing the heat. Lord Albemarle told me that he was much interested in the proceedings of these birds, and frequently went to watch their nest, giving strict orders to his workmen that they should not be molested. Now, it is not easy to form an opinion how these birds discovered and made use of a particular clay which would stand the great heat of a limekiln. There can be no doubt of the fact that such was the case, and it has always appeared to me to be an extraordinary proof of intelligence, as well as of perseverance, in accomplishing their object. On returning to the kiln the second and third years, they must not only have kept in their recollection the fact that the earth they commonly used to build their nests would not stand the heat, but they must also have remembered the sort of

earth or clay which would serve, and the necessity there was to use it in that particular place. Those persons who are inclined to argue that mere instinct would have taught swallows to perform what has been related, do not do justice to the sense and intelligence of these interesting birds. If reason did not influence their operations, it must have been something nearly allied to it.

It is well known that swallows will make their nests in old wells and coal-shafts, and I once observed a pair which built one in a watercourse, which conducted the water in great force from a paper-mill near Dover to the river below. The nest was very little above the flow of the water. I also saw a swallows' nest built on the knocker of a door at Pipe Hayes Hall, in Warwickshire. The odd places in which swallows occasionally build their nests might be enumerated to a great extent.

EDWARD JESSE.

ROUND THE IRISH COAST.

PART I.

WHILE tourists are flocking daily to some recognised shrine of fashion or locality where beautiful scenery and good accommodation are the attractions, they seldom or ever think it worth their while to visit out-of-the-way spots, especially when they are difficult of access, or present only an intrinsic interest. These are left to the antiquary, the artist who prefers originality to hackneyed subjects, the student of folklore, the geologist, or those peculiar individuals who enjoy a ramble in sequestered and unsophisticated districts where the inhabitants are unspoilt by the so-called "improvements" that fashionable civilisation brings in her train.

As I come under the latter category, I spent my last autumn holiday in what are probably the wildest portion of the British home-regions—amongst those storm-vexed islands that girdle the Irish coast. They are full of interest, though not that of the present day; for their very position has kept them as things of the past, and it must be a strong inducement, or a real love for roughing it, that will ever make them a resort for British tourists. Having had occasion to travel along the western coast of Ireland, and to examine it with considerable minuteness, I was tempted to extend my wanderings to most of these Atlantic barriers, many of which, especially the larger ones, are inhabited. But the most interesting are those that are uninhabited, owing to the presence of early ecclesiastical remains, which, as a rule, were placed by their founders in the most inhospitable and savage retreats, as though they were determined to put every obstacle

between their hermitage and the approach of man.

The first island that greets the traveller from the English coast is that of "Ireland's Eye," a small bare rock lying at the entrance of the picturesque Harbour of Howth, to which it serves as an admirable breakwater. In former days it was sacred as being the residence of St. Nesson, who built in the sixth century a chapel, in which was preserved "The Garland of Howth," a copy of the four Gospels, a book of inestimable value in those days of darkness and ignorance, when all the known volumes in the kingdom might be counted on one's fingers. In our own times the odour of sanctity has given way to the infamy of murder, for Ireland's Eye was the locale of a savage crime, well known to the lovers of such literature as the *Kirwan Tragedy*.

To the south of the Bay of Dublin, and equally near the land, is the Island of Dalkey, which enjoys a celebrity of a very different and certainly pleasanter order. In early periods it was the residence of St. Benedict, who founded a small chapel there; partly on its presumed sanctity, but principally from its isolation from the main land, it was considered a safe retreat during the various epidemics to which Dublin was subject, and particularly during the great plague of 1575. Then it became a rather considerable trading place, and had a charter given to it; although it was not until the height of the French Revolution that Dalkey became so famous. Those were days of the wildest and most extreme opinions, when faction and violent reform were rampant, and when men of every class and every shade of politics plunged into the fascinating stream, and too often drifted out to sea without helm or pilot. As might be expected, the wits of the day had a great innings of it, and nothing was too absurd to become the subject of a good squib or extravagant practical joke. Amongst other political absurdities the Island of Dalkey was formed into a kingdom, and was the subject of a grand demonstration once a year when the "King of Dalkey" paid it a state visit, for the purpose of having a successor elected, a sermon preached by the primate, a speech delivered of the most comic gravity, in which the topics of the day were in reality handled under the veil of absurdity, and an immense amount of whisky drank. The real significance of the proceedings consisted in the number of well-known literary and political characters who thought it worth while to engage in these antics, amongst which was the establishment of a newspaper called the "*Dalkey Gazette*," in which the proceedings of the club or kingdom were chronicled.

As a specimen of the ludicrous grandiose style in which things were carried on, it is enough to enumerate the titles of the king, who was designated his Facetious Majesty, Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, Defender of his own Faith and Respector of all others, Sovereign of the illustrious order of the Lobster and Periwinkle. Amongst other extracts from the records we read that after the election his majesty partook of a sumptuous banquet, in the course of which a plenipotentiary arrived from the Grand Duke of Bullock with a present of potatoes ready boiled, which was graciously received. After the dinner the following blessing was pronounced:—"May the blessing of the beggar and the clerk of the crown attend you in all your adventures in this life, and the last prayer of the recorder and of all the judges of the crown circuit attend you in the next." A parody on the National Anthem, which was frequently sung, is too good to be left alone:—

If sprung from woman, say,
Did you first know the day,
Without a shirt?
Or must you, like the clown,
Spite of your great renown,
Lay your great body down
Deep in the dirt?

Lord of all Dalkey lands,
Chief of our jovial bands,
Are ye not man?
With you though peace doth reign,
Nor blood your isle doth stain,
Nor famine here complain,
Are you not man?

What though the realms rejoice
In your melodious voice,
Kings are but men!
And while each subject sings,
"God made us men, not kings,"
With echoes Dalkey rings,
"Kings are but men!"

Notwithstanding the somewhat levelling views of the above rhymes, the kingdom of Dalkey was, on the whole, loyal; but the state of Ireland became so alarming, in 1798, that the meetings were prudently discontinued, and never revived. Ichabod! Nothing now holds its rendezvous in Dalkey save an occasional pic-nic, when the only subjects discussed are pigeon-pies and cold chicken.

We will now leave Dalkey and sail northward, past Malahide and the sands of Portmarnock, till we sight the picturesque cliffs of Lambay, and recall with sorrow the loss of the noble steamer, the *Tayleur*, which was wrecked on these same cliffs in 1856, with a large number of passengers and crew. There is a small pier, at which we can land; also a

small population, who get their living by piloting, fishing, and occasionally catching seals. Nevertheless, in old times great men lived here, and amongst them Archbishop Ussher, who wrote in this retired spot most of his works. Certainly there could not have been much chance of disturbance for a scholar; for save the roll of the sea, it is quiet enough to suit even Mr. Babbage.

Leaving Lambay, and passing the Skerries, with its lighthouse, we sight Clogher Head and the noble coast of Down, over which the mighty mass of Slieve-Donard and the Mourne Mountains keep grim watch; thence past the Copelands and the Maiden Rocks, each of which with their beacon lights warn us against a too impertinent curiosity, until we round the



Carrick-a-Rede, Giant's Causeway.

noble basaltic columns of Fairhead, the finest marine gateway in the world, and sight the singular island of Rathlin, quaintly described by Sir William Petty as like "an Irishe stockinge." Rathlin has been so well described in *ONCE A WEEK** that we cannot do better than refer our readers to it, and ourselves make as much haste as possible through the ugly current between the island and Fairhead. This tide is named, significantly enough in Irish, *Sleuek-na-massa*, or the Valley of the Sea, and was in days of old carefully given as wide a berth as possible, by the warrior navigators, who held it in the utmost fear ever since the destruction by drowing of Breacain, son of Nial, of the Nine Hostages, together with his fleet of fifty corraghs. One

can scarcely wonder at it, for the corragh was nothing but an enlarged edition of our coracle, and could scarcely have been adapted for crossing a sea which often seriously discomposes even the large Montreal steamers *en route* to and from Liverpool to Londonderry.

But ere we emerge into the open sea, we should not omit a passing glance at Carrick-a-Rede, an island rock, so close to the shore that it is enabled to be connected with it by a swing bridge, which, from its bold construction, and the dangers incurred in its passage, is one of the greatest curiosities of the North of Ireland. To cross over to the island during a stiff breeze, when the bridge is swinging to and fro, is what few strangers care to do; yet the country folk trip it with the utmost nonchalance, carrying a heavy load on their heads, and disdaining to make use of the frail rope that is intended for a protection.

For the next twenty miles the view coastward is superb, embracing all that wonderful basaltic range of the Giant's Causeway, which, with its accompanying chalk cliffs, extends past Portrush, nearly to the entrance of Lough Foyle. Thence we skirt the blue mountains of Innishowen to Tory Island, which may be safely considered as the most outlandish and inaccessible spot in Her Majesty's dominions. The rock groupings here are magnificent, and when seen from a distance have all the appearance of a grand castellated city rising out of the water. Tory Island is one of the first Irish localities mentioned even in traditional history, which says that the Fomorians, a race of giants, descended immediately from Ham, who were expelled from Canaan by Joshua, settled here and built a round tower. The date of their arrival is not given, and perhaps it would be unnecessary to keep within a thousand years or so, under the circumstances; but unfortunately for the legend, the round tower, of which a few remains are left, does not differ in essential particulars from the many others found in Ireland, which, according to Dr. Petrie, date from the sixth to the tenth century; so that we may fairly conclude that it was the handiwork of early Christian converts rather than that of the olden giants.

To the south of Tory, and near the mainland, lie the Rosses, a cluster of islands that are principally inhabited in the summer only by the natives, who ferry themselves and their cattle over for change of air and pasture. Sometimes the beasts become unmanageable, and they are then shoved off the corragh and towed behind. Before being shipped the animal is thrown on his back, his legs tied, and himself lifted into the corragh, which is then carried to the water. But considering that

* See Vol. v., pp. 501 and 555.

the bark itself is about nine feet from stem to stern, with a depth of two feet, it is wonderful that the cargo ever comes safe to shore. A story is told of a man, named Paddy M'Bride, who was, with his sons, shipping a valuable young bull over to the Island of Dooney, when, in consequence of his kicking, the fastenings gave way, and in another moment the whole contrivance would have been upset. With great presence of mind, however, the son flung himself on the bull's head, and drew his cap along over his nose, by which the unfortunate brute was stifled and rendered harmless.

The principal of these islands are Owey, Gola, Dooney, and Aran, and belong parochially to the district of Gweedore, to which public attention was so much drawn some years ago by Lord George Hill, the resident landlord, who has devoted all his care and attention to the amelioration of what was the most miserable district in Ireland. Close to the shore is the Spanish Rock, which gained its name from the tradition that one of the Spanish Armada lies sunk there. When, however, we say tradition, ample testimony has been brought forward respecting the actual presence of a wreck, although as to its asserted date it is difficult to come to a conclusion.

An old man, named Connell Boyle, is stated by Lord George Hill to be still living, who, when a lad, dived down to the vessel, and made a rope fast to some cannon on the deck. Five brass cannon were thus extracted, each of which were about ten feet long, and were broken up and sold at one shilling per pound by the advice of some travelling tinkers, who showed the natives how to demolish the brass, and doubtless how to sell it at the cheapest rate to themselves. The calibre of the guns may be guessed, however, when Connell's share alone amounted to 15*l.* sterling. The sand eventually closed over the vessel, and it will in all probability lie there till the "crack of doom."

Coasting southward, we come to Sligo, off which lies the island of Innismurray;* the prefix *Inis*, *Ynys*, or *Ennis*, signifying island, as in Welsh. Innismurray is interesting in more ways than one. First, because it is known as the manufactory of the most delicacies, though illegal, potheen, the stills for which the police would give their eyes to discover; and secondly, because it contains the chapel or oratory of St. Molaise, who was disreputable enough to become the patron saint of potheen distillers. His effigy, carved in oak, is preserved in the little oratory, together with some upright stones, called Clough-a-

bracka, or cursing-stones, which formerly—and may be to this day—were frequently called into request. It is a curious thing, that the imprecations which the Irish peasantry believed he invoked on his enemies by means of stones, were in Wales brought down by wells,—many villages to this day being fortunate enough to possess a cursing-well.

This island, however, contains another stone, which appears to be much more useful in its vocation; for if any fuel which may chance to be extinguished be laid on it, it is immediately rekindled. So that, on the whole, Innismurray possesses some decided advantages.

But these are nothing in comparison with the blessings enjoyed by Innishgloria and Innishkea, two very small and rocky islets to the south, not far from Achill Island on the coast of Mayo. Innishgloria has the marvellous property of preserving bodies without their decomposing or undergoing any process of stuffing or embalming, so that people can have the satisfaction (melancholy or otherwise) of going to visit their ancestors, and finding them with hair and nails still perfect. Indeed, we are not quite sure that they are not said to grow; at all events, there is a great run upon this island as a burying-place.

Innishkea, according to that most genial of writers, Cæsar Otway, possesses a wooden idol, which brings luck to the island as long as it is safely preserved; a crane that has lived there without mate or offspring for hundreds of years; and, what is much more credible, a large supply of the finest potheen in the country.

G. P. BEVAN.

A NIGHT IN A SNOWDRIFT.

In the following narration I have avoided mentioning names, dates, or places. I need not assign a reason; the incidents of my story will supply one.

Some years ago—never mind how many—I was in America, employed in surveying, prior to the construction of one of those vast lines of railway which are now found of as great utility for warlike as they were then intended for peaceful traffic.

I had gone out from England with very few pounds in my pocket, but with a good education, and, I may say, with some ability.

I entered heartily into my work, and found it highly remunerative.

Although I thoroughly enjoyed the occupation, and the many rough and sometimes romantic incidents inseparable from it, I could never really assimilate myself with the American character; and, as I was the only Englishman on that part of the line, my loneliness

* See Vol. ix., p. 193.

was extreme—relieved, indeed, occasionally by violent quarrels with men who sneered at the “sulky Britisher.”

One day, in the depth of as severe a winter as I ever experienced, I had to take a long journey, the greater part by rail—then only a single line. At the wretched shed dignified with the name of “station” a somewhat curious party attracted my attention.

They were four.

An old and apparently totally-paralysed gentleman, so swathed in shawls, comforters, fur cap, and buffalo robe, that only a small strip of his face was visible, and that was of a death-like hue.

A young lady, thickly veiled, apparently not the daughter of the invalid : for she seemed to avoid looking at or approaching him, as he half sat, half lay, propped up by boxes and bags in a corner of the *one* bench.

Two sallow, evil-looking men completed the number. They were dressed in a much inferior manner to the others, but evidently had charge of both invalid and lady.

I got into the same car with this strange party ; anything a little out of the common being acceptable to me.

Whether I should have done so could I have foreseen the tragic termination of our journey I cannot tell.

The snow was lying very deep on the ground ; and occasionally, where a drift had formed across the line, we had much ado to force our way through it.

I was the only occupant of the car besides the party I have described, and amused myself by speculating on the connecting links between such a strange quartette.

The lady *was* a lady evidently. Though I had not caught a glimpse of her face—as she had not once lifted the heavy veil she wore—yet every fold of her dress, every movement of her figure, showed refinement.

We had been plodding on at a miserable rate for many hours ; the snow becoming thicker and thicker.

To look out of the windows was useless ; for the ground was snow, and the air seemed to be snow, so thickly was it falling.

What could I do but watch my companions ?

I had forgotten to say that in the early part of the journey I had made some casual remark to the two men about the entirely hopeless state of their charge ; but I received such a short answer, accompanied by such an evil look, that I resolved to hold my tongue for the remainder of the journey.

The young lady, when I spoke to the men, gave a quick sort of half-turn towards me, as if *she* would have spoken ; but was instantly

checked by one of the men desiring her, in a rough and peremptory manner, to change her seat.

* * * * *
Still dragging along—and more snow, more snow ! * * * * *

The men, having refreshed themselves several times from a spirit-flask, took a bottle and a spoon, and prepared to feed the paralysed gentleman.

I could not see what they gave him, or whether he ate ; for the men carefully placed themselves and the young lady between the sick man and me.

I should here say that the young lady had absolutely refused to take any food whatever, though several times pressed by the men.

They are bending over the invalid ; the young lady, by their direction, also standing, with her side face towards me.

With a quick and silent movement she raises her veil, and looks for an instant with a questioning, agonised glance in my face.

She must have seen honest pity there ; for, slightly leaning towards me, pallid as death, she formed a word with her lips—but without sounding it—pointing to the men ; then lowered her veil again.

Although the whole had taken place in a second or two, the men had observed some movement, and turned fiercely to her, looking like devils at both of us.

I, however, was already sitting with folded arms, and eyes half shut, as if sleepy ; not so sleepy, though, but that I caught a moment's view of that strip of face I had seen at the station.

That second look satisfied me of what I had doubted—the word dumbly spoken by the young lady. The word was “*Murder !*”

I sat still and thought—

“Here I am with a couple of murderers—probably armed—their victim apparently the father of that lovely girl. Yes—this is the explanation of her shunning him at the station, and in lifting him into the cars. I have my revolver—not loaded : if it were I couldn't shoot these men down without more proof against them than a *word*—only *seen*, not heard. It is of no use giving them up at the end of our journey ; for, of course, they will say that, half-dead when he started, he died of the cold in the cars. Cold ! Yes—bitterly, piercingly cold ; and our stove does not seem to give the heat it should ; and—there is no more fuel !”

Although I could not see through the young lady's veil, *she* doubtless could see me through it. I nodded slightly to her, and fumbling in the folds of my cloak, half exposed the barrel of my revolver.

The answer was a scarcely perceptible shake of the head.

For the twentieth time we are pushing and battering at a drift: this time it must be a deep one, for we are come to a dead stop.

"I guess I must get some wood from that damned conductor, or we shall be friz," said one of the men, the shorter and least evil-looking of the two.

"Do," said I, "for it is awfully cold, even for us who are strong; what must it be for your invalid charge!"

"Oh! he won't hurt," replied the man.

"You shut up, and fetch the wood!" said the other.

He returned soon, and said the engineer would not let him have a stick: declaring it was not his business to supply the cars—and that he had barely enough to keep his own fire up.

On going out to see the state of affairs for myself, I found the drift, in which we were fast, was of a most formidable size; and saw at once that, without digging, the engine could not possibly force its way through.

I went to the engineer, whom I knew, and asked if he would spare us a log or two; but even whilst asking I saw how useless the request was—he had no more wood.

Nine o'clock at night—still snowing—no fire, and no fuel!

Fast buried in a snowdrift, on a single line of rails—miles away from any house.

I must spend the night with a dead man and his two murderers!

But the poor girl! How can she bear the cold?

All the men set to work vigorously to clear the line, whilst there was yet fire enough and steam enough to carry us through.

We were not many miles from our destination.

Dig! yes—but who can dig without a spade?

Small progress was made; it soon became apparent to all that we were fast until two o'clock, when the night-mail followed us.

Five mortal hours in that piercing cold!

The conductor, half frozen as he was, walked a quarter of a mile down the line, and extemporized a danger-signal, as best he could; I and the other passengers getting into the cars, and wrapping ourselves up, grimly to bear the five hours of misery. As I enter, I see only the shorter of the two men; on asking him for his friend, he says:

"Oh! he's crouching down by the firebox of the engine to get warm."

I mentally add—"And will go to sleep, and when the fire goes out will be frozen to death!"

I now saw the young lady watching her companion closely; seeing him becoming sleepy from evilious draughts of rum-and-water.

A loud snoring soon proclaimed him fast asleep.

The poor girl then with half-frozen fingers lifted her veil, and whispered, with trembling voice:

"Can you help me? You are English, are you not? I think I can trust you!"

"Sit perfectly still for an instant," I answered.

A happy thought had struck me.

I had for some time past suffered much from face and tooth-ache, and was in the habit of carrying a stoppered bottle of chloroform.

I took out my bottle, and, signing to the young lady to be silent, poured the whole upon my handkerchief, and held it over the face of the sleeping murderer!

In five minutes I knew he was safely disposed of for some hours to come.

I called loudly in his ear, and shook him roughly, but he did not stir.

I shall never forget the earnest joy with which the poor girl clasped my hand and thanked me.

I don't know whose heart beat fastest then—hers, or mine: I know that I forgot all about the dreadful cold, and only felt an insane longing to take her in my arms and kiss her.

Taking the sleeping man's great buffalo robe and wrapping it round her, I bade her sit down, and asked her the cause of her father's murder, and why she seemed to be a prisoner.

As I spoke, I could not help an involuntary shudder at the appearance of the corpse.

In administering the chloroform to the man, I had accidentally displaced the rug, which the murderers had carefully arranged so as to hide the face of the supposed paralytic.

The eyes were closed and blue, the nose pinched, the mouth partly open, with curled and strained lips, the teeth set, and grinning horribly in the half-light reflected from the snow in which we were imbedded.

It had now ceased snowing.

In answer to my question, she said:

"I am alone in the world; I can trust you—I will tell you all. The—the body"—here she turned paler than even she was before—"the body is not that of my father—oh no! I could not have borne it! It is my uncle. I am a Virginian; my father and mother both died when I was very young, leaving me, a rich orphan, to the care of my uncle.

"All I knew was that I was well educated, and had whatever money I wanted; but when I left school my uncle was strangely altered: my presence seemed to irritate him.

"He tried to make me marry that wretch who has gone out: he was my uncle's overseer, and a more cruel or wicked man never lived."

Here I suddenly thought, "What if he should not fall asleep by the engine, but

should return !” I went out and found him in what I knew would be his death-sleep—crouched completely under the fire-box of the engine.

The engineer had left his now cold and useless machine, and sought shelter in the cars.

I returned, and my lovely charge continued :

“I was often talked to by some of our old slaves, and in particular by my dear old nurse, about this man. She said he had come a few years ago, and in some way had obtained an undue influence over her massa—ordering everything, and treating the slaves, who had never experienced anything but kindness from my father and uncle, with the greatest severity.

“This villain persecuted me with his odious attentions ; and one day—I can’t tell you—but I rushed to my uncle, who, when he heard, called him into the house, and in a furious passion said :

“Although you have by your devilish cunning obtained my promise of my niece as your wife, I will not tamely submit to see her insulted ! Take that, you villain !”—firing a pistol full in his face.

“Fortunately passion defeated itself, and my uncle was not a murderer.

“The overseer smiled an evil smile, and said :
“Never mind ! it was only a little mistake ! We will settle affairs another day !”

“Not long after this, the fellow who is asleep there, and who is the overseer’s brother, came and joined him. He is a doctor. My uncle became daily more and more miserable ; my old nurse saying it was remorse preying upon his mind, because he had appropriated my property.

“A few weeks ago, my uncle’s health began to fail seriously ; the ‘Doctor,’ as he was called, constantly expressed his opinion that paralysis might be expected.

“Last Monday I was awaked by my old nurse in a dreadful fright, to tell me that my uncle was dying. I rose, and found the ‘Doctor’ and the overseer with him.

“The ‘Doctor’ said that, as he had predicted, my uncle had had a paralytic attack, entirely lost the use of his limbs and speech, and that he probably would not be able to move for some time to come. He felt the responsibility too great for his brother and himself, and, consequently, should remove him to S——, where he would be placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. W——.

“This was said intentionally in the hearing of several of the servants, and passed for truth ; although I, in common with all, protested against removing my uncle in such a state.

“Knowing the evil character of both men, I resolved that I would not part from my uncle, but would accompany him to S——.

“I fancied I saw a sinister smile on the face of the overseer as I said this ; but he only remarked :

“Oh, certainly ; no objection can be made to that.”

“Yesterday we started.

“My suspicions were aroused by the ‘Doctor’ and overseer refusing to let me approach my uncle, either to dress him, or to help him into his carriage.

“In spite of their caution, however, I obtained a glimpse of his face, and knew in an instant he was dead !

“I was too excited and horrified to faint !

“The overseer saw by my looks that I now knew all.

“He at once said, in a brutal tone :

“Oh ! I guess you see it all now ! You’re a sensible girl, so a few words will suffice. There wasn’t much love lost between you and your uncle, so you need not make a fuss.

“The truth is, the Doctor there physicked him a *little* too strong, and it would not do to bury him here, for the job would have been blown ! So we thought we would take him where no one will be the wiser ; the poor old gentleman has died of cold and over-exertion, don’t you see !”

“I can’t tell you what the wretch said to me ; only that he said he had got all the old gentleman’s plunder from the estate ; that he meant to marry me whether I would or not ; and that if I so much as spoke or looked at anyone on the journey, he would kill me at once.

“I knew he would not hesitate to carry out his threat, so dare not utter a word.

“Oh ! how thankful I was to see you enter our car !

“I felt a presentiment that you would in some way save me from these horrid men.”

Here the poor girl burst into tears.

I don’t know what I did or said, only that I comforted her, and vowed I would never forsake her.

The time was now approaching when the two-o’clock train was due. There was a death-like silence, broken only by the mournful tones of occasional gusts of wind, which, like evil spirits sporting round us, rushed to and fro through the ill-made cars, unseen, but painfully heard and felt.

Everyone had huddled themselves in whatever they could find as a protection from the biting cold.

Although hardy and strong, I began to feel exhausted and benumbed ; and probably should have fallen into a dangerous stupor but for my mind being racked with thought.

How should I act ?

If I gave these two men up to justice (supposing the overseer survived), what proof was there that they had poisoned the "paralytic?"

I asked Alice—so we will now call her—whether the overseer had the spoil with him or not.

She said he had admitted to her that he had gold, notes, and securities to a very large amount upon him.

I then searched the still sleeping "Doctor;" he was so motionless and deathlike that I began to fear lest the chloroform had had a fatal effect upon him.

I found nothing but a few dollars, and a revolver, which I took; and, with his own neckerchief, securely tied his hands behind him.

It was now snowing heavily again; but I sallied forth once more into the snow, and found the overseer still under the engine, frozen as hard as the iron which covered him, and doubtless quite dead.

With fingers almost as lifeless as his own, I searched him, and found, besides the expected loaded revolver and bowie-knife, a large canvas belt, fastened round his waist, containing the stolen money.

I hastened back with it to Alice, fearing she might be overcome with the cold, and fall asleep.

Just as I had my hand on the door of the car, I heard a well-known sound: there was no need to think twice—the driver of the expected train, blinded by the snow, had not seen the danger-signal! With criminal negligence they had not telegraphed our non-arrival from R—; the train was rushing on us!

I shouted loudly to the occupants of the cars to save themselves, and sprang into ours for Alice.

Even in the short time I had been absent she had nearly gone to sleep.

No wonder, poor girl! She had experienced hunger, thirst (for she dare not take food from the overseer, lest he should poison her), excitement, and cold—bitter cold, such as, happily, we don't know in England.

I seized her in my arms, and had scarcely leaped from the car before the crash came!

I will not dilate on the horrors of the collision; we have too many such descriptions in our daily papers. Happily, my shouting had aroused most of the passengers, but some three or four never knew how death came.

I laid the fainting body of Alice for a moment, carefully wrapped up, on the snow, whilst I searched for our late evil companions.

The murderers had met a milder fate than they deserved.

The frozen overseer was completely smashed beneath the engine.

Whether the "Doctor" really died from the effects of cold and the chloroform I cannot tell, and do not like to think.

He also was a bruised and almost shapeless mass; both had died painless deaths.

The engineer and stoker of the train which ran into us had jumped into the snow, and were unhurt.

The passengers were very few, and, surprising to say, only one was killed.

We made great fires of the debris, and waited the morning, when help should come.

Amid all the horrors of the scene I felt a thrill of happiness in having Alice looking at me as her sole protector, and through the night laying her head on my shoulder, in sheer weariness and exhaustion, suffering my arms to support her.

I felt as if I had known her for years. Was the gentle girl who leaned unconsciously on me, whom I had met under such strange circumstances—was she soon to be severed from me? No! never! And with the thought I clasped her closer to my heart.

At last help came: about five o'clock in the morning an express came from R—, expecting to find a breakdown: they took us up, and we arrived at R— about eight o'clock.

I asked Alice what she would wish to do.

In some confusion she said:

"I know not what to say!" But, putting her little hand in mine, she said: "Will you, who have watched over me through that dreadful night, who have saved me from horrors of which I cannot think, see me safe back to my own home—my own indeed now: it will be very lonely, no one to welcome me but the servants: but it is my right place? Am I asking too much?"

Need I tell the reader my answer?

I offered myself, a poor surveyor, as her husband as well as protector.

She did not say no.

* * * *

We gave up the plantation; for I could not reconcile myself to owning slaves, although theirs was anything but bondage.

The railway accident was universally believed to be the cause of the deaths of Alice's uncle, the overseer, and the "Doctor;" Alice, with pardonable deception, explaining that the "Doctor," not finding Dr. W— at his own town, insisted on going on to the next, to some other surgeon.

Alice and I have now lived happily in England many years; but we never see the snow lying thickly on the ground without shuddering at the recollection of the night we passed in the snowdrift.

EDWARD DURON.

BRACKEN HOLLOW.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.



PART I.

"ROUGH! do you know what this letter means? Finish your breakfast, old dog, and come for a walk up the glen to Bracken Hollow: for the old place shall be brightened up,

the shutters shall be flung open, the chimneys shall smoke, and the trees shall move away from before the doors and windows. Youth, the fairy prince, is coming on tip-toe from beyond summer seas, to tread the paths green

again, to spread sunshine on the threshold, and to wake the sleeper, Joy, who has so long lain dead in the dark chambers, waiting his voice to arise and fill the place with light. And when our glad errand is done, we will visit the valley churchyard."

So the day passes, and it is evening. Rough and I have been to see a grave. It is a lorn place, and the wind has grown shrill, and we come home feeling rather desolate. Clouds are gathering for a wild night. The old dog has curled in by the fender, and I have brought my arm-chair to his side, and dragged forth an old desk, and turned over its contents—packages of old letters, and loose leaves of an irregular journal.

Rough, we have set ourselves a hard task. To reach, with feeble voice, the ears of our city friends across the sea, and to make them turn on their busy road, and gaze over their shoulder down some slant sun-path to the steepes and tangles of our Glenariffe. To make them see, with their distant eyes, dimmed with gold and dust, our bay, as now, for instance, moon-lit: with its stretch of pale sands, like a white projecting arm, curved round the margin of the dark water, with its lullaby music murmuring patiently from the Bar, its lapping waves flinging diamond circlelets perpetually at the feet of the rocks, and with its uncertain glimpses into the soft gloom of silent glens, sheltered for many a mile under the strong arms of the mountains.

There! draw the curtain. Go back to your rug, old dog. What do you know about it? The sea is nothing to you but a broad shining fascination, towards which your lazy speculating eyes turn and return. You know nothing of spirits crossing, of the fatal hollows between waves, of the white curl of a squall spreading, like a plague-spot, on the breast of a fair ocean. Neither do you know anything of the unbounded depths of the human heart, of the shoals and wrecks in that sea, of the treacherous rocks and dizzy maelstroms, which, at every breath we draw, beat out, and suck in, mortal and alas! immortal life. And so, though you sit there, looking through me, with the almost human sympathy of your eyes, you are only a dog, old friend, and the old man must patch his story, and say his say alone.

Margaret Avon and I were old man and old woman together, and yet when she was the wedded mistress of Bracken Hollow, I was but a young lad going to school, and used in vacation time to ride my pony over the hills and hollows of Glenariffe for a cup of sweet tea at Mistress Avon's round tea-table, and a generous share of the cakes and marmalade with which that hospitable board was wont to

be spread for my delectation. But at least half my errand there was to get a glimpse of tiny Mary Avon's sleeping face, so fair and plump, under the blue canopy of her cot. For baby Mary Avon was then to me the mystery of mysteries, as she was in years afterwards the pearl, the very sunbeam, the blush-rose of womanhood.

I will tread lightly, and but a few steps of this solitary by-path of my story. Let the roses moulder there where they fell, snapt from their stems so many years ago, and the passion-flowers shrivel into dust, and the dead leaves lie in shifting mounds, stirred only by the whisper of melancholy winds, undisturbed by the fall of even the holiest foot. Mary Avon fled from her home to be the wife of one who broke her heart and deserted her child. There are days upon which many of the aged can look back, when words and scenes which are burned into memory were first branded there. Such old scars still sting, when these dulled eyes glance again to the hour when, a strong and bearded man, I almost knelt to Margaret Avon in that old red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, and sued for Mary's memory and Mary's child. But the crags of Lurgaedon are not to be toppled into the valley by pecking birds, nor was the wedge of stern resolve to be wrenched from Margaret Avon's soul by prayers. Mary was gone, and, as though she had never been, the existence of her child was to remain unrecognised. I took the little orphan home, and if Hugh was wronged, I at least was a gainer by his loss.

Up to this date I had known Margaret Avon as a large, comely matron, with prosperity lying smooth on her broad forehead, and a helpful magic lurking in the palm of her strong, white hand; with all her actions, impulses of charity, of pride, or of anger; but that blow struck to the root of her life. The tree did not fall, nor totter; it stood on, but the sap was gone. Years went by, and brought death twice again to the threshold of the old house, making her a widow, and bereft of her only son. Then the strong lines had hardened, the soft curves tightened, the good-humoured eyes grown cold, and the firm mouth hard. She became a gaunt woman, with a bent masculine figure, and a harsh countenance. As such I knew her, still as friend, and often as patient, about the time when, a middle-aged bachelor, I found myself settled down under this roof, with the physician's practice of the glens and village for my work, and with Mary's child for something to love, something to keep my heart green. For Margaret Avon, sitting sternly in that red drawing-room at Bracken Hollow, with her face from the world, and

her eyes fixed perpetually on her desolate hearth, would not forgive the dead. The only tie she recognised was the child of her dead son. The little girl had been born in Italy, where her father had passed all the later years of his life. In this grandchild, whom she had never seen, all the woman's sympathies with life were bound up. The child was said to be delicate, and lest she should inherit her father's disease, consumption, the anxious grandmother had decreed, with bold self-denial, that she should remain abroad with the English lady to whose care her father had entrusted her education,—should be sunned and ripened by Italian skies, till the dawn of her womanhood, and that then, and then only, should Glenariffe be her home. And yet the old woman's yearning to see the child was piteous, and I knew that she dreaded lest death might seal her eyes before they could be satisfied.

Years passed. I was grey. Hugh was a man, and would soon be a doctor. A naval life would suit him. I felt that he would go off in a ship one day and leave me.

He had been studying too closely. I had sent for him, insisting on a holiday. We were chatting together in the garden. It was a bright May evening, the hawthorn blossoms were not yet done, the lilacs were in bloom. The sun was red on his face, and the lad was as glad as a child at his new freedom. Observing him with pride, I thought him more remarkable for an air of inherent power and a dash of frankness, than for mere handsome looks. I thought I saw his character in his bearing and countenance, pure honour ennobling the brow, fidelity to truth well-opening the eye, the hot generous temperament lighting the whole face with electric glows and sparkles; and the careless gaiety of youth dancing in lights and shadows on the tossing brown curls under his straw hat. Some one spoke to me at the gate. It was a messenger from Bracken Hollow, requesting me to visit Mrs. Avon. I left Hugh amusing himself with some little fellows on the beach, and went. Margaret had a request to make. Grace was on her way home, was in England. Friends returning from Italy had brought her as far as their home in London. Would I go and fetch her to Bracken Hollow?

I thought, Margaret Avon forgets that I am not still the boy who used to eat her marmalade at yonder table forty years since, and carry her footstool, and go on her errands whithersoever she pleased. But the next moment I felt this to be a churlish thought for one old friend to harbour towards another, and I promised to go.

Next day I went. A few words made

Hugh understand the purpose of my journey. Beyond those few words nothing was said between us on the matter. Of course the lad knew all the details of his own story, but his position was a subject which he never approached, nor did I wish to hear him speak of it. I was sure of his fast affection; he was even too grateful for anything I had done for him; but I knew that the pride of the Avons smouldered in the depths of his nature. I saw it when he courteously uncovered his head to his grandmother on Sundays as she came forth from the village church to her carriage, with her eyes fixed on the ground lest she should see him. I detected it in the gnawing of the lip and contracting of the brows when we stood to admire some rich bit of wooded land with a tradition of the Avon family scrawled over the gnarled trunk of every old tree. And even more forcibly have I seen it when, by chance, he has heard himself alluded to by the kindly peasants who compassionated him as "poor Mr. Hugh." I knew he felt the sting of the fire himself, and dreaded the occasion which might stir it to a blaze. I knew that he wished all the world to recognise him as one who felt himself sufficient to carve his own fortune, and who was too high-spirited to claim any relationship which was so cruelly ignored.

I went upon my mission. I made my way to a gay house in a fashionable part of London. I arrived there in the midst of a brilliant entertainment. I was expected, and welcomed. It was all out of my way, and I should have yielded to the inclination of fatigue and retired quietly and at once, but that my curiosity to see Grace would not rest till morning. When I made my appearance among the guests, I found them engaged in witnessing the performance of charades. I took my place as a spectator, and quickly had Miss Grace Avon pointed out to me among the performers. Thus, for the first time, I saw her in whom afterwards I had so strange an interest.

Memory has odd whims in her dealings with the materials furnished to her. Some she lays by in dim scrolls, seldom to be opened and with difficulty. Others are spread, faultless charts, perpetually visible, and yet marked out in such dull ink that they are little better than blanks. While, again, some trivial chance becomes at once a picture, painted in imperishable colours, glowing with unfading life, refusing to grow pale with time, or to be darkened by shadows.

I see her now distinctly. It was a thoroughly Italian face, dark and clear, with bright lips and a rich cheek. I had never

seen anything so sombre yet so lustrous, as the eyes. Some brilliant drapery was folded round her head like a turban, giving an oriental effect. I do not know what the charade was; I never thought of asking. The idea must have been something about a slave; a slave loaded with splendour, and yet chafing under a sense of degradation and captivity. At least so she, in her acting, seemed to render it. She went through a strange pantomime, wrenching at the gilded chains that shackled her wrists, flinging her jewels passionately on the ground, and speaking forth shame and despair from her dumb face with terrible reality. I felt it unaccountably strange to see her thus for the first time, acting with such a piteous mimicry of truth in this gay crowd, dressed with such magnificence, and expressing so vividly her hatred of herself, her beauty, and her adornments. I said, how can this girl act so unless she feels it? What troubles her? Why is she so wretched? And then I smiled at myself for a foolish old man of the mountains, who was behind the age, and knew nothing of the cunning of such clever displays. But, my beautiful Miss Grace, I said, how will these fantastic accomplishments thrive at Bracken Hollow?

I saw her next at a distance in the ball-room, after the performance had ended. She was the centre of a group of evident admirers, and was laughing and sparkling all over with merriment. Her dress was a robe of something white, which flashed about her as she moved; and I remember that her hair was bound with something blood-red, like coral. I saw our hostess move towards her, for the purpose, I knew, of acquainting her with the fact of my arrival. Her cheeks had been flushing, her lips smiling, but all at once flush and smile vanished, leaving her pale and still. She turned abruptly away from the disappointed group, and slowly followed the lady messenger from the room. A minute afterwards I was introduced to her in a dim ante-room, where the softly-shed light was yet sufficient to show me the shrinking step, the pained lip, the white cheek, and the one rapid terrified glance from eyes that were instantly averted and obstinately refused to meet mine again.

What was it? Conscience winced. It was true that I had indulged an unwarrantable prejudice against this girl; and could it be also true that there may arise, without the communication of a word, with scarce that of a look, some swift subtle instinct, passing from one spirit to another, warning of the existence of dislike or distrust, even as such an instinct

is said in other instances to herald the approach of faith or of love?

Our greeting was short and embarrassed. I had long since forgotten the more polished forms of address between ladies and gentlemen of the world. I could have spoken a kind word to this frightened child had I met her at home among the mountains, but here in these courtly chambers the mere spontaneous goodwill of nature seemed out of place. I saw her glide back to the ball-room with a blanched, cowed aspect, but with a something of proud reserve that forbade observation. She seated herself at a distant table and affected to turn over some drawings, but her face was often averted to the shuttered window beside her, as though she studied some record of absorbing interest written on the blank of the painted wood. And so, despite my former determined indifference to everything concerning Miss Grace Avon, I retired that night filled with a troubled perplexity, and strangely interested in the owner of the cold, damp, little hand that had for a moment touched mine, and the sombre eyes that had shunned me with an expression so much like pain and fear scarcely hidden under their lids.

We accomplished our journey in safety, but without effecting much more progress towards friendship than we had made on the evening of our first acquaintance. An impenetrable reserve sheathed the girl. Once or twice I detected her studying my face with a wistful, questioning expression in her eye, as though some burdensome secret hovered on her tongue, and she tried, unseen to sound me, to discover whether or not I might be trustworthy to receive that which she had to tell. This was the idea which impressed me at the time, and from which I could not free my thoughts. It seemed an absurd fancy, for what trouble could she have? And yet the impression would not be shaken off, but clung to me with annoying tenacity.

I assured myself that she was only timid, and shy of appearing among new friends. It will wear away, I said; and I tried to win her confidence and to be as kindly towards her as the thought of Hugh would suffer me to be.

I thought the wondrous vision of our glens will wake her up, for I feel that she has a soul: and who has ever seen our Glenariffe without enthusiasm, with its mists and breakers, its heathery crags and mossy knolls, its vivid rainbows and thundering falls?—even in its winter aspect, when every mountain that searches its sky is white from base to crown, when every pure peak stands like a sinless soul expecting its palm, and when the cry of hunted waters leaps from crag to crag, and is

lost in the appalling gusts blown landward from the lips of implacable sea storms. And how much more in summer, when the golden sheaves stand upon the sunny slopes, leaning their hot shoulders against one another, and waiting for the harvest-home; when the cunning blackbird scarce knows his way through the labyrinths of foliage, and when there is a hidden paradise in every far nook where the young ashes bend to the water under their secret, and drip, drip their mysterious whispers all day, till the sun gets tired searching for them among the thickets, and the moon sends a silver token floating down the beck, on the crest of a riplet.

As we entered the glens in the fading sunset, the hills smiled serenely, and the sea was a stretch of pale gold. The cry of the mountaineer, as he passed from height to height skyward, searching for stray lambs, fell in dreamy echoes through the ether, and we could hear at intervals the answering bleat of a sheep from some perilous ledge aloft, where it looked to our upturned eyes like a snowflake drifted white upon the brilliant herbage. It was to me a moment of exquisite beauty and peace; but then in my ear the horses feet were trotting to the music of "Home, sweet home!" whereas Miss Grace Avon had been nursed under Italian skies, and beheld our wild highland scenery with a stranger's eyes. So I forbore to disturb her meditation as she sat, quite still, her veil just folded above her brows, her pale lips fast shut, and her heavy dark eyes fixed blindly on the dimming horizon.

Arrived at Bracken Hollow a touching picture met our eyes. Out in the purple twilight, sown with blazing stars, growing from the heavier shadows behind, and framed by the frowning doorway, a tall bent figure stood. A shaking, withered hand grasping a stick, a rugged face softened with yearning love, a hard-lined mouth unwontedly relaxed and quivering, and frozen eyes melting with foreign moisture. So I saw Margaret Avon, and in spite of fidelity to Hugh, I was touched to compassion for the woman who, having within her rills of tenderness so warm, could have suffered pride to petrify her life, and turn her to the thing of stone I had known her for the many past years.

So she stood with her one shrivelled hand stretched forth in eager greeting. I felt Grace's fingers slip from my arm, and before I could prevent her the strange girl had sunk upon her knees at her grandmother's feet, with her face to the flags on the threshold.

"My child, my dear, my darling! what is this?" quavered forth the poor old rusty voice,

while the shaking hand tried to drag upward the bent dusky head from which the bonnet and veil had fallen. "Be not frightened, my love, but welcome, a thousand times welcome, to your poor old grandmother's home,—your poor old grandmother, your poor old lonely grandmother!" she kept on repeating, while Grace, creeping to her at last with a sob, suffered herself to be gathered to the old woman's heart. I left them sitting on the hearth in the red drawing-room, Grace with her face buried in Margaret's gown, and the old hand passing fondly over the thick curls.

Two mornings afterwards I was sitting by the open window in the sun, reading the "Lancet." Hugh was standing at the book-case, poring into a book. The parlour door was ajar, and the hall door wide open, as it is the fashion for Glen's hall doors to stand during the day. I saw a phaeton, which I knew, draw up a few perches away, and in it I saw two figures, which I also recognised. The younger sprang from the step, and came quickly toward the cottage. She passed in at the gate, in at the open door; a tap came on the panel outside, and there she stood before us—Grace Avon.

Never had anything so bright gladdened our sober little parlour. The white dress, the black gossamer shawl hanging from her arms, the slouched hat, with its rose-coloured ribbon, crowning the ripe face and cloudy curls, all made up a picture whose rich sweetness was a feast to the eye. A glamour of enchantment seemed to enter the room with her, a southern breeze stirred in the motion of her gown, a streak of Italian sunshine seemed to follow in her wake through the door. I thought "Mary's hair was just one shade darker than the laburnum blossoms, and Mary's eyes were the colour of forget-me-nots, but this is a beautiful woman." As she entered Hugh started, and looked up with a hasty glance of honest and ardent admiration, whose warmth surprise forbade him to moderate. The young lady seemed to resent this involuntary homage of poor Hugh's, she flushed, returned his bow stiffly, and having delivered her message, followed me from the room.

"Who is he?" she asked, abruptly, in the hall.

I was angry for Hugh, and felt harshly towards her at the moment. I answered brusquely:

"He is your cousin, Miss Avon, who has at least as good a claim to your grandmother's favour as you. Were he righted, you would not be the wealthy heiress you now are."

She fell back as though stunned by my words, and I passed her to speak to Margaret

at the carriage. She wished me to spend the evening with them. Margaret did not know of Hugh's presence at the cottage; but I think, even had he been absent, I should not have gone to them that night. Grace gave me a pleading word and look, but I was firm. I said:

"I am going to visit a patient up the Glen, but I shall not have time to call."

At twilight that evening I passed near the gates of Bracken Hollow at a part where the wall that separates the place from the Glen road runs very low, and a stream stumbles its way through the wild briars and the tall reeds and brackens from whose luxuriance the house takes its name. I was startled by a figure rising up like a ghost from among the ferns and moss-grown stones beside me. It was Grace. She had watched and waited for me there. She wanted to know the meaning of my words spoken in the hall that morning about her cousin. Was he her cousin? Why had he been wronged? Who had wronged him?

I considered a little, and then thought it best to tell her all. She would be sure to hear the story, and it was right she should. I told her all Hugh's history; not, I am sure, without a dash of the bitterness which would always escape me when I spoke on the subject. As I went on she flushed deeper and deeper, till the crimson blood burned under her hair, and even coloured her throat. When I had finished speaking it had ebbed away, leaving her unusually pale. She stood before me, straight and white and scared looking, with the breeze blowing the dark hair from her forehead. I moved to go on, but she stayed me again imploringly, and commenced asking rapid passionate questions. If she had never been born, or if—if she had died as a child, would Hugh's grandmother have been forced to give him her affection, to make him her heir?

I answered as my conscience dictated:

"I believe she would. Your grandmother can be stern, but she must have something to love. If there had been no one else, I think it is likely that she would have relented towards Hugh."

She opened her lips, and cried vehemently, with a strain of high-wrought suffering:

"Doctor! I—" She stopped short, her lips whitened, blue shadows gathered under her eyes. I thought she was going to swoon.

"My dear child!" I cried, in surprise and alarm, taking her cold hand and placing it firmly on my own arm, "my dear child, you must not distress yourself so deeply about this. It is not your fault."

She gave me a piteous glance, bent down her head, and burst into a passion of tears,

sobbing violently, with her forehead against my sleeve.

"It is a strange, wayward, and I believe generous nature," I thought, as I went on my way, having sent her back to the house.

Returning past the gates, and finding myself in a different mood from that in which I had refused Margaret Avon's invitation, I turned into the avenue, and walked along by the soft, noiseless turf. Soon I was startled for the second time that night by seeing a slight figure moving among the trees. It was passing to and fro, to and fro upon the grass quite near me. I stopped where a tree hid me from the danger of being seen. Heaven knows I did not mean to be a spy upon the poor girl, but I was deeply interested in her. The moon shone large and clear down through the branches on the mossy roots and trunks, and on the rich wilderness of the underwood, throwing dim fitting shadows over the impatient white figure that paced and paced, and would not weary nor rest. While I stood, with a fear and a foreboding of I knew not what stealing upon me and mingling with the sympathy which had been keenly awakened, the figure suddenly paused in its walk, the arms were flung above the head in an attitude of abandonment, and a loud groaning whisper reached me through the clear still air—

"Not my fault—not my fault! O God, pity me!"

I went home.

M. LE COMTE DE PONTIS DE SAINTE-HELENE.

BEFORE the discovery by French novelists of the singular fact that the men who are the salt of the earth and the saviours of society are to be sought in convict prisons, to which they have been mistakenly condemned for robbery "with effraction," there existed another criminal type, which for a long time was greatly in vogue, alike with romance-writers and playwrights. Most of our readers must recollect how, in the dramas of a certain class, the hero and scoundrel was wont in the prologue to commit robbery and murder, say of a bank clerk, with his pocket-book full of notes; and how, when an interval of twenty years had been supposed to elapse, the villain reappeared in great splendour (generally as a marquis), having just returned to the scene of his former crimes with enormous wealth. How eagerly all watched his subtle machinations to entangle the poor but virtuous hero or heroine, who had discovered the secret of his life; and how all rejoiced when at last he was overwhelmed by the opportune appearance of three gendarmes in the doorway at the back of the

stage! Whether Valjeans really exist it is not for us to say; but that the older scoundrel was to some extent "founded on facts," a little episode in the life of a distinguished nobleman of this class will prove.

One bright May morning in the year 1818 there was being held, in the Place Vendôme, a review of the troops in garrison at Paris. A crowd of spectators surrounded the soldiers, and gazed at the brilliant uniforms of the officers, who, as is their wont on such occasions, marched busily about without appearing to notice the admiration of the spectators. Had they only deigned to cast a pitying glance on the gaping "civilians" they must have remarked that one of their number, the lieutenant-colonel of the 72nd legion, was obstinately watched by a miserable tatterdemalion, who had managed to wriggle into the front ranks of the crowd. Squalid, half-starved seemingly, this pertinacious watcher might have been merely a beggar; but two minutes' examination of him would have convinced Vidocq, then at the head of the French police, that he was a convict at large. In fact Darius—so was our tattered friend called—if he were, as we might suppose from his name, a descendant of the royal house of the Achæmenidæ, had indeed fallen from his high estate; he had only just left Toulon after an imprisonment of twenty years for forgery. "It can't be," said Darius; "how could he be here, and in this company? Blazing with decorations, too—I'm mistaken." Yet still he watched the brilliant soldier as he walked proudly about. "Ah!" he said, presently, "I'm right after all; there's no mistaking the old nervous twitch. But what's he up to here?" Darius had no difficulty in learning from the bystanders all about the lieutenant-colonel; few men were better known in Paris than the Count de Sainte-Hélène.

In 1808 Marshal Soult had received orders from Napoleon to march into Spain, with which country France had recently become at war. Men with a knowledge of the country were wanted, and when the Count de Sainte-Hélène offered his services they were gladly accepted, for he had served as an officer in Spain, in party warfare, and with distinction, too, for he bore the decorations of Alcantara and of St. Vladimir, conferred on him for his bravery. He had, besides, shown to Soult papers on which he established his claim to his title, and which testified to his having seen service, not only in Spain, but also in America. Soult made him a major, and everywhere the respect due to their rank was paid to the count and countess—for the gallant soldier was married. He served well under Soult, and when the

first restoration came he returned to France, and obtained a private audience of Louis XVIII. The king received with every mark of respect the last of an old and noble race; listened with sympathy to his account of his family and their misfortunes; and promised his lasting favour and protection. When Napoleon returned from Elba, the king retired to Gand, and among those who were faithful or discerning enough to follow him was the indefatigable count, whose devotion to the royal cause could as yet be paid only by promises of what should be done when the tyrant was once more driven out. At the end of the Hundred Days the king and his followers returned to Paris, and the count rejoined his wife, whom he had left in the capital. The king did not forget his promises; it was at his express desire that the count had been made lieutenant-colonel of the 72nd legion. He lived with his countess in grand style, and was received into the highest society; he increased in favour with his royal master; was made a member of the legion of honour, and, at the time of our story, it was asserted that he was about to be named aide-de-camp to the Duke of Angoulême, the king's nephew.

This was what Darius might have learnt, had he had leisure to make full inquiry; but keeping his eye constantly on the officer, he lost not a moment in following him on his return home at the end of the review. But the convict was not satisfied with merely learning the address of the officer; following him closely, he entered the house almost at the same time with him. "Do you recognise me?" said he, as he stood face to face with the count in his drawing-room. Recognise him! And the question asked, too, in a way that implied long familiarity! No wonder that the count replied by a counter-question, scarcely polite, indeed: "Who's this fellow?" "I'm Darius," said the convict; "and we were in the same chain at Toulon. Do you know me now?" "The Count de Sainte-Hélène has nothing to say to a scoundrel like you; get out of this directly, or I tell my footman to turn you out." "You're the scoundrel," says Darius. "Count, indeed! you're no more a count than I am. You're Peter Coignard—d'ye hear? Peter Coignard, I say, who got fourteen years for housebreaking!" Without further noticing Darius, the count rang a bell. "Mind what you're at," said Darius. "I don't want to hurt you, and I wouldn't have split. I'm hard up, and want a little help—that's all; but if you turn me out, you'll repent it." But a livery servant had entered, and on a sign from the count the tattered man with a royal name was bundled out of doors.

Not at all disheartened with the result of his first attempt to enter polite society, Darius waits a few minutes to get himself together after his ejection, and then hastens off and asks to see the Minister of the Interior, on business of the greatest importance. His reception here was more polite; the minister listened aghast to the revelations of the convict; and, notwithstanding that he found, as men in office will sometimes find, that it was not in his department, he gave Darius an introduction to the governor of the military division, who in his turn heard the strange story, told with an earnestness which left no doubt of the good faith of the narrator. "What proofs have you?" at last asked the stern, upright old soldier, his face crimson with rage at the thought that a convict held high rank in his own honourable profession. "Keep me here, my general," replied Darius, "and fetch Coignard, and bring us face to face; but first of all, for Heaven's sake, give me something to eat. I haven't touched a morsel to-day." While Darius was despatching a hearty meal, under lock and key, an orderly was sent to the lieutenant-colonel with an invitation to betake himself to head-quarters.

"M. le Comte de Sainte-Hélène," said the wrathful general, when the accused officer stood before him, still in full uniform, and displaying all his decorations, "you can no longer abuse the Government and myself; I have learnt who you are—Coignard, an escaped convict!" Without in the least betraying himself, the count merely asked permission to return home, in order to fetch documents which would establish his identity. "One moment," said the general, and Darius was forthwith brought in. A slight embarrassment of manner betrayed the count's uneasiness at the turn things were taking, and when he began to load Darius with abuse, the general became convinced that the convict was right. Cutting short the warm dialogue which had begun, he ordered an officer to accompany the count to his house, and not to lose sight of him for a moment. When the house was reached the officer left his two gendarmes in the court-yard; and, thrown off his guard by his prisoner, who had had time to regain all his audacity, he was imprudent enough to let him visit alone a room in which he said that his papers were kept. He went out with the same footman, who a short while before had thrust out Darius; in a few minutes he had quitted the house, passing unquestioned by the gendarmes, who merely observed a man in livery leave the house. The officer, who had served in Spain, soon found a topic on which to carry on an interesting conversation with the pretty coun-

ness, in whose company he had been left; but thinking, at last, that it was high time the count had found his papers, he opened the door of the room into which he had gone—it was empty. "Where's your master?" he asked of the only servant he could find. "He went out an hour ago," was the answer, "and by now is far enough off." It was too true, and it was only some weeks afterwards that he was arrested in the company of some notorious scoundrels, to whom he had fled.

Was he really the Comte de Pontis de Sainte-Hélène, the noble émigré who had won back by his sword a position lost in troublous times, or was he the escaped convict that Darius asserted him to be? The question of his identity was quite set at rest by overwhelming proofs which were brought before the Court of Assizes of the Seine, and Coignard, together with Rosa Marcen, the ex-countess, and six accomplices, including his brother, the footman who had ejected Darius, were brought to trial.

An investigation of very many months had brought to light the past life of this extraordinary scoundrel. He was the son of a vine-dresser, and was himself brought up as a hatter, a trade which he had abandoned to enter the army of the Convention as a grenadier. His military career was, however, cut short by the discovery of several burglaries in which he had been engaged, and for which he was in 1800 sentenced to fourteen years' hard labour. Two years only of this time had passed when, in spite of every precaution, he managed to escape from Toulon. On the night following his escape he contrived to embark on a vessel bound to a Spanish port. He was set on shore, and at a town near the coast fell in with his future companion. This was a girl who had been in the service of the Count de Sainte-Hélène, the last of an ancient and noble family who had left France at an early stage of the Revolution and had entered the Spanish service, in which he had afterwards gone to South America. Here he greatly distinguished himself by his courage and thorough uprightness; but his health gave way, and he returned to Spain, which he reached only to die far from his country and friends, and bereft of nearly all save his name and his sword; uncared for except by a single female servant who watched him in his last moments. To this girl the dying count left in gratitude the little he still possessed. Slender enough were the means of existence of the girl thus left alone. One by one she sold the objects which made up the count's legacy, and at the time that Coignard fell in with her all had gone except a little box of old parchments, which the count had often told her in his last illness were the most precious things

he had. Discussing the means of raising money, the pair found that nothing remained to them but this casket, which a Jew had long wanted to buy of the girl. Before selling it, Coignard thought it would be as well to look at the contents. They were the dead count's patents of nobility, and certificates of his having served honourably in Spain and America. The next day the pair left that part of Spain, assuming the names of the Count and Countess de Sainte-Hélène, and Coignard, as an exile with no dependence but his sword, soon found military employment in a country where a title possesses a sort of charm.

We know in part what was the subsequent life of this man, and have seen how he was in a fair way to reach the highest honours, when the revelations of an old fellow-convict toppled him down; but the most singular part, perhaps, of his career remains to be noticed. As far as could be learned, his conduct for a period of ten years after his escape from prison had been free from crime, except of course as regards the assumption of a borrowed title; but it was in Paris that his old course of guilt had been run, and on his return to Paris he renewed acquaintance with his former associates. His intelligence and boldness, and the high social position he occupied, placed him naturally at the head of an organised band, of which, next to himself, his countess and his brother were the most distinguished members. Coignard, accompanied perhaps by his lady, would pay a visit to some great man, and would take advantage of a momentary absence to get an impression of the locks of drawers in which he had reason to suspect that valuables were kept. A plan would then be arranged by the band; the absence of the master of the house would be known to Coignard, and by him notified to his associates, who in a twinkling would carry off all the plate in the house. On the morrow Coignard would call, sympathise, and offer his services in tracing the robbers. After a while he would declare to the police that he had made discoveries, and, having put them on a wrong scent, would be at liberty to plan a fresh enterprise. Others, again, had bitter reason to recollect visits of the countess, during which Alexander Coignard, the footman, would carefully study the weak points of the house, from which all the plate would disappear soon after.

On his trial Coignard persisted in claiming his assumed name. To the president, who addressed him as simple Peter Coignard, he replied: "I have already had the honour to inform M. le Président that my name is De Pontis, and that I will not answer any questions addressed to Coignard; if death stared

me in the face, I would say the same thing." The president was obliged to give way, and thenceforth addressed him as "first prisoner." No doubt whatever was left in the minds of the jury that they had before them Coignard the convict; he had in fact in an unguarded moment betrayed himself while in prison. It was, however, fully proved that his conduct and courage while serving in Spain had been deserving of the highest praise, testimony which he supported by baring his breast before the audience, and showing them the scars with which it was furrowed. It was to these facts, and to a certain dignity in his manner, that he owed the merciful consideration of the jury. He had shot at an agent of police who had tried to arrest him, but he was acquitted on the charge of attempted homicide, and after a trial of two days, was condemned to hard labour for life.

An immense crowd flocked to the Bicêtre to witness the departure of the chain in which was the felon whose daring fraud had brought him into the presence and favour of his sovereign, and in every town through which his road lay the same curiosity was excited. His arrival at Toulon, his old place of confinement, was hailed with enthusiasm by his old comrades. The ex-countess, who had been acquitted, followed him to Toulon that she might still be near him in his captivity, and there she remained till he died, at the end of a few years.

The previous dispersion of the old French nobility, and the unsettled state of affairs in France, go some way to explain the success of Coignard's fraud; but the social position which he reached, and the length of time during which he maintained it with perfect external propriety, place him perhaps at the head of all modern swindlers of this stamp.

OUR BANKERS.

WELL do I remember going, when a child, upon errands to my father's bankers, Messrs. Pound, Schilling, Pense, & Co. The little slips of green paper, so curiously inscribed with phrases and devices, filled in by my father with figures, and signed with his signature, I can see now; the solid, ringing pieces of gold and silver that I received in exchange are still tingling in the palms of my hands. That pale, solemn, stoical face of the cashier, intrenched behind the high mahogany desk which I had to storm—its expression of intellectual concentration never brightened by a ray of mirth, or ruffled by those multifarious noises which I thought enough to confound it—is present to my mind's eye at this moment. I can see, too, those pliant fingers of his, seized at particular moments with fits of con-

vulsion—their joints so thoroughly worked, and in consequence so supple, that whilst the mind counted “two, six, eight, ten, and twenty,” they bent like those of a conjuror in all sorts of directions best suited for the operation—while straight flew the glittering coins into my grasp, and the cheque I had handed over, now marked with sundry mystical hieroglyphics, was consigned to some depository to me as unsearchable as the deep.

But I must pass *in medias res*. There is an apoplexy in banking which, though it proceeds rather from atrophy than plethora, is very fatal and instantaneous in its effects. This is stopping payment. The mere mention of the possibility is, I am aware, highly indelicate. Pound, Schilling, Pense, & Co. no doubt thought it so; and I wondered whether this was because the evil, like death, is always so near that attempts to avert it are useless, or so great that they trembled even to think of it. But I soon understood, however this might have been, that in the presence of a banker, or even his customers, preparation for such an eventuality was no more to be hinted at than we should think of talking to an elderly gentleman with a short neck and deep-purple face, of a flow of blood to the head. This dread of going to leeward might be, I imagined, lest the banker should be burnt for a sorcerer, and all his constituents indicted for conspiracy; in which case bankruptcy seemed the punishment to which the devil consigned his victims after the expiration and miscarriage of the unlawful alliance which had bound them together. Nevertheless, the consequences of truth are often as sad as the wildest fancies of romance. Is it not enough that these consequences are what real facts make them? The money, bullion, plate, jewellery, deeds, law instruments, and other *incalculables* of depositors are, at least, of some importance to themselves, who number thousands. Besides, public confidence, the growth of many centuries, suffers a sudden shock, very mischievous to all parties, when one of these institutions comes to grief; life-preservers, strong boxes, bars and bolts, insurance companies, and safeguards against fire, go up to a premium; and even those who do not directly share in the calamity, button up their breeches pockets against the convenience a banker would afford them; whilst those who go on trusting, sleep the worse for it in their beds at night. Twenty-four millions are thus disposed of among the twenty banks of Scotland only, where the system flourishes certainly in luxuriance. The thrifty habits of the North Briton have urged him to devise a means of advantageously disposing of the fruits of his economy; so that the common opinion,

that the institution of deposit banks fosters careful habits among the people of Scotland, is taking the stick by the wrong end. However, to be one of those whose savings go to make up the million which at this figure is somewhat less than the treasure in the keeping of but one of these institutions, makes even a Scotchman nervous when ideas of a banker's insolvency enter his head. My innocent understanding soon came to perceive that the difference between a banker and his customer was this. The former keeps his mind at ease by reposing faith in no one; the latter, by implicit reliance upon the firm with which he has his account.

Times, it is believed, are mended; and a good job too; for, in 1814, eighty-nine country bankers came to ruin. In 1825 also there was an awful havoc among them, scarcely a town of any importance throughout the country escaping the spectacle of a firm which had stopped payment. During this year there were in all trades 1,107 gazetted bankrupts. Fancy the long faces, the empty tables, the cheerless firesides, the lean bellies and sorrowful hearts, disappointed of the dearest expectations which ordinary prosperity had warranted among thousands of men, women, and children. One bankruptcy in London occasioned, during the panic in question, the stoppage of no less than forty others who were their country correspondents. It is worthy of note that, in despite of this general epidemic, not one Scotch bank was apparently a bit the worse for it.

In 1847 the commercial earthquake was even more disastrous; so that, although no one would of course quarrel with that etiquette which forbids any allusion to the liability of a derangement, or the possible suspension of the functions of life, in these establishments, such things have occurred; and for my part they have dispelled some of those superstitions with which I originally regarded the characters of Messrs. Pound, Schilling, Pense, & Co. and their whole fraternity.

But they *do* deal with the devil in one way, as I always thought, and as they who know anything about the secret consultations among the partners, or managing directors, are unable to deny. Frauds to a very great extent are often indirectly encouraged by the policy adopted at these privy councils; the bankers being cognizant of transactions they ought, due regard being had to the public good, to expose. Pound has obtained this morning from the broker in the City, alarming information upon the affairs of Shortquill, whose bills for very heavy sums of money have been discounted by the firm. Pound had all along protested to his brother traders against the

confidence they had for so long past been placing in the solvency and integrity of Shortquill; and, besides, Shortquill was not a creditable man to trust or have any connection with. There were suspicions abroad of his having mixed himself up with a notorious scheme which would not bear the light. Pound proves to be right. Shortquill fails to meet his engagements, and being implicated with one or two well-known swindlers in the abduction of certain securities, in which he has illegally inserted his own name and then used them as a means of raising the wind, he takes the express train to Liverpool, where a steamer in which he has secured a berth is making ready for a transatlantic voyage. The whole affair was so clumsily executed, and Shortquill's character had been blown upon for so long, that, in spite of the losses sustained by Pound, Schilling, & Co., it is judged best to hush up the matter, lest customers and the public should take alarm at the rap (not downright blow) they had received, and show some uncomfortable feeling about the imprudence and simplicity of the bankers, and the danger arising from the disreputable company into which they had fallen.

The seeds of that frightful malady which must not be named exist, though not developed, in every bank in the world. Country gentlemen, with a regular income derived from rents, often go on in their expenditure like a well-made clock. So many ticks—so many minutes—so many hours, and the circle of the day is completed. The banker knows pretty well how far the instalments of revenue will go, and how long the periodical sums paid in to the credit of the worthy squire will last, and all not likely to be wanted he appropriates to his own purposes. He provides on the same principle for the wants of his commercial clients. Now, bankers mean men who take charge of your money, and pay it all back again on demand. This they engage to do; but it is lucky they are so seldom asked to fulfil their promises, or this unhappy chronic condition would be inconveniently obvious. Of course, it is in the nature of the system. When I ceased to look upon bankers as magicians, I was at a loss what to think of them.

Statistics are not very easily to be got at, so much fluctuation and intricacy belong to monetary science. But it has been computed that in London alone money transactions are carried on through the medium of our bankers to the average amount of five millions every week-day in the year. In the entire United Kingdom we have a quarterly circulation of about nine millions, and this is divided among about 440 private and joint-stock banks.

The amount held as deposits by the various houses throughout the country may be safely estimated at two hundred millions, at the least, and half of this is at call. Everybody knows that, as the bankers employ this money at a profit not only sufficient to cover the interest they allow the depositors but to transfer something over and above into their own coffers, they would be totally unable to return any considerable proportion of it at once, supposing a combined demand were made upon them: and this is just what is meant by a panic. Some pervading misgiving, mostly wellfounded, seizes upon the community with the force and suddenness of an electric shock. Then comes a run upon the banks. Money is demanded. But if our bankers had always an adequate sum in hand for meeting such a contingency, it would be far worse for them than shutting up shop altogether; for nobody could open a bank upon such terms. However, the result of all this is the stoppage which none may mention, and which appears to surprise the most reckless banker, as much as the weakest of a confiding public. And now comes the one shilling in the pound. All this I used to *think*, and I must acknowledge it now seems as if it *had*, a dash of Satanic agency in it. An unconcerted combination, so impetuous as to defy the restraints of every human influence, for the ruin alike of the bankers and the infatuated victims themselves among whom and for whose supposed interests it originated.

To understand the business of banking involves a certain amount of mathematical knowledge. Algebraical equations are necessary to give sums at simple and compound interest, at simple and compound discount; to show the relative profits of discounting long and short bills, and what may be made under all the complicated conditions of giving and taking, in which so much of monetary science consists. Although in practice, tables serve for supplying much of this information, according to the doctrine that every engineer should know something about the construction of his machine, the cashier, the ledger-clerk, or the Co., ought assuredly to have minds enlightened by some algebraic lore. A suspicion of this was of course a *raison de plus*, in my infancy, for holding the opinion I had conceived of banking; and I agreed with our forefathers in considering science of this sort and the cabalistic arts so closely allied, that a lighted faggot ought to be the discouraging prospect of all addicted to the pursuit of such wickedness. I have since discovered that inductive philosophy is at the root of all the mysteries, sorceries, and enchantments in which our bankers—

even Pound, Schilling, & Co., though long ago gone to the bad—are accustomed to deal.

Any one who will take the trouble to read the numerous reports of parliamentary committees on the subject of this black art, will at once perceive how recondite and abstruse are the principles upon which it is founded. Contradictions, absurdities, proofs of ignorance, and confessions of doubt pervade them all; proving that, however deep may be the knowledge of the mathematics possessed by authorities in these matters, their study of inductive philosophy has been anything but satisfactory in a public and useful sense. Nothing but a medical consultation upon one of those common cases at which the healing profession are so frequently all agog, can exceed the display of opposite theories and remedies advocated by Lord A., Sir B. C. That, Mr. D., and Messrs. Pound & Schilling, of the firm of Pound, Schilling, Pense, & Company. It is not surprising how soon people in trade came to appreciate the advantages of possessing the moneys of others; but it is rather strange how readily capitalists deposited their wealth, tempted by the small profit and convenience which at first were held out to them. But faith being once established, and the system become common, our wonder entirely ceases; for, say what you will of the nineteenth century and the stalking schoolmaster, half the world do believe in the semi-supernatural nature of the banker's vocation, and delight to repose their faith where they cannot exercise their understanding.

But let us look more closely into this obscure business, and by so doing dispel something of its mystery. It consists mainly of discounting bills, which is, in fact, buying debts payable at some future period, which the banker can sell again, or re-discount, as it is termed, whenever he pleases. Next to this comes lending money; and this is generally done upon mortgage, in which case the mortgage is held as collateral security for payment. Sometimes loans are cash credits, which means credits upon overdrawn accounts. What the banker pays for the bills are "promises to pay," embodied in bank notes, or figures put to his customers' accounts. These "promises" extend far beyond his actual cash, that is, his capabilities, and are, so far, built upon his credit, the foundation of his earnings; and thirdly, he commands a source of profit in the purchase of public securities, such as stock and exchequer bills. Now, the price he pays for these debts and securities, and what he charges for pecuniary accommodation, vary, according to the market value of money, from three to

the extreme limit, ten per cent.; for money, the value of which is derived from the Bank of England rate of discount, was never known to be dearer than this latter quotation. To do all this safely with his customers' money, requires circumspection. He has to busy himself not only with the characters and affairs of his customers, but of those upon whom his customers are accustomed to draw bills, that is, his customers' creditors and connections. City men often talk of bad times, of things being (to use that elegant phraseology which is not unusual among them) as "dull as ditch water," of "nothing doing," and of "business being at a deplorable stand-still." The present moment is such a time. Gold has been got at by the French for defraying the expenses of the Mexican expedition; a vast quantity of it is gone to St. Petersburg, and the new producers of cotton have received large cash payments for the fruit of their industry.

This makes it dear at home and in many other markets, and therefore sends up the price at which the Bank of England will buy the debts I have just identified with bills brought to be discounted. As things may become worse, small capitalists abstain from investing their spare cash at present, hoping for the more advantageous terms which lower prices would confer; and accordingly they rush to the deposit banks, and there avail themselves of the handsome interest allowed for the use of their money. Alarmists are a race I detest; but since I have laid aside my notions of diabolical agency in the conduct of banking affairs, I have come to believe in the risk we all run when an overplus of dear money gets into the hands of dealers, who, being compelled to employ it at a high rate of interest in order to create a margin for their own profits, are unable to exercise all that caution of which the disposal of a smaller sum necessarily admits.

These observations have reference principally to our joint-stock banks, about which I will now say a few words.

The merchants of London formerly lodged their money, for the sake of security, in the Tower of London; but as Charles I. was hard up, and therefore not over scrupulous about ways and means, one fine morning he went to that fortress, and, being by divine right lord of all he surveyed, the treasure thus accumulated—at least 12,000*l.* worth, in bullion and hard cash—disappeared; and, accordingly, the faith of the public has been transferred to private and joint-stock bankers. But this latter class of bankers is the growth of more recent times. If indeed banking is understood merely to mean lending out money deposited by capitalists, then the trade is far older than the Christian

era, and would have thriven exceedingly well (as the Jews have shown us) without any Christianity at all. History speaks of Antisthenes and Archistratus of Athens as eminent bankers in this sense, though, by the way, the same authority informs us that 400*l.* in English money was about the extent of their yearly transactions. The Roman *argentarii* approached nearer in the nature of their business to the private bankers of us moderns. Then, when Sebastian Ziani, Doge of Venice, raised a forced loan to carry on the war against Frederick Barbarossa, commissioners, called the *Camera degli Imprestiti*, were appointed to manage the payment of the interest; but this again was a public state bank, and developed into an institution of great commercial renown. The Crusaders found immense facilities in the use of this bank. Its capital was, at its commencement, 433,333*l.* of our money, and it terminated its career only with the overthrow of the Republic. The bank of Amsterdam, that of Hamburg, of Rotterdam, and of Stockholm sprung up in succession; but it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the trade of banking, in the modern acceptation of the word, commenced in this country; and this in spite of the Lombards, who long ere this had carried on a species of business, from which however the great bankers of the day are hardly proud to trace their own. Note, that at this time interest for loans was twenty per cent.: a rate deemed so usurious, that a law was enacted reducing it to ten. These traditions have their disciples still among those who exhibit the three golden balls.

The banks of Messrs. Child and Messrs. Hoare were both founded before the Bank of England, which began its career in 1693 very humbly. Just one hundred years afterwards there were existing in London fifty-six private banks, including of course the above-named veterans, twenty-three of which now remain, and eighteen new ones have sprung up since. Of these eighteen, four are the production of the last thirty years. And now, just observing that in England, Wales, and Scotland there are about seven hundred and thirty-three of these establishments, we come to close quarters with the joint-stock banks, which certainly assume the best form under which this business has hitherto been conducted; for if the misfortune which is never mentioned should happen to one of them, it might cause ruination to the shareholders it is true, but mere customers would feel the blow fall lightly. And this is a great point gained.

In 1826 the statute was passed which permitted the formation of this class of banks.

Previously they were said to be incompatible with the privileges of the grand monopoly in Threadneedle Street. The encouragement afforded by the Act in question was slight. Lancaster inaugurated the new enterprise, and Huddersfield followed; but not until 1833 did the movement receive any marked impulse. In 1836 a mania in its favour prevailed, as remarkable as the lethargy with which it began. The first quarter of this year produced forty. 1834 is celebrated for giving birth to the London and Westminster. It was the largest partnership in England, exclusive, of course, of certain chartered companies like the Bank of England itself. The reception it met with was anything but cordial. First it was politely denied entrance to the Clearing-house, of which marvellous place of accommodation I shall speak presently. Then the Bank of England downright refused it the convenience of a drawing account; and other persecutions followed sufficient to furnish materials for a complete history of little-mindedness and prejudice. But the Act of 1844 came in time to rescue our first London joint-stock bank from these indignities, before the struggle against them had done any substantial harm. It was emancipation; and its beneficial effects are attested by the abundance of this class of banks and their prosperity. The 50,000*l.* of paid-up capital with which this enormous trading concern commenced has been since increased to one million.

Before the enactment of 1844, amusing anomalies existed. One member might rob the other members, that is, the firm, with perfect legal impunity; for, a man being incompetent to sue himself, and individuals of the same corporation, constituting each but one part of a whole, with no distinct and independent existence, a remedy at law was not possible, in cases of fraud among the partners. Then, again, clergymen being, by virtue of their office, prohibited from participating in commercial speculations, all contracts made by those banks which had spiritual persons among their shareholders were declared to be void and illegal. An alteration in the law was a thing needed, in respect of the public safety also, as well as fairness towards the new bankers. It must be confessed that the capacity for imposition first betrayed by the managers of joint-stock banks required correction. Their announcements touching the amount of their capital, and how it was disposed of, savoured of a school of deception too unrefined for the taste of those who keep bankers; and, accordingly, it was right that an Act of Parliament should compel a thorough and periodical revelation of these and similar secrets.

But having once alluded to that ingenious adjunct to the business of banking, the Clearing-house, I am impatient to relieve my mind of all I have to say about it. Bankers have frequently to place to the credit of their constituents sums of money, in the shape of cheques upon other bankers paid in by the bearers for the express purpose. Next door to the Guardian Assurance Office, in a court, and at a corner of Lombard Street, is a building in which the process I am going to explain is in daily operation. Formerly, when the contrivance was testing, the business of the Clearing-house was carried on in a room on the premises of Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smith; but it is now, and has long been, located in the house at the corner just spoken of. Bankers east of Farringdon-street only are members of the confraternity; the rest carry on a business, at a distance from the centre of operations, which renders the facilities afforded by the Clearing-house of less practical importance to them. These divide London into walks; and a particular clerk, among whose qualifications an aptitude for Hansoms and 'busses, a good pair of legs, and habits of activity are indispensable, is appointed to each, just in the manner adopted at St. Martin's-le-Grand with reference to the delivery of our letters. This district clerk, or clerk of Walk So-and-so, has to knock up all the houses within his circuit upon whom the cheques received by his own have been drawn; and this is what they call collecting bankers' charges.

But the members of the Clearing-house are enabled by their ingenious method to avoid the waste of notes by which these claims, pursuing the system just explained, must be adjusted. This is a saving of importance. The London and Westminster Bank once stated, in evidence before the House of Commons, that they were obliged, before they enjoyed the privileges of membership, to keep in hand 150,000*l.* in Bank of England notes solely to settle these charges. It is thought that 1,000,000*l.* would be too little to represent the waste of notes which, without the Clearing-house, would be entailed upon the bank. Now that the joint-stock banks are eligible for admission, the only *bona fide* bank in the City which is excluded is the Bank of England, and this for good and obvious reasons into which I do not now enter. Twenty-five private and seven joint-stock banks at present constitute the association. As the clock strikes 10.30 and 2.30, a clerk from each firm enters the room. He carries the obligations of other firms due to him, and compares them with the claims presented by others for which he is

debtor; the balance is then carried forward in an account kept between the Clearing-house and the Bank of England, with whom each banker also has a separate account; and not a single note or sovereign is employed in the adjustment of accounts quite fabulous in magnitude. Sometimes nearly 7,000,000*l.* in a day are dealt with in this concise manner; and on days appointed for the settlement of accounts on the Stock Exchange, the amount of business passing through the Clearing-house has occasionally equalled some 16,000,000*l.* sterling. At any rate, 1,000,000,000*l.*, on a moderate average, goes through this process annually. How many loaves of bread and coarse woollen shirts, nay, how many tureens of good green turtle soup, and silk robes, and gilded equipages, are represented by these few figures!

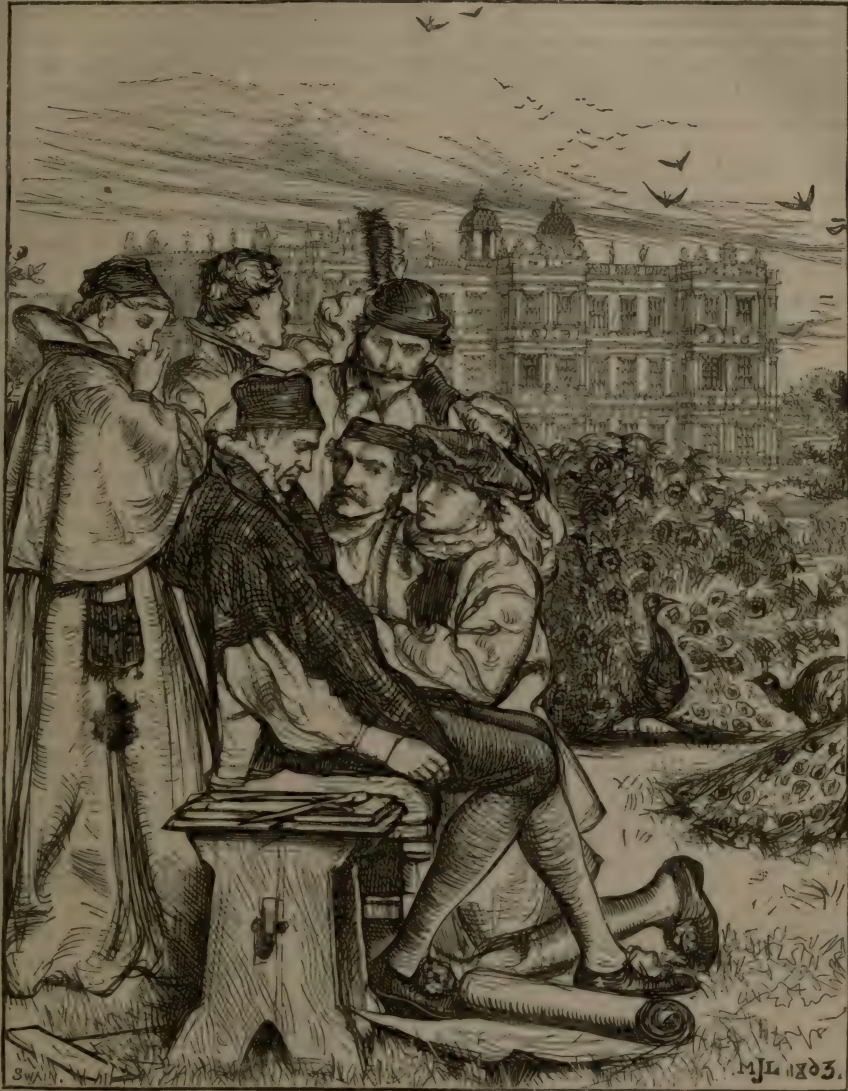
The clearing-room is fitted up with desks for every one of its members, whose names are arranged in alphabetical order over each. The collecting clerk, having assorted his cheques, goes straight with the "promises to pay" to the house he has claims on; and as each follows his predecessor in their circuit from A. to B., B. to C., and so on to the end, the animation of the scene, especially during the last quarter of an hour, is quite refreshing; a cage of canaries is not more remarkable for the noise and agility of its inmates.

When the balance is found to be against any particular bank, and in favour, therefore, of the Clearing-house, a white transfer ticket—being, in fact, an order on the cashiers of the Bank of England to place to the credit of the clearing bankers the balance mentioned—squares the account; and when the Bank of England is creditor on the balance, the Clearing-house gives a green ticket, addressed to the same "cashiers," ordering them to credit the said bank "out of the money at the credit of the account of the clearing bankers."

This shows the sort of jugglery which, by the reconversion of paper into gold, so amazed my childhood, and in which the business of bankers essentially consists. They have the advantage of using your money, and you that of reading their figures; and, inasmuch as money may be made to yield a vast amount of profit—which figures don't—they grow rich, and you remain as you were. This is the sorcery which transforms them into the dinner-eating, chair-taking, estate-buying, highly respectable gentry they always are, and makes us so resigned to hear of their promotion in the world, and so entirely satisfied at the prospect of the sons and daughters of their houses taking strong fancies to our own.

JOHN OF PADUA.*

(A LEGEND OF LONGLEAT.)



JOHN of Padua duly came,

A grave wise man, with a dark pale face,
He sat him down with a pondering brow,

And rule and compass to plan and trace
Each door and window, and terrace and wall,
And the tower that should rise to crown them all.

Ha! many a summer sunrise found

Wise John at his great and patient toil,
At his squares, and circles, and legends, and lines,

And many a night he burnt the oil :
'Till the house with its pillar'd porch began
To slowly grow in the brain of that man.

Long lines of sunny southern wall,

With mullioned windows row on row,
And balustrades and parapets,

Where the western wind should wildly blow ;
And cresting all the vanes, to burn,
And glisten over miles of fern.

* Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, situated on the borders of Wiltshire, is a beautiful example of Italian architecture of the Elizabethan age. It was some forty years in building, cost a fabulous sum of money, and was the work of John, an architect of Padua.

When thirteen Junes had burnt away,
The house arose as out of a dream :
Wide and stately, and tall and fair,
With windows to catch the sunset gleam ;
Fifteen fair miles of subject lands
Girdle it round where it proudly stands.

Two hundred feet of western front,
And chapel and turret, and acres of roof,
And porch, and staircase, and welcoming hall,
And gate, that would keep no beggar aloof ;
Three kings had died since it began,
And John had grown old, and pale, and wan.

One day the builder smiling sat,
His red-lined parchments slowly roll'd,
His work was ended—the night had come—
He bound and number'd them fold by fold ;
And sat so gravely in the sun,
As if his toil had scarce begun.

Yes, there his life's work stately stood,
With its shining acres of beaten lead,
Its glittering windows, row on row,
That centuries hence, when he was dead,
Should shine as they were shining then :
A landmark unto other men.

And there were the long white terraces,
And the great wide porch, like an open hand
Stretch'd out to welcome, and the tower
That rose like a fountain o'er the land ;
And the great elms blossoming round the walls.
The singing birds' green citadels.

They found him there when daybreak came,
In the self-same posture, self-same place,
But the plans had dropp'd from his thin wan hands,
A frozen smile was upon his face ;
And when they spoke no word he said,
For John of Padua sat there dead.

W. T.

THE AUSTRIANS AT HOME.

I TRAVELLED from Munich to Vienna at night, thereby catching sleepy glances of magnificent forest scenery, and only made aware of Austrian territory by a very military demand for passports. But when daylight came, and every one shook off rugs and drowsiness, it was difficult to believe that we were not in quite another world from the fruity, beery, cabbagey little kingdom of Bavaria. This impression arose quite as much from a difference in the figures as in the background of the scenery around us. The Bavarians, though a worthy, are not a handsome race, and nothing could make them look less so than a comparison with their left-hand neighbours. Bavaria is by no means an ill-governed country ; but, by the side of the Imperial Empire, many observers might imagine it to be so. No sooner do you cross the frontiers than you find yourself surrounded by evidences of a methodical, well-organised, practical government ; and by a new, handsome, and distinct type of physiognomy. Dark eyes and hair, slight clearly cut—often haughty—features, a *spiri-*

tuel, vivacious expression : these are the chief characteristics of the latter—characteristics which are deteriorated in the peasant, but never obliterated. I shall not easily forget the faces of two country girls I saw from the railway carriage, when within an hour's journey of the capital. We were waiting for refreshment, which, under ordinary circumstances, means a scramble for something we seldom get, never finish, and pay double for ; but, in the present instance, it was otherwise. Just beyond the platform stood a little stall, superintended by two young women, apparently sisters, with tall graceful figures, and as pretty, intelligent, attractive faces as I remember to have seen. Quick as lightning they brought hot coffee, rolls, and cigars to the window, with an ease and charm of manner quite surprising in peasants. I had afterwards frequent occasion to note other instances in point. Do what you will, you cannot make an Austrian woman vulgar ; and there are no ladies more lively, more accomplished, more charming, in fine, than those one meets in the middle-class society of Vienna. There is something akin to a prejudice in England against Austrians, for reasons which are obvious enough. This is a pity. Cultivated, sociable, eminently agreeable as they really are, there is no city one finds so pleasant, and quits so regretfully, as their capital. Of course, we must not be too anxious as to the political leanings of our acquaintances ; of course, we must turn from their Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament without very exact inquiry regarding the liberty—or non-liberty—of speech existing there : then all goes well, and we shall give Vienna and the Viennese precedence of pleasant places and people. To return to first impressions. Seen by the way, the country reminds you of a Suffolk or Norfolk farm, so great and uniform is the neatness evinced. Not an inch of bank, not a square yard of field, is suffered to look slovenly or uncared-for. The lines of railway tell the same story : the stations are spacious and well-built, the cuttings and embankments are faultless, the carriages of all classes are first-rate and luxurious to a degree. Slovenliness seems a word ignored by the Austrian powers that be ; for everyone knows how generally these effects are due to government vigilance, rather than to private enterprise. Anyhow, the results are good to the eyes.

Arrived at the capital, which lies in a plain, and is not striking in approach, you select a fiacre from the row of brougham-like carriages near, and prepare to pay the porters for rescuing your portmanteaus from the custom-house officials. And here a curious experience

awaits you. Not wishing to be imposed upon, you change two or three five-florin pieces at the *bureau de baggage*, and receive in return a bundle of dirty little scraps of paper. In answer to your look of horror, and two or three words of agitated German, the official suavely informs you that half a dozen of the scraps in question represent Austrian florins, value two shillings each, and the rest six Austrian kreutzers, value twopence!

Now, I had always looked grudgingly at the heavy silver guldens of South Germany, feeling that my bright English sovereigns went at a terrible sacrifice; but this state of things seemed ten times worse. What purse was ever capacious enough to hold three or four dozen bank-notes, even though twopenny ones? And then, to lose the pleasant jingle of loose silver in one's waistcoat pocket was no ordinary deprivation. It had to be endured, however. During a residence of some months in Vienna, I never saw a single silver or gold coin of the realm in circulation. You pay your cabman with a dozen screws of greasy paper; you tip the omnibus-conductor with a twopenny bank-note; you pay the house-porter in the same way if you return home after ten o'clock; you throw a *bank-note* to the beggar at the church-door! You see the market-women counting up their paper money when their fruit-stalls are emptied; you see the charitable dropping it into the crimson collecting-bags in the churches;—on every side crop up evidences of the critical state of Austrian finance.

And here a curious speculation occurs. So eagerly is foreign coin received, and especially English, that the rate of profit on exchange is most exorbitant. A few years ago it reached so high as fifty per cent, and last year it stood at five-and-twenty. It is easy, therefore, to calculate the advantage obtained by the very few English residents in Vienna in receipt of large incomes from England; and, supposing an income proportionately large, one might live on the profit of exchange, i.e., on nothing! Thus, if you received two thousand a-year, you would get two thousand five hundred from your Austrian banker; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Let us hope, however, for the sake of the nation, that this state of things will soon pass away. Of course, for Austrians who travel abroad, the loss is frightful.

"I should go to London and see the Industrial Exhibition," said many Viennese to me; "but when we travel we must pay in silver, and that ruins us!"

I have said that the approach to Vienna is not striking; but every one must be impressed with the first appearance of the city within the ramparts, less, however, from its construction and

embellishment than from its life and colouring. For these two specialties it ranks, indeed, first of any European capital. The streets blaze with colour and animation from morning to night; they are not handsome,—narrow, on the contrary, ill paved and irregular, utterly unadorned with trees; and, from their narrowness and the extreme height of the houses, almost inaccessible to the sun. But the brightly-painted shutter-signs of the shops, the gay ice-tents in the Graben, the vivid and varied stream of population, the change of costume, and, lastly, the perfect whiteness of the walls and intense blue of the sky, setting off all—this makes a picture pleasant to look upon.

The shop-signs are sometimes really artistic, and otherwise strike the stranger from their novelty. On every shutter is a representation of the choicest articles sold within. The milkman displays a sketch of hills, pastures, *chalet*, and milkmaid; the toymaker, an assemblage of dolls, rocking-horses, whips, and bats; the glove-maker, a gigantic glove, with tapering fingers; the milliner, a full-length Parisienne in the newest toilette of the Boulevard des Italiens; the confectioner, a feast of cakes, ices, fruit, and syrups, set off by crystal vases and flaming drapery; &c., &c.

Then the moving part of the street is as variegated as a kaleidoscope. Every fifth man is a soldier, and the military dress of Austria is cheerful beyond description, being white faced with every colour under the sun. The civil uniforms are as numerous; postmen, house-porters, footmen, gendarmes, out-door servants and in-door servants—all have their colours. Even the horses are not allowed to wear sober harness, but must be adorned with high collars and tassels of blue, green, orange, red, or purple. Lastly, the fair Viennese display the greatest amount of taste combined with the greatest possible amount of colour. There is this to be said—that all colours match well with bright vivacious eyes, dark hair and clear shelly-pink complexions—the characteristics of Austrian beauty.

When the stranger grows accustomed to these brilliant effects, other specialties of street life cannot fail to attract his notice. Foremost of these is the frequent transfer of stage decoration from one theatre to another (another result of governmental management),—the convenient windows through which agile lovers or plotters make their escape; the storm and forest scenes, with those wonderful alleys down which glide spirits dressed, as dress-makers say, "in mull-muslin;" salons of princes and throne-rooms of kings;—in

fine, all the splendid "*scenis decora alta futuris*" are displayed to the vulgar eye, in open carts, weather wet or fine.

A curious arrangement exists regarding butchers' shops. One might almost begin and end the subject by saying—"there are no butchers' shops in Vienna," since you may wander the length and breadth of the city without discovering any. But go at early morning to the market-places in the oldest quarters, and you see an assemblage of little stalls, or moveable shops, each decorated by a fringe of offal, and surrounded by cooks and *haus-fraus* bargaining. Go to the same place at noon, and shops, offal, seller and customers have vanished into thin air! This strange metamorphosis arises from a stringent police prohibition against any meat being sold after twelve o'clock; and woe be to the prodigal son, therefore, who returns to the bosom of his family at unheard-of hours, fondly expecting a chop! For love nor money are impromptu dinners to be had.

Here is another idiosyncrasy of street life. Long ago with us, Heaven be praised, dogs have been released from horses' work, but in Vienna, otherwise so admirably and effectually policed, this reformation still remains to be done. I have seen dozens of fine noble creatures doing regular work as bakers' drudges, and must say, at a risk of being considered as too presuming on canine sagacity, that every one of them looked degraded by it. Of stray dogs—Bohemians, in fact—the police are careful enough. Every night a cart drives through the city to pick up all stragglers, and naturally the more experienced vagabonds get to know the sound of the wheels, and make their escape.

Of all people the Austrians are the most sociable, and of all societies that of Vienna is the most attractive. So many and various elements combine to form these two results, that it behoves us to specialize the particular ones in question. First of all, what is the proper meaning of good society? Why is it desirable that we should be sociable—that is to say, in frequent intercourse with our *semblables*? Surely, good society must mean an assemblage of cultivated, intelligent, and well-bred people—people able to amuse and be amused, perforce teach and be taught. As to the last question, who can doubt that we should speedily lose all instincts of humanity if left to ourselves? The contemptible fact of gossip-mongers being supported and enjoyed in country towns, confirms this opinion. To live, we must have friction of mind and mind, fresh ideas brought from the outer world like healthful frosty air into the close atmosphere of the family parlour. In

all large cities we naturally rub off individual angularities; but in Vienna, of most others, is sociability carried to perfection. Everyone who has spent a season in Paris, knows how short and animated appear the weekly receptions in the *Chaussée D'Antin* or the *Faubourg St. Germain*; what inexhaustibly lively discussions people hold; what small things call forth argument; what little effort is necessary to keep up the general flow of spirits and talk. But the Parisians are satisfied with mere chatting, they seldom care to converse. In the salons of Vienna, you are always certain to find first-rate music and good conversation. Discussion is not a mere battle-door and shuttlecock game of words, but an earnest and thoughtful contest of ideas. Politics, as an individual property, is of course ignored as a part of the outlying world, not over-frequently handled; and the Austrians are not an especially literary nation, so that their minds are freer to embrace other and more general subjects. I think I may safely affirm, of every well educated Viennese, artistic feelings and a wonderfully lively interest in all that takes place beyond his own sphere. Music, painting, and the drama, form part and parcel of his daily life, whilst the condition and fluctuating events of other nations offer frequent subjects of thought and inquiry.

As an instance of this, I remember the effect produced in homely, albeit intelligent, little circles of my acquaintance, by the great prize-fight between Sayers and Heenan, all the particulars of which were entered into and argued upon with as much eagerness as by ourselves. Go with me to an evening party and judge for yourself whether Austrian society is desirable or not. About seven o'clock, you enter the salon where the guests are assembling, ladies in *demi-toilette*, gentlemen dressed as suits their pleasure. Tea or *Abendessen* is spread on the table ready, but the master of the house is not yet home from his *café*, and the hostess proposes a little music. There is no ceremony of persuading to the piano. Everyone is capable and willing to take part in the evening's amusement, the gentlemen invariably accompanying the ladies. By the time two or three chorales or duets have been performed, the father of the family comes in with a kindly hand-shake and "*Grüss Gott*" to his guests; then all sit down to table. Fresh rolls, tea and coffee, ham and sweet biscuits, are arranged on the snowy white cloth, and a fine napkin and caraffe of iced water assigned to each person. Beer and wine stand on the side-board for the gentlemen.

The meal is dawdled over, and seems made for the ladies only, men seldom eating after

the three o'clock dinner. It seems rather contradictory, but though the Austrians are the politest people in the world next to the French, they invariably allow the hostess to wait upon her guests. We should hardly credit our senses if we saw Englishmen allowing their friend's wife to go round the table with a plate of confectionary like Mary the housemaid : in Vienna such feelings must be indulged in silently. Tea over, the married ladies bring out their knitting and chat over household topics, the play, the Prater, and the Court ; the young people cluster round the piano ; cards, bagatelle, and other amusements are proposed ; everyone is animated, amused, and in his element. We are surprised when the wife or daughter of the house comes round to us a few hours later with chocolate, cream, or *patisserie* ; and declare to her that never evening went so fast. Yet all evenings are of the same pattern elsewhere. Dulness and insipidity are words ignored in Austrian drawing-rooms.

I must say a word or two about their amateur music. The Germans are a musical nation, but the Austrians are a nation of musicians, *voilà tout !* One might fancy there was some peculiar organization of the ear to account for so exclusive a gift, talent, or instinct, call it what you may—exclusive it certainly is in degree. What stolidity is to the Germans, what brilliancy to the French, what *pluck* to the English, is musical genius to the Austrian. Let any lover of the best music go to Vienna and judge for himself. He will find young ladies of good family singing solos in the churches on Sunday, and feeling nowise degraded by such a voluntary service. He will see business men sit down to the piano in the evening and refresh themselves after their city work, that way ; if he goes into the churches during high mass he must elbow his way amongst a crowd of rich and poor ; if he visits the Prater or the Volksgarten he will find every out-door orchestra surrounded by a delighted audience ; if he is fortunate enough to obtain access to any of the singing societies, held weekly, he cannot help feeling surprise at the number, and good standing, and carefully developed talent of the members.

When the spring season of dinners, balls, and concerts has passed away, when the pavements grow hot under the feet and the air blows sultrily from the hills, everyone "goes out of town." Towards the end of May the general movement begins. Fiakers are seen hastening towards the railway-station ; waggons stand at the doors laden and being laden with beds and sofas ; friends drop in to pay farewell visits ; the children are furnished with

bathing-dresses ; everyone more or less par takes in the general movement.

Gmunden, Ischl, and many other spots in the lovely Austrian Tyrol, are the favourite resorts ; but the majority of middle-class families hire unfurnished villas a few miles from Vienna, the wives and children almost living out of doors, the husbands and fathers going to the city daily by omnibus, and catching breaths of country air at night.

The environs of Vienna are lovely—mountainous, verdant, and picturesque ; but the villages are muddlesome, not to say dirty, with mud cottages, and refuse heaps here and there. The villas are white, square, and uniform, but there is this distinction, that the well kept ones belong to private owners, whilst those that have handsome draperies in the upper windows, and miserably grimy children playing in the court below, are let to all classes of lodgers, peasants tenanting the ground floor as in Vienna.

No people more thoroughly enjoy "out of town" life, however ; music and sociability are never wanting in the evenings, and the children have their full share of pleasure. I remember a pleasant visit made by myself to a country house at Döbling, about an hour's journey from the city. Passing through two long streets, unpaved and dusty, with monotonous rows of white houses, smart above and slovenly below, I found myself in a little court filled with piles of wood, rubbish, and furniture. The house door stood open, thereby affording me a pleasant glimpse of shrubbery and turf ; and brushing past two or three old women plucking geese in the entrance, I came upon a delightful picture of family enjoyment. The children were playing under the trees, the papa was dancing baby on the table, the mamma read aloud to him from "Jane Eyre ;" all was as it should be in domestic life—innocence, and gaiety, and content.

By-and-bye two or three acquaintances come in, bachelors who are glad to leave their lonely chambers in the scorching city, or occupiers of the neighbouring villa. We chat over iced wine till twilight, when tea awaits us indoors ; our host plays us Beethoven's moonlight sonata as the moon rises over the hills ; the young people busy themselves with lessons at a side table ; and thus the evening passes. The whole family accompany us to the omnibus ; we hear many a cheery "*Gute Nacht*" at starting, and in less than an hour, alight under the shadow of St. Stefan's.

One question is apt to puzzle strangers. You may have opportunities of observing various phases of Austrian society, but in none are lovers to be found. Neither in tea-parties

nor in pic-nics, neither in theatres nor in promenades, do you discover a young couple foolishly and unmistakably in love with each other, perhaps arm-in-arm, certainly very close together, often silly, always happy, living, in fine, perspective the desired state of matrimony.

Are there, then, no lovers in Vienna? I dare not give so a bold negative, although the state of the case might well warrant me in doing so. The fact is, marriages are made by parental contract, and however much the young couple may adore each other, they are not allowed to exhibit their feelings. They are never alone, indeed, till after the wedding, —a nuisance to the brothers and sisters, as may be supposed. This supervision is called *playing elephant*, and a lady once narrated to me the miseries attendant on such a custom.

"I have seen all my sisters and friends married," she said dolefully,—"nearly twenty of them; and to each I have played elephant in turn. It was very bad for me when they used to kiss: where could I look—what could I do, so as not to appear more foolish than themselves?"

No young lady can walk in the streets alone; another social mistake, resulting in the same effects that we observe in Parisian life. A girl of eighteen, married, has twice the privileges of a single woman of thirty-five; consequently, in the upper circles, where the *mariage de convenance* system is most stringently carried out, we find husbands and wives living utterly apart, each having lovers, pleasures, and pursuits of their own. I believe the married life of the middle classes to be happy.

At the present time, when so much is said regarding the position of our single women, it will not be uninteresting to consider that of their sisters in Austria. I think on the whole, the English spinsters have the best of it. However antagonistic some of us may be to the idea of sister Florence or cousin Anna-Maria becoming M.R.C.S., D.C.L. or M.D., it would give us great pleasure to see the same young lady sending a second Zenobia to an Industrial Exhibition, or painting a "Horse-fair," or writing a first-rate novel, or doing in fact anything good and useful that is not extravagant. Even politics and the sciences are fields for our active-minded ladies, not to mention many others less alluring and more beneficial. In Vienna all this is unknown. Ladies still maintain there the old housewifely, unambitious position. Of course one meets with occasional exceptions,—fiction-writers and poetesses, for instance, who have stepped out of the ranks; but the majority of women confine themselves exclusively to home and home affairs, and only look at the outer

world through their husband's or father's eyes. As to discussing politics, a fair Viennese would as soon think of studying anatomy.

"I hear," said an old lady to me once, "that English women spend most of their time in reading politics, and writing letters and novels. What become of their husband's and children's clothes? In the morning, we attend to the cooking and the linen, after dinner we go out with the father in the country, in the evening somebody drops in or we go to the theatre—where is the time for other matters?"

Every young lady learns cooking and needle-work as an art, and many of really good family make their own dresses, their father's shirts, and the *patisserie* of the family dinners. Reading is resorted to merely as an occasional amusement, and letter-writing hardly comes in the catalogue of daily pursuits at all.

But now let us consider these statements as bearing upon the condition of the unmarried women. They have no husbands to work for, if advanced in years probably no fathers; they cannot go district-visiting; they cannot, or rather have not the capacity for newspaper-reading, letter-writing, endless morning-calling; and they are debarred from professional and artistic occupations. What then remains?

"There is nothing for women to do but marry," said a very intelligent lady to me (I repeat her statement word for word); "and seeing as they do how poor is the prospect of single women, they are ready to marry at the first opportunity—with little regard to the feelings concerned. An unmarried woman holds no position in society, and possesses no privileges. I am only thirty-two, and yet shall soon give up society altogether, for I find my place in it so unsatisfactory and disagreeable. I like dancing, music, and other pleasures, but hardly dare indulge in the enjoyment of them, or I am looked on as an interloper by younger girls,—and I may expect no privileges which belong to more advanced age; I must not go to a theatre or to a concert without chaperonage; I am not at liberty to choose pursuits and acquaintances for myself; in fact, I have no more liberty than a child of fifteen, whilst I am debarred from her pleasures. Thus it is in Austria. Unless a girl accepts the first offer made to her parents, she must bear the consequences. It ought not to be so, for it does away with the sacredness of matrimony altogether. At first a husband gives his wife a carriage for herself, an opera box, and presents and enjoyments unnumbered—a state of things very delightful, but not lasting. By-and-by, if the two are ill-assorted, they separate in interests, and go each their own way. Of course it is bad for children to see such a picture

of domestic life ; and seeing it, only natural that they should grow up with very lax opinions of marriage."

This verbatim statement from an Austrian lady, and one well qualified to give her opinion, is good testimony to an unwelcome fact. Single women in Vienna are not well off. Doubtless time and intercourse with other nations will do much towards altering the condition of the whole gentler sex in the Imperial territory ; but such progress, slow as it is in all Germany, is slowest there.

To revert again to marriage. The celibacy of the priesthood, and the excessive preponderance of military, naturally make the settlement of one's daughters a serious thing to Austrian papas. Officers cannot marry without at least a moderate dowry, for travelling from place to place renders a soldier's family more expensive than that of a civilian's—both at the present epoch expensive enough. Thus, no one marries a girl without a dowry of some sort and an immense trousseau, almost a dowry in itself. Fancy six dozen *jupons*, six dozen *robes de nuit*, six dozen stockings, six dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, six dozen of every article necessary to a young lady's linen-chest ! Why, the husband may think himself a lucky fellow if he ever lives to buy his wife a yard of calico ! Yet such is the customary outfit of a bride, no matter what the condition of her parents ; they have, moreover, to find every article of house linen, kitchen furniture, &c. The husband furnishes his own room, and there his part of the preparation for house-keeping ends ; but, even yet, we have not enumerated the various items of the wife's. She must present her lord and master with six fine shirts of her own making ! This idea has certainly a wholesome meaning in it, for what blushing beauty would dare to offer slovenly specimens of needlework on such an occasion ? At least the gift incites to skilfulness in the handling of needle and thread,—those old-world implements for fair fingers !

And now I have a funny revelation to make. In England the very name of bedroom suggests comfort, privacy, and snugness—a sanctum, in fact, dedicate "to sleep and soft forgetfulness." What were my feelings of consternation, on finding that the Austrian *ménages* had veritably no sleeping apartments ! Yet such is the case. Traverse the whole length and breadth of your friend's house (as the *étage* he hires is called) after ten o'clock in the morning and until ten at night, and you would be sorely at a loss to know where the worthy *Herr* and *Frau* are stowed ; where the pretty *Fraulein*, their daughter ; where the two idle young gentlemen, her brothers ; where *Monsieur* their tutor ;

finally, where the three domestic servants. There is room enough, certainly, for all ; you see elegant salon after salon with velvet sofas and polished floors, but then people cannot sleep without beds ! Long and sorely did I ponder on this amazing subject, not presuming to ask so impertinent a question—not discovering the least clue for myself, till at length chance put me in the way of truth.

One morning I paid an early and unexpected visit to some acquaintances living in the old but aristocratic^{*} Schottenhof. The hour was nine, and I should not have presented myself but for urgent necessity ; still, on my host's cordial entreaty, I consented to enter. In the *versaal*, or entrance hall, lay a pile of small mattresses, perhaps eight in all, exactly fitting an ordinary sized couch, and I accordingly framed my conclusions. The handsome velvet sofas of the day were turned into bedsteads at night, and the double debt thereby "contrived to pay" also answered the purpose of a good appearance.

But where do the servants sleep ? To English notions the French system of sending housemaids to the seventh storey attic is repulsive enough, for we are so domestic that even our kitchens must be home-like and happy. What should we say to the fact of servants having no bedrooms at all ? A folded up bed in the entrance-hall, chest-wise, wardrobe-wise, or drawer-wise—a screen put up during toilette for mass or market—this is the sole accommodation thought necessary for maid-servants in Vienna. Often have I come unexpectedly upon one of these *paravents* in the landing, which half an hour later would be removed, leaving no trace of the office it had fulfilled except a strong perfume of pomatum. Where the poor creatures stow their finery, Heaven only knows, but on holy-days they array themselves with no little taste and expense. The reason for so strange a custom seems to be in the extreme dearthness of house-rent, and the thereby resultant desire of economizing space. Hiring a set of rooms is a very different thing to hiring a house, as in the first case you have to pay for every extra square foot of flooring ; and the idea of hiring an apartment for domestic servants never seems to enter the heads of Austrian householders. The rents are certainly exorbitant ; I think, without exaggeration, I may say half again as dear as anywhere else, Paris only excluded. For a comfortable set of rooms, not too high up—say kitchen, dining-room, and four other apartments, you would have to pay 150*l.* a year ; for a single furnished room in a good situation, without cooking or attendance, 1*l.* a week ; and so on. Every one bewails the extrava-

gance of house-rent, and the scarcity of silver. "It wasn't so before '48," they say; "we could live on half what we do now, could get cooks for 6*l.* a year, and housemaids for 3*l.* per annum, much better knitters, too, than the present set, who require double wages!"

How government clerks, officers, and the poorer class of professional men maintain their families, is a mystery. The Austrian *commis* is proverbially a poor devil, and every one knows that the military pay is far from munificent. Yet the clerk on his 80*l.* per annum keeps up an appearance, and the captain on his 200*l.* is obliged to make a show of 400*l.* The former pinches and screws to the utmost degree in his little *ménage* among the clouds, *i.e.* on a seventh storey, never letting the world know what he and his wife live and look smart upon. The latter gets into debt and goes to the Jews, who always help the military. Neither condition is to be envied.

The education of children, and especially of girls, is another expensive item in family ledgers. There are no schools or colleges for the daughters of gentlemen, a want which reduces parents to the necessity of governesses and tutors. It is not unusual, therefore, to find in a merchant's or banker's family a German tutor, a French *bonne*, and an English governess; or at least the two first, the latter not being yet so plentiful in Vienna as in most other continental cities. I may mention that French is the language of many private circles, and English is very generally understood and spoken.

And now I come to the copious subject of dinners. Whether, like Dr. Johnson, "we like to dine," or whether we are content with cold mutton and cucumber in the bosom of our family, it is not wholly an uninteresting matter to inquire how other nations prefer the day's meal.

Dinner-parties are given at three o'clock, or later, but business men dine at one. There are no *tables d'hôte* — a surprising fact, considering the sociability of the people, and one for which I can imagine no cause. Every hotel has, instead, its upper and lower dining-room; the former a splendid apartment glittering with chandeliers and gilding, in which you dare not for the life of you order a dinner of fewer than a dozen courses, with wines to match. The lower is far less pretentious, with unvarnished floors, black-handled knives, straight-backed chairs, and rather shabby waiters. Here you can dine as simply as you please; and, provided that you don't forget to add a few kreutzers for the *Kellner*, will always be received with a welcome.

You gain a good deal of information at these dining-rooms. The same men come to one

place day after day, till acquaintanceships are formed, and strangers talk to each other with the greatest readiness. It is a curious and significant fact, that unabatedly as discussion is carried on by all, politics seldom come on the *tapis*. The play, the Prater, the fluctuations of the Exchange, the affairs of other nations, the latest news of the city, no other topic fails to be brought forward but this so interesting one. Yet the Austrians have now a parliament and a constitution. How are we to explain these discrepancies? English residents threw out hints to me of café-house spies, &c. &c., but of course such statements should be confirmed.

I feel tempted to recall here a whimsical personal experience touching those very words — parliament and constitution. Travelling in the front *coupé* of a diligence from Ischil to Salzburg, I found myself in company with a Hungarian commercial traveller, whilst the back compartment of the vehicle (divided from us only by a plate-glass partition) was full of Austrian officers. The Hungarian made enthusiastic advances of good-fellowship to me at once, proving his high estimation by an inordinate confidence. He told me of his former exploits in the Hungarian national army, of his hatred of Austria and everything Austrian; finally, of his universal contempt for empire, statesmen, and parliament.

"They will tell you," he said, with a declamatory flourish of the arms, "that their Upper house and Lower house are based on English principles; that the country is represented by those able to do so; that the oratory is patriotic, the government constitutional. Don't believe a word of it. They have what is called a parliament, 'tis true; but its law is — silence — mum, as children say when they're frightened. *Voilà tout.*"

We were going over so uneven a road that the white-coated officers behind us could hear nothing of all this, which seemed rather a pity, seeing how dramatic were the elements of the "situation." Depend on it, this Hungarian *commis de commerce* entertained no more anti-Austrian feelings than all his compatriots do. You meet the national costume constantly in the streets of Vienna; and whether the wearers of it be men or women, all have a strange underlying look of hatred. It is my firm belief that no amount of good government (and the government is undoubtedly good) will ever efface this feeling entertained by the conquered towards the conquering. You never by any chance find the two nations mixed in society; and when encountered separately, the Hungarian is ready to fall on your neck, whilst the Austrian is

quite as ready to twit you good-naturedly on the subject of Kossuth and others.

On the whole, I know of no people who are pleasanter and more friendly *at home* than the Austrians. They are essentially a pleasure-loving, impulsive, vivacious race, with the faults that belong to all three qualities. I should say that the national fault is an overweening haughtiness to inferiors; but even this will soon cease to be so absolute a fact as formerly. Already the educated classes are getting tired of the constant hand-kissing of servants, and content themselves with a verbal submission from them, namely, "Ich küsst die Hand;" whilst only here and there you see children raising the fingers of uncles and aunts to their lips. The love of titles and distinctions is strong as ever. I once saw a letter directed to my housemaid, "*To her well-born Caroline Tinke*"—*wohl-geboren* being a common adjective, and having no equivalent in English but *Esquire*, which we don't apply to ladies, however highly descended they may be. A stranger will always address you as "*Gnädiger Herr*" in correspondence; and if you write to your washerwoman for her bill, you commence the letter "gracious lady." It is curious that such formalities should hold their ground

among a nation eminently sociable and warm-hearted.

Perhaps I cannot conclude this sketch better than by simply describing a gala day, as spent by an Austrian family. In the morning, *mass* (for the gala days are generally *fêtes* in the church calendar), with the gorgeous ceremonies and grand services of their religion; then a lunch of ices and sweet cakes at a confectioner's, followed by a stroll through a picture gallery or on the *glacis*, which would fill up the time till dinner; after dinner, a carriage or omnibus to Schönbrunn to feed the monkeys and sit under the shade, or to Döbling to climb the Rahlenberg and look at the prospect; next a biscuit, bought by the way, or coffee in one of the pretty tents on the Graben, and a hurried rush to the opera, or the Prater—the latter preferred if fireworks happen to form an extra inducement on the night in question. I might write an entire chapter on the Prater,—it is Hyde Park, Cremorne Gardens, Epping Forest, and Richmond, all in one,—but I forbear. Space is not permitted me to dilate further on the amusements of a people who live more than any other *pour s'amuser*. Those who would do the same must go to Vienna. They will find the task an easy one.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX. ACROSS COUNTRY.

ALMOST all the habitations that formed the little village of Santa Lucia were grouped together, apparently according to no other plan than such as chance and caprice had dictated, around an irregularly-shaped little piazza, on the lower or valley side of the church. On the other side of it—the side which looked towards the Apennine—were the churchyard, the *Cura*, or parsonage, and a half-ruined tower, the only remains of a small castle that had existed here in the days when the possessors of the soil lived on their land and in strong castles; the days before social progress turned them from rebels into courtiers. There were the landmarks of the old social arrangements still in their normal places: the lord's castle on the highest, most prominent, and defensible point of the ground; the dwellings of the peasantry, his serfs and vassals, huddled together on the lower ground at its foot; and the church and the priest between the two.

The old tower was thus the last building of any sort towards the hills. There were, it is true, one or two other villages higher up,

before the open ground of the mountain range was reached; and the little bridle-paths which were the only roads above Santa Lucia, meandered from one of these to the other in succession. But it was easy for anybody who had a general knowledge of the country, to reach the open hill-side without passing through these. It might have been rather difficult for one having no such knowledge to do so, for the country was broken into a labyrinth of little valleys, each with its small stream, ready to become a scarcely passable torrent after a little rain; and although it appeared easy enough to a wayfarer to steer his course directly for the high tops to the westward and northward of him when he stood at the top of any one of the lower hills, no sooner had he descended into the intervening valley, and plunged among the woods with which most of these valleys are more or less clothed, than he found himself wholly at a loss as to his direction and bearings. It was a difficult region, in short, for "going across country," and a stranger under the necessity of traversing it, soon found that his most advisable plan

was to bear with the tortuosity of the bridle-paths, and submit to be conducted to each hill-side hamlet in succession. Those to the manner born, however, knew how to reach the upper hills at need by a much more direct and a shorter route.

It was about three o'clock in the morning of a day some five or six days later than the date of the conversation given in the last chapter, that Beppo was standing in the deep shade of the western wall of the old tower above mentioned. The gloom was deepest on that side, and it was the side furthest away from the habitations of the village. But the precaution, if precaution it was, which had led him to choose that side for his watch, was little needed; for the moon that had lighted him home on his return from Fano after the day of the drawing, had waned; and the night was dark enough on all sides for the purposes of any who had deeds of darkness to do.

And Beppo Vanni, honest Beppo, who had never done anything that all the world might not have been witness to, for aught he cared—(save and except, indeed, that never-to-be-forgotten deed perpetrated in the moonlight under the half-way cypress!)—frank-eyed, up-looking Beppo, who had never quailed or dropped his glance before the eye of any man, was now to be numbered among those who loved not the light, because their deeds were evil.

Evil! In all honesty and truth he did not know it to be such; had every reason, indeed, to believe it to be the reverse. He was acting according to the best of his lights, and according to the counsel of the guide he had been taught to look up to, revere, and obey from his childhood upwards! Nevertheless, the honest, upright, open instincts of the man protested against the enterprise he was engaged in! It was exceedingly painful to him to be sneaking in the dark like a malefactor, fearing to be seen, and starting at every sound. It was not the idea of breaking the law that was shocking to him. The Romagnole peasant, ex-subject of the Papal Government, had small reverence for *law* as such; no idea that honour or morality was in anywise connected with the observance of it. It was the darkness, the skulking, the consciousness that it behoved him to be unseen, not only by the myrmidons of the law—an honest man's natural enemies, according to Romagnole peasant-philosophy—but by his own comrades and fellows, that oppressed him. And specially it was inexpressibly painful to him to leave Bella Luce under such circumstances. In talking to the priest upon the subject previously, he had never realised how it would feel, this sneaking away, and leaving his friends and acquaintance

to discover in the morning that he was missing. Now, the step he had taken was so repugnant to him, that he was on the point of returning to the farm-house while it was yet time, and telling the priest in the morning that he had finally determined on accepting service in the army as his lot in life, when the recollection came over him, that it was only by conforming to the priest's counsel that he could obtain the recall of Giulia from the city. To shrink from the course he had embarked in would be to ensure her continuance in the society of that accursed man. The blood rushed to his head and clouded his eyes as the thought shaped itself with maddening distinctness of representation in his mind. No! come what come might to him—let him himself become what he might—that should not be. He would save her from that, at all events. It was horrible to think that even during these days they were together; and he was in a hurry to start at once on his path of exile, as if the performance of his part of the pact would hasten the coming of the moment when she should be snatched out of that man's reach.

There was yet, however, one more thing to be done before Beppo could start on the journey that was to make an outlaw and a bandit of him. He was waiting there behind the old tower, by appointment, for a last meeting with the priest. That active and enterprising intriguer chose to see his man off, and to give him certain instructions for the facilitation of the object in view, when there should be no possibility of his making any confidences at Bella Luce or at Santa Lucia on the subject. It was necessary that these instructions should be precise with regard to certain names of places and persons which were to serve as pass-words and means of recognition. For, as may be imagined, Don Evandro was not the man to put anything in writing in such a business.

It has been mentioned that one other Santa Lucia man besides Beppo had drawn a number which condemned him to serve. But Don Evandro did not intend that any parishioner of his should swell the ranks of the excommunicate army. He had taken due care that this companion in Beppo's misfortune should also be found wanting when the day of the examination came. But he had avoided saying anything to Beppo on this subject. The man in question was of a different class, and of a very different character from Beppo; and it appeared to his reverence that the two cases had better be treated separately. It would not be likely by any means to commend the course of action in question to Beppo, to find

that he was to be associated in it with his fellow parishioner; and besides, there were certain means of facilitation and provisions for the well-being of Beppo Vanni to be made, which the priest either did not care, or would not venture, to put in action in the case of a less valuable and reliable member of his flock. So Beppo, knowing nothing of the fate or intentions of his brother conscript, was to start alone.

The priest did not keep him waiting long. Three o'clock had been the hour named. Beppo, in his nervousness, had been at the trysting-place a few minutes before the time; yet, in coming up from Bella Luce, he had tarried awhile under the half-way cypress! The little bell in the church tower had not yet struck the quarter, when Beppo heard a footstep on the other side of the tower, and Don Evandro made his appearance.

"So you are here before me, *figliuolo mio*!" he said, scarcely above a whisper, though in truth there were no ears anywhere within hearing; "I am glad to see you so punctual; it is a good sign. Now give me your best attention, for it is very important that you should recollect the directions I am going to give you. In the first place, have you brought any food with you?"

"Yes, your reverence! I remembered what you told me. I have bread enough to last me through to-day, and a bit of *salame*" (a sort of sausage much used by the peasantry).

"That is all right! Because, observe, it will be well for you not to enter any village or house in the course of this day. You are sufficiently known in all this district to run the chance at least of being recognised. Not that there would be much fear of any harm from any of the people of our hills. Thank God, they are little likely to feel anything but sympathy for a fellow-subject of our Holy Father escaping from the clutches of the infidel Government. But there is no telling whom you might fall in with. There are all sorts of spies and evil-disposed persons about the country; and it is very desirable that no information of the route you have taken should reach the ears of the authorities. Therefore, keep at a distance from all habitations whatsoever during this first day. And for the first night—mark me!—make, in the first instance, as directly as you can consistently with avoiding all villages and houses, for Monte Conserva. Then, bearing southward, cross the river at Volpone, under Sant' Andrea, and make for Monte Arcello; and thence go down till you are near the village of Aqualagna. You know Aqualagna?"

"Yes, your reverence; I have often been at Aqualagna; but I have been by the road through the Furlo."

"Exactly so. That would be the usual way to go there, and much shorter than the route I have traced for you. But it is very desirable that you should put yourself on the other side of the Furlo, but should not pass through it;—you understand?"

The Furlo, it must be explained, is a very remarkable passage bored through the living rock by the Romans, by means of which the high road of communication between Umbria, Perugia, and Rome, and all the region to the south-west of the Apennines on the one side, and Romagna and the cities of the Adriatic on the other, is enabled to thread the valley of the Cardigliano torrent, instead of climbing the mountains, as it must have done if these great road-makers—the ancient masters of the world—had not opened this extraordinary passage. The Furlo is situated between the towns of Fossombrone and Cagli, a little to the north of the village of Aqualagna.

"Do not attempt to pass by the road through the Furlo," continued the priest; "either now or on any future occasion while you may be out; for that is the spot where the road will be watched, and where any parties of soldiers who may be scouring the country will be sure to pass. Remember to avoid it. By placing it between you and this part of the country without ever passing through it, you will throw all pursuit off the scent more surely than in any other way. The track across the mountains which I have indicated to you is a long journey—a very long journey, for one day; but not more than such a pair of legs as yours can do: on the following day you may take it more easily. Now, observe just outside the village of Aqualagna, as you go on to the little bridge over the stream that runs into the river opposite Santa Lucia, you will see a Franciscan friar sitting by the road-side. He will get up as you come up to him, and you will say, instead of 'Good evening, *frate*!' 'Good morning, *frate*!' Do not say anything else. He will then walk on, and you must follow him till he comes to the door of a little oratory of our Blessed Lady on the other side of the village. He will just give a tap with his stick in passing, and walk on. Then you must go in at the door he struck. You will find clean straw, and food, and wine. Nobody will come near you. Eat, drink, and sleep; and start on your way before daylight in the morning, closing the door after you. The next day," continued the priest, "take your way up the stream of the Cardigliano, towards

the little town of Piobico. When you have cleared the village of Aqualagna and the high road, you need not be so much afraid of the villages and the houses. Make your way up the river as far as Piobico. There another stream falls into the Cardigliano, called the Biscuglio. Follow that for a little way from the town, till it brings you to a small priory, called Santa Maria di Valte d'Abisso. It is a very lonely spot, among thick woods, hidden in the deep folds of a very high mountain to the south of it, called Monte Nerone. There you will find five or six poor friars of the order of Miamis. Say to one of them you may first fall in with, '*Bella Luce di Santa Lucia*,' and you will be received with such hospitality as they have to give you. There you would be little likely to be found, however long you remain there. But if there should be any danger of a visit to the monastery, the friars will not fail to hear of it beforehand, and there are the means of baffling a whole regiment of soldiers close at hand. First of all, there is the wilderness and woods of Monte Nerone close behind and overhanging the monastery. Then, higher up the mountain, by the side of a little stream that comes straight down from the heights of Monte Nerone, there are some ruins of an old castle—much more than this old tower here; and there are vaults beneath, which the friar will show you at need, and which neither you nor anybody else would ever find without being shown. Have you paid good attention to what I have been saying?"

"Yes, your reverence!"

"And you think you will be able to remember the directions I have given you?"

"I think so, your reverence. I shall not forget."

"What are you to say to the *frate* to-night?"

"Good morning, *frate*!"

"All right! and what to the friars at Santa Maria di Valle d'Abisso?"

"*Bella Luce di Santa Lucia*! Oh! I shall not forget that, your reverence!" said Beppo, with a deep sigh.

"Well, then, that's all that there is to be said, I think; and the sooner you are on your way the better. And mind what I said about the Furlo pass! Don't be tempted to shorten your way by going through that on any occasion. Farewell, my son!" concluded the priest, giving him his benediction with a flourish of fingers *secundum artem*.

"But, please your reverence, how am I to do about getting news from home?" asked Beppo, rather dismayed at the evident intention of the priest to drop this part of the sub-

ject altogether. "You know your reverence said that there would be ways of sending word home and getting news from home."

"Of course—of course! I suppose it is the last of the two that is most in your mind, eh? But that must be left to me. I shall take care that tidings shall reach you. They will come to you through those holy fathers who are going to give you hospitality. Do not attempt to make any inquiry except of them. Tidings shall reach you, never fear."

"And your reverence has fixed the day for poor Giulia's return to Bella Luce?" said poor Beppo, timidly, yet anxiously.

"On Sunday evening she will be at home in the farm-house at Bella Luce."

"And perhaps your reverence would please to let me hear whether—whether—whether her conduct is becoming and such as satisfies your reverence?"

"Yes, yes! You shall have all the budget of home news."

"And your reverence will be sure to let me know as soon as I may come home?" said poor Beppo, innocently.

"Of course—of course! But you must not be in a hurry. Be content with the safe asylum provided for you. There will be hundreds of lads in the mountains, to get away from this accursed tyranny; but I doubt if there will be one among them whose safety and comfort have been cared for and provided for them as yours have been."

And this part of the priest's statement at least was true enough.

"I am not ungrateful to your reverence, indeed! Good-bye, your reverence!"

"Once again, God bless you, my son! May good fortune go with you."

And so poor Beppo turned his face to the westward mountains, which had become just visible in the cold grey light of the coming dawn during the last minutes of his conversation with the priest; and the latter returned to the "*Cura*," to make *la Nunziator* believe that he was just up.

(To be continued.)

THE MULLET AND THE GURNARD.

THE mullet, the first of the two subjects treated of in this paper, is a fish so highly esteemed by epicures of modern times (as it was also by the ancients), that it scarcely needs a letter of credit to the reader, and a short notice both of its habits and of its qualities will, I trust, prove interesting to many persons.

Mullets—including the red and grey species—found much favour in the eyes of the Romans of old, and many famous historians

have thought the culinary virtues of these fish worthy of high praise in their pages. Horace, whom we have ample reason to consider a "bon vivant," alludes to the excellence of the mullet, as also does Pliny; and during the reigns of the Cæsars, mullets were considered such choice articles of food, that artificial ponds were made for the special purpose of feeding them to perfection. Indeed, amongst all the luxuries of that luxurious age, none ranked higher than the pleasures of the table, and at the head of the list of fish then in demand, stood the mullet. It is recorded that enormous prices were given by Apicius, Vitellius, and others, for red mullets of a certain size and flavour. At the present day they are still much esteemed.

There are two varieties of mullet, the red and the grey, and the latter are, I think, the favourites with epicures, although red mullets are unquestionably excellent. Strictly speaking, mullets are sea fish, yet the grey sort are always found in the best condition in those places where the water is rather brackish than salt, as at the mouths of tidal rivers and about large docks. In such places as the latter they may be seen on the top of the water basking in the sun, or feeding on scraps of vegetable matter thrown from vessels in their vicinity. They are taken with rod and line very easily, and I have seen a small white fly used successfully as a bait on a very still day. I have been also told that grey mullets will take a bait of boiled turnip-tops or "white-heart" cabbage, and I think this probable, for the following reason: Sailors, it is well known, are fond of any green vegetable, and when in dock are in the habit of washing cabbages over the sides of their vessels, besides throwing overboard the remains of green garden stuff which has been boiled with their salt beef or pork. It is therefore likely that the grey mullets, which congregate in large numbers about the dock-entrances, may become habituated to the taste of green vegetables. When I have taken mullet, or have seen them taken, the baits used have been a small worm, a grub, a white fly, and once or twice a little piece of boiled liver. The liver was that of a sheep, and the bait was cut to about the size of a pea. Grey mullets are very difficult fish to land when they are hooked, and I think this arises from the softness of the skin of their mouths. They bite in so dainty and coquetish a way that the hook only just penetrates the skin of the lip, and the consequence is that (as when a child in play runs a needle lightly through the skin of its finger) the least tug ensures the liberty of the mullet. In this manner I have seen very experienced fishermen

lose five mullets on the average out of every eight fish hooked.

Mullets of both the red and the grey varieties are taken pretty freely on our British and Irish coasts, and in the North Sea; also on the coasts of Norway and Sweden. The mullets of the Baltic Sea are very excellent. The grey mullet, like many other fish of similar habits, is rather a choice feeder, and does not, even when it bites freely, bite *greedily*.

Red mullets are not so often taken with the hook as are their grey relations, nor do they prefer those places which the latter delight in; but, on the contrary, are found far out at sea, in large numbers, and taken mostly in nets. It is, comparatively speaking, a rare occurrence to catch red mullets with hook and line, but they are occasionally so taken, and generally in harbours. Red mullets will bite at worms or a piece of a red mullet. Mackerel, whittings, and smelts also bite readily at a piece of one of their own species; and I have caught large numbers of whittings with the eyes of other whittings, when I ran short of bait.

The red mullet is the variety of mullet most frequently alluded to by the ancients. Martial mentions a sum of upwards of 200*l.* as the price of a dish of three mullets; 20*l.*, 30*l.*, 50*l.*, and even 60*l.* were given for fish varying from 4*lbs.* to 8*lbs.* in weight. We do not see or even hear of such fish in our day, the mullets on our coasts seldom exceeding a foot in length, or weighing more than a pound. The average weight of mullets, both grey and red, is from half-a-pound to a pound, though there are to this, as to all other rules, some exceptions. Mullets are in perfection from August until February. The red mullet is sometimes called the striped or sur-mullet. It is not easy to ascertain to a certainty when many of our sea fish spawn, as the spawning season varies according to the condition of individual fish. Some salmon spawn in October, whilst others do not shed their roes until Christmas or even afterwards. Mullets spawn about Midsummer or a little later.

There are many ways of dressing the mullet for the table, but none comparable, in my opinion, to the fashion of stewing them in wine, either Port, Claret, Burgundy, or red Hermitage, according to taste. Always select a red wine. A little spice may be added at discretion. Red mullets fried are good. A very excellent plan is to cook them enclosed in small envelopes of fine white paper, in the style of "Maintenon cutlets." The paper must be well buttered to prevent it catching fire. The fish when done should be served very hot, and then slices of dressed cucumber handed round with them. Epicures can use any fish sauce

which they prefer, and I know that many people add to mullets cooked in this style a rich "made gravy." The grey mullets are the best for stewing, and the red for the cutlets. No fish excels the mullet in delicacy of flavour. Mulletts require the greatest skill in dressing, and are not appreciated at their just value, except by real connoisseurs in fish-excellence.

I come next to the gurnard, or "gurnet," which is a very peculiar fish. The gurnard is cousin-german to the mullet, but possesses none of the latter's delicacy and choiceness. There are many varieties of this fish, the most common being that known as the "red gurnard." The term "gurnet" is very probably a corruption of "garnet," a name in all likelihood bestowed on the fish on account of certain of its parts being of a bright red colour. Red gurnards are taken in enormous quantities in trawl-nets, and are sometimes so plentiful as to be used for manure. They are consequently very cheap, and are sold in vast numbers in the lower districts of London, such as Bethnal Green, Lisson Grove, the New Cut, Whitechapel, the Seven Dials, and on the stalls in Crawford Street, Seymour Place, and the densely crowded streets in the vicinity of the New Road. It is a curious fact in connection with the sale of fish, that the nearer a town is to the sea the less do the inhabitants of that town care for a fish dinner. In most sea-side places fishermen have so little fancy for the article of their trade, that I have often known them go dinnerless sooner than make a meal of it. The distaste of these good fellows for fish may probably arise from the same cause as the disinclination of pastrycooks' apprentices to eat pastry, viz., a surfeit of the edible in question—fish or pastry, as the case may be—during early apprenticeship. In almost all inland towns, fish, unless at a time of poverty among the working classes, are readily bought. In sea-side towns, on the contrary, the seller of fish finds a difficulty in disposing of his stock.

Whilst speaking on this subject, I may be allowed to mention a most singular circumstance, recorded by Mr. Henry Mayhew in the first volume of his invaluable work, "London Labour and the London Poor." He states that the London street-sellers of eels will never buy eels for *their own* eating, either stewed or in pie, for fear the eels should not have been killed, but brought to market dead. These street-sellers suppose that eels which have died a natural death are not fit for food, though it is very difficult to account for the prejudice, as they raise no objection to eating other fish which have died in a similar way. Perhaps

this is a digression from my point, but I consider the fact so curious as to be worth a few lines.

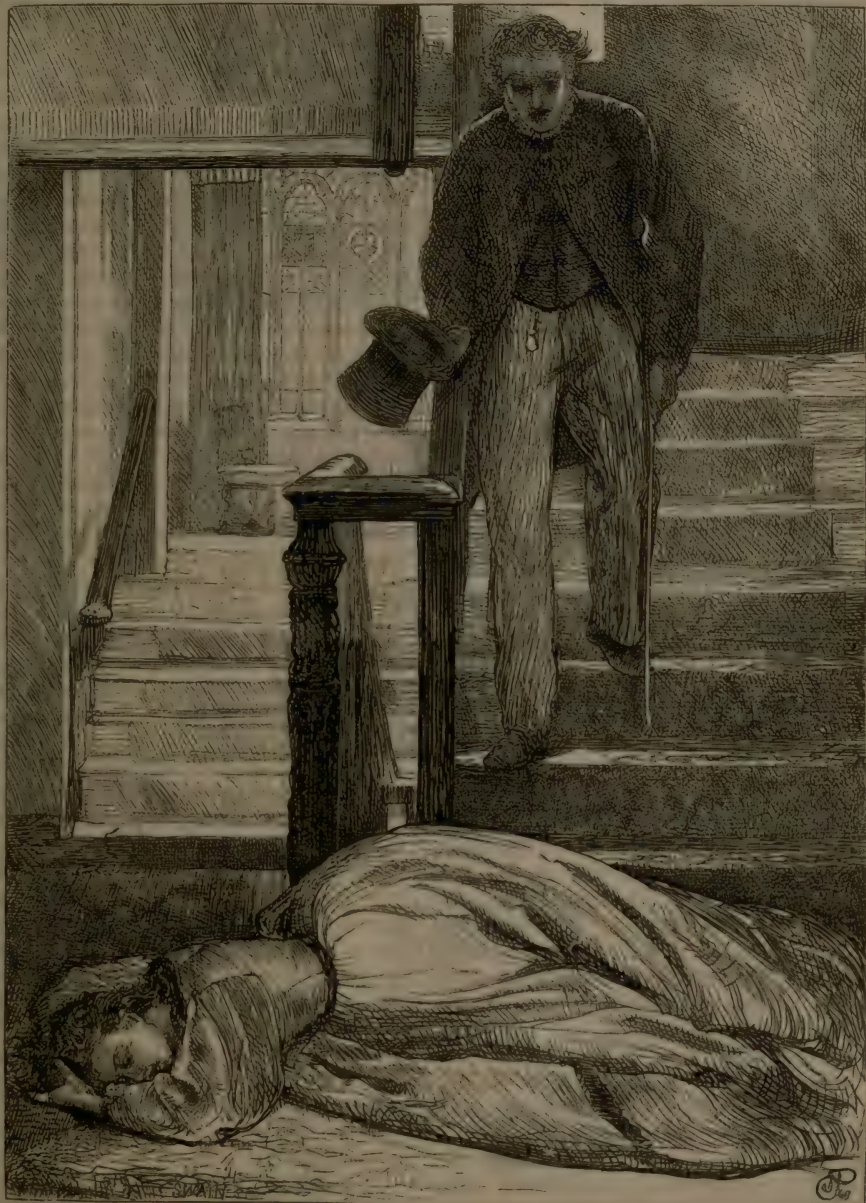
In the crowded and squalid districts of London, where the poor, the idle, the ignorant, and the vicious of all sorts, huddle together in rags and wretchedness, fish form a very favourite article of diet. Thieves, and the very lowest outcasts with even more vicious propensities, eagerly buy fish of all kinds, the cheapest and most easily procured being plaice, herrings, sprats, and gurnards. Great quantities of gurnards are sold in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Theatre, the chief purchasers being the street Irish, who are not at all particular as to the quality of what they buy, regarding *quantity* as the great point. The hawkers of fish say that the Irish can live well where the lower orders of English would starve, and that they buy tainted fish readily if it be but cheap. About a year ago I was passing one evening from the "Elephant and Castle" down the Blackfriars Road, and observed a costermonger selling gurnards to a number of women. The fish were disposed of very cheaply—at the rate of about ten fair-sized ones for two pence—and yet most of the poor man's Irish customers complained that they had not sufficient for their money. I myself heard the seller refuse the money of some women, asserting that he should lose by it, if he gave them as many fish as they demanded.

The red gurnard is caught in the trawl-nets in deep-sea water, in common with many other fish. I have occasionally taken one on a hand-line when fishing for whiting. I have also taken them on my cod-lines, with a herring bait, but not often. The gurnard is not a handsome fish: his head is encased in a kind of spiked helmet of a hard nature, plated as it were with very thick scales. This renders him a very formidable foe to the small fish and crustacea, on which he feeds. When fishing for gurnards with hook and line, a shrimp or prawn should be the bait used, although gurnards take the worm also. The flesh of the gurnard is wholesome and well tasted, but it possesses a watery sweetness, which somewhat detracts from its merit. Gurnards are much sought after, as I have said, by the lower classes, their best recommendation being their cheapness. No persons who have the power of choice would select a dish of them for a first course, in preference to other and better fish. The way of cooking gurnards is simply to fry them in lard or oil, and the latter is most frequently used. Fish, when dressed by the Jews, are always fried in oil, lard being forbidden by their religion.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

BRACKEN HOLLOW.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.



PART II.

THE next time that Grace came to the cottage she gave her hand to Hugh with an eagerness that made the brave fellow blush and tremble like a girl. Her voice was very

sweet that day, and her manner very soft and subdued. After she had gone, Madge, my old servant, gave it as her emphatic opinion (delivered to the cat on the kitchen hearth) that "Miss Grace's smile would coax the birds

off the bush." That evening Hugh sat for a long, long time staring out at the bay with an expression on his face which I had never seen there before. And I thought—"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, my dear lad! is it fated that this woman shall bring even yet more trouble upon us?"

About this time Margaret Avon had a slight illness, and Grace had an errand to the village on her horse almost every day—for books, for medicine, or for the gratification of some whim of her grandmother, who insisted on the girl's riding every morning, lest her health should suffer from the close attendance upon her which Grace was disposed to give. But Margaret did not know that Hugh was at the cottage, or she would assuredly never have sent Grace cantering up to its porch morning after morning, with cheeks glowing, lips scarlet, and eyes sparkling with the healthful exercise. I should have spoken of his being there, only for the fear of agitating her dangerously by mentioning a name which for so many long years had been a forbidden one between us. And so Grace came and went, and I soon saw how Hugh's eyes flashed when the clatter of the well-known hoofs sounded in our ears through the open window, and how eagerly he hurried to the gate to help her from her saddle.

At last I said to him one day:

"Hugh, my lad! I think you had better go back to your work."

He, knowing very well what I meant, met my eyes frankly, and said:

"Yes; I think I had."

And he went.

On Margaret's recovery her first care was to invite visitors to Bracken Hollow. The house was soon filled, and balls and pic-nics and boating parties passed the summer days and nights gaily for its inmates. I never joined in their amusements, but I looked in now and again, just to see how our young Italian rose bloomed on the mountain-side; and, finding her pale and weary-looking, and subject to her old strange moods, I ordered her to renew her exercise on horseback. But her gay guests from town did not care for riding, they found the Glen roads too rough.

"Well, then," I said, "you must ride alone. We cannot have grandmamma breaking her heart about those pale cheeks."

And after that I had many an early visit from Grace, who would arrive at my door of mornings when I was sitting down to my eight o'clock breakfast, and flash into the room, crying:

"Will you give me a cup of your tea, doctor! those lazy people at the Hollow

will not have breakfast for two hours to come."

She had some suitors among her gay visitors. On one of these—a handsome, wealthy fellow—I thought Margaret Avon looked with favour, though I scarcely imagined that she could contemplate parting with her precious child so soon. But all these fine people seemed only to weary Grace, and she evidently regarded as so many boons the stray hours spent with me and Madge and Rough.

Hugh had been gone two months, when one morning I had a note to say that he had taken a dislike to his work, had got headaches, and must have a day—if only a day—in the Glens to refresh him. I shook my head over the letter. Never had Hugh taken a whim like this before. I lifted a vase of flowers arranged by Grace yesterday morning, lifted them, breathed their sweetness, and shook my head again. "Dangerous," I said; "dangerous!" But, feeling that I could do nothing, I was fain to apply myself to the Lancet, and try to forget my perplexities.

Late that evening, in the midst of the first shower of a thunder-storm, Grace's steed flew to the door, and Grace herself cried with comical distress:

"Doctor! doctor! will you take me in and dry me?"

I lifted her, laughing, from the saddle, and carried her in all dripping with rain. Madge, with many "Mercy me-s!" and "Heart-alives!" helped to free her from her drenched habit, and after she had re-appeared to me, arrayed in a wrapper of pink print belonging to Madge's daughter, with her limp hair brushed wet from her forehead, and her face as fresh as a newly-washed rose, after this I said:

"Now, my dear, you are storm-stayed for the night. I have sent back the servant to say so to your grandmother. Let Madge set forth her best tea-cups and prepare her most delectable griddle-cakes, and let us make ourselves as sociable as possible. Your gay friends must spare you to us till to-morrow."

She laughed, and tears flashed into her eyes, which April-like contradiction of mood was a trick of hers when much pleased. The next minute she said abruptly:

"Doctor, if I were to be turned out by my grandmother, and to come to you a beggar, would you call me 'my dear,' and give me a night's lodging till I should find somewhere to go to?"

"Yes," said I, laughing at her earnestness; "and perhaps a cup of tea, too, if you were a good girl. And who knows but I might send you to fetch my slippers, and instal you behind

my tea-pot as housekeeper and stocking-darner to a single old gentleman?"

She said, eagerly, "Would you?" and then turned away and went out of the room. Not long afterwards I heard her putting much the same question to Madge, in the kitchen.

"Madge, if I were a beggar and came to the back door, would you give me a bit of that cake, and call me 'Miss Grace, darlin,' and let me sit here and nurse pussy on my knee?"

And then I heard Madge's startled rejoinder,

"For the Lord's sake, Miss Grace! To be sure I would, with a heart an' a-half!"

What can fill her brain with such fancies? I thought. How could her grandmother ever turn against her? Unless, indeed—and then my thoughts wandered away to things possible in connection with Hugh. But, no; her own two grandchildren—

Here my reflections were interrupted by a knocking at the door. I started to my feet, and flung away my paper. It was Hugh's knock.

I saw their meeting that night on the bright sanded hearth of Madge's kitchen, whither Hugh had rushed to shake off his wet great-coat, and from that hour I made up my mind to one thing as inevitable. Grace made our tea that night and buttered our cakes, and afterwards they two read poetry together at the table, like a pair of young fools (I give the name in all tenderness), a pair of wise, happy, foolish children.

But the next day brought the cavalier before-mentioned to conduct Miss Avon home. He treated me and Hugh with the air of a superior being, and I could not but smile as Hugh, having conducted himself towards the visitor with much dignified hauteur, finally flung the gate, and muttered something fierce between his teeth which I could not hear.

After that little adventure there was an end of Grace's visits to the cottage. Her grandmother heard of Hugh incidentally from the cavalier, and Grace was ordered to turn her horse's head in a different direction from the village when she went on her rides. So we saw no more of her for some time; but Hugh had his consolation in hearing of the dismissal of the cavalier, who, followed by the rest of the visitors, took his way from Bracken Hollow soon after.

Hugh's "day" lengthened into some weeks, and he had never once seen Grace since that night. Margaret was growing very weakly, and I was obliged to visit the Hollow regularly. On these occasions it struck me that Grace was looking ill and dejected. I invariably found her seated patiently by her grandmother's side. Poor Margaret said her child

was the best of nurses. One evening she accompanied me to the hall-door. Autumn was waning fast, the sunset glared upon the mountains with a frosty fire, the air was disturbed by the constant rustling of dead leaves haunting the earth in search of a grave. Grace wore a pale grey dress, and the bright colour was gone from her cheeks and lips as she stood on the threshold gazing towards the horizon, with dull dark eyes just lit by a red reflection from the western sky. Although not of a poetic temperament, I could not but think she looked more like a spirit than anything else; much too like a spirit to please my professional eyes.

I thought it right to tell her that her grandmother's disease was such as might extinguish life suddenly at any time. I thought it only natural that she should cry, but we had no scene. The trouble was strong and genuine, but controlled. As she gave me her hand at parting, she said:

"Doctor, if she were gone, might I not do as I pleased with the property which she says will be mine?"

I said I believed she might.

"And if I chose to give it to some one who has a better right to it than I have, would you help me to return to Italy? I believe I could earn my bread there on the stage."

I told her she was a foolish child, and had been moped too much in the sick room. I made her promise to take a long walk on the morrow.

Next evening I found Margaret on her couch in the drawing-room alone. She had sent the dear child for a ramble, she said. She herself felt much better. I sat a long time by her sofa. The poor old lady was in a good humour and communicative. She discussed with me the affair of the cavalier, in which, as I had guessed, Grace had proved unmanageable.

"Do not wonder," she said, "at my anxiety about it. I am very old. I may go any day. I should like to see the dear child happily settled before I close my eyes. He is a fine young fellow, and it would be a suitable connection for the Avon family. But he will come again, he will come again. She will soon tire of this dull life. It must come right. I have set my heart on it. And then—"

"Ay!" I thought, "and then?" But that "then" the future was destined never to bring forth.

"Give me your arm, dear friend," she said, "and take me to the door. I long for a breath of the fresh air."

We went together to the door, and stood

quietly looking out into the mild fresh dusk, the deeply tinted shades of a highland twilight. Impalpable echoes floated dreamily in the air, stray notes from drowsy birds dropped down from startled nooks aloft; the trees seemed whispering an audible hush one to another, and now and again a brown leaf hovered reluctantly to the ground.

My eyes were better than Margaret's, and I was the first to see two figures coming slowly from among the trees. I passed my hand over my eyes, and looked again. Yes, they were surely coming, Grace and Hugh. Quickly I saw that he was almost carrying her, and that her arm hung helplessly by her side. As they approached the house I saw what was the matter. The girl's left arm was broken. I believe that surprise at seeing Hugh at first prevented Margaret from observing Grace's accident. In my own anxiety I did not note how her face greeted her grandson, but presently I heard her say in a husky voice—that pitiful, quivering voice which always will betray the emotion of the aged, no matter how strong or stern may be the spirit:

"May I ask, sir, who are you?"

I glanced at Hugh. His eyes were wide and bright, his mouth pale and firm. Never had he looked nobler; never had he looked more like his mother. Some touching echo in the old lady's voice bade me hope, despite the hard uncourteousness of her words. How would Hugh behave?

He uncovered his head deferentially, and announced himself as Hugh Desmond.

At the name her mouth twitched ominously. Poor old Margaret! she had a struggle before she answered.

"Then, sir, I will trouble you to come no further; you are not required here!"

"He saved me," moaned Grace; "but for him, I should have been brought dead to your door."

"Dead! dead!" Margaret repeated in a hurried terrified voice, and I thought she glanced wistfully at Hugh. But the lad looked defiant, and the old spirit would not be so easily quenched. I think it drew an accession of bitterness and strength from Hugh's careless independence of bearing. She said grimly: "You have done well, sir, but you have done enough. We will trouble you no more. You may go."

"I will first place my cousin Grace in a less painful position," said the boy, boldly, and at the same time he carried the girl past her into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

"And now I will obey your hospitable commands, madam," he said, bowing to her with the same slightly scornful deference, where she

stood trembling by, with the frown gathering blacker on her brows each second.

"Go!" she whispered hoarsely, pointing to the door with her shaking finger.

"Oh! wait, wait!" moaned Grace. But he was gone.

She raised her head. She sat up leaning upon her sound arm. Her hand, white and damp with the dew of agony, grasped the cushions with fierce effort. Her suffering must have been almost intolerable, but there was something in the wild, dark eyes looking from her pallid face, that told of mental pain to which mere physical torture was little.

"What have you done?" she cried in a kind of passionate wail. "You have driven away the only creature who has a right to rest under your roof, your only grandchild. For me, I am nothing to you; nothing, nothing. I solemnly swear that I am not Grace Avon. Grace Avon died twelve years ago!"

She got up with her white wet face, and broken arm; she waved me off; she shrank away, and crawled rather than walked from the room. I led Margaret to a chair. She did not speak, but her face worked piteously. She had got a sore, sore blow. I rang for a trusty servant, and followed Grace. At the bottom of the stairs I found my poor child, stretched stiff and insensible, with her face buried in the mat. I carried her up to bed. It was long before that swoon gave way. When it did there was violent illness and much danger. Late that night I stood by Margaret's bedside. It shook me with trouble to see how my poor old friend had aged and altered during the past few hours. From that bed I knew she would never rise again.

"Don't send her away!" she whispered. "Not yet. I would not turn out a dog with a broken leg. Let her get well. But take her away when she is better. I cannot see her. My heart is broken."

And she turned her poor face to the wall. Oh, stern soul! Oh, inexorable will! the retribution had come.

I found myself wondering much just then that Margaret should have so quickly admitted and comprehended Grace's strange confession, that she had not received it slowly and understood it with difficulty. But I afterwards knew that she had long suspected the girl of having some secret trouble, something that pressed heavily on her conscience, which she, Margaret, could not and dared not divine. Therefore it was that Grace's short vehement declaration came upon her, as upon me, with all the crushing weight of truth.

I went back to Grace, and there, in the dead of the night, with the lamp between us

burning dim, and the shadows lurking black in the corners of the big old-fashioned room, I heard all the tale of this poor girl's life and suffering, and unwilling wrong-doing. The pain could not force her to keep silent till to-morrow, she must speak, she would confess. She writhed upon her pillow, she bit her poor lip, but she would go on.

"I was a poor little hungry, wretched, half-naked child," she said, "begging in the streets. A kind-looking English lady took me by the hand and brought me home to her house. She clothed and fed me, and kept me with her. She taught me, and I loved to learn, and I was very happy. She always spoke of my kind grandmother who paid her for taking care of me, and who supplied all my pretty frocks, and toys, and sweetmeats; and told me that one day I should go across the sea, and live with that good grandmother. She seemed very anxious that I should forget all about my childhood before coming to her, and about that day when she first found me in the street and brought me home. But I could not forget. I remembered it all distinctly, and as I grew older, the memory of that part of my life puzzled me greatly. Hints from a servant first made me suspect something wrong. I spoke to the lady, but she was very angry, and would tell me nothing. At last, when the time arrived for me to leave her she became frightened, I believe, acknowledged the deceit which she had practised on my supposed grandmother, and conjured me to keep the secret, which she said was now mine much more than hers. The child left in her care, for whose education and maintenance she had been handsomely paid, had died at seven years of age, and her selfish dread of losing so good an income had induced her to conceive the cruel plan of concealing the death, and substituting another for the poor little girl who was gone. I was the unhappy creature on whom she fixed for the carrying out of her purpose, choosing me, she said, because she thought my face would please my supposed grandmother.

"She told me all this just before my departure for Ireland. My trunks were packed, and strangers were to bring me home. I implored her to write and confess to my—to Mrs. Avon, all that she had done; but she only laughed, and called me a fool. She said if I kept my secret no one need ever know that I was not Grace Avon. She said, 'What would you do, reared and educated as you have been, if you were turned adrift on the world, friendless and penniless? Besides, how could you prove your story? Who would believe you? They will perhaps place you in a madhouse. I can easily hint that your brain is unsound.'

"When she found that I was not afraid for myself, she reminded me of the poor old lady who expected me, who would be so enraptured to see me, and whom the shock of my confession would probably kill. I cried all through the nights. I prayed for strength to do what was right. I thought I would tell the friends who came to fetch me, and ask their advice. But when they arrived they were gay, fine people, and I could not find courage to speak. I fancied how they would stare, and shrink away from me.

"Then I resolved to wait, and tell my—tell Mrs. Avon herself. Whilst travelling here I longed to confide in you, for your kindness encouraged me; but still my voice failed me. I could not do it. Arrived here, I found it still more impossible to confess to the old lady, who was so good to me and loved me so well, that I was only an impostor, and that she had no grandchild. And then—when I learned Hugh's story—oh! what I have suffered since that day! Every hour that passed made it more terrible to confess, and every day that rolled over my head was another sin added to the mountain of wrong which was choking up my life. At times I have thought, she cannot live a great many years; I will try to make her happy during her life. I will cling to her faithfully, and nurse her and love her; and when she is gone I will give up every penny which she bequeaths me, to the rightful heir, and go away and try to earn my bread upon the stage; and perhaps the doctor will pity and forgive me, and help me to carry out the plan of my new life.

"I was thinking over all this to-night on the rocks. I was sitting on the edge of a bank; it gave way, and I fell from a good height down upon the stones. I must have fainted from the shock and pain. When I recovered I thought myself dying, and I was not sorry. I had suffered so much, and I thought, now my troubles must end, and that God would pardon me for the wrong I had so unwillingly done. And just then I saw Hugh's face. My eyes and senses were both dim, and I thought it was looking at me down from the sky, and then it came hovering nearer and plainer, and at last I saw it beside me. He lifted me up; I scarcely know how we got here. You know the rest. It was very wrong to speak so suddenly; but I could not keep silent when I saw him treated so."

This was her pitiful story.

For long I scarcely left the house, passing continually from one sick room to the other. At last one day I carried Grace down to the phaeton, and drove her quietly to the cottage, where Hugh and Madge watched for us. And

then Grace lay for many days on our little parlour sofa, with her bandaged arm and her white cheek, and all her thoughts filled with the poor old lonely lady lying ill at Bracken Hollow. And Hugh went about the room like a woman, and mended the fire, without noise, and read his book quietly in the corner, and when she was able to enjoy it, read it aloud to Grace. And Grace said to me one day, "Doctor, Hugh does not know all, or he would not be so good to me. I had rather you would tell him." And I said, "My dear, Hugh knows every word that you told me. Here he is; I will let him speak for himself."

And as Hugh came in I went out, calling Rough from his lazy haunt beside the sofa. As I put on my great-coat, and turned my face towards the glen, I knew very well what would happen before I came back. On my return Madge met me at the door with a warning "Whisht, sir!" and on entering the parlour I found it filled with deep red light from the peat fire, the curtains drawn, the sofa arranged by a tender hand, and Grace sleeping softly, with a look upon her face which caused me to congratulate myself upon my gift of prophecy.

Not very long afterwards Hugh and Grace were wed, and a day was fixed for their departure for India, Hugh having got an appointment there. Margaret Avon lay expecting her death; but she would neither see nor forgive her grandchildren. She would not even yet relent. Grace stole in one day whilst she slept, and kissed her withered cheek; and the next day they left me alone.

"They had been gone some weeks when one evening Margaret sent for me. She was very weak and very gentle.

"Dear friend," she said, "I have been dreaming much about Mary. I feel death coming, and I want to see those children. Send them to me."

Alas, and alas! they were far away, and I had to tell her so.

"It is my punishment," she said. "My life has been all wrong. God forgive me!" and she turned her face to the wall.

* * * * *

Her grave is green. For two years the old house has been dark and desolate, and now it will again be filled with life. That letter is not a dream; it is there with its seal and its many post-marks. They are coming home.

I have scribbled away the night. I draw the curtain. Darkness wanes, and the sea grows visible. Red lights are struggling in the east. God be with the past! It is another day.

R. M.

GREEN AND DRY.

To walk through life and never fing
One thought upon the passing year;
To scorn its summer joys, nor hear
The sweet suggestions of the spring;

Nor muse awhile, how sadly fair
Is Autumn on her bed of leaves;
Nor, when the rime is on the eaves,
And all the woods are white and bare;

This, doubtless, is the manly way:
The furthest from those heats of youth
When we were wild for love or truth,
And fed with fancies every day.

For then, the light from morn to eve,
And all the dark from eve to morn,
Was fill'd with joys of Fancy born,
And triumphs which her hands did weave;

And now, we do not dream at all:
We work, we prosper, we are men:
Until the night brings out again
Phosphoric runes upon the wall.

Yet, he who lives, as men should do,
With money for his bread of life—
Who sells his birthright for a wife,
And wins, without a heart to woo;

When all his gold is gather'd in,
His mansion built, his park engrail'd—
When all is done that once avail'd
To keep the floods of memory in;

He, haply, in his fields alone—
No cause to feign, no need to strive,—
May feel within himself revive
The spirit that was first his own:

May feel it, as the rural air,
When winds are low on holm and fell,
Betrays, to them who listen well,
The music that is always there.

Then shall he see, that Nature's eyes,
Or lit with sun or dimm'd with shower,
Are full of such a gracious power
And such unchanging sympathies,

That they who love her, and are true
To what they know of things divine,
Find there, or make, an anodyne
That lasts a weary lifetime through.

But, what are Nature's eyes to him?
Reviving memory is a curse,
With only riches to rehearse,
And with a soul as faint and dim

As is that mouldy cabinet,
Where lie the things he used to wear—
The ribbon, and the lock of hair:
Ah, these he cannot quite forget!

For never shall the souls that err,
Remit their shudders and their groans;
And never shall the dead men's bones
Forsake the whited sepulchre.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

SCHLOSS SCHAUBEK.

ON a wild Christmas eve, twenty years ago, I, August Hirsch, and my friend Carl Neubert, both students at the Royal University of Tübingen, were riding from that town towards Ulm. We might have reached our homes and

sweethearts in half the time by *diligence*; but we were young, and what young men do not prefer the most jaded of hacks to the snuggest of stage-coaches? Moreover, we had started in the bright sunlight of a still frosty morning, and had not bargained for the tornado of wind and snow that came with night-fall. Summer tourists amid the Suabian Alps admire, and justly, the wooded heights and picturesque ravines on either hand, but few can imagine a drearier scene in December storms. The wind was piercing, the night pitchy dark, and the snow threatened to envelop us at every moment.

For two hours we had been vainly striving to recover our lost track, when Carl exclaimed joyfully (I think he had the most joyful voice of anyone I ever knew):

"Huzza! I see a light. Cheer up, August, we'll get bed and board, and make the little girls happy to-morrow, after all."

And true enough, a welcome glimmer, apparently some hundred yards off, seemed to promise us all this. Plunging with better heart into the darkness, we soon felt the ground smoother beneath our horses' feet, and gained upon the light. It issued from a low-grated window in the basement story of a gaunt old Schloss, or baronial residence; and a sharp descent brought us within sounds of horses' breathing and smells of warm cow-sheds. We were in the courtyard. As no one seemed to stir, and we were raging with hunger, Carl made a trumpet of his hands and summoned the steward lustily. Who could be angry with benighted travellers on such a night?

After some minutes of impatient waiting, we heard a step on the stone staircase of the inner apartments, the iron door fell back with a clang, and a young woman invited us to enter. She was dressed in the short blue serge petticoat and white cotton vest usually worn by the district peasantry. Her hands were red; and one might tell, from the odour hanging to her garments, that she had just been employed in cooking garlic; she was, in fact, an ordinary house-steward's daughter or maid. Yet, at the first glance, I felt as if I would have given worlds rather than see such a face. To define the precise impression it made upon me is impossible: it was beautiful, perhaps one of the most beautiful faces I remember; but its beauty had the peculiarity of seeming utterly apart from her other self, an extra sense as it were, only hers by some strange joy and awful despair, called into expression by the one, made deathless by the other,—a beauty that struck chill to the heart. She was followed by a bent old man, half blind and wholly deaf, who busied himself with the horses, whilst Carl and I

ascended the winding staircase of the Schloss. Whether Carl was affected by the girl's wonderful face I do not know. He had the most sportive, boyish humour in the world, and never confessed to a serious feeling, if he experienced it. Moreover, he was wet to the skin, and fiercely hungry. At twenty-one a young man sees little under these circumstances.

When we had reached, what appeared the dining-room, our guide went away, saying she would assist in preparing supper. Carl nodded to her unconcernedly, and we were left alone.

"Let us light the wood in the stove," said my companion, "whilst that garlick-perfumed damsel cooks us our soup. What a blessed chance it was that we saw her candle glimmer before the Erl King had got us. I say, old fellow, isn't it right joyous to think that we shall kiss Minchen and Hedwig to-morrow? My little Minchen wrote me such a pretty letter yesterday."

He chatted and sang gaily till the old man appeared behind a steam of soup, whereupon we sat down to supper. I tried to learn from our host whose hospitality he represented, but in vain. Partly under the influence of viands and warmth, partly from the constitutional *laissez-aller* of my character, I was already recovering from the unpleasant impression above narrated. The steward's daughter was less of a phantom to me than she had been a quarter of an hour before.

Wine was brought—Neckar, Hock, Moselle—and to all we did due justice. Carl drank most freely: his fair girlish face glowed with added warmth; his blue eyes shone; he tossed his light curls from his forehead and seemed to see glad spirits in the air. I was more sober, but quite as happy. Both of us talked extravagantly of the future, as half-tipsy young men will do; both of us praised each other's betrothed; both of us counted the kisses in store for to-morrow. Suddenly I was made conscious of a presence in the room that sobered me. It was the steward's daughter. She sat far removed from us. For some minutes I could not understand why there was something still more remarkable and unearthly about her appearance now than at first, but on closer scrutiny I saw the reason. She had changed her soiled serge petticoat for one that was white and thin. It might have been a wedding-dress; it might have been another white garment, the last one wears. She had also fastened a faded ribbon in her hair. As she sat gazing at us in this guise, her pale face and white dress giving double prominence to her brilliant eyes, no wonder we both grew silent and serious.

"I think I'll go to bed," cried Carl; "come, little one, will you show us the way for a

kiss!" He always treated country girls in this student-like fashion.

The girl rose, and without a word conducted us to two rooms on the same floor, large but comfortless apartments that might have passed off for *salons*. Carl was too stupidified to do more than make a silent comment on our strange waiting maid, and I left him after five minutes fast asleep. As I passed to my own room, something gleamed from the darkness of the corridor like the eyes of a wild cat, and I felt that the steward's daughter was watching me.

I demanded the reason of her strange conduct angrily, but she made no answer and shuffled away. I went to bed satisfied that she was an idiot.

Seldom do I remember a more brilliant Christmas-day than dawned next morning. Full of joyful anticipations I made a hasty toilette, and finding that Carl did not reply to my call, descended to the kitchen. The old man was not to be seen, but his daughter sat peeling onions by the grate, dressed in the blue serge gown before mentioned. I felt half angry with myself for having thought her mad on the previous night as I met her fine melancholy eyes; after all, she was but an ordinary girl, who had a beautiful face and a sad story of her own.

"What do you want, Mein Herr?" she asked, with a slight tremble in her voice.

"Breakfast, my child, and then to be off and away. Make us some good coffee, will you, and let us have it at once."

"Coffee and bread for two?" she said, looking at me strangely.

"Certainly. Is the other gentleman gone to look at the horses?"

She shook her head, and I retraced my way up-stairs, shouting "Carl, Carl! No answer came, but I thought it quite probable that he had ascended the uppermost story to look out of the terrace window, and thither went. To the right and to the left I looked in vain. Carl was evidently out of doors after all. Before following him, however, I bethought myself of the valises in our bedrooms, which might as well be carried down-stairs at once to spare the extra mounting. What was my bewilderment in finding Carl's clothes lying beside his empty bed, the pantaloons, the heavy boots, the worsted sock, the fur waistcoat and velvet coat he had provided for his journey! My bewilderment grew to apprehension—my apprehension to horror. I threw back the eider-down bed-covering with a vague consciousness that he must be underneath. I searched wardrobe and closet, I shouted his name as if I were mad; finally, I rushed

down-stairs and told my terrible story, in a word.

Deaf as the old man was, he comprehended me, and fell to weeping and praying on his knees, declaring in a pitiful child-like way that his master the Count would give me a good account of him, and adding a hundred poor foolish things utterly meaningless. I turned to the girl Anni with a burst of passion.

"And you," I cried, "you who watched us last night, you who have such strange ways and dark looks, what have you to say?"

She looked at me fixedly for a minute or two, her fingers busy on the onions in her lap, and made no reply. There was something almost touching in her silence, as if she felt how much must be forgiven me in my present state of feeling, and I, being inwardly assured of the innocence of the pair, yet driven to the necessity of suspecting some one, covered my face and paced the room, almost delirious.

The old man helped me to calmer thoughts. With a kind of dog-like dignity he crouched down beside me, saying,

"I'm innocent of any harm to that poor young man, as my master, the Count, will say; but you're a gentleman and I'm only a steward, so to you I will hand up the Schloss keys till this matter is seen into. Don't cry, sir; young or old, we must all die."

I sprang up with the keys in my hand, determined to unravel this fearful mystery before looking Carl's Minchen in the face. First I examined the bedroom. It was an oblong panelled apartment looking on to the old-fashioned terrace garden, and had two small windows about twenty feet from the ground, the wall being straight and unbroken; between the wall and garden intervened a grass-grown fosse, formerly a moat which surrounded the old part of the Schloss. I noticed that the snow of the garden was unmarked by footsteps, as also the drifts of the fosse. Next I made minute inspection of the furniture. Almost an hour elapsed before I could discover the least clue. At length it occurred to me that the room looked emptier, colder than it had done last night, that something was wanting, in fact; and there suddenly flashed across my mind the remembrance of a pale blue rug by the bedside. I had wound up my watch in Carl's room before retiring, and after doing so, dropped the key; I particularly recalled the long silky texture of that rug, and the difficulty of finding so tiny a thing in it! Having locked the door, I hastened down-stairs, saddled my horse, and hastened to the village. The old man informed me that his master, Count Born, was staying at Stuttgart, and I determined to send a speedy messenger

to him at once. The only person to whom I told my story was the pastor, Herr Pfann Jakob, and he returned with me to the Schloss.

It was a dreary Christmas-day. I dared not think of Minna and Hedwig; I dared not think of Carl's poor mother. I concentrated all my energies upon the one puzzle, the one terror; and grieved less for the loss of my friend, because I knew not yet the manner of it. Pastor Jakob suggested, as the only possible solution of the mystery, that some evilly disposed persons had determined to rob the Schloss on the previous night, had made their entry unobserved, had awakened Carl, and murdered him by way of self-preservation. But, where was the body? With all due respect for Pastor Jakob, I could not entertain such a view of the case for one moment.

With nightfall came the Count, accompanied by his valets, and two gendarmes. He was a pleasant young man, full of anxiety regarding the affair, and too sorry on my account to regret the discomfort arising to himself. In spite of his remonstrance, the old steward and Anni were put under arrest. Then a search, the most stringent and severe that I can remember, was made throughout and around the Schloss. Floors were taken up, walls were picked out, the moat was dragged, the out-houses were literally pulled to pieces; but all in vain. Next day I was compelled to write home the short but frightful news, "*Alive or dead, Carl is not to be found;*" and the day after brought a task sadder still. I had to meet the broken-hearted Minna face to face, and go over my fatal story, driving death and desolation into her young life with every word.

No young man of all the Tübingen students was more cared for than Carl Neubert; and after the first silent sorrow was over, a burning desire for justice showed itself among his fellows and friends. Subscriptions were collected for the reward of any informer who might appear; and the least rumour of a clue was hailed with joy. Beyond rumours, we gained nothing; and the trial of the old steward and his daughter, which took place early in the spring, ended in nothing also. Carl was lost to us, and that was all we knew.

Time wore on. Two years after the fateful Christmas recorded above I left the University, to follow my calling of surgeon in the quiet little garrison town of Ludwigsburg. Hedwig became my wife; and though the mysterious fate of Carl, and the consequent melancholy of Minna, hung like shadows over our days, we were very happy. Poor Minna, being an orphaned cousin of my wife, came to us as soon as we were settled at Ludwigsburg.

From a rosy-cheeked, sparkling-eyed, bonnie girl, she had been changed by her great grief to a pale, drooping woman. Nothing moved her from her quiet mood; nothing had power to call up a smile or tear. If we talked of Carl, she set her hands tightly against her heart, and that was all. She never uttered his name from the day of my terrible revelation, and she was utterly passive in everything relating to herself. She would sit for hours gazing at vacancy; and at last I grew to fear for her reason.

A few months after my marriage an event happened of no little interest to the gossiping community of Ludwigsburg, and of vital importance in this narrative. Our garrison physician died; and as the town was only large enough for one, and he must be nominated by government, the arrival of the successful competitor created unusual curiosity in all circles. The garrison officers wondered if he would prove a "jolly fellow;" the quiet little families hoped he would have a sociable disposition, not contemptuous of tea-parties; everyone prayed that he might be clever to heal all the diseases under the sun.

My Hedwig, not behindhand in womanly inquisitiveness and kindly feeling, prevailed on me to visit the new comer the very day of his arrival with advances of civility. Dr. Ernst Baumann was not, however, at home. Accordingly, I left my card with a pencilled welcome among us, and an invitation to supper whenever he liked to come to the König Strasse.

Next day we were taking coffee in the garden—Hedwig, Minna, and I—a little before sunset. The September air was laden with sunshine and the odour of newly-made cider; the shrill horn of the vineyard watchers sounded from the hills; the military band played merrily in the castle-square near. Everything tended to a peaceful frame of mind, and seldom had Minna seemed less despairing. She smiled once or twice quite naturally, at some playful words of my wife's.

The house in which we lived contained several other families, all of whom resorted to the garden; and on the afternoon in question two or three groups had settled under the trees for coffee-drinking. By-and-by, however, the outer gate clicked, and a stranger entered. For a moment or two he stood still, as if to pick out those he sought, then, hat in hand, advanced slowly towards us.

"Herr Hirsch—Dr. Ernst Baumann."

I do not know whether I returned the salutation of the new garrison doctor. I do not know whether I betrayed in any degree the strange and sudden excitement into which his presence had thrown me. I only remember

that my brain grew hot and my nerves tingled with a sensation of appalment to which I can give no words.

This young Doctor, with his fair curls, his girlish pink cheeks and clear blue eyes, was not the living Ernst Baumann, but the lost dead Carl. Under the temporary shock that my feelings experienced, reason availed nothing—I believed that Carl stood before me.

Meantime how fared it with Hedwig and poor Minna? When I sufficiently mastered myself as to feel that I had been the victim of an extravagant delusion only, I glanced at my companions. Hedwig was knitting, as usual, and chatting at the same time with the new comer; but Minna had dropped her pins, and sat gazing on his face with wild dilating eyes and quivering throat.

Whether Dr. Ernst Baumann noticed my own abstraction or Minna's strange mood I do not know; he appeared perfectly at his ease anyhow, and during the hour that he remained, gave me the idea of a well-informed, polished, and pleasing young man. I did my best to overcome the supernatural impression he had at first made upon me, but with little success. I could not be self-composed, much less sociable. I had seen the dead Carl before me. But Hedwig made her visitor heartily welcome, entertained him with graphic descriptions of our town and its society, invited him to join our forthcoming pic-nic to Schiller's birthplace; finally, finding that he was musical, pressed him to follow us indoors and sit down to the piano. He did not play artist-fashion, but fancifully, disjointedly, as poor Carl was wont to do; now an air of Mendelssohn, now a fugue of Bach, now an original waltz, now an old German hymn. I listened, but felt no surprise when Minna suddenly put her hands to her temple and rushed from the room.

As soon as our visitor was gone, I described the impressions he had made upon me to my wife, and gently blamed her conduct.

"Do you not see," I urged earnestly, "that the presence of this young man will be most painful to poor Minna?—certainly you must have noticed his great likeness to our Carl, and the effect it produced upon her; would it not be better, under these circumstances, not to encourage his visits?"

"No," she replied; "the new garrison Doctor cannot be Carl, and therefore it is our duty to remove such impressions from Minna's mind as speedily as possible. Keep her utterly out of his sight, and he will ever remain the ghost of her lover. Let her see him daily, eat, drink, talk with him, learn his former life, note his idiosyncrasies of

character,—then he will become Dr. Ernst Baumann, and nothing more."

I saw the judiciousness of her arguments, and yielded to them; Minna was kindly though firmly reasoned with as to the folly of her impression; Dr. Baumann's name passed often and without hesitation from our lips; and for a week everything promised well.

On the day appointed for our pic-nic, Minna accepted the carriage seat beside Dr. Baumann without a tremor, and I could see that she was fighting bravely against her weaker self. Once or twice, as he laughed that mirthful, musical laugh so terribly like Carl's, I saw her pale face grow paler and her hands lock nervously together, but that was all. She had too much intellectual power to yield willingly to a delusion. I trusted her now, and felt that I had no longer cause to fear.

The day was bright and our humours tuned well with it. Having paid antiquarian homage to the dirty little village in which the great German poet was born, and the pink cottage in which he crowed his first crow, we adjourned to the *Golden Lamb*, and dined off soup, quails and apple sauce. Coffee and cigars followed; then the little party broke up into twos and threes, for the purpose of exploring the neighbourhood as fancy might lead. Dr. Baumann, Minna, and I found ourselves together by chance, and took a vineyard path leading to the hills. We soon left Marbach and its quaint bridge behind, coming to a crest of wooded bluffs overlooking a wide prospect of tobacco-field, corn-land, and villages. It was one of those cool breezy days when a good pedestrian feels no inclination to turn his back upon a pretty landscape, and being all fair walkers, we took no heed of the swiftly passing time. When we rested it was already growing evening.

"Where are we?" asked Dr. Ernst Baumann, with a look of trouble stealing over his face. "I do not think I have ever been here before, and yet every spot seems familiar."

"The village at our feet is Zuffenhausen, and the hills that rise so verdantly beyond run southward to meet the Suabian Alps," I replied; "we are very proud of our scenery."

He followed up his own train of thoughts without appearing to hear me.

"I wonder whether such sensations have any real foundation in former existence, or are visionary only. Do you see that ridge of firs yonder, very far away towards the west, below it a smooth plateau of turf, and above it an old square Schloss covered with grey towers and belted with a green mound?—I was never within twenty miles of Ludwigsburg before, and yet that old Schloss is as familiar to me as if I had lived in it yesterday."

"There is many and many an old castle similarly built in South Germany," I replied ; "and in all probability you but mistake a recollection for an impression ; most people do so at some period of their lives." His eyes lit with sudden conviction.

"You are right," he exclaimed ; "I am thinking of Schloss Schaubek !"

He said this calmly but not quite naturally, and after speaking his cheeks paled a little, and his eyes sought the ground. He seemed to wish that the name had been any other, that there was no Schloss Schaubek, in fact. Meantime his words were exciting Minna terribly, and I felt that I must make an effort to annul them.

"You have probably visited at Schloss Schaubek ;" I said, with nonchalance.

"I was there once," he answered, suddenly grown taciturn.

"When was it ? whom did you meet there ? how did you amuse yourself ?" I continued, as suddenly grown garrulous.

Dr. Baumann rose and turned his back upon the grey old schloss.

"Let us go away," he said, with a disturbed face ; "and above all things, let us change the subject. I cannot talk of Schloss Schaubek."

It would be vain to deny that the incident above described was wholly without effect upon me. The delusion, though self-evident, remained a delusion nevertheless. In the broad daylight of reason and experience, I, August Hirsch, aged thirty-two, could but look upon Dr. Ernst Baumann at that moment, in the light of a *doppelgänger*, or transformed Carl. Young, bright, charming as he was, he was terrible to me. I saw in him the living ghost of my dead friend. I believed for the time being in all kinds of supernatural existences.

And Minna ? As we walked slowly and silently towards Marbach, I felt her hand grow colder and heavier on my arm, and watched a dark undefinable shadow steal over her face. She gave way to no outward demonstrations of emotion ; she even entered into conversation with some others of our party when we joined them at the *Golden Lamb* ; she did not allude to Dr. Baumann in any way on our return home. But when night came her strength gave way. Remedies, soothing, arguments, proved alike useless, and a violent fit of hysteria was followed by cold shivers and delirium, which lasted for hours. The next day she was in a high fever.

My wife never left her bedside for a week ; when the fever abated, and only mental delusion and depression remained to be conquered. The poor girl suffered from the same impression to which I had been momentarily subject—

namely, the identity of Carl and Dr. Baumann. She would lie for hours with no idea but that most terrible one in her mind. The handsome, pleasant young garrison doctor was to her the most dreaded of spectres.

"This will not do," said my Hedwig to me at last. "One thing or another must be sacrificed, husband—Minna's life or the Doctor's feelings ; which of the two, think you, is the most precious ? The first, I say, and therefore if you have not the inclination to front Dr. Ernst Baumann with a plain question, I will do so myself. He must and shall tell us his mysterious story regarding Schloss Schaubek. However painful such a revelation may be, he is bound to make it for Minna's sake ; and if he has the good heart for which I give him credit, you will not have to ask twice."

As usual, she was right ; and, fully sharing her anxiety, I put on my hat at once to seek Doctor Baumann.

Doctor Baumann not only filled the office of garrison doctor, but also that of visiting physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, a new and well-supported institution for our sick poor. As he was neither at home nor to be found in the barracks, on the occasion in point, I accordingly sought him in the former place.

Hospitals are not cheering places at any time, but to-day my heart would have been sad in the gayest place, for thoughts of poor Minna. I hardly pitied the poor wretches around me ; they at least had no dreary phantom hovering over their pillow ; they at least were too miserable to die of a delusion. I felt half angry at the evidences of care and skill around me. It seemed monstrous that science could so delicately deal with the body, and yet be utterly helpless in handling the mind. Surely for such a case as Minna's, some subtle and well-poised psychological treatment ought to be ready at hand, surely chance ought not to be stronger than man's boasted knowledge.

Whilst pondering on these things, my attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a young woman lying in the opposite bed. She was about five-and-twenty, and evidently in the last stage of consuming illness ; her eyes were fearfully large and hollow, her lips were vermilion-coloured, her face was ashen but for two blotches of hectic. It was a common case, and yet I paused, rooted to the spot with a swift flash of conviction.

I had seen this girl's face before, and it was connected with Carl's, with Minna's, with Dr. Baumann's history.

After some minutes of intense mental concentration all became clear to me. I lived over again that memorable Christmas-eve on which Carl and I had sought shelter from a

snow-storm in Schloss Schaubek. I remembered the greeting of the old steward, and the wild, beautiful face of his daughter Anni. I retraced the interminable stone-staircases, and feasted again in the dreary summer salon. I grew gay and garrulous as the wine circulated in my veins. I saw Carl's fair, girlish face shine with mirth and content. I woke suddenly from a bright mood, and found myself sitting opposite to a spectre, a dark-eyed, white-cheeked girl, dressed in ghastly bridal robes, and after long, sober years the spectre had come again. I stood in St. Thomas's Hospital on an autumn day, opposite to Anni, the steward's daughter. Poor thing, she was no longer so beautiful, no longer so spectre-like, but a mere dying woman. I felt involuntary pity stealing over me, and made myself known gently.

"Is there nothing of which you stand in need?" I said. "Have you any friends whom you would wish to see?"

She gazed at first with the indifference of approaching death, and made no answer. I repeated my question soothingly—"Had she friends whom she wished to see?"

At length the words seemed to reach her brain. The dull calm look passed from her face; a tear gathered in her eyes and dropped slowly on the coverlet.

"Friends!" she said, with the helpless wandering way of a sick child, "I have none—none; but I will tell you what I had once, if you put down your ear, close, very close it must be, since I tell you a dead secret. I had a little child. Do you hear that? A little child—a baby—born of me, my very own. It was wicked of me to have that little angel, because its father was a gentleman, and I was a peasant's daughter; but I was foolish, and thought that he would come and marry me, as he said. I told no one of what was to happen to me. I should have been so beaten, so hardly used, so scouted; and because of this, the baby died. Oh mè! oh mè! and I let my baby die for such trifles as these!"

She paused a minute or two, rocking her hands in meek sorrow, then whispered—

"I am happier now that it is dead. What would have become of it, poor, poor mite, and I, its mother, nowhere near? But it was not buried, you know; and that is my grief now. What pastor would have buried a baby born so? Oh! if any one would make a little grave in the churchyard and bury my angel among the good people, I could die gladly!"

"Anni," I asked, eagerly, "who was the father of your child? How can I help you if I do not know this?"

"Bury my child," she said, with a voice of

desperate entreaty. "O let me and its father lie in our unquiet graves! It doesn't matter for us: we are both bad. We ought not to disturb the rest of Christians who sleep well. Only put a little sod and a cross over my darling, and the angels will take it to heaven."

Whilst she was speaking Dr. Baumann entered the ward. As he approached, I thought that I had never seen him look so like Carl. He was dressed after Carl's fashion, in light loose clothes. His fair curls were blown about his brow; his eyes and lips were intent, yet expressive of a happy, undisturbed mood; his very gait betokened a sunshiny temperament. The nurse was saying to him—

"No. 20 is a new case, Herr Doctor, and not a difficult one, as you will see."

When the doctor drew near, I noticed a remarkable change come over the face of the dying girl. The old expression was suddenly there; all its dogged, despairing watchfulness; all its wild, wistful sorrow; and with a superhuman strength she raised herself to look at him more closely. Then a shriek, more terrible than any I had ever heard, rang through the ward, startling the poor patients into forgetfulness of pain, frightening the nurse into a call for assistance, bringing Dr. Baumann closer to the bed-side.

"I murdered him," she cried, "and he comes to me on my death-bed. Away! away! Do not torment my end. Hide him from me! Oh! kind people, he is a spirit, and not flesh and blood. I—I who murdered him know that. He promised to marry me, and when he came in the storm I dressed myself in white for the wedding; but no wedding came."

She threw her arms wildly in the air, and her eyes gleamed with the light of nascent insanity. In vain the nurse endeavoured to control her. Both mind and body were endowed with a force alike instantaneous and unnatural. Dying as she was, she raised herself to her feet, and continued speaking in a loud, clear voice—

"Why do you come here now, when my child is dead, and the time for marriage is gone? Where is the red spot that was on your heart? Deep, deep in the hollow wall behind your bed did you lay long, so long! Do murdered people rise so? Oh, go! go! You are still young and beautiful; but I am dying, and am no longer fit to look upon. Go, I say, and leave me here in peace!"

Whilst the poor creature still raved, Dr. Baumann drew me away with a serious air, saying that we could be of no use, and that he would explain the circumstances afterwards. But I was too impatient to be put off. Accordingly, we retired to his consulting-room,

where the whole mystery of Carl's disappearance and Minna's delusion was cleared up.

When Dr. Ernst Baumann had visited Schloss Schaubek, Anni, the steward's daughter, was a lovely girl of sixteen, and he a careless, rollicking student of twenty. He took a violent fancy to her, possessed himself of her affections, and, alas ! of all the poor child had to give. Then in a sudden fit of penitence swore to marry her. But a youth of twenty, especially a German youth, cannot marry just whom and when he likes. He was removed from the University, sent to Vienna to pursue his calling, and there remained for several years. When he returned home to take the office of garrison doctor at Ludwigsburg, only the chance visit to Marbach, recorded above, brought Schloss Schaubek and the poor peasant girl he had once loved, to his memory. The rest of the story can be imagined. Carl's wonderful likeness to her lover utterly deceived the already distorted reason of Anni. She imagined him come back again—his old, merry, handsome self—with never a smile or look for her ; and all her past suffering, past love, and past despair, centred in one purpose—revenge.

Behind the pictured panels of the wall, exactly in the spot she described, was found a niche, or rather secret chamber, of whose existence not even Count Born had the slightest suspicion. It was Carl's grave for many and many a dreary month and year ; but now he lies in a sunny slope of the blessed God's acre, and thither Minna carries immortelles and flowers every day. Poor child ! she did not recover her peace of mind till a spring and summer had come and gone. Then she took heart gradually, and began to smile again.

Of all the wise and charitable physicians of my native Wurtemberg, none are to be compared with Dr. Baumann. If good works can atone for past sins, he has nothing to fear from the future. I am glad that I can end my story after all with the cheering thought of what Dr. Ernst Baumann's life is to his needy and suffering fellow-men.

THE SMELT.

THE smelt is a fish highly valued by most persons, and as it is delicious and delicately flavoured, forms a welcome addition to the bills of fare of our dinner-tables. I should therefore be doing this fish an injustice if I were to pass it over altogether. The smelt has this peculiarity, viz., that it prefers those places where there is a junction of salt with fresh water, and its favourite resorts are estuaries, harbours, creeks, and the mouths of tidal

rivers. Both the grey mullet and the flounder evince a similar partiality for water which is neither thoroughly salt nor fresh. The smelt will haunt docks, and prefers a calm deep resting-place to one much affected by the ebb and flow of the tide. The commonest method of taking smelts is with hook and line, five or six hooks being used at a time ; and in this way the angler may frequently catch four or five smelts together. The baits are small worms, *pieces* of large worms, or pieces of mussels cut small. A smelt cut up into diminutive portions, supplies baits which are sometimes attractive, as the surviving smelts have no objection to make a dinner off their dead comrade. The skin of the smelt is particularly beautiful and silvery, and so thin that the internal organisation of the fish is very plainly visible to the eye of a careful observer. When freshly caught the smelt has a singular and very agreeable odour, similar to that of a sliced cucumber ; so much so that should any person bid a friend shut his eyes, and then, placing before his nose a recently caught smelt, ask the question, "What is this ?" the reply would almost surely be, "A cucumber, of course !" I have created great merriment amid a circle of friends by playing off this little trick on some incautious one of them. This peculiar smell goes off when the fish is cooked. The usual length of smelts is from five to eight inches. Such is the demand for them, that they always command a good price in the market. They are exceedingly delicate fish, and are best when fried a light brown in very fine bread crumbs. The crumbs used should be of the first quality of white bread procurable. Good melted butter should be sent to table with the smelts, and anchovy and Harvey sauces handed round to be made use of according to the taste of the guests. I do not like to see smelt—or, indeed, any fish—served on a napkin, but on a plain strainer. The flavour of soap is communicated to a sensitive palate whenever a napkin is made a *sine quâ non* for the arrangement of a dish of fish. The same remark has previously been made by a contributor to the pages of ONCE A WEEK ;* I do not, therefore, claim originality for the idea ; but, as a connoisseur in fish, I am glad to be able to endorse the opinion of the writer in question. The smelt frequenting harbours, and places of the like description, affords much amusement to young anglers, as it bites very freely during the flood-tide, and may then be readily taken with rod and line in the same fashion as gudgeons. A small float may be used, but I think it better to

* See article on "Dinners," vol. vi., p. 543.

have none, and to sink the bait by means of a light lead, called a "sinker." In places where there is not a strong tide, a bullet will answer the purpose. The bait is not to be allowed to lie on the ground, but the angler should keep drawing it up about ten inches from the bottom, and then gently letting it down again, "tap" the ground with the lead. By this means, sea-fish are attracted to the bait, as the motion appears to them to be caused by the tide, and they therefore conclude it to be dinner-time. As, moreover, sea-fish always swim "head against stream," the baits carried away by the tide are borne under their very noses, and the fish snap eagerly at them to secure them before they are out of reach.

In angling for smelts, tie five or six small hooks to a gut-trace, and let the lead used be only sufficiently heavy to enable the bait to resist the flow of the tide and occasionally touch bottom.

The smelt belongs to the order of "Mugilide," and is found all round the coasts of Great Britain. It is, however, more frequently caught in a southern than in a northern direction. Smelts are not sent to London in very large quantities, and consequently the demand for them is nearly always greater than the supply. The price varies from 2d., to 6d. or 8d., at the best fish-mongers, and from 1d. to 4d. in the wholesale market. So excessively delicate are smelts, that they will not bear handling or hawking about, and the sooner they are cooked after they are taken out of the water the better they are. This is not the case with *all* fish, for although so much is said of the advantage of fresh fish, there are some varieties which improve by a day's keeping. Amongst these are the cod and sole, both of which are firmer and better for being kept a little while. The head and shoulders of a "second-day's" cod-fish are very far superior to those of a cod just taken. Hence, of all fish, the cod is perhaps that which is oftenest eaten in perfection by Londoners. The sole and turbot are both, I think, better for a day's keeping, whereas the whiting, smelt, mackerel, and brill are all so delicate that they *cannot* be too fresh. The plaice, though oftener hawked (and, to make use of an expressive term, "mauled about") in the streets than any other fish, is yet one which should be eaten almost as soon as caught. Persons who have never eaten really fresh plaice can form no idea how excellent a dish they make. Plaice sold in London are usually tasteless and insipid.

The best time for catching smelts is at early morning and dusk during the summer months, and at such times it is a pleasant task for the

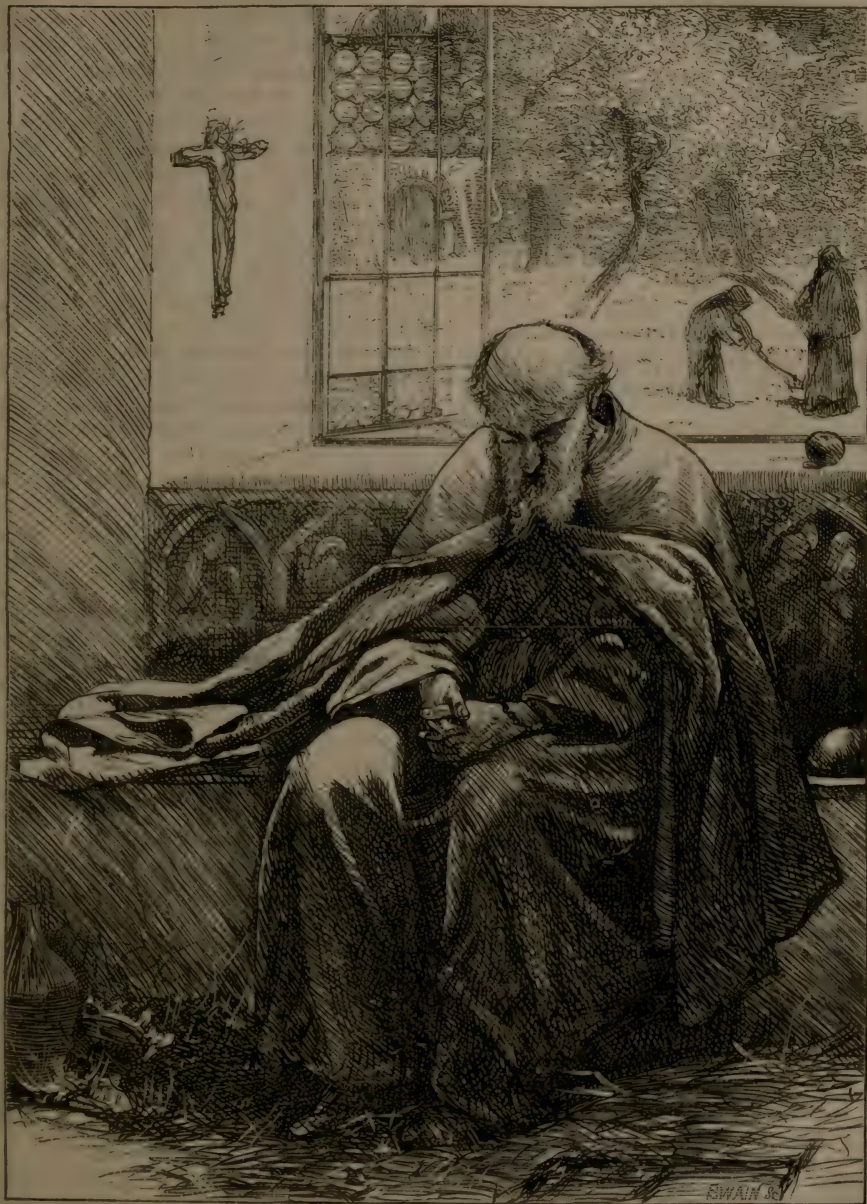
kind-hearted boy angler to furnish some invalid of his family with a delicate dish of fish. The smelt and the whiting are indubitably the best fish for invalids and persons of weak digestion, as they are light and at the same time appetizing. Both smelt and whiting are best plainly cooked, as neither is substantial enough to undergo the seasoning processes which transform the cod, salmon, sole, trout, perch, and other fish into exquisite dishes of cutlets, filets, piquant stews, &c., &c., all richly and highly flavoured. Whiting and smelt should be plainly fried. The whiting may indeed sometimes be either boiled or broiled, but not so the smelt.

The Thames, Mersey, and Severn furnish us with good smelts, and those of the last-mentioned river are perhaps the best. They can be taken, I believe, from the Bristol quays, and are sometimes caught as far up the river Thames as Blackwall. The bad condition of our great river during the last few years has much militated against the quantity, quality, and variety of the fish contained in it from Richmond to the Nore. Years ago the dace, one of the most delicate of river fish, was abundant in the Thames below London Bridge; but dace, and many other varieties of fish, could not now live in the foul water constantly streaming from the docks and sluices between the Custom House and Gravesend.

Some persons have still a theory that "whitebait" are the young fry of the smelt, but I think most people are now convinced that the little Greenwich celebrities constitute a distinct species. Young smelts and the fry of other fish are occasionally caught in the nets with the whitebait. Although I have had many years' experience of fish and their habits, I consider that the very closest observers have yet so much to learn concerning our finny tribes, that I should be sorry to "lay down the law" on the subject. Such questions as these must remain open until more about them is learned by intelligent and practical men. The field for discovery is so wide that a long life of patient toil and observation may conclude with only an imperfect knowledge of the mysteries of our seas and rivers. I have advanced nothing, in this or in any previous paper, without solid reasons based on personal experience, and invariably take up my pen *willingly* to write on a subject so interesting to myself as matters connected with fishing. But I as invariably lay down that pen at the conclusion of a paper with the feeling that all I at present know, or may in future learn, concerning fish, is insignificant indeed when compared with the vastness and importance of the subject.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE EXPIATION OF CHARLES V.*



"Go bid the great bell of the chapel to toll,
Let masses be said for a passing soul.

"Bid the long procession of mourners wait,
To follow a corpse in its ghastly state.

* See Robertson's "History of Charles V." for an account of this anticipation of his death and burial, which consummated Charles's ascetic life.

"Thro' the vast damp aisles let the organs peal,
And clouds of the funeral incense steal.

"Go bid the great priory bell toll loud,
Bid a coffin be ready, and ready a shroud.

"That the living and sinful flesh may see
The mock of its own last obsequy."

O sight of sorrow within that room,
O pale thin face in the twilight gloom.

See ! the cruel stones and the flinty bed,
The rotting water and blackened bread.

See ! the glittering baubles of sceptre and crown,
They shamefully lie where he cast them down.

A monarch ! amid all this festering dearth,
A monarch ! and grovelling down in the earth.

He smites his poor breast in a faint despair,
And breathes out his soul in passionate prayer.

"O years of sin ! O my wasted life,
That gathers the harvest of tears and strife !

"Long years of vain glory, of pride, and care,
Few hours of mourning, of fast, and prayer.

"What is left but the scourge and the penance sore,
Till that black day dawns when I pray no more !

"God ! Thou knowest I loathe all my shameful years,
Thou hast heard my groanings and seen my tears.

"In dust and in ashes I sore repent,
With my crown cast down and my purple rent.

"O spare me and save me ! accept my sighs,
My scourgings and tears, as a sacrifice.

"From Heaven in mercy thine ear incline,
And pardon this sorrowful soul of mine."

Then he suddenly rises with face of gloom,
And creeps from his cell to an inner room.

From those solemn depths where he prays alone,
Sound the whistling cords and the sufferer's moan !

Fling the great brass gates of the palace wide,
Slow let the funeral pageant ride.

While towers from their bases to their battlements reel,
With the heavy swing of the muffled peal !

And gaping crowds in the court beneath,
Are silently joining the March of Death.

They have reached the chapel—the winding train
Have entered—and close fall the doors again.

The organs peal and the censers wave,
While that sad procession moves up the nave.

An empty coffin is borne by four,
On its lid lies the crown which so late he wore.

And solemnly now at that coffin head,
The children are singing the Hymn for the Dead.

And close behind in ghostly white,
While the crowd recoils at the hideous sight,

With eye firm fixed and unfaltering feet,
The LIVING MAN stalks in his winding-sheet !

The prayers are ended—with heavy heart,
The mourners silently all depart.

But in one close shrine whence all light has fled,
Save the glimmer the funeral tapers shed,

And hidden from all but immortal eyes,
The living king in his coffin lies. R. REECE, Jun.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XX. SANTA MARIA DELLA VALLE DI ALESSO.

BEPPO started on his way with a brave spirit and a stout and alert step, but with a heavy heart. The experiences which were gathering around him were all so new and so strange. The future, though he little guessed, poor fellow ! all the consequences that were involved in the step he was taking, was so dim and so vague. The sense of the adventurous and romantic, which to a certain degree would have gilded the unknown future to the imagination of many a northern youth of Beppo's years, had no charm for the Romagnole peasant—spoke nothing to his imagination. The peasantry of these hills is a specially and essentially home-loving population ; in no wise given to adventure, or the spirit which loves to seek excitement in the search for "fresh fields and pastures new." It was grievous to him to leave Bella Luce ; grievous to be absent from the habitual rustic tasks which he pictured to himself as going on in their wonted round there ; more grievous still, to be leaving the

home of his childhood, like a thief in the night, with precautions against being seen or traced by any one of those who had been his familiar life-long friends ; most grievous of all, to be leaving his home just as Giulia was returning to it, and returning under such circumstances.

But the die was cast ; and there was nothing for it but to step boldly onwards.

The top of Monte Conserva was conspicuous in front of him ; and the earliest rays of the sun, rising from the Adriatic behind him, were beginning to touch its hoary brow with a pale flickering glory. But all immediately around him was still in darkness. The little stone-paved bridge-way, broken in parts and un-mended since more years than the oldest inhabitant of those hills could remember, led to the village of Sant Andrea in Vado, at the bottom of a close little valley behind Santa Lucia. There was a ford over the brawling little stream that ran down the valley, carrying its small tribute to the Metauro with more noise than it was worth, and stepping-stones, for foot-passengers to the village. But Beppo,

bearing the priest's recommendations in mind, and knowing a spot higher up the stream where he could jump it at a place where it ran between two great stones, soon left the paved path, and striking into a coppice, and then across a region of upland sheep-walks, left the village to the southward, and still kept the mountain top, for which he was striving, right in front of him.

It seemed to be at no great distance from him. But many another hidden valley nestling in the folds of the hills, and further concealed, most of them, by the rich abundance of timber, revealed itself, each deceptively promising to be the last, before the real ascent of Monte Conserva was reached.

Notwithstanding his precaution and his intimate knowledge of the country, it would have been difficult for Beppo to have avoided meeting some villager going a-field if he had traversed the earlier part of his route at a later hour. But by the time that the sun had risen sufficiently high to illuminate the valleys, and call up the *contadini* to their labour, he had reached a high ridge of sterile and uninhabited country, which forms the boundary of the great valley of the Metauro and the watershed of the streamlets which run into it from the north. The valley was far below him on his left hand, and he was leaving the town of Fossombrone, situated in its bottom, behind him. To his right and in front of him were the forest-covered heights of Sante Maria delle Selve—Our Lady of the Woods. It was nearly ten o'clock, and he had been walking almost six hours, when he reached the high end of the ridge along which he had been travelling, called Monte Conserva. There he sat down to rest himself under the shady wall of a little deserted oratory, called S. Maria del Monte, close to which a tiny rill trickled out of the hill-side, and supplied him with the means of washing down his breakfast of very dry bread and *salame*.

From that point he was to turn southwards, descend into the valley, and cross the Metauro by the bridge of Valpone. It was thus necessary for him to pass through a cultivated and comparatively thickly inhabited zone of lowlands before again striking into the hills on the other side of the Metauro. He had already, however, reached a distance from Bella Luce which made the chances of his being recognised by any one he might happen to meet very small; and in order, according to the priest's recommendations, to reduce them to a minimum, he determined to rest under the wall of S. Maria del Monte long enough, so to time his walk across the valley, as to make it coincide with the hours of repose from noon

till two. At that time of the year, and that hour, the chances were that he might pass the valley and the bridge without seeing a human being.

The hills on either side press more closely upon the stream at the point selected for Beppo's crossing it, than either above or below that spot. The valley is very narrow there, and by two o'clock he had once more reached a roadless district of very sparsely inhabited hills on the southern side of the Metauro, without having encountered a single soul. The high mass of Monte Arcello was now in his front, and due south; and the celebrated Pass of the Furlo was running nearly parallel to his course some six or seven miles on his left hand.

The sun was already beginning to dip behind the higher ridges of the main chain of the Apennines to the westward by the time Monte Arcello was reached, and Beppo found that such a day's journey as he had made over a never-ending succession of hills and valleys, was much harder work than pruning vines all day. He had not much further to go, however, to reach Aqualagna, the village on the high road where he was to fall in with the promised friar. Aqualagna might have been reached from Santa Lucia by descending at Ince into the valley of the Metauro, and following it through the town of Fossombrone, and thence by the Furlo Pass, in little more than half the distance, and with less than half the labour it had cost Beppo to reach it. But if he had followed that route he might have been seen and marked by a hundred different people. At Fossombrone, at all events, he would have been sure to have left a very easily found trace of his passage. Whereas, by the way he had taken, making a sudden angle, and changing his course from westwards to southwards at Monte Conserva, he had travelled all the way without one encounter.

It was late—much after the hour at which the labouring population mostly go to their beds—when he approached Aqualagna, so much so, that he feared he should lose the shelter and supper that had been promised him for that night, in consequence of the friar, whom he was to find on the bridge, having given him up. It was not so, however. As he neared the little bridge, there, sitting on a stone by the end of the parapet wall, was the motionless figure of a Franciscan friar, with one of those huge white felt hats worn by some one or other of the numerous branches and families into which the great order is divided when they are travelling. The figure rose as Beppo came up, and instantly, on being addressed by him with the strange salutation,

"Good morning, brother!" moved on without reply, and preceded him into the village. They passed through the now silent and solitary village street, and all fell out according to the prediction of Don Evandro, with the exactitude and precision of the fulfilment of the enchantments of a fairy tale. The silent friar proceeded through the village and out into the fields at the other end of it, passed in front of a small chapel or oratory—the miniature little dwelling attached to which seemed, as far as any outward and visible sign went, to be uninhabited—just struck the door of the chapel with his staff as he passed it, and walked on, without ever turning round to look at the result of his performance. It must be supposed that looking round had not made part of his instructions.

Beppo pushed the door, and found that it was open. There was abundance of clean straw on the brick-paved floor; and there, on the little wooden dais at the foot of the altar, were a flask of wine, some bread, and some slices of ham. And none of the various troubles, and sorrows, and anxieties, which were pressing on Beppo's mind, prevented him from making a very hearty supper, and enjoying immediately after it the "*Sonnuus agrestium lenis errorum*," which disdained the little chapel of the Madonna as little as the shady bank or Tempo itself.

The road which, coming from the north-east through the Furlo Pass, has followed as far as Aqualagna the course of the Cardigliano, quits it at that point to avail itself of the valley of another stream, called the Burano, which, coming from the southwards, falls into the Cardigliano at that point; while the latter river, making a right angle, goes off to the westward,—in the direction, that is to say, of the main chain of the Apennine. This was the route which it had been prescribed to Beppo to follow; and it led him, when, after a good night's rest in his sacred dormitory he began his second day's journey, into a very secluded, though not altogether uninhabited, district. There was no road up the narrow valley, and only in some parts a bridle-path. And the character of the country became rougher and wilder as the valley approached the upper hills.

The little town of Piobiso, which communicates with the rest of the world by no road whatever, is situated at the foot of the huge mass of Monte Nerone, to the south of it, and at the junction of the Cardigliano and Biscubio rivers.

Another smaller and nameless stream comes down from Monte Nerone among thick forests, so pathless as to suggest strange ideas of the

domestic life of the inhabitants of the dwelling, of which, as Don Evandro said, the ruins are still visible by the side of the stream. There are large vaults also beneath them, as the priest had likewise said. Let us hope that they were not used for any other purpose save the storing of the châtelain's wine. But if such were the case, they certainly made good cheer in the depth of the forest and mountain solitude, for the cellarage is very abundant. It may be supposed, perhaps, that the friars of the neighbouring monastery—more numerous, doubtless, in those days than the half dozen or so of poor recluses who still inhabit the lonely spot (if, as is very probable, they have not yet been turned out from their obscure home)—came up to the castle to help to drink the lord's wine.

But it is of the lives led by the wives and daughters of those old châtelains, that the contemplation of their abode suggests the most striking picture. Did they ever get away any more, when they had once been brought across torrents, and through forests, and over mountains, to their lord's castle? Did they ever want, and if they ever did want, did they ever get a doctor? Did they keep any maid-servants? Were they very particular in bolting the doors when their husbands were away from home? Were the friars from the neighbouring monastery allowed to come and visit them at such times? What on earth did they do from morning till night? Here, at all events, they lived, and here they died; and here assuredly they must have been buried; though there is no trace of grave or monument to be seen. But here they live no more! What caused "his lordship's establishment to be broken up?" Somebody must have been the last man who ever slept in the lonely dwelling! What became of that last man's bedding? Did he lock the door, and mean to come back again, when he went away for the last time? Or did battle, murder, and sudden death, with fire in their train, come suddenly upon the dwelling and its inhabitants some night, and leave thenceforth only a ruin behind them?

The ecclesiastical establishment, which shared those remote solitudes with the lay lord's castle, has been longer lived than it, and its inmates have been more constant to it! The little monastery is not close to the ruins of the castle. They are a mile or two apart. The castle stood further up the hill, and is more completely surrounded—or at least its ruins are more completely surrounded—by the forest. The monastery stands on the border of the stream: it is impossible to conceive a more lugubrious-looking spot. It perfectly well

fulfils the idea suggested by its strangely significant name,—“Our Lady of the Valley of the Abyss!”

A shifting of the bed of the little stream, at some period before either castles or monasteries had come into the world, has left a small, flat, dank-looking, semicircular meadow, at the spot where it circles round the base of the hill in a rapid curve. The very green, and very shady, but very damp-looking plot of ground thus situated, is shut in by the almost perpendicular side of the forest-covered mountain which surrounds it in a semicircle. The chord of this arc is formed by the stream, which at either end of the curved space thus enclosed passes so close under the precipitous banks above it, as to cut off the little meadow from all approach save by crossing the stream.

In that remarkably situated spot, some sainted disciple of St. Francis, not having any fear of rheumatism before his eyes, planted a monastery. It is a very small and poor one, and the few inmates look, or probably looked (for as I said, they have most likely been turned out of the Valley of the Abyss by this time), meagre and poor. There were no fat ones among them. They were all of the lean, gaunt category of monks. The cords which girded the folds of their brown serge frocks around their loins, seemed as though they gathered together superfluously abundant drapery around the forms of skeletons. The buildings are poor looking but solid enough, and far more than sufficient in extent for all the purposes of the diminished family which inhabited them. There they still lingered, in the solitary, remote, damp, unwholesome spot: still tinkling their bells in the solitude every day for five hundred years; still saying their masses and singing their litanies as they said and sung them five hundred years ago; still burying their dead in the extra-miserable looking spot between the back of the chapel and the rock of the mountain side!

Beppo succeeded, after some little trouble, in finding his way about night-fall to the little valley in which the monastery of Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso is situated. He might have been puzzled, however, to find any means of crossing the stream to get to the building save wading through it, had he not chanced to overtake one of the brotherhood, who had been out on one of the begging expeditions by means of which the mendicants of St. Francis chiefly support themselves at the expense of the labouring population of the surrounding districts, slowly wending his way homeward to the drone-hive. He was labouring heavily along the rough and broken little foot-path, which found its way among the trees and rocks

on the opposite side of the river to that on which the monastery stands, laden with a full sack, which hung down his bent back over his left shoulder, and with a small keg suspended under the arm at his right side.

“Good evening, *frate*,” said Beppo, coming up with him; “is it far to Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso?”

“I hope not, *Signor mio*,” said the friar, looking at him with some surprise, “for I have carried my load a long way, and am tired.”

“You are going to S. Maria, then, I suppose?” returned Beppo.

“Why, it is hardly likely that anybody should be travelling along this path, if they were not going there; for it leads nowhere else, that I know of.”

“Then you may guess that I am going there, too,” said Beppo.

“So I suppose; though we see a stranger rarely enough to make me suppose anything else, if there was anything else possible,” returned the friar.

“Well, that is where I am bound for; so I may think myself in luck to have fallen in with somebody to show me the way.”

“There are not so many paths as to make much danger of taking the wrong one, and not so many habitations in the valley as to make it easy to mistake the monastery,” observed the friar, with no great degree of cordiality; for the appearance of a stranger there at such an hour seemed to presage a demand on the hospitality of the convent, which, to the mind of the poor begging brother, did not appear to be compensated by the break in the monotony of convent life which the presence of the guest might occasion.

“No; there is no great choice of roads, it is true,” rejoined Beppo; “but I am a stranger in these parts, and did not know whereabouts the monastery might be, exactly.”

“I suppose so!” replied the mendicant. “May I ask your purpose in seeking Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso? We don’t see many visitors here!”

“I have a message to the superior,” replied Beppo, after a few moments’ reflection.

“A message for the superior!” re-echoed the friar, stopping to rest his sack on a large boulder stone by the side of the path, while he examined the stranger with more curiosity.

“May I ask who sends it, *Signore*?” said he, staring at the *contadino* from head to foot.

“Perhaps I had better wait till I can tell my message at the monastery,” replied Beppo, after another pause for consideration.

“As you please, but we have no secrets in our house. There are not enough of us for that—by the blessing of Our Lady; for I don’t

know how we should keep body and soul together if there were any more of us ! ”

“ Oh, I have no secrets from any of the brethren,” said Beppo ; “ only, if you have been absent long from the house you might not know—”

“ I came away four days ago,” returned the friar, still rather sulkily ; “ and it’s many a long mile I have been to gather what there is in this sack !—many a long mile, and I shall not be sorry to get home.”

“ Four days ! ” said Beppo, thoughtfully, to himself.

“ Yes, four days ! ” repeated the friar, staring at him with more surprise than before.

“ Did you ever hear of Bella Luce di Santa Lucia, *frate* ? ” said Beppo.

“ Oh—h—h—h ! ” exclaimed the friar, slowly lifting his chin, till it brought the huge rim of his white felt hat into a vertical position at the back of his head, “ that’s it, is it ? You are all right, friend ! Yes, I have heard of Bella Luce di Santa Lucia. Welcome to Santa Maria—though we are not quite there yet. Come on, *Signore*. Perhaps your worship would lend me a hand to hoist the sack. It is getting late, and it is time we were indoors.”

All this was said with an entirely changed tone, which made it evident to Beppo that his introduction was a potent one, and gave promise of a better welcome than the friar’s manner had at first suggested.

So Beppo and his new companion trudged on, one after the other—the path was too narrow to admit of their walking side by side—the friar having declined the stranger’s offer to carry his keg for him, till they came in sight of the blackish grey-looking stone buildings of the monastery on the opposite side of the stream.

“ How are we to get across ? ” said Beppo, when he saw that the bridgeless river was between them and their destination.

“ You shall see,” said the friar, putting down his sack and drawing a small whistle from the pocket of his frock. He blew a shrill whistle on it, and sat down by the side of his sack to await the result.

In a few minutes Beppo perceived, with some difficulty in the imperfect light, a figure on the opposite bank pushing out a punt from behind a low wall, built apparently on the brink of the stream. By the time the punt reached the centre of the stream, he could see that it was another of the brethren who was standing in it, and managing with considerable dexterity the task of pushing it across, which the rapidity of the stream rendered a not altogether easy operation. The shaven navigator, however, brought his craft with the

nicest exactitude to the spot where his two expectant passengers were standing, and, tossing the end of a chain to his brother on the shore, stepped ashore without speaking, while the latter dropped the ring at the end of the chain over a stake in the bank prepared to receive it, and the punt swung round to the current.

“ Bella Luce di Santa Lucia,” said the monk who was returning home from his begging circuit, in reply to the questioning look which the other was staring at Beppo.

“ Oh—h—h ! ” said the second monk, just in the tone with which the first had received the same intimation. “ We are prepared to receive you, *Signore*,” he said, addressing the stranger, “ and to give you such hospitality as we have to offer, which the Holy Virgin knows is little enough ! Be pleased to step into the boat. But if it is very little else in any other way that we have to give you,” he added, as, having pushed the boat back across the stream, and moored it in its little hidden harbour, he stepped on to the shore of the damp green meadow that constituted the territory of the monastery, “ I think I can promise you that no heretic soldiers will come to look for you here, or would find you if they did. And now, my son,” he continued, as the other monk once again shouldered his sack, and they all three stepped across the meadow to a low door almost close under the overhanging precipice which shut in the building, and rendered all other “ *clausura* ” unnecessary to the strictest monastic rule, on that side at all events, “ Now, my son, I will show you where you may find at least rest and safety ; and we will see what we can do to find you wherewithal to satisfy your hunger. There was some good ham in the little oratory at Aqualagna last night, I know ; but we have none such to give you here.”

And Beppo perceived that the dexterous oarsman was no other than the superior of the small community.

So there he was, a guest and inmate of the monastery of Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso, and a refugee from the pursuit of the laws of his country.

(To be continued.)

THE SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

THERE was a great cry in Stratford-upon-Avon when the Reverend Mr. Gastrel, a wealthy clergyman, who had become the purchaser of William Shakespeare’s house and lands, deliberately hewed down a mulberry tree in the garden, believed to have been planted there by the poet’s own hand. The

utilitarian priest affirmed that his windows were darkened, his abode rendered damp and comfortless, by reason of the near neighbourhood of the tree. Other accounts allege that "the act of Gothic barbarity," as Boswell calls it, was committed simply to vex the people of Stratford. Dr. Johnson inclined to this view of the affair. Mr. Gastrel went possibly upon the old argument, that he had a right to do what he would with his own. He was not a reader of the poet, we may take for granted; he wouldn't have cut down the tree, for one thing,—for another he would have known that,

"it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

He raised a formidable storm. The populace rose against him, mobbed, hooted, threatened his life, and deposed their tyrant. He was compelled to fly the town, the people solemnly vowing never to permit one of his name to reside in Stratford.

Mr. Gastrel is remembered only by this one shameful act of his. Perhaps no-fame would have been preferable to the very ill-fame he has succeeded in attaching to himself for ever.

The carpenter who bought the tree of the sacrilegious clergyman was shrewd enough to turn his purchase to very profitable uses. He ingeniously cut the wood into various shapes—caskets, snuff-boxes, tea-chests, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, &c. A lively demand for these articles ensued. The tree contained a quite unprecedented quantity of timber—there really seemed to be no end of it. Perhaps all the relics were not quite genuine. The corporation of Stratford honoured the carpenter with their patronage. They despatched to Mr. Garrick, one of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, the freedom of Stratford enclosed in a box made of the sacred wood, requesting that he would send a bust, statue, or picture of the poet to be placed in their Town hall; assuring the actor also that they should not be less pleased if he would forward his own portrait, "to be placed near that of his favourite author, in perpetual remembrance of both."

Garrick was greatly flattered, and accepted gratefully the homage of the corporation; most graceful compliments were interchanged; and soon it was resolved that a grand Jubilee in honour of Shakespeare should be held at Stratford on the 6th, 7th, and 8th days of September, 1769. Great preparations were made, many months in advance. In the "Gentleman's Magazine," under date of the 14th February, 1769, we read: "About 100 trees were cut down near Stratford-upon-Avon in

order to enlarge the prospect against the approaching Jubilee." Was any of the timber thus acquired used for relics, I wonder?

The Jubilee was to last three days. Boswell published a narrative of the proceedings in the "London Magazine." Another account appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine." "To give our readers as particular and authentic an account of the Jubilee at Stratford as possible," says the Editor, "we have procured, with some solicitation, extracts of a letter to a gentleman in London."

The style of this gentleman's letter is very much that of a modern newspaper's special correspondent. He seems to have gone down to Stratford "to do the Festival" in a light, free-and-easy sort of way. He notes that much speculation is afforded to the inhabitants by the word Jubilee; and talk confusedly of Jew Bill, Jubilo, and Jubilum, "with equal no meaning." He encounters a Banbury man carrying into the town a double bass-viol, on which he was unable to play, but doubted not he would be shown how when the proper time arrived. This musician spoke of the Jubilee as "the celebration of the resurrection of Shakespeare." The workmen were very busy constructing an amphitheatre, but the inhabitants were pursuing their occupation "in the old dog-trot way, or staring with wonderful vacancy of phiz at the preparation." The amphitheatre was on the plan of the Rotunda at Ranelagh, but not so large; a wooden building on the brink of the Avon, elegantly painted and gilded, with raised orchestra. On the banks of the river were transparencies, "Time leading Shakespeare to Immortality," Tragedy on the one side, Comedy on the other, after Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture. In the church the poet's bust was so loaded with branches of bays as to look like "the god Pan in an old picture." The five windows of the Town-hall were filled with paintings of transparent silk—*Lear*, *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, *Caliban*, and the Genius of Shakespeare—"in a good stile." At one end hung Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick, at the other "a very good picture of Shakespeare in the attitude of inspiration." Shakespeare's house was covered with an emblematical transparency, the subject being the sun struggling through clouds to enlighten the world; "a figurative representation," says Mr. Davies, Garrick's biographer, "of the fate and fortunes of the much-beloved bard." On the evening of his arrival the correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" "ate a Jubilee chicken at Feyton's," and retired to rest.

The Festival proper commenced with breakfast at the Town-hall at nine o'clock, the while a fife and drum band played favourite marches

outside; the morning having been ushered in, according to Boswell, with "a pleasing serenade by the best musicians from London, in disguise." At eleven, an oratorio called *Judith*, the words by Bickerstaff and the music by Dr. Arne, was performed in the church, and met with universal applause. Boswell wishes that prayers had been read and a short sermon preached. The procession from the church was led by Garrick. An elegant dinner was served at four o'clock, "not in the most precise order," says our correspondent. He appears to have been satisfied upon the whole, however. "The ordinary, with wine (of which I drank claret and madeira, both good), 10s. 6d." After dinner Lord Grosvenor, who seems to have been the chairman, proposed a bumper to the steward, Mr. Garrick ("whose behaviour exhibited the greatest politeness with the truest liveliness and hilarity"). The next toast was to the memory of the Bard, "to which was subjoined three cheers, at the instance of your humble servant, most heartily." (Our correspondent seems to have distinguished himself here.) Then the performers in the orchestra gave catches and glees, which proved to be so inspiring, that the whole audience joined in chorus; the whole closing with "God save the King," every voice being exerted. At seven o'clock the company withdrew to prepare for the ball, which opened at nine and closed about three; "remarkable chiefly for the most elegant minuet that I ever saw or shall see, by Mrs. Garrick and Mr. —." Mrs. Garrick, it may be remembered, had been formerly celebrated as Mademoiselle Violetti, a dancer at the Italian opera-house in the Haymarket. No wonder she performed her minuet well. As to "Mr. —," I can give no information. Could he have been Mr. Boswell?

The next morning a drizzling rain continued during many hours. It was found necessary to abandon the grand pageant upon which Garrick had expended much time and money. "It was to have been," writes Boswell, "a procession of allegorical beings, the most distinguished characters of Shakespeare's plays, with their proper dresses, triumphal cars, and other kinds of machinery; but the heavy rains made it impossible to have this exhibited without destroying the valuable dresses and endangering the still more valuable health of the fair performers, who might have been rendered incapable of appearing in public for a whole season—perhaps for life. But as no cost has been spared on this pageant, I hope Mr. Garrick will entertain us with it in the comfortable regions of Drury Lane." Mr. Garrick availed himself of this hint, as we shall see presently. It is possible that throughout his

preparations he had had an eye to future performances upon his own stage. At twelve o'clock the ode was performed in the amphitheatre. "Here," says an eyewitness, "Garrick did indeed outdo all his former outdoings." Lord Grosvenor came to the orchestra "and told Garrick that he had affected his whole frame, showing him his veins and nerves still quivering with agitation!" Boswell, during the execution of the ode, saw "the various passions and feelings which it contains fully transfused into all around. Garrick seemed in ecstasy, and gave us the idea of a mortal transformed into a demigod, as we read in the Pagan mythology. . . his eyes sparkled with joy, and the triumph of his countenance at some parts of the ode; its tenderness in others, and inimitably sly humours at others, cannot be described." Dr. Arne conducted the performance, and Mr. Richards, leader of the Drury Lane orchestra, was the first violin. The words were by Mr. Garrick, and the music of the songs by Mr. Dibden, the singers consisting of Mr. Vernon, Mrs. Baddeley, Mrs. Barthelmon and Master Brown." Among the songs were "Sweet Willy O!"—"tender and pathetic;" "The Mulberry Tree"—"of which the chorus was very fine;" and "Warwickshire"—"a ballad of great merit in its kind, full of witty turns and even delicate fancies." I subjoin two verses of this song, that the reader may judge for himself concerning it:—

As venison is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in;
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.
Warwickshire wag;
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth he robbed Nature;
He took all her smiles and he took all her grief:
And thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief.
Warwickshire thief
He's the chief;
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief.

This is something of the doggerel of the tea gardens and music halls, I think, with all due deference to Mr. Boswell's notions about "witty turns" and "elegant fancies."

Altogether, there was considerable excitement in Stratford and its neighbourhood. The corporation gave a plate, and races were run outside the town. Boswell did not find these better or worse than other races; "nor indeed," he adds, "could they be expected to be anyhow extraordinary, except, as an ingenious lady observed, we could have procured a race of Pegasus in honour of our poet." He was pleased with certain of the shop-bills, pronouncing them quite "pieces of genius." One

Mr. Jackson, of Tavistock Street, London, we learn, gave about the following:—"SHAKESPEARE'S JUBILEE.—A ribband has been made on purpose at Coventry, called the Shakespeare's Ribband; it is in imitation of the rainbow, which, uniting the colours of all parties, is likewise an emblem of the great variety of his genius. *'Each change of many-coloured life he drew.'*"—JOHNSON." "I dare say," Boswell comments, "Mr. Samuel Johnson never imagined that this fine verse of his would appear on a bill to promote the sale of ribbands. . . . Since I have mentioned this illustrious author," (probably it would have been as difficult for Boswell to have avoided mention of his great friend as it was for Mr. Dick to keep all reference to Charles the First out of his memorial) "I cannot but regret that he did not honour the Jubilee with his presence, which would have added much dignity to our meeting."

But Johnson was with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale at Brighthelmstone, then a small fishing village, better known to us since as Brighton or London-super-mare. No doubt, as Boswell asserted, "Johnson's connection both with Shakespeare and Garrick founded a double claim to his presence: and it would have been highly gratifying to Mr. Garrick." But in such a matter Johnson did not especially care to gratify Garrick, and he shrunk from supporting a festival which, ostensibly in honour of Shakespeare, was likely in truth to be perverted to the glorification of the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. A certain jealousy between author and actor was of long standing. Johnson could not divest himself of the old notion that the player was but a very near kinsman of the rogue and the vagabond. In his life of Savage, with a strange acrimony paying a compliment to Wilks the actor, he took occasion to speak of his condition, as making "almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal." "He spoke of Garrick as 'Punch;' asserted that he admired him 'as a poor player who frets and struts his hour upon the stage;'—as a shadow;" affirmed that a ballad-singer was 'a higher man, for he does two things: he repeats and he sings; there is both recitation and music in his performance; the player only recites.'" Boswell hinted at the money Garrick had made, as a proof of the value mankind had set upon his acting. "Is getting a hundred thousand pounds a proof of excellence?" Johnson demands. "That has been done by a scoundrel commissary." It is perhaps true, as Mr. Croker remarks, "that no portion of Johnson's character is so painful as his treatment of Garrick." But, as Boswell

states, "Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself."

Nor did Dr. Goldsmith visit the Jubilee. There was, indeed, considerable opposition to the affair. Horace Walpole was bitterly severe concerning it, and was pleasantly reproached thereupon by Gray; for had he not been tolerant of the exhibition in Paris of Madame Du Barry's portrait, joining the dense crowd that flocked to see it at the Louvre? Was there need for so much wrath to be wasted upon the poor player's harmless Jubilee? George Colman was there, manager of Covent Garden, as representing the theatre; his co-partner, Powell the actor, a man of genius, and a great public favourite, in many characters being only surpassed by Garrick, had died with some suddenness but two months previously at Bristol, his age only thirty-four. On the day of his death the actors were so affected that they could not continue their parts, and the audience, pardoning and sharing their emotion, dispensed with the farce which should have concluded the performance. Foote, too, was to be seen on the banks of the Avon, scoffing and jesting amidst a laughing crowd. A tall, unwieldy, corpulent man, presses through the throng, eager to converse with the famous wit. "Has the county of Warwick, sir, the honour of giving birth to you as well as to Shakespeare?" asks Foote. "No," answers the uncouth gentleman, "I come out of Essex." "Out of Essex?—out of Essex? And pray who drove you?" The crowd applauds, and the traveller retreats at the determined laughter resounding on all sides.

Garrick, it seems, had been prepared for some ridicule; he thought it advisable to encounter this half way, and divert opposition into purposes of entertainment. He arranged that Mr. King, one of his comedians, should enter the Amphitheatre in the course of the performance of the ode, and in the character of "a Maccaroni," state all possible objections to Shakespeare, charging him with vulgarity, barbarism, with exciting coarse and common emotions, such as laughing and crying, and with disturbing the *ennui*, which was the sole pleasure of gentlemen. The address concluded with a string of sarcasms against the Jubilee, Garrick, the corporation, and the whole company. Mr. King was a good actor, famous indeed as *Lord Ogleby*, and some years later as *Sir Peter Teazle*; his success as *Brass* (in the "Confederacy" by Sir John Vanbrugh) is chronicled in Churchill's line about him in the "Rosciad,"

"'Mongst Drury's sons he comes and shines in *Brass*."

It is probable that he delivered his address a

little too well, or that there were some hard truths in it, and that Garrick's reply was a little ineffective and tame. Mr. King caused genuine amusement, though Boswell thinks it would have been better to have omitted his share in the festival—his address detracting from its dignity.

Another grand dinner was followed by a display of fireworks, the weather being still very unpropitious—"the Fireworks by Mr. Angel,"—and the Festival concluded with a masquerade. The correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" only says of his dress, that he wore a silver medal of Shakespeare, pendant from a sky-blue ribband round his neck, and a cockade of rainbow-coloured ribband in his hat. He mentions that some of the characters were well filled; specifying "an excellent Lord Ogleby, and a jockey, and as good a Dutch skipper, and a devil." "I got," he writes, "an ear of wheat from a sweet Ceres, and a honeysuckle from a beautiful Flora, and kissed each of their hands in testimony of my devotion." He retired "perfectly satisfied," as he need to have been, and "unfatigued," upon which he may be congratulated, between six and seven in the morning. It rained throughout the night steadily. As he judges, there were about eight hundred visitors at the breakfast, fifteen hundred at the dinners, and two thousand at the oratorio, ball, and masquerade.

Boswell appears to have been less contented with the pleasures of the evening. He pronounced a masquerade unsuited to the genius of the British nation. "The reserve and taciturnity which is observable amongst us makes us appear awkward and embarrassed in feigned characters. Many of our Stratford masks seemed angry when one accosted them." But perhaps Boswell's dissatisfaction may be traced to the fact, that he had attempted to recite a long pompous poem about the wrongs of Corsica, and that the dancers and masks had declined to listen to him, thinking, perhaps, that they had pleasanter occupation on hand. Boswell, however, printed his poetry in the London papers: whether he shamed the fools is another question. He was very mad about Corsica at this period: he had just published a journal of his tour in that island, reprinting in it paragraphs from Johnson's letters—much to the Doctor's annoyance. "I have omitted a long time to write to you, without knowing very well why. I could tell you why I should not write: for who would write to men who publish the letters of their friends without their leave. Yet I write to you, in spite of my caution, to tell you that I shall be glad to see you, and that I wish you would empty your head of Corsica, which I think has filled

it rather too long." So Johnson wrote a year and a half before the Jubilee,—but still Boswell continued his rhodomontades about an oppressed nation struggling to be free. "Empty my head of Corsica!" he cries: "empty it of honour, empty it of humanity, empty it of friendship, empty it of piety! No; while I live, Corsica and the cause of the brave islanders shall ever employ much of my attention, shall ever interest me in the sincerest manner." But at the time of the Festival the struggle was over—there was an end of the Corsican cause. General Paoli was a fugitive in England, dangling at the Court of St. James's, in hopes of a pension, while Boswell ostentatiously attended and toadied him—the world looking on and laughing. Boswell's book was only considered valuable in so much as it contained particulars concerning Paoli; no one pretending interest in Mr. Boswell's own adventures. Gray wrote to Walpole: "The pamphlet proves, what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind."

The "London Magazine" presents its readers with an elaborate engraving and description of Boswell's appearance at the masquerade, in the character of an armed Corsican Chief: "He wore a short, dark-coloured coat, of coarse cloth, scarlet waistcoat and breeches, and black spatterdashes; his cap or bonnet was of black velvet, on the front of it was embroidered, in gold letters, VIVA LA LIBERTA, and on one side of it was a handsome blue feather and cockade, so that it had an elegant as well as warlike appearance. On the breast of his coat was sewed a badge, a Moor's head, the crest of Corsica, surrounded with branches of laurel. He had also a cartridge pouch, into which was stuck a stiletto. He had a gun slung across his shoulders; wore no powder in his hair, but had it plaited at its full length, with a knot of blue ribbands at the end of it. He had, by way of staff, a very curious vine, all of one piece, with a bird's head finely carved upon it, emblematical of the sweet Bard of Avon. (!) He wore no mask, saying that it was not proper for a Corsican Chief. The novelty of the Corsican dress, its becoming appearance, and the character of that brave nation, concurred to distinguish the armed Corsican Chief." Further, we learn that Mr. Boswell, thus accoutred, entered the ball-room about twelve o'clock, and was first accosted by Mr. Garrick, with whom he had a good deal of conversation; that there was an admirable

dialogue between Lord Grosvenor, in the character of a Turk, and the Corsican, on the different constitutions of their countries—so opposite to each other—despotism and liberty, and that Captain Thomson of the navy, in the character of an honest tar, kept it up very well, expressing a strong inclination to stand by the brave islanders. The reader who is inclined to think that the highest pitch of entertainment was hardly likely to be reached in this way, will be glad to learn that subsequently Mr. Boswell danced both a quadrille and a country dance with “a very pretty Irish lady—Mrs. Sheldon, wife to Captain Sheldon of the 38th Regiment of Foot (Lord Blarney’s). She was dressed in a genteel domino, and before the dance threw off her mask.” Quite right, too, Mrs. Sheldon : a pretty face was a better thing to contemplate by a great deal.

There was nothing more to be done by the visitors after the masquerade but to pay their bills and hurry away from Stratford with all possible speed. Complaints now arose on all sides, however. The wealthy and liberal part of the Stratford community were deeply sensible of the honour conferred upon their town and their poet by the Festival, and the crowd of visitors it brought in its train ; but the lower and less enlightened classes of the people were found to exhibit an utter want of appreciation of the Jubilee. Not simply did they regard Mr. Garrick with a gross kind of awe, as though he were a wizard or a professor of legerdemain, crediting his wand with power to perform all sorts of magical wonders ; not only did they attribute the incessant and violent rains which fell during the Jubilee to the judgment and vengeance of a Heaven offended, as they believed, with the fireworks, assemblies, music, dancing, and masks, and by way of punishment, literally throwing cold water upon the proceedings,—but they now set themselves to spoil the Egyptians, as it were, charging the most extravagant prices for lodging, provisions, and other necessities of life ; the modern tariffs at Doncaster during the St. Leger week, or at Bognor during Goodwood, find precedent in the charges at Stratford during the Jubilee. Mr. Boswell, in treating of the subject, assumes a lofty philosophic monied tone : “Much noise was made about the high prices of everything at Stratford,” he writes ; “I own I cannot agree that such censures are just. It was reasonable that Shakespeare’s townsmen should partake of the Jubilee as well as we strangers did : they, as a Jubilee of profit ; we, of pleasure. As it lasted but a few nights, a guinea a night for a bed was not imposition ; nobody was understood to come there who had not plenty

of money.” Much ill-humour arose, too, by reason of the difficulty in obtaining conveyances, for all were in a hurry to be off at once, and the company could only be taken away in detachments ; those who had to wait until the carriages returned for their turn to depart, waxing exceedingly angry at the delay, and at having had to yield priority in the journey home to others. “I laughed away spleen by a droll simile,” Boswell says in his self-contented way, “‘taking the whole of this Jubilee,’ said I, ‘is like eating an artichoke entire, we have some five mouthfuls, but also swallow the leaves and hair which are confoundedly difficult of digestion.’ After all, however, I am highly satisfied with my artichoke.” And then he proceeds to laud the Festival as “an antique idea,” “a Grecian thought.” “My bosom glowed with joy when I beheld a numerous and brilliant company of nobility and gentry, the rich, the brave, the witty, and the fair, assembled to pay their tribute of praise to Shakespeare, and to Garrick the steward of the Festival.” He avowed himself of opinion that Shakespeare’s Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon did honour not only to the immortal bard, but to all who had contributed towards it, and he expressed a hope that every seven years it would be celebrated with equal ardour of enthusiasm as it had been in 1769. This, however, was not to be, Mr. Boswell. Stratford did not know another Jubilee ; seven years brought failing health to Garrick. On the 10th June, 1776, he played for the last time : he appeared in the character of *Don Felix* in “The Wonder,” the profits of the night being devoted to the Theatrical Fund, and took leave of his audience in a prose address which his emotion barely permitted him to utter. He retired amidst tears and acclamations. It was on the 1st February, 1779, that Taylor, the facetious pupil of Frank Hayman, entered the studio of Nollekens the sculptor, and said with a strange levity :—“For the information of some of the sons of Phidias, I beg to observe that David Garrick is now on his way to pay his respects to Poets’ Corner. I left him just as he was quitting the boards of the Adelphi.” Garrick had died on the 20th of January at his house in the Adelphi. John Thomas Smith, then a lad of thirteen, afterwards the biographer of Nollekens, went out of the studio to see the procession pass by Charing Cross, following afterwards to the Abbey, where he heard the service read and saw the coffin lowered.

But to return to the Festival. Garrick, who, as his biographer, Davies, actor and bookseller, informs us, “always joined the strictest economy to the most liberal expenditure,” deter-

mined that the money spent upon the pageant which the rain had prevented should not be altogether thrown away. He bethought him of bringing his procession upon the Drury Lane stage, and contrived, with that object, assisted by Mr. Benjamin Wilson, the portrait painter, a dramatic entertainment called the "Jubilee," a spectacle introducing mute representations of a principal scene from each of the plays of Shakespeare. The piece was never printed, though it obtained a large share of public favour, was performed nearly one hundred times, and was often revived subsequently. The Drury Lane manuscript was burnt with the theatre in 1809. Elliston is reputed to have borrowed the copy of the play belonging to the Bath theatre, and not to have returned it. But other copies must have survived, as the "Jubilee" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre so late as 1816.

The dialogue was believed to have been written by Garrick; but certainly the literary merits of the work would seem to have been of the lowest possible description. A *pièce d'occasion*, however, does not put forth very high claims. Davies furnishes a particular account of the play in the notes to his "Life of Garrick." The first scene discloses the inside of a farm-house at Stratford-upon-Avon. *Goody Benson* discourses with her neighbour, *Mrs. Jervis*, concerning the approaching Jubilee, and their alarms, the rent. They are confirmed in their fears by *Goodman Ralph*, who assures them that a Popish plot is in agitation, and that probably the whole town will be blown up with gunpowder. The report of cannon is soon after heard, and all three are thrown into agonies of terror. The scene then changes to an inn-yard; a post-chaise without horses is seen standing at a distance. A number of musicians in masks enter and perform a serenade. Disturbed by the music, an Irish gentleman (performed by Mr. Moody;—the play would have been incomplete if that stock humourist—the stage Irishman—had been omitted) puts his head out of the post-chaise, and declares that it is "extremely hard they won't let people rest in their beds. I could not get a lodging in all the town, and so I took up with the first floor of this post-chaise; but the devil a wink of sleep could I get till you waked me!" He comes out of the chaise with the observation that after all it's no such bad thing to be in bed ready dressed, and states that he was so hard put to it that he was obliged to make a nightcap of his wig. He inquires what the Jubilee means, and is answered in the manner of Mr. Foote—that a Jubilee is to go post without horses, to hear an ode without poetry, music

without melody, to have dinner without victuals, &c. Then ensues a great commotion amongst the travellers and the waiters of the inn. One guest eats another's breakfast: one traveller walks off in another's boots; a gentleman assures the ostler that his boots were quite new ones, and that he can see nothing of them; he is answered, "Alack-a-day, sir, all the new boots have been gone this half-hour—first come first served, you know." Much of the noisy buffoonery of a Christmas pantomime follows. Then a pedler offers for sale toys made of the mulberry tree, quarrelling with another pedler as to the genuineness of their wares. The one had never possessed any of the real wood, it appears; the other had once had a small quantity, but has "sold more than would make a gallows to hang up his whole generation." The Irish gentleman in a rage beats and drives them both off, then consoles himself with hot punch and a nap. Meanwhile the procession passes, the bells ringing, the townspeople singing, and the rustics discussing the merits of the poet, and labouring to comprehend the proceedings. The Irishman laments his having fallen to sleep, is very angry at the wet weather, and thinks the steward ought to be called to account for it. Finally, he declares Stratford to be the vilest place in the world, "for we can get nothing to eat," says he, "and are forced to pay double for that too!"

All this the audience found highly amusing, but no doubt the main source of pleasure was the pageant in the last scene, "as it was to have been presented at Stratford," placed upon the stage with an extraordinary magnificence. The characters of each play were sustained by chief members of the company—Garrick appearing as *Benedick*, King as *Touchstone*, Holland as *Richard the Third*, Miss Pope as *Beatrice*, Mrs. Barry as the *Tragic Muse*, and Mrs. Abington as the *Comic Muse*. As these moved in procession, they were preceded by heralds in appropriate costumes, bearing streamers of various colours, on which were inscribed the names of the plays, &c. Sixteen drummers headed the procession; then came banners with the mottoes *Veni in speculum*, and *Totus mundus agit Histrionem*, a band of music following. After these entered the characters in "As You Like It," "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice"—the caskets on a cabinet richly ornamented; *Shylock* with his knife and bond, &c.—"Twelfth Night," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," *Bottom* with the ass's head; a number of children representing fairies; *Oberon*, the fairy king, and *Titania*, the queen, seated in an elegant carriage; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and

"Much Ado About Nothing." Then appeared the *Comic Muse*, seated on a magnificent car drawn by satyrs, and attended by the different characters of ancient comedy. This terminated the first portion of the pageant. A military band next entered, followed by the characters in "Richard the Third," the king giving instruction to *Tyrrell* as to the murder of the two princes, who follow, led by the queen dowager; "Cymbeline;" "Hamlet," the *Ghost* beckoning to *Hamlet*, who is held by his mother; *Ophelia* in the mad scene, the two *Gravediggers*, &c.; "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry the Eighth," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." Upon these *Apollo* with his lyre followed, and the *Tragic Muse* on a triumphal car, surrounded by *Calliope*, *Clio*, *Erato*, *Euterpe*, *Polyhymnia*, *Terpsichore*, and *Urania*. An effigy of Shakespeare, copied from his monument in Westminster Abbey, with emblematical ornaments and a numerous train of attendants, closed the procession.

Of course this "illegitimate" entertainment, and the crowds it drew to the theatre, excited remark and ridicule. Foote especially busied himself with squib and sarcasm at the expense of the manager of Drury Lane, losing no opportunity of arraigning Garrick's taste in the matter, and bringing upon him the laughter of the town. Garrick's ode was mercilessly criticised and parodied. His manner of recitation was even questioned. Ireland stated boldly that, though a consummate actor, no one could assert who had heard him speak the ode, that he was above mediocrity in speaking or reading. Foote threatened a burlesque jubilee with a mock procession in it, and a mock Garrick in the costume of the steward of the jubilee, with his wand, white-topped gloves, and the mulberry-tree medallion of Shakespeare hanging at his breast. "Some ragamuffin in the procession was to address him in two well-known lines of the grossest flattery; to this Garrick's representative was to make no other answer but clap his arms like the wings of a cock, and crow out 'cock-a-doodle-doo.'" This piece of refined satire, however, was not put into execution. The mere threat was sufficient to occasion deep annoyance to Garrick. Perhaps nothing more was intended. He had so lively an apprehension of ridicule that he grew seriously uneasy; his alarm at the impending caricature became apparent to all; and a nobleman, the friend of both actors, is said to have persuaded Foote to abandon his malicious design. They met as if by chance at the door of their patron's house, and, alighting from their chariots, stood for a moment exchanging

significant looks. Garrick broke silence by asking, "Well, is it to be peace or war?" "Oh, peace, by all means," Foote replied, good-naturedly; and they passed the rest of the day together in great cordiality.

Garrick's ode was first performed at Drury Lane, on the 30th September, 1769, after the comedy of "The Country Girl," and apparently without creating much impression. It was called "An ode upon dedicating a building and erecting a statue to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon;" the speaking part by Garrick, the songs and choruses by Vernon, Champres, Mrs. Baddeley, Mrs. Scott, Miss Radley, &c. It was published, and immediately followed by a mock ode, parodying in its manner, Dryden's "St. Cecilia's Day," and regarded by the town as a very happy effort of wit and whim. The "Jubilee" was first played on the 14th October. A rival pageant, but of a very inferior description, had been produced by Colman, at Covent Garden, on the 7th, in a play called "Man and Wife, or the Shakespeare Jubilee," one scene of which represented the amphitheatre at Stratford, and the humours of a masquerade. Another effort had been made at the opposition theatre to forestall the glory of the Drury Lane procession by the production of "Henry the Fifth," with a gorgeous coronation scene, introducing the ceremony of the Champion of England "on a real horse." But these endeavours to anticipate Garrick's success were of little avail, and soon afterwards "Man and Wife" was played simply as a farce, the prelude and pageant being omitted. But increased splendour of stage decorations evidently became the rule of the theatre. A few years later Colman was producing "The Fairy Prince," a compilation from Ben Jonson's "Masque of Oberon,"—"as a vehicle for representing the principal solemnities at the late installation of the Knights of the Garter."

After its first successful season, the "Jubilee" appears to have been laid aside for some years. In 1775, it was produced for one night only at Covent Garden, on the occasion of the benefit of Lee, an actor of some pretension, who played *The Drunken Man* and the *Steward of the Jubilee*. The ode was recited with the songs and choruses, and in the second act a statue of Shakespeare was brought on. After a lapse of ten years the play was again to be seen at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Siddons appeared as the *Comic Muse*, Mrs. Jordan as *Rosalind*, Mr. Bannister as *Romeo*, Mr. Palmer as *Hamlet*, and Mr. Kemble as *Richard*.

At Bath, too, the "Jubilee" was occasionally produced, Mr. Elliston appearing as *Iachimo*,

and *Shylock*, in the procession. It says little, however, for the knowledge of Shakespeare in that fashionable city, that the scene which was considered to be representative of "King Lear," is to be found only in Nahum Tate's version of the tragedy,—is no part whatever of the original work. Tate regarded the poet's work as "a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished," and resolved, "out of zeal for all that remains of Shakespeare," to re-model the story. He made *Edgar* the lover of *Cordelia*. *Edmund* in a jealous rage hires two ruffians to carry her off, but she is rescued from their attack by the gallantry of *Edgar*. This scene of the ruffians and the rescue was a favourite one with the audience, and in the pageant it did duty as an extract from Shakespeare. It may be noted that at this time it was the fashion to make the play terminate happily, the curtain descending upon *Lear* joining the hands of *Cordelia* and *Edgar* in quite the "Bless ye my children" manner of the comic drama. This was the version of "Lear" which Garrick, Fowell, Barry, and even Kemble, were content to present to their audiences. The last act "from the text of Shakespeare" does not appear to have been restored to the stage until the year 1823, when under Elliston's management Edmund Kean played *Lear* at Drury Lane. Even then the loves of *Cordelia* and *Edgar* were retained, and the earlier acts remained as Tate had altered them. It was reserved for Mr. Macready in later times, among many other services to the stage, to make a clean sweep of Shakespeare's adapters, and to present to the public the tragedy in its integrity. The part of the *Fool*, persistently omitted for long years and years, then re-appeared upon the stage.

But one more note concerning the "Jubilee."

On the 23rd April, 1816, there was some attempt at a celebration of the second centenary of years since the death of Shakespeare. At Drury Lane "Romeo and Juliet" was performed, followed by a recital of "Garrick's Ode," by Mr. Pope, and a re-production, for one night only, of the pageant from the "Jubilee." At Covent Garden Mr. Kemble played *Coriolanus*, and Garrick's "Jubilee" followed, "the Pageant by the whole of the Company." Mr. Kemble representing *Wolsey*, Mr. Charles Kemble *Macbeth*, Miss Stephens *Ophelia*, Miss O'Neill the *Tragic Muse*, Miss Foote *Cordelia*, and Mr. Betty, *Hamlet*, volunteering his services for the occasion. New songs and choruses were introduced, and the entertainment was repeated on the two following nights.

Mrs. Siddons did not appear, having retired from the stage in 1812; though in some sub-

sequent years she favoured the public with special performances,—her *very last* appearance on the stage being in 1818.

DUTTON COOK.

TREASURE-TROVE.

I.

I stood beneath a dappled sky
The clouds above were softly furled,
And through sweet spaces tenderly
The sunlight fell upon the world.

II.

I wandered down beside the lake,
The day was hot, the winds were still,
All quiet, in the noon-day heat,
The shadows slept upon the hill.

III.

Then down beside the lake I lay,
Within the shadow, carelessly,
And thought of sweetest Isabel,
My love for evermore to be.

IV.

The day was hot, the winds were still,
And o'er my senses slumber crept
So gently, scarce against my will,
I seemed awake, and yet I slept.

V.

Lulled by the rippling of the lake,
I dreamt that through a solemn wood,
Beneath the dancing light and shade,
I wandered on in solitude.

VI.

Above, I scarcely saw the blue
Of heaven, so thickly waved the trees;
Beneath, I trod a mossy sward,
While ferns grew all around my knees.

VII.

And soon I reached a lovely spot,
A little fountain babbled by,
And on a pool white lilies grew,
Surrounded by reflected sky.

VIII.

When all at once I thought I saw
Within the pool a priceless gem,
Gleaming with opalescent light,
And bright as monarch's diadem.

IX.

Eager to seize this treasure-trove,
I plunged in haste beneath the stream,
When something gently touched my hand,
Yet still I thought it but a dream.

X.

I woke, I grasped my priceless gem—
The little hand of my true love;
And though 'twas but a summer dream,
Yet still I had my *treasure-trove*.

Lucerne, 1863.

JOHN ANDREWS.

THE BLACKSMITHS OF HOLSBY.

BY LOUISA CROW.



CHAPTER I. THE LUCKY FIND.

OF the few trades which are carried on successfully in villages, not one is more steadily lucrative than the blacksmith's; or, to speak more correctly, the general smith's, for the many callings into which the business branches

out in towns are here united; and the man who shoes the Squire's horse in the morning, will hang his bells and repair his lamps an hour afterwards: or exercise no small amount of veterinary skill in the stable and kennel, when a favourite animal is ill or injured.

The baker and butcher, the grocer and linen-draper, must pit the small debts contracted by their poorer customers against the more certain payments of the resident gentry ; beside competing with the travellers of town tradesmen who, in irreproachable costumes and smart traps, make their regular appearance with "articles at London prices;" recommending their goods so perseveringly and insinuatingly that the female heart—rarely proof against politeness and a bargain combined—is easily subjugated ; and the gaily-painted van passes from door to door to the increased percentage of the dashing driver, and annoyance of the less fortunate owner of the village shop. But the smith has little to fear from competition ; the few calls for credit made upon him by the labouring classes are usually arranged on the receipt of their earnings ; and his services are so constantly in requisition among his wealthier neighbours, that he can be, and generally is, a prosperous man.

And a steadily thriving one was old Ralph Thorley of Holsby. The clinking of the hammers at his forge was the first sound that broke the stillness of the dawn, nor did it often cease until a late hour in the evening, as Ralph and his strong-limbed son John—long after the usual hour for closing—laboured together at some task requiring too much skill and care to be entrusted to the hands of an ordinary workman ; or forged the glowing metal into horse-shoes, with a grim pleasure in rendering themselves independent of the services of the travelling *shoers*, who wander in pairs from smithy to smithy ; returning again and again when they calculate upon a decrease of stock securing them the three or four days' employment, and high wages they demand.

Year after year the father and son thus toiled on unceasingly, deeming no exertions too great which brought fair profits, and enabled them to add to the hoard over which—like-minded in this unworthy passion—they gloated and pondered ; not unfrequently murmuring the while that, with all their endeavours, it accumulated so slowly.

The elder Thorley was a widower, and a busy noisy dame, whose industry and frugality alone reconciled the two men to her presence, had long superintended their household affairs, and attended to the heterogeneous stock of ironmongery into which a part of the little dwelling was converted. But circumstances suddenly deprived them of her services, and after an abortive effort to do without the help of womankind, Ralph's only daughter was hastily summoned home to fill her place.

Annie Thorley was comparatively a stranger at Holsby ; a sister of her dying mother had

received her from the maternal bosom, and for a very small pittance—grudgingly paid—had willingly clothed and fed the motherless child, until a certain lady residing in her vicinity, attracted by the modest manners and pretty face of the little maiden, had first invited her as a guest, and subsequently kept her as a companion, until this imperative call dissolved the pleasant tie. And very tearfully they parted ; the elder, now dreading solitude, to take up her abode with some friends, and Annie to assume the duties of housekeeper to a parent she had scarcely learned to love, and a brother whom, from some inexplicable feeling, she already dreaded.

Trade, however, happened to be unusually brisk ; the new-comer was economical, and her gentle ways and readiness to oblige won so many approving speeches from the ladies who sometimes stayed their pony carriages at the door to give orders, or negotiate for a new watering-pot, that the critical John found few opportunities of complaining ; and Ralph himself occasionally paused to bestow an encouraging word or a pat on the cheek of the quiet, thoughtful girl who hovered about him with the tender assiduity and soft grey eyes of her dead mother ; or when he lit his pipe at night and, bending over the fire, sat mentally counting the gains of the day, would draw her chair close to his, and gliding a hand into his roughened palm, with the Bible open on her knee, would read by the dim light some chapter before whose searching truths and warnings his own greed and worldliness momentarily sank into insignificance ; and wishes as fleeting crossed his mind that he could fling off the cares and cares furrowing his brow, and cankering his heart, and with Annie for his stay and comfort, begin the search after happiness in a wiser and holier spirit.

The smithy and adjacent dwelling stood in the centre of the village anglewise, thereby commanding the two straggling streets which composed it ; but except when detained there by her avocations, Annie best loved to be in the large, roomy kitchen, opening as it did into a carelessly cultivated but extensive garden, sloping down to the bank of a small river. It was here on a rough bench under a fine pear-tree that she often sat with her work, listening to the brawling of the mill-dam close by, enjoying the sweet scents borne on the summer breeze from the heathy hills arising in the distance, and learning to distinguish the various notes of the birds who sang amidst the boughs of the giant trees in the beautiful park on the other side of the stream. And it was in this pleasant spot that she was loitering one balmy morning, when her own name, loudly

and impatiently pronounced, drew her back to the house, where John and his father had already taken their places at the neatly arranged breakfast-table.

"Come, come, my maid," said Ralph, cheerfully, "we're a bit hurried, for we've a journey before us, and a long day's work to do."

"A journey? and where to?" asked Annie, as she nimbly obeyed her brother's imperative gestures.

It was John who testily replied. "Where? why, where I don't feel at all inclined to go, for I don't see that there's aught *hanging* to it. We're only made a convenience of because the London locksmiths ha' disappointed 'em. I'd like to know why I'm going to be dragged there. I wanted to go another way to-day, and you knowed that. Wouldn't one o' the chaps ha' done just as well as me?" and he looked reproachfully at his father, who answered pacifically, "Well, well, boy, it shall be just as ye like. I'll go an' fetch one on 'em while ye finish yer meal," and he slowly arose from the table.

"No," dissented John peremptorily. "I'll go myself now, but I can tell ye I'm getting downright sick o' this sort o' life. It's come here, go there, at everybody's beck and bidding, and when ye've done, what for? Why, half a day's slavery in an empty house four miles off! Talk of free-born men, indeed!"

"Nay, boy," observed Ralph, soothingly, "maybe it'll lead to something better."

"Ay, so you always say," was the ungracious retort; and pushing his plate away, the young man went out to hurry and swear at the sexagenarian, who, too old and feeble for the laborious occupation in which his vigour had been expended, now pottered about the smithy for a trifling wage, to harness the horse, blow the bellows, and execute as well as he could the multifarious commissions hourly poured upon him, from the masters down to the youngest and sauciest of the apprentices.

"It'll be late, maybe, when we get back," said the elder Thorley to his daughter, as she brought him his hat and coat, "for I expect, from what the messenger said, that they're getting the house in trim for new-comers, and we'll have lots of odd jobs to see to."

Annie now ventured to inquire their destination.

"The Manor House at Oakshade; and a rare place it is, with tapestried rooms and secret staircases, and curious ins and outs that 'most puzzle a body. If John warn't a bit contrary to-day, I'd like to try an' take you with us to see it. It's been close shut up of late years, for the old Major that's been living there had got queer ways wi' him, an' didn't like to

see strangers about. Would ye like to go, my maid?"

Before Annie—all her romantic tendencies aroused by such a description—could answer in the affirmative, her brother threw the door open rudely.

"Do ye mean to start this morning, father, or not? Just say, for I'm getting sick o' waiting for you."

Without another thought of his daughter, Ralph shuffled away; and the next moment the wheels of the cart rattled sharply down the street, and Annie, for the first time, was left to pass the day alone.

It was, as the elder blacksmith had predicted, long after nightfall when the well-known trot of the sturdy Welsh pony was heard in the distance, and the lonely watcher, who had grown weary of solitude, and nervously awake to every unusual sound, hurried to fling open the outer door, and holding a lantern high above her head, looked smilingly forth into the dark and tempestuous night.

"How late you are!" she cried in glad tones; "how weary you must be! it lightens, too, fearfully!"

"Chut!" answered John, sharply, as he sprang out of the vehicle; "go in-doors an' be quiet, can't ye? Do ye think we want all the parish to turn out an' see us come home?"

"Hush, boy, hush," his father whispered; "she didn't mean any harm; go you in, child, an' take the light wi' ye."

"But you will want it," she observed, still lingering on the threshold; "shall I run and fetch the old man to take the pony out?"

"Get in, I say," was John's stern command, accompanied by an ungentle push; "we can do without your help."

Mortified and indignant at such uncalled-for rudeness, Annie retreated to the kitchen, and resumed her needlework, listening the while with some surprise to the movements of the twain, who performed for themselves the offices in the stable usually delegated to the "odd man;" and finally entered the house, locking and barring the entrances and shutters with an excess of caution unusual and uncalled-for, in a rural spot where the crime of burglary was almost unknown.

But a reason for these precautions was soon apparent. Carefully wrapped in the horse cloth, they carried something weighty, over which they whispered earnestly, as they deposited it on a distant table; whispering with an air of triumph and curiosity, and many a sharp backward glance, as if they still feared that some crack in a door or casement would permit a prying eye to watch their movements.

Of Annie's presence they were either careless or oblivious, until, her attention excited by their mysterious behaviour, she joined them, uttering a cry of astonishment and admiration as she beheld the object over which the absorbed men were bending.

It was an iron chest, of workmanship rare enough to have been fashioned by the cunning hand of Quentin Matsys himself, and as they again scrutinised the intricate lock which had hitherto defied their efforts, she demanded whose it was, and from whence it came.

"Peace, peace," muttered her father, startled to find her so near. "Peace, I say, or we shall have some one hear ye. It is mine—that is, ours—mine and John's; we found it hid away in a secret closet in the room where the old Major died, and by the weight it must be full of treasure. A lucky find for us, my girl! a glorious find!" and he chuckled and rubbed his hands together with a glee that was, as his son sharply told him, somewhat premature.

"True," said Ralph, instantly sobering, and hurriedly turning over the tools they had brought in with them. "True it is; but see here, we'll soon know the best or the worst; stand aside, boy!"

Avarice, however, deprived him of his usual skill; his breath came quickly, his limbs trembled, and with a sigh he relinquished the task to John, standing over him with a candle, and prompting and watching him with feverish impatience.

Annie's low tones unpleasantly broke in upon his visions of wealth.

"But father, dear—but John—is this *right*? Has not this chest an owner? It is to *him* that it should be given up."

With an impatient murmur, her brother flung off her restraining fingers, and continued his efforts; but Ralph's flushed face paled, and he shifted about uneasily, surprised and annoyed at the unexpected objection.

"The owner's dead," he said, with a half-laugh, "dead and gone long ago, and findings in keepings in our country, my maid. Besides, the thing's been hidden years and years; and the house has changed hands over and over again in *my* time. Who can have a better right to it than *we*, eh? Is it yielding yet, boy? Another turn will do it. That's it, that's it! Well done, well done! Catch hold o' the light, girl; and now—"

John wiped the perspiration from his heated brow, and bidding Annie keep back, he roughly chided the old man, who was eagerly diving into the chest for gold, and then with great deliberation lifted out the articles it contained.

At the top lay a small roll of papers, tied up with extreme care, and around it some old trinket boxes which, on being examined, were found well filled with valuable gems, in settings discoloured and tarnished by the length of time they had apparently lain there unused. In a casket of more modern date, rows of pearls from Ormuz were mingled with the massive ear-rings and armlets of some Oriental beauty.

These Ralph weighed and examined with gloating eyes.

"Money's worth!" he muttered: "all money's worth! A lucky, lucky find!"

A few packets of old letters—still retaining a faint odour of patchouli—were then carelessly tossed aside with some knick-knacks, doubtless preserved less for their value than for the memories pertaining to them; and, lastly, the searchers discovered a canvas bag, curiously labelled in crabbed letters, "The fruit of Birdie's Rose-tree." This, on being opened, was found to contain coins of all sizes, ages, and descriptions, from the well preserved sestertii of the Roman emperors, to the sovereigns and half-sovereigns of the present epoch; and a pocket, contrived in the side of the bag, was stuffed with bank-notes, varying in value from five pounds to a hundred.

As the blacksmiths sat down rejoicing to sort out and count their gains, the grieving, dissatisfied Annie again interfered.

"There is some mistake here, father; this chest cannot have been hidden so long as you imagined; see, these sovereigns have not left the Mint more than three years."

He did not appear to hear her.

"Dearest Father, you will try and find out whom it belongs to, will not you? it would be—dishonest to keep it."

"Are you a born fool?" demanded John snappishly. "If the box *had* an owner, han't you heard that he's dead and buried, and strangers come into the property? Would you ha' us go out into the street, and tell everybody what we've got, and ask 'em to walk in and take a share?"

"I would have you do what is *honest* and *right*," she answered firmly.

The father interfered to avert the burst of wrath he saw impending.

"Of course, my maid, of course; that's what we mean to do; we know what we're about, so go you to bed at once, and leave us to set things straight. You're a good girl, Annie; a well-meaning, trusty girl, that wouldn't do a wrong thing; of course not; no more would we; only ye see, my maid, if the things have been hidden and forgotten *years* and *years*, it can't harm no one if we do keep

'em; and your poor old father won't have to work so hard as he has done; and may be there'll be a handsome present for his darling, eh?"

But she shook her head with the air of one still unconvinced.

"You know, dear father, they *cannot* have been hidden for any length of time; and then there are the papers; if we examine those they will tell us all we want to learn."

She hastened to seize them, but John's stalwart arm was instantly extended to prevent the act, and Ralph himself caught up the roll and buttoned it inside his coat, saying, as he did so,

"Not to-night, my maid, not to-night; it's late, and we're tired. Some other time will do just as well, so do you go to bed. I wish it—I insist on it."

Further remonstrance was so utterly unavailing that she prepared to obey. The father kissed and blessed her with unusual tenderness.

"You'll keep this a secret for my sake, won't ye, dear! Just till we've made up our minds how best to settle it, eh?"

"She'd best do so," interposed John, knitting his stern brows ominously. "I'll not be hauled off to prison through *her* blabbing, I can tell ye."

To prison! The words sent such a thrill through her whole frame, that she was obliged to lean on a chair for support.

"To prison! For God's sake run no such fearful risks! Take it back to the place where you found it; pray take it back! Money got like this will surely bring a curse with it."

"Confound the girl!" exclaimed John, starting up in a fury, "she'll rouse the place with her foolish preaching. Are we to be dictated to by her? Take care," he continued with a menacing gesture, "take care, I say; I'm not the man as'll be talked to, or spied over by *you*; take care, I say!"

His attitude was so threatening, that Annie permitted her less demonstrative but equally determined father to draw her from the room, and at his request she retired to her own chamber, there to lie and listen to the occasional chink of gold below, and the deep voices of her relatives until sleep overcame her: but only to bring back, in dreams replete with horror, the covetous looks and grasping hands of old Ralph, and the fierce threats of John, towards whom the shrinking fear she had so long entertained was now deepening into mingled terror and aversion.

CHAPTER II. SCHEMING.

With the following morning all traces of the "lucky find" disappeared, and when the

anxious Annie, seizing the first opportunity of being alone with her father, sought to ascertain his intentions, he evaded her queries with the smiling craftiness inherent to his nature, and met her timid warnings and entreaties with unmeaning nods and affirmatives, and then slipped away in spite of her efforts to detain him.

Many days passed by without the subject being adverted to, or any apparent change taking place in their home intercourse; yet Annie knew, although it would have puzzled her to define how and when it was, that a barrier was steadily arising between her and those, the legality of whose acts she had ventured to doubt and question.

Her attentions were still accepted, but the nightly readings of the Bible were discontinued on the plea that a violent cold rendered it difficult for Ralph to hear them with pleasure, and *tête-à-tête* with his son, from which she was sedulously excluded, usurped their place.

She had, too, a galling conviction, that although John seldom addressed her, his eye was upon her continually. If a gossiping neighbour paused to accost her, he would find some employment in the shop that enabled him to linger near enough to overhear all that passed; her letters to her aunt, and the good old patroness from whom they had summoned her, unaccountably disappeared from the shelf where they lay, awaiting the coming of the lad whose business it was to convey them to the post-office; and twice, when she had put on her bonnet and shawl to seek in a brisk country walk relief from the oppressive atmosphere of home and her own thoughts, Ralph called her back on some trifling pretext or other, and detained her by his side until it became too late to go.

It was but too evident that they doubted and feared her. The rectitude which loathed an act of appropriation they not only did not share but were unable to understand, and with the cowardice and suspicion generally attendant on guilt, they began to exaggerate the lengths to which her purer principles might carry her.

John's unscrupulous spirit was the first to devise a method for securing the wealth which both men believed that her presence endangered; and his communings with his father grew longer, more earnest, and more secret. Once, indeed, their innocent object coming upon them suddenly, met in their lowering eyes looks of such dark and fearful meaning, that intuitively guessing some evil menaced her, she turned away faint and sick, and half inclined to insure her own safety by instant flight. But a few kindly words from her

father, and a less churlish manner in John, as quickly dispelled her fears; and a proposal suddenly made on the following Saturday, that for once in their lives they should all three take a holiday together, and pay the aunt of Annie an unexpected visit, made her forget everything else in the delight of seeing this second mother once more.

The little preparations were perforce made very hurriedly, but it was with a face as cloudless as the sky of the brilliant August morning that Annie linked her arm in her father's, and tripped along the hot dusty road to the town from whence they were to accomplish the rest of their journey by rail.

But when they reached London—instead of seeking the suburb where her aunt resided, a cab was called, and the astonished girl learned, as they rolled through the heart of the metropolis, that their plans had been changed; that John had expressed a preference for a few hours at the sea-side, and that a small fishing village on the coast of Sussex was now their destination.

After the first burst of petulance at her brother's unaccountable whim, Annie's face again brightened. A faint misgiving had already crossed her that such an influx of visitors coming altogether unannounced, would have sadly broken in upon the quiet Sunday of their elderly and feeble relative; and a hitherto ungratified longing to behold the ocean assisted to reconcile her to the change. Once at their journey's end it would have been difficult to feel a regret on the subject, and the vast expanse of the waters, the broad solitary beach, and the delight of watching the receding tide, proved so very attractive to the maiden that it was with great difficulty she could quit the glorious scene for the rest and refreshment provided for them at a secluded cottage, which stood in a nook among some rocks; and was better built, and tenanted by a family a grade higher than the dwellers in the wretched huts, half-a-mile lower down, which constituted the village.

The celerity with which an excellent dinner was set before the travellers, was so marvellous in this out-of-the-way place, that even Annie, usually so unobservant, commented on it; laughingly asking their hostess if a fairy had announced their coming, a question at which John frowned and her father looked uncomfortably confused; but the woman made some unmeaning reply, and too happy to be disconcerted just then by the surliness of her brother, she soon coaxed Ralph back to the beach, to aid her researches after shells and seaweeds.

With basket and handkerchief filled to repletion, Annie at last seated herself on a

large stone to sort and arrange her ocean waifs; but the old man, with a restlessness for which she playfully chided him, wandered to and fro, his head studiously averted from John, who lay on the sands at some distance, apparently reading, but in reality impatiently surveying their movements.

By-and-bye, in obedience to a signal from his son, Ralph slowly approached his unconscious daughter, but moved away without addressing her, as her voice softly raised in song fell upon his ear. Again John whistled, and sighing heavily, his father returned to Annie, and sitting down beside her, put an arm caressingly around her.

"Do ye like this place, my maid?—would it please ye to stop here a bit?"

"Ah, yes! how nice it would be if we could! Look, father, at those high cliffs; I can see a narrow path like a tiny thread winding to the very summit. I long to climb to the highest point of them!"

"Then it really would please you to be here, would it? Well, you deserve the treat, and you shall stay for a week or two; I will fetch you home myself."

She looked up gratefully, but shook her head.

"You are very kind, dear father, but I could not wish *that*; to be here with *you* would be real enjoyment, but to remain alone would not afford me the slightest pleasure."

"I could not stay," cried Ralph, hastily, "you talk nonsense, my maid; I could not neglect business to hunt for shells, but it's a different thing w' you; and I shall fetch you home in a fortnight or three weeks, at the farthest."

Annie now dropped her seaweeds, and endeavoured to meet his wandering glances.

"You speak as if your mind was made up to leave me here."

"Yes, yes—as you wish it so much."

The colour instantly faded from her cheek.

"To leave me here—alone—and where—with whom?"

He eagerly entered into explanations. At the house where they had dined, the people were civil and obliging; they would provide her with a comfortable room, &c.

"It is already arranged then!" cried the startled girl. "I see it all now; this was planned before I arrived! John was away a whole day last week; perhaps he came here then. Oh, father, what does it mean?"

He drew her back to the stone from which she had risen.

"Now do hear reason, my child; sit quietly down and listen to me. If I have planned your staying here, why, 'tis for your own good and

comfort. John and you don't get on well together, and we're thinking of making a great change at home. Perhaps he'll marry—it's likely he will; marry and leave me, and then you'll come back and read to me, as you used to do, and we too will be very cosy and comfortable together, eh? Hush, dear, it's only for a week or so that I want you to keep quiet, and let him have his own way—only for a week or so."

And thus arguing and coaxing, and assuring her again and again that it was for her sake only that he urged this, Ralph Thorley ceased not until he had won from his harassed daughter a reluctant consent to remain where she was, at all events for the time he first specified, when he promised, with many an asseveration, to come and escort her home.

"But I have no clothes with me; I cannot remain," she objected.

This obstacle had been anticipated. A trunk would be forwarded on the following morning, and bewildered and dissatisfied, she accompanied her father back to the cottage where John was waiting for them.

He held up his watch as they approached. "We haven't a moment to lose; the train starts in half-an-hour, and we have two miles to walk. Annie stays here, of course."

"I have agreed to do so for the present, but——"

"Oh! let's have no buts," was the brusque comment; "any other girl would jump for joy at such a fine chance of playing the lady. Come, governor, aren't you ready yet?"

Ashamed to yield to her emotion before strangers, Annie received her father's parting kiss with apparent composure; but when his figure began to recede in the distance, a sense of her forlorn condition, thus left among utter strangers—not only friendless, but penniless—began to creep over her, and crying loudly to him to stop, she attempted to pursue him. But detaining hands seized and drew her into the dwelling, the door of which was immediately locked; and when she indignantly remonstrated, the alternate soothing and threatenings addressed to her as if to a fractious child, speedily revealed the position in which she was left. Represented to her hosts as partially insane, and while permitted all reasonable indulgences, to require careful watching lest she should attempt to escape, what availed her passionate protestations of her sanity, or obscure hints that it was to keep a fearful secret she was thus victimised?

Her denunciations of the villany of her father and brother, her wild efforts to follow them on foot, and the subsequent apathy of exhaustion and despair to which she yielded,

only corroborated John's artful hints; and the rumour of her madness spreading rapidly even in that unfrequented spot, when Annie was at last permitted to wander along the sea-shore under the surveillance of one of the elder children, she saw herself shunned and pointed at as the young woman that wasn't quite right in her mind, and endured it with the galling conviction that any efforts of her own to dispel the deception would be useless, unless she dared openly proclaim the cause of her detention; a step which filial duty rendered impossible.

CHAPTER III. THE AYLMEY FAMILY.

THE two or three weeks which were to have been the limits of Annie Thorley's sojourn at the fishing village had lengthened into months, and still she remained there, apparently forgotten, except that the stipulated sum for her board was punctually forwarded. Her letters of remonstrance were unanswered, or merely received a few words of reply, and those transmitted through her keepers; and their purport was always the same—that soon, *very soon*, her father was coming to fetch her, and she was to be *quiet and patient*.

In the meantime use had partly reconciled her to a lot at first too terrible to dwell upon; and, kindly treated, and permitted to go where she would with but slight restrictions, she inwardly acknowledged that even this state of things was better than being a helpless and disapproving witness of the uses to which the contents of the iron chest were doubtless applied. Still, at the best, it was but a sad and sorry life to which their guilty fears had condemned her, and she was fast sinking into a morbid state of mind, when accident—the trifling circumstance of sheltering beneath a rock, during a heavy shower, with the inmates of a pretty cottage half-a-mile nearer the town—gave a new zest to existence.

Annie's acquaintances were a brother and sister, imbued with too much courtesy and humanity to betray the belief they shared, in common with all others, of her lunacy; and full of a generous desire to ameliorate the misery of such an affliction by all those little tenderesses which their sympathy prompted, and their small income and scanty leisure permitted.

Her heart expanded beneath the gentle influence of their unexpected courtesy; she gladly received the smiling invitation of the pretty Grace to visit her, and thankfully accepted an offer to initiate her into the mysteries of fabricating curious baskets, &c., from the sea-weeds and shells they rambled to amass, and which Grace frankly confessed she made to

sell at the fancy repositories of a fashionable watering-place a few miles distant.

This first visit was followed by many ; and the brother and sister, when conferring together, quickly agreed that whatever the madam might have been that first brought their calm, self-possessed visitor into the neighbourhood, there were no traces of it remaining ; and that at the present moment she was undoubtedly as sane as themselves.

And as Annie herself offered no explanations—making no allusions to her former life—they wisely abstained from any curiosity on the subject ; sharing with her their few and simple enjoyments, welcoming her whenever she came, and permitting her to repay them in her own way, and vent the gratitude with which her naturally loving nature overflowed in tender assiduousness to their only surviving parent ; the ailing mother, whose flickering lamp of life her children watched and tended with a devoted affection that thought no toil heavy, no sacrifice a pang, if it soothed the sufferings so long and patiently endured.

There was about this family an innate refinement which seemed to hint that they had once known fairer prospects, and they possessed a few articles of luxury which strongly contrasted with the homely furniture of their dwelling ; but, whatever their circumstances might have been, it was now very evident that they wholly depended on Arthur's salary, as clerk at the County Bank in the town already referred to, and the earnings of his sister, whose tasteful trifles were, as is too generally the case with female handiwork, miserably remunerated.

Not a sighing allusion to the past, not a murmur against the present, ever crossed their lips. They were truly unselfish ; and though Annie had sometimes seen Arthur's head droop on his breast when he believed himself alone, and Grace's tears fall fast as she bent over her employment, they had always a smile and a cheerful word for each other ; and Mrs. Aylmer was often lulled into temporary forgetfulness of wakeful nights and weary days, as they alternately read, sang, or conversed beside her easy-chair, exchanging triumphant glances when they won a smile to her pallid lip, or beguiled the grave Annie into a fit of merriment ; a feat so difficult as to be frequently attempted, and its success delighted in.

Unaccustomed to male society until her return home, and treated there as a necessary but troublesome appendage, to whom it would be ridiculous to pay the commonest courtesies of daily life, the attentions which Arthur's natural politeness prompted towards the gentle friend of his sister, were received at first with wondering blushes, and subsequently with

modest pleasure, and a shy hope, scarcely confessed to herself, that they were induced by a deeper feeling than mere friendship ; and the intensity of delight with which she received and secretly cherished every smile and look directed towards her, can scarcely be comprehended save by those who have had as few to prize them, or whose ties of kindred have been as suddenly and entirely rent.

The winds of winter now began to creep mournfully around Mrs. Aylmer's cottage, and heavy rains threatened partial interruption to Annie's frequent and welcome visits ; the persons to whose care she was entrusted considering themselves happily freed from the trouble of guarding her, and, while she came and went at stated hours, refraining from any undue interference with her actions. And, daily, her presence at the cottage became more eagerly looked for, and more useful ; for Mrs. Aylmer's illness increasing with the clemency of the weather, she was frequently confined to her chamber, and the cares and occupations of Grace so much increased, that it was only by robbing herself of rest she could make up the amount of those earnings now needed, in their necessarily frugal household, more than ever they had been. And here it was that Annie came to the rescue, sometimes filling the place of the anxious daughter in the sick-room—sometimes completing the work Grace had almost despairingly laid aside ; in the innumerable ways, and with the delicate tact a woman's thoughtful nature brings to the task, she became an invaluable helper to each and all of them ; and felt herself doubly repaid for every effort by a word of earnest thanks from the grateful Arthur, or the warm kiss and the "dear, kind Annie," of his more demonstrative sister.

They were sitting together one chilly evening in December, when the weather and Mrs. Aylmer's increasing weakness combined to render their attempts at cheerfulness abortive ; and Arthur was reading aloud mechanically, with but a poor appreciation of the merits of the work he had selected, when the silence which reigned without was suddenly broken by the unusual sounds of carriage wheels and a loud ring at the gate-bell.

Before either of the surprised trio could reply to the summons, they heard a light step run rapidly up the little garden ; the latch was lifted, and on the threshold appeared a young girl, the opera-cloak which she threw back with an impatient movement but half concealing her glistening ball-dress and jewelled arms and throat. The rain had dishevelled her long fair hair, and excitement had deeply flushed her delicate cheek, while large tears

hung on the lashes and filled the soft blue eyes which—dazzled by coming suddenly into the light—she hastily shaded with her hand as she gazed around.

But Arthur's exclamation, "Good God! Ethelind!" no sooner met her ear, than, with a glad cry, she sprang forward, and was instantly clasped to his bosom; looking up for a moment to fling an arm round Grace, and again hiding her blushes and tears.

Before Annie could rally her bewildered faculties, Ethelind raised herself, and after an earnest and sorrowful perusal of the faces bending so tenderly over her, exclaimed, reproachfully:

"Cruel Arthur! Cruel Grace! Why did you not write to me? Have *you*, too, conspired to keep me in ignorance of your misfortunes? or have you been led to believe me as indifferent as the rest of the world? But no," she continued, impetuously, "you could not doubt *me*! Indeed, indeed, they have sedulously concealed it *all* from me, and when I wondered and fretted at your not meeting us at Paris as we agreed, they soothed and deceived me with a false tale, basely concocted for the purpose. We only reached home last evening; and an hour ago, while dressing for a ball, at which they had allowed me to suppose I should meet my dearest friends, my aunt hesitatingly confessed the truth, and—and—I told her how I *hated* her for her treachery! How dared she—how dared my uncle——"

Her passionate emotion checked her; and Arthur gravely spoke:

"You must not judge your guardians thus harshly, Ethelind. They may have erred in not acting more candidly with you; but I cannot cavil with their wisdom in separating us, when they knew that I had lost all hope of ever calling you mine. Your uncle appealed to my honour, and I voluntarily promised not to see you again."

Tears now streamed down the eloquent features raised to his.

"You could do *this*, Arthur Aylmer, and without seeing or consulting *me*? Had you then ceased to *love* me?"

He averted his head in silence. She wrung her hands, and sobbed passionately.

"Don't tell me *that*, Arthur! I can bear anything but that. It can't, it can't be true!"

Unable to resist the piteous appeal, the young man suddenly turned, and drew her back to his bosom.

"Love you, Ethie? as my life! Love you? ah! too well to make you the partner of such hopeless poverty as ours! It is our fate to part, my dearest; it is useless struggling

against it; we *must* not meet again. But God for ever bless my darling for coming here this night! To know that you have been faithful, will cheer—Take her, Grace: oh! my sister, take her! it is more than I can bear!"

As Grace advanced weeping, Arthur unclasped the arms twined around his neck, and staggered towards the door, but Ethelind was there before him.

"Do you know," she faltered, "that I am homeless? that unless you afford me the shelter of your roof, I know not where to turn my steps? You look incredulous, but it is the truth. My uncle solemnly vowed that if I sought you this night, my foot should never again cross his threshold; that he would renounce me from that moment; and—I came." A deeper crimson dyed her cheek, her lips quivered, and she looked fearfully and questioningly from the brother to the sister, murmuring, "Alas! have I done wrong? You think me bold—unwomanly——"

They both sprang forward to embrace and reassure her, and Annie heard no more.

Gliding by them unnoticed, she softly opened the door and shut herself out into the darkness, reaching her lodging long afterwards, drenched and ghastly pale; but shivering less from the biting wind, than the overpowering anguish of knowing herself once more a cast-away, with no one to love her, no one to support and console her in the bitter struggle the discovery of the last hour had entailed upon her sinking heart.

CHAPTER IV. A DISCOVERY.

THREE days passed heavily away; and truly complaining of violent pains in her head, Annie confined herself to her chamber; but the afternoon of the following one brought Grace Aylmer to inquire the reason of her lengthened absence, and to pity and regret the illness under which she was evidently labouring.

With the mistaken idea of enlivening her sick and solitary friend, Grace threw off her shawl and stayed to talk over the events which occupied her own mind, little dreaming what pangs she inflicted when dilating on Ethelind's beauty, her devotedness, and the certainty of Arthur's union with her taking place immediately, if the appeal to her uncle's forbearance counselled by Mrs. Aylmer remained unanswered.

"Mr. Harding has not acted kindly by them, dear Annie; he could not *reasonably* suppose that these loving young creatures, after seeing their attachment sanctioned on both sides, and its consummation only delayed on account of Ethie's extreme youthfulness, would become

indifferent to each other because of this sad blight to Arthur's prospects! Poor dear fellow, as if he had not suffered enough without losing her! But I forget, you know nothing of our family history. It is so unpleasant, and indeed so worse than useless, to dwell on such incurable grievances, that I rarely care to enter on the subject; but now you shall know all. Will it tire you too much to hear a long story?"

Satisfied with Annie's assurance to the contrary, Grace rapidly related the events of her childhood—the sudden death of her father, the subsequent indigence of his widow, and the generous assistance instantly proffered by a bachelor cousin, an ex-major of the East Indian army, who, after amassing considerable wealth in the East, had returned to end his days in his native country.

Eccentric in all his habits, the major led the life of a recluse, seldom visiting the relatives he befriended, or permitting them to visit him; but he allowed Mrs. Aylmer a handsome yearly income, and educated her son in a style befitting the heir of the property which he openly declared his intention of bestowing upon him at his death. But this occurred in a fit of apoplexy, and the careful search repeatedly made for the will, which his solicitor and confidential servant both averred to be in existence, proved unavailing. Worse than all, a few days before the appalling seizure, he had shut himself up in his own room, and, as if with a presentiment of approaching dissolution, had been employed for several hours in sorting and arranging his papers, of which he had got through a very large pile.

Could the testamentary document have been amongst those so carefully destroyed? and, if so, from what motive? It was true that in his last letter to Mrs. Aylmer he had pettishly complained of Arthur's neglect of some commission he had entrusted to him to execute; but the complaint was accompanied with a set of diamond studs to refresh the young man's memory, and a jesting allusion to the fascinating Ethelind, to whose protracted absence on a Continental tour he chose to attribute her lover's forgetfulness.

Thus, wholly unable to substantiate any claim to the inheritance he had been taught to expect, Arthur had been obliged to make way for the heir-at-law, and to view life under a very different aspect.

His mother, always delicate and nervous, sank beneath this reverse of fortune, and became dangerously ill; and her son, alarmed for himself, and assured by a physician that

sea air alone could afford her relief, thankfully accepted a clerkship in the town on the Sussex coast, procured for him through the intervention of a friend; there, manfully stifling his own sorrows, he endeavoured to sink into obscurity with the same un murmuring patience as the warm-hearted, brave-spirited Grace, whose utter self-abnegation had early shamed him into a *show* of resignation; and in assuming the virtue, he had almost succeeded in possessing it, when the appearance of the long-loved and deeply regretted Ethelind had aroused his dormant affection into all its former ardour. Flinging off all the restraints of prudence, he yielded to the delight of finding her as fond and faithful as when they parted under fairer auspices; even venturing to hope that in their mutual attachment both would find sufficient consolation for the trials and shifts of poverty; or, if misgivings as to the unpromising future pressed upon his conscience too closely, allaying such gloomy fears with that panacea for all our youthful troubles—the belief that something or other will unexpectedly turn up, some path to riches suddenly open before his longing eyes and yield him the exquisite bliss of repaying the sacrifice Ethelind had made for his sake, by restoring her to her position in society.

Grace, more matter-of-fact and less sanguine, now confided to Annie her own dread that their small income—already severely taxed—would with difficulty support an additional burthen; even if the patience and philosophy of the hitherto petted daughter of good fortune—the cherished maiden whose adoption by a childless aunt and uncle had nursed her in luxury, and who had never before known what it was to be thwarted in a wish, however wild—proved to be all it promised;—but her surmises and doubts were poured into heedless ears.

With throbbing temples and stammering tongue Annie, who had breathlessly listened to the long recital of Arthur Aylmer's misfortune, now dwelt upon it with strange persistence. There was a question she longed, yet trembled to ask.

"A major; you say he was a major; an old man, eccentric; but his name, did you say his name?"

"Oh, yes—I think so—Welwyn, Major Miles Welwyn."

"And his abode was——?"

Her voice was so faint that Grace guessed more than heard the inquiry.

"In Chesham Place, Belgravia."

Annie breathed more freely.

"That is," Grace continued, "up to the last few years of his life, which were spent in

an obscure country village, of whose name it is a chance if you have ever heard. His residence was called Oakshade Manor."

The panic-stricken hearer sank back on her pillow, but her companion, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not perceive the emotion she had evoked; and, after sitting for some time lost in a reverie, suddenly resumed with a faint smile and a struggling sigh.

"I have said little about myself, for I know that it seems selfish to dwell upon one's own disappointed expectations; but I, too, may *reasonably* suppose myself a loser by the major's sudden decease; for, when quite a child, I had won his favour by yielding up, at his earnest solicitation, a favourite rose-tree; and this act of generosity, which cost me some tears of regret, he often mysteriously assured us, would bear golden fruit. This you will say was but a jesting speech, and might not *mean* anything; but the old valet, who had been with him for many years, declares that his master had a canvas bag labelled, 'The fruit of Birdie's Rose-tree,' in which he frequently—Are you faint, dear Annie? thoughtless creature that I am! my silly chattering has made you worse!"

Groaning and shivering, the unhappy girl gasped out an assurance that she should be better *alone*, and after vainly proffering simple remedies, and begging the mistress of the house to be kind and attentive, Grace reluctantly withdrew.

Who shall attempt to trace the workings of a mind so distracted as Annie Thorley's? All the unmerited sufferings of the Aylmers, all the guilty consequences of her father's ill deed, oppressed her; and what steps to take, she lay unable to surmise. To permit Arthur to be wronged any longer, was out of the question; but how procure the restitution of the packet of papers which assuredly contained the missing will? Perhaps—and she started up in dismay—they were no longer in existence. Poor Grace's fortune was undoubtedly spent; and the jewels—possibly sold. This must be ascertained, and immediately; but how? Written appeals, experience had already taught her, would be worse than useless; nay, would, in all probability, lead to the instant flight of the guilty men.

"I must escape from here," she cried, "I must go home; my father is not wholly bad; he loves me; he will listen to me, I shall regain my old influence over his heart, and he will—as far as may lie in his power—restore the contents of the chest. Who knows but that he is already repenting its unfortunate discovery, and will joyfully hail this opportunity of flinging off the oppressive secret?"

Aroused to fresh strength by these reflections, she hastily dressed, and began to plan an immediate flight. The small sums Grace had taught her to earn, some impulse had induced her to keep carefully concealed, and these she now joyfully drew from their hiding-places.

There was but just enough to pay the railway fare to London; but once there, Annie feared nothing; and, eager to feel herself free, she assumed her bonnet and shawl, and telling the surprised woman of the house that she fancied a walk on the beach would relieve the violent pains in her head, leisurely strolled away in the direction of Mrs. Aylmer's cottage.

To pass this unnoticed was usually easy enough, for Grace was too busy, and Mrs. Aylmer too ill, to take heed of occasional footsteps; but now a light figure was flitting up and down the path, or lingering at the gate to watch for Arthur's return, and Annie sickened as she crept by the happy possessor of the love at which she despised herself for aspiring.

Once away from the familiar objects, her courage returned, and with assumed ease she threaded the streets of the town, awaited in secret terror the appearance of the next train, and at last, with inexpressible relief, found herself safely deposited at the London terminus, penniless, but buoying up her weakened spirits with hopes that a greater experience of human nature would have taught her to be very insecurely based.

It was now evening, and to reach Holsby that night, and on foot, was impossible; so, after a long inward debate, Annie wended her way towards her aunt's, expecting there, at least, to meet with a cordial reception. But a sickening disappointment attended her coming: the kindly bosom into which she had at last determined to pour the whole of her anxieties, the upright mind from which she would have obtained good counsel in her difficulties, was closed against her for ever.

This second mother to her infancy was dead, and the wonderings of the neighbours at her ignorance of an event of which her father had been made cognisant, rendered the shock doubly painful. Indeed her distress became so overpowering, that a good-natured woman led her into her own homely domicile, insisting upon keeping her there until the morning; and Annie, whose small modicum of strength had been sorely taxed by the excitement and sorrow of the last few days, was only too thankful to comply.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WINTER MEMORIES.

THE crackling fire is fading fast
As fancy still recalls the past,
Leaving the saddest memories last.

The waiting dreams of former years
Arise, and bring forgotten tears,
Burdened with mocking hopes and fears.

Or shrouded locks my thoughts engage,
Or, traced on young Love's blotted page,
Fond letters fading fast with age.

Bright moments which have flashed and died
Like morning sunbeams on a tide
Of sorrow, which dark shadows hide.

The first fruits of a life of pain,
Delusions far less sweet than vain :
Yet would I they were mine again.

Then Prudence in my ear says aye,
Why wouldst thou hold what will away,
Going a journey every day ?

For here thou art a fleeting guest
In a sad season of unrest,
Waiting, yet waiting, to be blest.

And Patience says, "Be not aghast ;
Hold hope and truth within thee fast,
So shalt thou have reward at last." J. M.

A CRINOLINE MANUFACTORY.

Nor long since, chance, or, I ought rather to say invitation, took me to the great metal metropolis, Sheffieldham. My host was an old friend, then quartered in the barracks of that town. Breakfast over on the morning after my arrival, and the after-breakfast pipe duly lighted, "Shem," said he, "what shall we do ?"

"Ham," I replied, "not knowing, I am not at liberty to say." (I may mention that Shem, Ham, and Japhet were names which we and a third friend had given each other in the days of our riotous youth, for no particular reason, except that being let loose upon town we habitually found ourselves in a bewildered and straggling condition, such as may have been that of the Diluvians in question when landed after their compulsory voyage).

A pause ensued. At length a more than usually forcible exhalation of smoke on the part of Ham announced the arrival of an idea.

"What say you to crinoline works ?"

"Crinoline works !" said I.

"Yes," rejoined Ham, not without the dignity of one who feels that he is imparting knowledge. "Establishments where much of what we most admire in woman is fashioned and elaborated. Where the ribs (not the ladies' ribs) are formed, are covered with the needful cotton integuments, and are eventually inserted by the fingers of neat-handed maidens"

(oh ! Ham ! Ham !) "into the expectant apertures of the swelling skirt. These great establishments, of which there are perhaps some couple of dozen in the United Kingdom, all supplied with steam-power,"—Ham had risen from his chair, and was getting oratorical—"and some of which employ as many as five hundred hands—men, boys, and maidens—these great establishments——"

"Thank you, Ham," I interrupted. "Your fund of information overpowers me. A visit will be better than precept. Let us start." Later in the day we did so.

Our road did not impress me favourably. It led us down tortuous streets, between black, rickety houses, on the doorsteps of which dishevelled mothers suckled tallowy babies, and bawled the while to draggled-tailed urchins, who disputed the right of navigating the gutters ;—now it would come out on a bridge, and afford us a glimpse of beds of ooze mud, through the middle of which crawled a liquid, very like dirty soap-and-water with the froth off ; then it lost itself under the blank walls of giant factories, one or two of which, either from the artistic sense of the proprietor or for some unknown reasons of convenience, assumed a castellated appearance ; then—but what with the din of hammers which clanged on all sides, and the fog which rendered observation difficult, I can remember nothing more until stopping short at a yawning gateway.

"These," said Ham, "are the Montmorency Crinoline Works and Patent Crinoline Steel and Skirt Manufactories."

Neither the irregular courtyard, dark except for the lights which gleamed through a number of narrow casements, nor the very courteous gentleman who received us on entering it, struck me with that amount of awe which these high-sounding titles seemed to bespeak. The place was rather dilapidated, and decidedly dirty. The whirr of machinery, too, was, to say the least of it, unmusical. Possibly, had I been left to myself, I should not have persevered in my design of acquiring knowledge. However, I was in for it. There was Ham eager to act as showman, and the courteous gentleman all willingness to allow him. We had better begin at the beginning, he said—that is, with the tempering and "cutting" department, then proceed to the "covering" department, and finish our view with Ham's neat-handed damsels and the "fitting-up" department.

We did not give much time to the "cutting" process. The sheets of steel, untempered as yet, are brought into the works in rolls fifty or sixty feet long, and three inches broad, and are cut into strips of from a quarter of an inch to

an inch wide by an apparatus not unlike that of a travelling knife-grinder. The narrower widths, not more than one-sixteenth of an inch broad, do not arrive in sheets, and consequently do not require to be cut. They go at once to the tempering-room. This, from Ham's anxiety to move on, I suspected was to afford one of the sensation effects of the place. And certainly, at first sight, it did look rather like the home of the demon of discord beneath the bowels of the earth, where he forges his bolts previous to the comic business of the pantomime. From out a nondescript mass of iron, filling up the middle of the room (I had all but said stage), glowed a murky light, which, leaving all but a confined space in darkness, reddened the grimy faces and sinewy arms of the workmen and their attendant imps as they moved to and fro within its reach. On examination, this mass proved to consist of two furnaces, separated by a kind of tank. As steel is tempered by being subjected to alternations of heat and cold, the glistening strip, when it arrives from the "cutting" shop, is first drawn slowly through one furnace; it then passes under and is pressed by vessels filled with cold water; and lastly, after being exposed to the air for a yard or two of its course, its hardness becomes elasticity during a journey through the second furnace. If the operation be successful, the elasticity will be almost perfect. For exposure to cold, immersion in oil is sometimes substituted. The steel now tempered is next wound on "bobbins," which are neither more nor less than gigantic reels of the sewing-cotton kind. It is then taken to the "covering" room, whither we accompanied it.

This room was evidently Ham's second great sensation scene. The whirl, which I have ventured to call unmusical, proceeded from it, and, when the door opened to admit us, became positively deafening. Long parallel rows of stands occupied the whole length, on each of which stands were what looked like four sets of small nine-pins, engaged in dancing circular Scotch reels after the maddest fashion.

"Ay, but there is a method in their madness," said the courteous gentleman, in answer to my expression of surprise.

Ham, possibly from a desire to reserve himself for pointing out the beauties of the neat-handed maidens, didn't seem quite equal to an explanation.

"These are the covering machines. There, that is the 'bobbin,' which you saw in the other room. Look; it is hung horizontally below what you call a set of nine-pins, and we a 'head.' The steel to be covered is

passed up through the middle of the pins, and attached from above to the top of each one of them by the cotton which is to form the 'covering;' much as the centre pole of a bell tent is fastened by ropes to the circle of pegs inserted in the ground, to secure its steadiness. The nine-pins, when set in motion, act each one upon its neighbour by means of notches in the edges of the small circular discs on which they are fixed; and, as they thus whirl each other round and round, and in and out, they plait the cotton round the crinoline steel, which is all the time slowly rising and exposing a fresh surface to their efforts. The machines are, as you see, 'minded' by women and girls, whose duties are but little more than the correction of occasional accidents. Each machine will cover as many as six hundred yards of steel in the factory day of ten hours and a half. Before crinoline came into fashion, these same machines were used for making braid, whence they are still sometimes called braid machines. There are yet other methods of covering. Sometimes the cotton is not plaited, but only twisted round the steel by what we call the Derby Frame. There, that is one. The process is much simpler in this case. I will give you an idea of it. Pass a wire through the hole, which perforates longitudinally a reel of sewing cotton; fasten the cotton on the reel to the part of the wire which projects above it; keep twirling the reel round and slowly raising the steel, and you will see this process of twisting performed on a small scale. Of course, in the frame the 'spindles,' which represent the reel, are turned, and the steel raised by steam power. A frame containing twenty spindles will cover over eight thousand yards of steel in a day. The twisted covering is cheaper than the plaited, because it takes less cotton; it is inferior, because it is more easily unravelled. Again, the high price of cotton has led to the substitution of a paper covering instead of cotton. The paper is pasted over the steel by a machine for the purpose; but the exact way in which this is done is known, I believe, only to the firm which uses it."

We had now visited two of the three departments of the manufacture. There remained the insertion of the steel in the skirts in the "fitting-up" rooms, where likewise the skirts themselves are made. About this time Ham seemed to brighten up wonderfully, and to exhibit his interest in the proceedings by various surreptitious acts of personal embellishment, such as passing his fingers through his hair, flicking bits of fluff off his coat, &c. The cause of this was soon evident. An ascent up

some steepish stairs introduced us to quite other scenes. Here nor red light glared, nor mine-jins whirled. These were pleasant places, illumined by a cheerful gaslight, and made musical by the buzz of female voices. In the place of grimy artisans and slovenly factory hands appeared groups of smart young women, either squatted in circles on the floor, as if they were playing at "Hunt the slipper," or side by side on tables, one and all apparently intent on embryo crinolines, in various stages of forwardness. I say apparently, because I am not quite ready to take affidavit that an occasional eye may not have wandered afield, while Ham, going through a selection of his most imposing attitudes, explained to me the not very alstruse processes by which sewing machines joined the pieces and the ordinary needle and thread secured the ribs in their destined apertures in those pieces. Whether the eyes of the young ladies wandered or not, I know that Ham's eyes did. He even went so far as to try to prolong our stay by the pretence of imparting a few facts, such as, that the number of hoops in an ordinary skirt varies from six to sixteen, though some contain as many as fifty; that there are stuff skirts and skeleton skirts, the latter consisting merely of ribs, without any stuff at all; that the goodness of a crinoline depends partly on the quantity of steel in it, partly on the perfection of the temper; and lastly, *mirabile dictu!* that the length of the steel contained in a skirt may amount to no less than one hundred and fifty yards, a distance which has ere now severely taxed the powers of long-winded pedestrians. This was a climax. Ham could not get beyond this. True, he hum'd and ha'd for a minute or two, as if casting about for some even more astounding assertion, but it was of no use. We had seen all, and, what was more important to him, his stock of facts was used up; so, darting one Parthian glance around, he jauntily led the way to the door, which was to close upon our last and brightest experience of the Montmorency Crinoline Works and Patent Crinoline Steel and Skirt Manufactories.

THE STORY OF SIR ARNULPH.

[Matt. xiii. 57, 59.—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."]

I.

AN earnest man, in long-forgotten years,
Believed the maladies and stambed the tears
Of pining multitudes, who sought his aid
When death their homesteads threatened to invade.

II.

Blest with one only son (a gentle youth,
Trained in the fear of God, and love of Truth,)
He fondly hoped that Arnulph might aspire
Disease and death to baffle, like his sire.

III.

But the boy, musing gloomily apart,
Avowed at length the impulse of his heart:
"To some calm cloister, father, I would go,
And there serve God." His father answered,
"No."

IV.

"Thou doest well to wish to serve the Lord,
By thine whole life imperfectly adored;
But choose thy work amid the world, and then
Thou canst serve God, and bless thy fellow-men."

V.

The boy, still yearning to achieve his plan,
Spake,—"It were better to serve God than
man."
"Pray God for help," the father said, "and He
Will solve the riddle of thy doubt to thee."

VI.

So Arnulph to his chamber went, and prayed,
That in his doubts the Lord would send him
aid;
And, in a vision of the silent night,
A phantom stood before him, clothed in white—
A form for earth too beautiful and grand,
With crimson roses blooming in each hand.

VII.

And Arnulph asked the Angel, "Are these
flowers
Fresh culled from Eden's amaranthine bowers?"
He answered, "Nay: these offerings are from all
Whom God the doers of His will doth call."
"And can I offer nothing?" sighed the boy;
"May I not also serve the Lord with joy?"
"Surely thou mayst," replied that Seraph fair,
"In my left hand, behold, thy gift I bear."

VIII.

Then Arnulph said, "I pray thee, tell me why,
In thy left hand the flowers all scentless lie,
But in the right they breathe a gracious smell,
Which long within the haunted sense doth dwell?"

IX.

The Angel answered, with pathetic tone,
"In my left hand I bear the gifts alone
Of those who worship God, the Sire above,
But for His children testify no love;
While these sweet roses, which shall ne'er grow
wan,
Come from the lovers of both God and man."

X.

The vision faded. Arnulph cried, "Alas!
My soul was blind!" And so it came to
pass,
That the changed boy a cloister entered not,
But with God's working-men took part and lot.

G. M.

A LONG AGONY.



On the 23rd August, 1850, between five and six o'clock in the morning, some peasants in going to their work near —, in Russia, discovered the lifeless body of Isaac Varga lying at the entrance to a footpath branching from the high road. Filled with terror at the dis-

covery, they hastened to the starost to tell him of what they had seen, and the official returned with them to the spot to draw up an account of the circumstances of the murder (for it was evident there had been a murder) for transmission to the higher authorities.

Isaac Varga was the bailiff or land-steward of a Russian noble—not a very rich one, for the total number of the male serfs on the estate did not exceed seventy. He had made himself obnoxious to these by his excessive harshness during several years, and it seemed that the feeling of hatred towards him had grown and strengthened till it culminated in his murder. As soon as the starost could draw up a report of what had happened, he sent it to the nearest magistrate, and they at once instituted an inquiry in order to ascertain the perpetrators. Every inhabitant of the village, old and young, was examined, but no evidence whatever could be obtained, though it was all but certain that the murderer or murderers was or were included among their number. The announcement of what had taken place reached, in due course, the proprietor of the estate at St. Petersburg, who, with the least possible delay, sent another bailiff to take the place of the deceased. The man whom he selected for this post was a stern, almost savage-looking man, and his character was in harmony with his countenance; indeed, it may be presumed that this was one inducement for his selection. On his arrival in the village he assembled the serfs, and in the presence of the starost he notified to them the fact that he was the representative of their owner.

Keenly as he scrutinised the faces of the slaves (for in point of fact they were at that time nothing better), he could detect nothing like expressions in their stolid countenances, neither liking nor hatred, nothing but a blank meaningless mask, from which hung a mass of tangled hair. Perhaps the new steward thought that the best way of preserving himself from the fate of his predecessor was to act with greater severity; or he was influenced by the same feeling which induced a captain in the navy to say that every man in it owed him a pint of blood, because the crew of one ship, commanded by his brother, had mutinied, and thrown him into the copper. From the evidence that was obtained subsequently, it was abundantly proved that he was not only severe, but even brutal in his treatment of the serfs. He was never seen out of doors without a whip in his hand, nor did he hesitate to use this freely on the persons of both male and female. Not a word of remonstrance did these offer; they knew that to do so would only bring upon them additional brutalities; nevertheless, the starost of the village (a functionary whom the serfs themselves elect), with whom he sometimes spent the evening, gave him an indirect warning of what might happen to him if he did not adopt a different

course, by telling him of an occurrence which had happened in the neighbourhood not long before his arrival, and as the truth of the narrative is indisputable, I relate it here, to show that long-suffering as the Russian peasant is, he may be goaded into taking a frightful vengeance.

The relation of the starost was as follows:

“Count Pierre Stalschkine, a Russian noble, had a wife and three children, two boys of thirteen and fifteen years of age, and the third an infant. His treatment of his serfs was the subject of conversation throughout the province, among the nobles as well as other classes. He systematically disregarded their rights, and whenever he required their services he exacted them as though their whole time was his own. Nor was this the only thing of which they had to complain; he was extortionate as well as oppressive, and cruel besides. Our countrymen, as you know, will bear a great deal under the influence of the fear of being sent to serve in the army, or in a worse place, so that Stalschkine heard no murmurs, and perhaps had no idea of the intense hatred towards himself which his tyranny had engendered. Among the serfs on his estate were three who were noted for their ferocity, and these organised a conspiracy among the others. One night these met at Stalschkine's house, bringing with them bundles of straw and faggots, which they heaped up against the door and windows, and then set it on fire. The count was soon awoken by the flames, and jumped out of window, followed by his sons. The count was cut down with an axe, and thrown back into the house, and his innocent children were tossed into the flames. In the meantime the countess had been let down from a window at the back of the house by the nurse, and her infant child after her; after which the nurse let herself down. They then went to the end of an orchard and sheltered themselves under a wall. The night was intensely cold, and, while shivering here, the countess heard several piercing shrieks. She asked the nurse what it was, but the latter told her to keep quiet and not to speak a word. Presently they saw a gigantic figure approaching, upon which the nurse snatched the infant from her mistress's arms, and ran away. It is probable the countess had no suspicion of evil, but the wretch who drew near and took her in his arms had no mercy. He carried her back to the house, and there, in the presence of the villagers, and without one of them daring to interfere, he threw her into the fire, and faggots were heaped upon her to prevent her from moving.”

But if Isaac Varga's fate did not deter the new steward from following in his steps, it was not likely that a statement of what had happened at a distance would do so, nor did it. So far from being mollified by the submissiveness of the wretched serfs, this only seemed to encourage him to deeds of greater violence. But experience has shown that a community of individuals, whether few or many, when once it has taken upon itself to avenge its wrongs, acts with less and less reluctance on every succeeding occasion. It was so in this instance: the same persons who had submitted to the tyranny of one man for years before they slew him, bore with his successor scarcely eleven months before he, too, was despatched.

Such an occurrence as the murder of two stewards in succession was so unexampled, even in Russia, that it was felt by the authorities that it must not pass unpunished. A detachment of military was sent to the village, and quartered on the inhabitants, with orders to remain there till the guilty persons were discovered. The body of Paul Javoga had been first seen by a woodman, lying face downwards in a shallow pool of water formed by the overflowing of a well, to which he had gone to draw water, and the first proceeding of the officer in command was to order this woodman's apprehension, as the murderer of the man whose corpse he had been the first to see.

It so happened that this man, of whom there is no doubt it was intended to make a victim, was little more than a youth, and so remarkable for his gentleness that somebody had given a feminine termination to his name, by which he was more generally known than by his proper one. Nobody believed that he had been concerned in the murder, or that he knew who were the perpetrators; but, on the other hand, the military officer was determined to put somebody to death as a warning, and it is to be feared that the villagers were only too willing to submit to his being made the victim, to save themselves from being completely ruined by the soldiers; not to speak of certain excesses which the latter perpetrated without fear of punishment from their officer, or of retaliation on the part of the peasants, and which were pretty sure to be practised more and more extensively the longer they remained.

The prisoner was confined in a hut under the guard of two soldiers, one being in the same room with him, the other posted outside the door to prevent anybody approaching the hut. Both soldiers were armed, so that the chance of the prisoner making his escape would have been considered hopeless by any person, however deeply attached to him. Great,

therefore, was the surprise of the villagers when it was announced that he had disappeared, and that the soldier who had been placed within the hut to guard him had been found dead on the bench where the straw was placed which served them as a bed. It was quite evident that the soldier had been suffocated, and the hole in the wall showed the way by which the prisoner had escaped, and the broken sword the means by which the hole had been made.

The youth and comparative weakness of the prisoner caused it to be suspected that he could not have killed the soldier, who happened to be a particularly powerful man, without the assistance of some person. In consequence of this suspicion both the sentry who had been on duty before midnight, and he who relieved him, were arrested. The first swore positively that the soldier who had been killed and the prisoner were sleeping side by side when he was relieved at midnight, and the sentry who relieved him confirmed this statement, and swore that from that time till he himself was relieved, and the discovery was made that the prisoner had escaped, he had not heard a sound. It was impossible for the officer to conceive any reason why one of his men should assist a stranger in murdering his comrade, unless he had been bribed, and the whole of the villagers averred that the prisoner had no means whatever of doing this.

It was naturally supposed that the fugitive would make for the woods, and for days and weeks afterwards the soldiers were engaged in searching these, but all their endeavours to recapture their prisoner were fruitless; and it was only when the wretched peasants had been reduced to starvation, in the hope that their desire to get rid of the human locusts would force them to betray the hiding-place of their fellow-villager, that the soldiers were withdrawn. Time after time officers of justice were sent at unexpected periods, to see if the fugitive had returned to his village, but always with the same result; nothing had been seen or heard of him.

Three years after the death of Paul Javoga, a white-haired beggar one day entered the village. The account he gave of himself was that he had been a soldier, and having served his time, and, moreover, been seriously ill, he was discharged, and was then on his way to a distant village. Among those who listened to the account he gave of himself was a young woman, who, to remain faithful to the pledge she had given to the unfortunate youth who had been charged with the murder of the bailiff, had refused several offers of marriage.

She lived with her father in a hut on the verge of the forest. This young woman invited the beggar to come to her father's cottage. He of course accepted the invitation, but instead of afterwards journeying onwards to the distant village he spoke of, he remained where he was. It was soon rumoured about the village that he was to marry old Vlska's daughter, but the wedding was continually being postponed, and in the meantime it was observed that the girl was growing more and more depressed and melancholy. At last the day was actually fixed, and the marriage was performed. But instead of this restoring the bride's high spirits, she became more gloomy and despondent still, and her husband, for some reason or other, seemed as if ashamed to meet the eyes of everybody he met. One day the starost and two officers of justice came to Vlska's hut, and seized the unhappy husband; and great was the astonishment of the villagers when they were told that he was the fugitive woodman who had been charged with the murder of Paul Javoga, and with killing the soldier who had been placed to guard him. Who had betrayed him was never known in the village; but it was rumoured that his wife had sold him to the starost, and this was generally believed until it became known that it was she who had supplied him with nearly all the food he ate during the three years he was in hiding in the wood. His place of concealment was a hollow tree, and the anxiety and physical suffering he underwent during this period changed his appearance from youth to that of old age.

On his examination he constantly declared that he was not the murderer of Paul Javoga, nor did he know who had done the deed. He admitted that he had killed the soldier to save his own life; and when he was told that the sentinel who was on guard at the time had been subsequently killed in the Crimea, he confessed that he had been assisted by him, both having belonged to a sect whose distinguishing characteristic was self-mutilation of a very extraordinary kind.

Whether the discovery that he belonged to this sect was the reason of his wife betraying him remained a secret; but there is no doubt that the woman who for so long a period had visited and fed him, and had been the means of preserving his life, was the person who had betrayed him, for no other person had even suspected his identity. In consideration of the sufferings he had undergone, instead of being executed he was banished to Siberia, to which place many others of the same sect had been exiled.

BRITISH PEARL FISHERS.

Most persons, probably, when they hear of British pearls will be disposed to set them down as mere artificial imitations, and not as genuine gems; yet they are really entitled to be classed in the latter category, and the search for them constitutes an actual and by no means unimportant industry. Specimens of these native jewels were included in the great *omnium gatherum* of the International Exhibition, but overshadowed as they were by one of the staircases, and blocked off from the main stream of visitors by the great goldsmiths' cases, they attracted little notice. Recently, however, they have found favour in royal eyes, and the fashion thus set has given a marked stimulus to the fisheries.

There can be no question that the pearls of Britain were celebrated in the days of old. History has preserved the tradition that it was this source of wealth that tempted the Romans to our shores; and more than one ancient writer refers to the shield, studded with British pearls, which Cæsar suspended as an offering in the temple of Venus at Rome. Tacitus mentions pearls among the products of our island, but adds that they were generally of a dusky, livid hue; this, he suggests, was owing to the carelessness and inexperience of the persons who collected them, who did not pluck the shell-fish alive from the rocks, but were content to gather what the waves cast on the beach. Pliny and others also describe them as inferior, on account of their dulness and cloudiness, to the jewels of the East. Coming down to times less remote, we find Hector Boece, in the sixteenth century, expatiating upon the pearls of Caledonia with much enthusiasm. They were, he says, very valuable, "bright, light and round, and sometimes of the quantity of the nail of one's little finger." Concerning their origin, he tells us that the mussels which contain them, "early in the morning, in the gentle, clear, and calm air, lift up their upper shells and mouths a little above the water, and then receive of the fine and pleasant breath or dew of heaven, and afterwards, according to the measure and quantity of this vital force received, they first conceive, then swell, and finally produce the pearl." The shell-fish bearing these jewels are very difficult to catch; at the faintest noise they dive to the bottom out of reach, and if caught keep their mouths closed with great vigour and obstinacy, having, Hector thinks, "doubtless a natural carefulness of their own commodity, or not ignorant how great estimation we mortal men make of the same amongst us." Harrison informs us that

pearls were also found in England about the same time, "of divers colours, and in no less numbers than ever they were of old time." He mentions Saffron Walden as one locality where they were obtained, and that he himself had at different times gathered more than an ounce of them, some being of the size of large peas. "There were," he adds, "few churches or religious houses, besides bishops' mitres, books, and other pontifical vestures, but were either thoroughly fretted or notably garnished with huge numbers of them;" but they went very much out of fashion after the popish decorations were abolished.

Pearls have been gathered in the north of England, in the river Conway and elsewhere in Wales, and in various streams in Ireland and Scotland. It is said that there is a Conway pearl in the British crown, and it is also understood that the pearls in the Scottish regalia are of native origin. Scotland has, according to all accounts, always been more prolific in this jewel than any other part of the United Kingdom. One, John Spruel, in a curious work dated 1705, says: "I have dealt in pearl these forty years and more, and yet to this day, I could never sell a necklace of fine Scots pearls in Scotland, nor yet fine pendants, the generality seeking for Oriental pearls, because farther fetcht. At this very day I can show some of our own Scots pearls as fine, and more hard and transparent than any Oriental. It's true that the Oriental can be easier matcht, because they are all of a yellow water, yet foreigners covet Scots pearls,"—all which must be taken with due allowance for the fact that the writer is lauding his own wares. A hundred rix-dollars (19l. 10s.) was, it seems, accounted an exceptionally high price for a Scotch pearl in those days, a ninth or tenth of that sum being about the usual figure. Pennant, during his tour through Scotland, visited a pearl fishery near Perth, which though then well nigh worked out, had produced, a few years before, as much as between three and four thousand pounds' worth of pearls annually.

At the present day pearls are obtained in the upper reaches of a number of rivers in the Highlands of Scotland, such as the Tay, Teith, Earn, Don, Dochart, the Ugie, Garry, Tummel, and the oddly named stream which the poet has thus addressed,

Ythan, thy pearly coronet let fall.

A few years ago, when a portion of Loch Vennacher was laid dry during the progress of the works for carrying water to Glasgow, a large deposit of shells was exposed, in which

the labourers found many fine pearls. Mr. Moritz Unger, a foreign jeweller in Edinburgh, who has given great attention to this subject, states, on his own observation and experience, that Lochs Lubnaig, Earn, Tay, Rannoch, and many others farther north, as also west and south, are crammed with pearl shells.

There have been many attempts to discover a fixed law in the distribution of these shells, and a writer in the *Scotsman* thinks he has solved the problem. "So far," he says, "as the observations of those who have been recently labouring to gain experience in regard to this matter have enabled them to decide, one of the primary facts that have been established as to the pearl fish is, that it is *only* to be found in rivers deriving their sources from lochs, and discharging their waters into the sea. The generality of these rivers are irregular in their course and of strong current, and when acted upon by the influence of a flood, the tide sweeps the shell-fish down the channel of the stream, and collects them in vast beds at particular points of the river, where a projection of the banks or some other obstruction offers an impediment to their further progress." If, for "only," which I have italicised, the word "generally" were to be substituted, the proposition would be less questionable. As it stands, it may be met by the remark that the Don and other rivers in the above list do not fulfil the conditions prescribed, and yet yield pearls.

The British shell-fish which bears the pearls is a species of large mussel (*Mytilus margaritifera*). The largest are about two inches in length and an inch and a half in breadth. Spruel, the old writer above quoted, says, "that just as you can tell a cow's age by the marks on her horn, so the more nicks or wrinkles in a shell the older and better the pearl is, and smooth shells are barren." In reality, however, there does not seem to be any certain external indication of the wealth within, and this is the embarrassing feature of the trade. Pearl gathering is a greater lottery even than gold digging. One man may spend day after day opening bushels of shells without lighting upon the object of his search, while another may be enriched by finding several of the gems in the course of an hour or two. In Scotland the mussels are all opened with the knife, a slow, laborious operation. On the Conway, I understand, the shells are gently boiled in large cauldrons, and pearls are separated from the mass by repeated washings and strainings. In the East the shells are buried until they putrefy, or else are boiled. In opening the shells when they are fresh there is a danger of injuring the pearls, as great force

is required. It is at the head of the animal that the precious concretion, if there is one, is usually found. The British pearls are small, ranging from the size of a pin's head to that of an ordinary pea; now and again one is obtained as large as a small filbert nut. In form they are very irregular, some being round, and others oblong, pear-shaped, or bent. They present a similar diversity in colour, some are white, some grey, some brown, some of a rich pinkish hue, others of a dark red. It is supposed that they are all originally of this last mentioned colour, and that they are gradually bleached as they grow old. Formerly, the value of the jewel depended on its pure milky colour, but now the pink tint is rather in favour, partly, it is said, because it cannot be imitated like the white.

It is only during the summer months, when the rivers are comparatively shallow, that the Scotch pearl-fishers pursue their vocation, and a very dry season, such as last summer, is greatly in their favour. Few devote themselves to the work as a regular business; it is only an odd day now and then that is given to it, and usually there are more women and

children than men engaged in gathering and opening the shells. The occupation, has, however, become more organised since this class of pearls have risen in general estimation. It is said that last year some persons in the Highlands made a hundred pounds each by disposing of the pearls which they found; and this seems not improbable when we hear of single Scotch pearls being sold for forty guineas, and of a necklace of these jewels being valued at between 300*l.* and 400*l.* Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress of the French, and other distinguished personages are in possession of some very fine specimens. Mr. Unger undoubtedly deserves credit for his enterprise in developing this trade; but there is always a danger in such cases of attracting people from steady, plodding industry, to an occupation in which success depends more upon accident than application, and which partakes so much of the character of a lottery. It is to be hoped that some means may be devised of prosecuting the search for pearls with vigour, and without injuriously unsettling the population of the fortunate districts.

J. H. FYFE.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXI. THE CORPORAL SURRENDERS AT DISCRETION.

WHEN the communication from old Paolo Vanni—to the effect that he wished Giulia to return to Bella Luce, and that he purposed coming to Fano to fetch her home on the following Sunday—reached Signor Sandro, it caused him considerable surprise. And when *la Doss* and Giulia herself were told of it, it was a matter of very considerable sorrow to the former, and of unbounded astonishment to the latter.

Giulia tormented her brain to imagine what could be the motive for this new dispensation, and could find but one. It must be that Beppo had so completely succeeded in convincing his father and Don Evandro that he had altogether given her up, that they had felt there was no longer any object to be gained by depriving *la Surtin* of her assistance in the house, and the produce of her spinning. That seemed, upon the whole, perhaps, to be the most probable explanation. And the thought that it must be so caused her many a sleepless hour of tears and wretchedness. It was of no use to tell herself again and again,

that she had never had any hope that her love for her cousin could be otherwise than an unhappy one—a source of life-long pain and sorrow; no use to reflect that she had given Beppo no hope, as far as the remotest chance of ever becoming his wife went. Her heart had never given him up! No use to represent to herself the cruelty and selfishness of desiring even that Beppo's life should be blighted by an unhappy love, rather than that he should be free—free in heart to form some happier tie. Her intelligence had nothing to say in answer to these considerations, but her heart would not accept them, much less be comforted by them. Beppo loved her no more; and he had ceased to love her because he believed her to be false and worthless! Oh! if it were but possible for her to make him read her inmost heart—every thought, every feeling of it,—and then die, it would make all well! Then there need be no more sorrow, no more trouble. And she would lie on her death-bed, oh! so willingly, so happily, on those terms! But that he should cast her off from his heart, as being all that he thought her; that it should have come to that; that it signified no

longer whether she were near him or not; because he was so thoroughly convinced of her unworthiness; oh, it was very, very bitter, very cruelly hard!

And how, at home, should she endure to live in the house with him, seeing him daily, meeting him at least twice a-day at the daily dinner and the daily supper, under such circumstances! How was she to bear the lot that was laid on her!

Could it be that old Signor Vanni absolutely was too avaricious to pay for a substitute, and intended that Beppo should serve in the ranks of the army; and that her return had been resolved on because he would be absent from Bella Luce! It seemed impossible to suppose this, bearing in mind the horror that all his class had for the service. If only she could believe that her recall was grounded on such a motive, painful as it would be to think of Beppo's condemnation to a fate he so much hated, it would be an immeasurable relief to her. As far as the mere being at Bella Luce instead of at Fano was concerned, the change would be a welcome one to her. For since she had become aware of the necessity of behaving with a more guarded discretion in her manner generally, and specially towards Corporal Tenda, her position in *la Dossi's* house was becoming a difficult one to her. And the more she tried to keep the Corporal at a distance, the more pressing and the more serious became his assiduities. Yes, as far as the mere change of residence went, she should be well pleased enough to go to Bella Luce.

"It is very vexatious!" said *la Signora Dossi*, one evening, as she and her handmaiden sat at their little bit of supper in the kitchen together; "very. I shall never get anybody, and I never had anybody with me, that I liked half as well as I do you, *Giulia* dear."

"I shall be sorry to leave you, *Signora*. As far as you are concerned, you have always been very kind to me—much more than I deserve." And *Giulia's* lip began to twitch and quiver a little, as the thought of her underservings and the consequences of it came into her mind.

"Where ever am I to find a girl that can pull me up out of my chair in the way you do. Lord bless you! it would take a team of these town girls to do it! and then would need a teamster to make 'em pull together!" said *la Dossi*, chuckling at the picture her lamentations had suggested to her fancy.

"What do they want you at home for, I wonder!" continued *la Dossi*, grumblingly. "Had you any idea they were going to have you back again!"

"No, indeed, *Signora*. I am as much surprised as anybody can be," said *Giulia*, colouring painfully.

"Just as you had learned to roast a bird to a turn, too! It is too provoking. An apoplexy take farmer Vanni! 'Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!' It is enough to make a saint swear."

"It is very hard on you, *Signora*, when you have taken so much pains to teach me," said *Giulia*, who felt that *la Dossi* really was rather hardly used in the matter.

"Ah! it was a pleasure to teach you. But where shall I get another to learn as you have learnt! And in another week, I'd back you against any cook in Fano for an omelette. Ah, well! we all have our crosses in this world, and I suppose they are sent for our good," said *la Dossi*, as she thought with a sigh, half of penitence, half of slyly complacent recollection, of certain trespasses scored up against her under the rubric "*gola*," which *Giulia's* proficiency had caused her to incur.

And then the habits of the house had to be told that *la Giulia* was going back to her home in the hills. And everybody professed their regret; and comforted with *la Dossi* on her loss, and said civil things. But the news seemed to fall on the Corporal like a thunder-bolt. He turned pale, and absolutely became taciturn and thoughtful during the remainder of his Captain's visit.

When they were going away, and *Giulia* was lighting them across the great hall, just as she had opened the door, and Captain Brilli had passed through it first, as was right and proper, "*Signor Captain*," said the Corporal suddenly, "will you go on, and kindly wait for me at the bottom of the stairs a minute or two! I want to say a word to *la Signorina Giulia*."

Then *Giulia*, remembering what *Lisa* had said to her, knew what was coming, and felt that she had a disagreeable five minutes to pass.

"*Signora Giulia*," said the Corporal, with a little bow of excuse, as he gently took the open door from her hand and closed it, speaking at the same time in a tone totally unlike his usual light-hearted and laughing manner, but without the slightest hesitation or trepidation, "*Signora Giulia*, this sudden news of your return home has taken me quite by surprise, and makes it necessary for me to take the present opportunity, though it is a somewhat too hurried one perhaps, to say a few words to you. May I hope for your kind attention!"

Giulia, though she thought she knew very well the upshot of what the Corporal was going to say to her, was quite unprepared for this calm and business-like way of setting

about the matter,—so different from all her former experiences in the same line,—so different from Peppo's half-passionate, half-timid, blush-compelling ways !

"Certainly, Signor Caporale ! Of course I will listen to anything you wish to say. But I can't think what you can have to speak to me about."

(I wonder whether Eve told pretty lies to Adam ! I suppose she did, as naturally as the first ducks took to the water !)

"I had hoped, Signora Giulia, that you might have guessed the subject on which I wished to speak with you," said the little Corporal, still quite self-possessed ; for he considered all this little skirmishing quite as much *en règle* as the due opening of trenches *secundum artem* before a place to be besieged.

"Is it anything I can do for you up at Bella Luce !" said Giulia, dropping her eyes ; "I shall be very happy——"

"Nothing of that sort, Signora. I am much obliged to you, all the same !" said the Corporal. "Signora Giulia, you see before you a man whose inmost citadel you have taken by storm !"

"I, Signor Caporale !" said Giulia, genuinely ignorant of his meaning this time, not having been ever trained to the use of metaphors, and comprehending in affairs of the heart only the simplest language of the heart. "I, Signor Caporale !" she said, much puzzled to conceive what species of misconduct it was that he was charging her with—"I have taken nothing by storm !"

"Pardon me, lovely Giulia, you have taken my heart by storm ! The garrison has nothing to do but march out, and beg for honourable terms of capitulation."

"Really, Corporal Tenda, I don't know anything about the ways of garrisons ; I never was in a garrison town till lately, you know," said Giulia, really much puzzled to guess whether she was to understand that he was making her an offer of marriage or not. He spoke of his "heart," and something about "honourable terms," which looked like it ; but then, what had garrisons and marching to do with it ? Besides, his manner was not like a man making love. Peppo would have done—various things that she was very much relieved by the Corporal's making no attempt to do.

"Bella Giulia," returned the Corporal, finding it necessary to be more explicit, "I throw myself at your feet. There is no use in soiling my regimentals on the pavement ; but you will understand that my intention is to throw myself at your feet, and offer you my heart and hand,—the heart of, I trust, an honest and loving man, and the hand of a Corporal in his

Majesty's service. I am in love with your beauty, I admire your goodness, I respect your character. I am heir to an old uncle, who possesses a snug little farm,—freehold land, and most of it pasture,—at Cuneo, in the province of Turin. I refer you to my officers for my character. I ask you to make the happiness of my life, by consenting to be my wife !"

This time there was no mistaking the meaning of what was said to her ; but Giulia found it difficult to be equally explicit in reply. So she shook her head, and began tracing devices with her toe on the pavement.

"Signora Giulia," said the Corporal, who still hoped that these symptoms were but the results of rustic coyness, "silence is held to give consent."

"Oh, no ! indeed it does not !" said Giulia, frightened into speaking. "Indeed it does not. I am so sorry, so very sorry, Signor Caporale ; but silence gives refusal in this case. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be your wife."

"*Gentilissima* Signora Giulia, I am profoundly penetrated with the conviction that I do not appear before you in my present position, in the light of one who is justified in asking your hand. Circumstances, justly I may fairly say, the urgent need of our country for the service of all its sons capable of bearing arms in the field, have made me what you see me, a poor Corporal of Bersaglieri. The position, though poor, is an honourable one ; but it is not, I am aware, such as your husband ought to occupy. But I beg you, Signora Giulia, before deciding on declining my offer, to give your attention to two points. The first is, that my present position may be considered a provisional one only, as it would be my hope to retire on the death of my uncle—seventy-nine last birthday, and alarmingly threatened with gout in the stomach—to my ancestral fields,—freehold, and mostly, indeed nearly entirely rich pasture land ; and the position of my wife, as mistress of the farm of Monteverde, would not, perhaps, be unworthy of your acceptance. The second point which I would submit to you is, that in accepting the hand of a man who has served, even as a non-commissioned officer, you have a guarantee for character,—and I offer the most satisfactory references,—which could hardly be found to the same extent in the case of a civilian."

The Corporal had delivered this oration with considerable rhetorical ornament, and much appropriate gesticulation ; and at its conclusion he awaited her reply, standing with his body a little bent forwards, his feet in the third position, and his open hands extended a little in front of him.

"I am sure, Signor Caporale," replied Giulia, by no means insensible to the magnificence of the offer made her, or altogether untouched by the disinterested admiration and affection of the worthy little man, "I am sure that there are more reasons than enough to make any girl glad enough to marry you, if—if it was any way possible. But as for me, I assure you that—that—that it is *not* any way possible."

"And why is it not possible, *stimatissima* Signora Giulia? If the proposal appears to you a not unacceptable one, wherefore is it not possible? Am I so unfortunate as to find your heart already engaged?"

Giulia did not, in reply to this very direct question, tell him that that was a question which no man had a right to ask—that it was unfairly putting her in a position which, etc., etc. For she had never been instructed in the delicate proprieties of the situation; and the fact was, that the Corporal's question appeared to her a perfectly natural and proper one. None the less, however, did she find it a very embarrassing one to answer.

"Why, Signor Caporale," she said, blushing, and speaking as if she was on the point of bursting into tears, "is there no reason why it may not be possible for a poor girl to accept such a generous offer as yours, except that she is engaged to some one else?"

It was a weak attempt at evasion, and Giulia knew that it was so. And when the Corporal brushed away her little cordon of sophistical defence by saying, categorically,

"No reason whatever, lovely Giulia, except that her heart is engaged to some one else. If that is the case, I must accept my misfortune, and bear it as well as I can. If not, I still hope. Is that the case?"

"It would not have been the case," said poor Giulia, crimson all over, and turning her face away from her interrogator with the feeling that she certainly *was* very much to blame in the matter, and owed it to the Corporal to soften her rejection of him as much as possible. "It would not have been the case," she said, apologetically, "if it had not been that I knew him so many years first!"

"Ha! cousin Beppo!" cried the Corporal, clasping his hands, and dropping his head upon his breast; "the Captain was right! Signora Giulia, *il* Signor Capitano Brilli warned me that your heart was already engaged to your cousin. Still he was wrong,—it is something to know that he was wrong, in considering that his excess of stature must necessarily cause him to be preferred to me. If I had come first I should have had the prize. Being first is everything in this life. I should have had my

promotion for being first inside the enemy's works on the heights of San Martino, if another fellow had not run faster than I. Signora Giulia," he continued, bringing himself with a sudden start into the attitude of military salutation, "Signora Giulia, farewell. Had I come first I could have loved you well. Your memory will be ever sacred to me, in future years, when I shall have retired to my little (freehold) farm of Monteverde. God bless you, and send you all happiness! *Addio*, Signora!"

"*Addio*, Signor Caporale, *addio*! I am grateful for all your kindness to me," said poor Giulia, who longed to put herself on the same level of unhappiness with him, by explaining that she was fully as unhappy in her love as he was in his, but did not know how to set about it.

"And, Signora Giulia," said the Corporal, from the landing-place, putting his head back through the half-opened door, "pray understand yourself, and make the happy and fortunate Signor Beppo understand that I should not have spoken as I did when I had the advantage of seeing him here the other day, had I been aware that he was honoured by your love. Tell him I congratulate him, and wish him all happiness with all my heart, and bid him bear no malice. Once more, Signor Giulia, God bless you!"

"It was true, then," was Giulia's first reflection when the door was closed behind the Corporal, and she was left in the great hall by herself, "it was true, then, that the Corporal was making love to me all this time in serious earnest! I wish, oh, how I wish, that people carried their hearts outside, so that everybody might see all about it. Ah! Beppo would know then——" and therewith her mind went back from the Corporal's sorrows to dwell upon her own.

It was not long, however, before all those in Fano, who were interested in the matter of Giulia's recall home, and who had been surprised at it, were enlightened respecting the causes which had led to it.

Although the young men liable to be drawn by the conscription are not bound even to appear in person at the time of the drawing, or to do so at all till the day appointed for the medical examination, they are bound by law not to absent themselves, without explanation and special permission from their communal authorities, from their homes, during the period which may elapse between those two days. Hence, when in the course of the morning of the day on which Beppo left Bella Luce, his absence became known, it was very clear to everybody what the state of the case was.

Beppo Vanni was off to the hills: who would have thought it? And old Paolo Vanni as able to buy twenty substitutes as one!

And, of course, in a very short space of time the news had reached Fano. Signor Sandro Bartoldi was the first to hear it.

"Whew—w—w—w!" whistled the attorney in long-drawn and dismayed surprise. "Surely," he thought to himself, "neither old Vanni, nor Beppo himself, can have any notion of the gravity of the step he has taken, nor of the position he has placed himself in. Well, there is an end to everything between him and Lisa at all events. It is fortunate, as it turns out, that Lisa never took to him. And that is why *la Giulia* is called home all of a sudden. She was sent to town to be out of the way of Beppo. Beppo goes out of the way himself, and she is had back again. But, stop! I see it all! Three days ago comes old Vanni's letter to say that, by the priest's advice, Giulia is to go back. Priest's advice! He need not have told me it was by the priest's advice. I should have known that very well, without telling. But the priest's advice, to recall Giulia, was given, then, three days before Beppo went off. His Reverence was strong enough, when the girl was sent to town, on the necessity of separating her from the young man. What follows? Why, that he knew that Beppo was going to take the key of the fields. Yes! depend upon it, it has been all that priest's doing! I have not a doubt about it. Stingy as the old man is, he never would have dared to refuse to come forward on such an occasion, unless the priests had backed him up to it. Yes, that has been it. Poor young fellow! Poor young fellow!"

And very shortly afterwards the real truth of the matter was known in the Palazzo Bollandini. And Giulia thought the news was very good news. She should not have to face Beppo when she went home the next day; he would not have to serve in the horrid conscription; he would not leave the country; Corporal Tenda and the soldiers all would leave it before very long; then Beppo would return home, and would hear, perhaps, of the answer she had given to the Corporal's very handsome offer—freehold farm and all; and then—though there never, never, could be anything between them, Beppo might at last come to learn that she had never been false and worthless.

So Giulia, in her ignorance and her innocence, thought that the news from Bella Luce, of Beppo's flight, was very good news.

But that very evening—the evening before farmer Vanni was to come to bring her home—there came to the Palazzo Bollandini, Captain

Giacopo Brilli, although Lisa was not expected there that evening. And he came unaccompanied by Corporal Tenda; and when *la Giulia* opened the door for him, he begged permission to speak with her for a few minutes.

What could it mean? Had she rendered herself liable to any military penalties by refusing the Corporal? It seemed to her by no means an improbable thing, that it might be so.

Captain Brilli very courteously motioned to her to sit down in one of the great arm-chairs in the hall, and then took the trouble of lugging another all across the floor to sit beside her. What could be coming?

"Signora Giulia," began the Captain, speaking very gravely, "my friend, Corporal Tenda, has made me acquainted with what passed between you and him the other day."

"Ah, yes! that's it, sure enough," thought Giulia; "I wonder what they can do to me! They may put me under a state of siege, if they will, but they shan't make me marry the Corporal."

"He perfectly understood your reply to him to be decisive, and would not have presumed to speak of the subject farther, but that circumstances have since occurred which produce a very notable difference in the situation. You have heard, of course, of the step which your cousin, who drew a bad number the other day, has unfortunately been persuaded to take?"

The captain looked at her, and waited for an answer.

"Sì, Signor Capitano; I know that Beppo has gone away," said Giulia.

"Had you known beforehand, may I ask, Signora, that it was his intention to do so, in case he should draw a number obliging him to serve?" asked the captain.

"No, Signor Capitano; I never heard of it till Signor Sandro told us here at the *palazzo*. And I was very much surprised; for I thought that Signor Paolo, his father, would certainly pay for a substitute, as he is well able to do," answered Giulia innocently, and with a manner which at once convinced Brilli that she was speaking the simple truth.

"It is a very unhappy thing that he should have done so, Signorina—unhappy for himself, and for all who are interested in him," said the captain, very gravely. "He has been very badly advised," he continued. "Are you at all aware, Signorina Giulia, of the consequences to him of the step he has taken?"

"I suppose he will be obliged to keep out of the way till the conscription is over, and the soldiers gone away out of the country," said Giulia simply.

"You deceive yourself greatly, my poor

Signorina—very greatly,” said the captain, shaking his head, and looking at Giulia with an expression of pity that made her feel very uncomfortable ; for it was impossible for her to mistake the grave seriousness of the captain’s manner. “The conscription, as far as your cousin is concerned, will never be over, as you call it. He will never be able to return to his home, except to give himself up as a deserter. The government will never cease from considering him as such, and hunting him down.”

“Oh, Signor Capitano!” cried Giulia, in great distress and terror.

“It is as I tell you, Signorina. As long as he remains away he is an outlaw and a bandit ; he can never show his face at his home, or anywhere where he would be recognised. He is considered by the law in the same light as a criminal guilty of a crime which renders him infamous ; he has no civil rights. And this will be his condition all his life, till he is taken as a deserter.”

“Oh, Signor Capitano ! Signor Capitano ! have mercy on him ! He did not know ; indeed, indeed, he did not know what the law was. Be merciful to him !” cried Giulia, amid sobs, which it was impossible for her to repress.

“I have no power in the matter, my poor child,” said the captain, much moved by her distress. “I have no authority, either to punish or to forgive. But I can advise. Calm yourself, Signorina, and listen to me. I have no doubt that your cousin was not aware that the consequences of absconding were such as I have told you. I have no doubt that he has been wickedly deceived. But if you have any doubt about the correctness of what I say, ask your friend, Signor Bartoldi, the lawyer. He will, I am sure, tell you the same.”

“Oh, Signor Capitano ! I am sure you would not tell me so to frighten me for nothing,” said Giulia, who was now all in tears.

“Indeed I would not. Would that I could help you in the matter ! But all that I can do is, as I said, to give advice. I must tell you honestly that I came to speak to you at the request of my friend Tenda. Of course, in the present state of your feelings, it was impossible that you should give him any answer except that which he received from you. I regret that it should be so ; for Tenda is a good and worthy man, and will one of these days be in a position to offer a wife a very comfortable and desirable home. However, if it cannot be, it cannot ; and there is an end of that. But when the Corporal heard this unfortunate news about your cousin, he was very anxious that two things should be stated

to you : one with a view to any possibility there might still be for his own happiness, and the other with a view to yours, which he charged me to assure you was, whatever his own lot might be, dearer to him than his own.”

“I believe he is a very good man. It was a great grief to me to pain him,” said poor Giulia, amid her tears.

“The two things he wished me to tell you,” continued the captain, “were these. In the first place, if your cousin should persist in sacrificing everything—his home, his position, his character ; if he should determine recklessly to live the life of an outlaw and a bandit——”

“Oh ! oh ! oh !” groaned poor Giulia, as she heard a second time the terrible statement of Beppo’s condition——

“It is evident that he must sacrifice also all domestic ties, all claims to the fulfilment of any promise which, in point of fact, is rendered impossible by the situation he has made for himself. Now, in that view of the case, my friend Tenda wishes you to understand—but without pressing you for any answer, or urging you at all in point of time—that he considers the offer he made to you as still waiting your acceptance.”

“Oh, no ! no ! no !” exclaimed Giulia, wringing her hands. “If all the world was against Beppo, I should love him all the more. I can never love anybody else ; indeed, indeed I can’t ! If he is to be all you say, Signor Capitano ; if he must live all his life out on the mountains, and in the caves, I would never, never leave him !”

And then, suddenly, a delicious thought flashed through her mind, that perhaps, after all, out of this flight and misfortune of Beppo, might come the means of proving to him whether she had ever been false to him,—whether she was worthless. If he was to be an outlaw and a bandit, of course all the money and the farm would go to Carlo, and the great barrier between her and Beppo would be removed. And there rose up in her fancy a picture of Beppo, alone and unfriended, poor, with all the world turning its back on him ; while she—alone, barefoot, out on the mountains, and hungry, perhaps—was by his side, loving, cherishing, and comforting him. And the thought was a very sweet one to her.

But he did not, would not love her—if he had already given her up—perhaps ceased to think of her. And that cold thought brought her mind back to the reflection that, in the energy of her rejection of any other love, she had said more than she ought to have said,—that she was leading Captain Brilli and his

friend to believe that Beppo was engaged to her. And she sought, with infinite bitterness and humiliation of feeling, to repair the error and undeceive them.

"I would not desert him in his trouble, that is," she resumed, hesitating and blushing painfully; "not that I know that I could be of any use to him, or that he would thank me for meddling with his affairs. But—but all these misfortunes would make me too miserable—too miserable, you understand, Signor Capitano—to think—of—ever loving anybody."

Captain Brilli looked at her with pity, and no little admiration. He thought that he did in some degree understand the nature of the case.

"Well, Signorina, I have given you the first part of my message first, as I was requested to do," he said; "now let me tell you the second. When we heard this news concerning your cousin, it was a matter of great grief to poor Tenda. 'She loves him,' he said, 'and what can such a love produce to her but misery? If it cannot be that her happiness can be made compatible with mine, there is but one way to prevent hers from being wrecked also. Explain to her all the consequences of what her cousin has done.' That, Signorina, as you know, I have already done. 'Tell her,' he said, 'that the only way of saving her cousin is to induce him at once to return—if possible, before the day of the examination—then all would be well; but if not, then as soon as possible. If he gives himself up without any great delay, stating that he had been misguided and deceived; that he is ready to serve his time, and make a true and good soldier, he will be tenderly dealt with, especially a man of his previous good character. It will be a good example to other deserters. He might depend upon his fault being forgiven. If she loves him, let her induce him to give himself up, or he is a lost man. With his education, good character, and advantages, he would be sure to do well in the army. He would serve his time and all would go well. If he persists in his rebellion, he is ruined and lost.' All that, Signorina, the Corporal desired me to tell you, for the sake of his care for your happiness with another, if it cannot be with him. I may add, on my own account, that every word of it is true. If you wish your cousin well, and if you have any influence with him, or any possible means of exercising it, induce him to return and give himself up. If he does not, he is lost. And now, Signorina, I will say adieu. It pains me to leave you in distress; but I can say no more. I will not go in to see *la Signora Dossi* this evening. I must report the issue of my conversation to poor Tenda, who is waiting for me.

May I at least tell him that you will be guided by his advice?"

"Tell him, Signor Capitano, that he is very good and generous, very generous," repeated Giulia, breaking out into fresh tears. "Tell him how much I thank him, and that if it was possible in any way for me to do what he advises me, I should be so glad to do it. I am very much obliged to you, too, Signor Capitano. Oh! what would I have given that you could have said all that you have told me to poor Beppo!"

"I wish I could say as much to all the poor misguided fellows who will do the same thing," said the Captain. "The government knows," he added, "whom it has to thank for the misleading of them. Good night, Signorina. God bless you! I wish you well."

And so Captain Brilli took his leave, and Giulia went to confide her sorrows and her difficulties to the sympathising heart of her mistress.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE IRISH COAST.

PART II.

THE island of Achill is by far the largest in Ireland, containing a district of 46,000 acres, and a shore-line of eighty miles in circumference. It was with no little curiosity that I visited it, for its name was associated in my mind a long time ago with a certain polemical little newspaper, called the "Achill Herald," which defended its own views with a praiseworthy tenacity, albeit it was by no means chary of abuse of those of its neighbours. This paper was the organ of a Protestant mission, established in the remotest district of Ireland, principally through the labours of the Rev. Edward Nangle. Achill was in those days more benighted and morally savage than any Kaffir district, for while nominally under the religious supervision of the Roman Catholics, little pains were taken with the education of the inhabitants until the Protestants appeared on the scene, though by so doing they roused an active hostility. Nevertheless the mission flourished for a considerable time, and a very promising little settlement was formed at Doogurth, embracing a church, an inn, a printing press, and a neat square of houses facing the sea. Immense sums of money were contributed to the mission exchequer, mainly from the purses of the Evangelical world, who seemed to consider that any cause that was opposed to the Papists, should be supported tooth and nail. I could not help thinking, from what I heard on the spot, that it was a mistake to evince, in all the proceedings of the mission, such unrelenting

hostility to everything connected with the prevalent religion. It is true that all Irish Protestants are educated in a sort of controversial spirit, but it remains to be seen whether such a spirit is really as valuable as one more liberal and tolerant. Whatever may be the politico-religious situation of the Achill settlement, there is no doubt as to the beauty of its physical position, for immediately above it towers Slievemore, whose conical and rifted head springs abruptly from the sea to a height of 2217 feet. I think that I never saw a more beautiful sight than the summit of Slievemore at sunset, wreathed as it was by a coronal of

delicately rose-tinted clouds, below which the evening rays were playing on the gleaming masses of quartz, contrasting with wonderful effect against the dark gulleys on the mountain side. Inland, Achill is an undulating extent of brown heather; but its magnificence consists in the mountain belt that girdles it seaward. Looking over the broad Atlantic, at its western extremity, is the Croghan, which viewed from the land is but a monotonous outline of some 2000 feet in height; but let us ascend to the top, and we shall find that the other half is gone, cut away and probably submerged, leaving a tremendous precipice, at



Clare Island.

the base of which is an inclined plane of *débris*, and a second range of cliffs washed by the sea. The sublimity of the Croghan is enhanced by the unconsciousness of the ascending visitor to his proximity to a cliff scarcely equalled in Great Britain. Seaward, we strain our eyes in search of land, America being the nearest, according to geographers; but poets and legend-lovers assure us that not far from Achill lies the enchanted island of Hy Brisail or O'Brazil, that happy island, flowing with milk and honey, to which St. Brendan and his companions sailed in skin-covered skiffs, and remained there for seven years. It is commonly believed that to

the faithful observer this blest region is suddenly revealed, a belief that is prettily expressed by an Irish poet, Gerald Griffin:

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they call'd it O'Brazil, the Isle of the Blest.
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue line,
The beautiful spectre showed long and divine;
The golden clouds curtain'd the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away.

Nevertheless, though we may laugh at the credulity of the Irish peasant who wistfully gazes for a sight of Hy Brisail, it must not be

forgotten that there is in all probability some foundation for the legend, which we will touch upon when we come to the geological condition of this western coast of Ireland. Everything on this portion of the coast has a legend; and even the little isolated rock of the Billies which we can see far out to the south, has one, viz., that a former member of the noble family of Sligo insulted a friar, who, by way of punishment, condemned his soul to be chained to the Billies in the form of an eagle. Not the least singular features in Achill are its villages,—not such as the civilized settlement of Doogurth, with its whitewashed English-looking houses,—but its primitive native hamlets. Keem and Doega are the most extraordinary collections of mud-coloured wigwams that can be seen in a Christian country, and are built without the slightest pretension to order or regularity, just as though they had come down in a shower or dropped by accident. The people who live in them are very nearly as primitive as the dwellings themselves, entertaining a considerable dislike to their Protestant neighbours at the settlement, and gaining their living by fishing and looking after the summer crops of oats and potatoes. Within the last few years, however, English capital has been directed towards the mineral wealth of Achill, which is considerable. The interior abounds with bog iron ore, admirably adapted for fine castings; while the rocks and cliffs on the S. E. of the island contain valuable veins of steatite or soapstone, which has a high commercial value. On the east these cliffs disappear, the ground gradually sloping towards the edge of the sound, a narrow channel separating the island from the mainland, through which vessels are constantly passing up and down, glad enough to shorten their voyage and exchange the rough and unprotected coast for the shelter of what may be called a natural sea canal. A considerable number of coasting vessels, locally called “hookers,” carry on a trade between Sligo, Westport, and Galway; and of one of these I availed myself, reaching in about three hours the island studded expanse of Clew Bay, with its magical lights and shadows reflected from the lofty mountains that rise directly from the margin of the water. At the further end lies Westport, which, though ambitious of being considered a commercial town, looks far too pretty to be sullied with the appliances and appurtenances of trade; but as my business lay not in Westport, I turned my boat towards the cliffs of Clare Island, which acts as an immense breakwater to Clew Bay, sheltering it from the rough embraces of the Atlantic. The interest attaching to Clare

Island arises from associations with the memory of Grana Uaile, an Irish amazon who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and who was evidently a grand mistake on the part of Nature, for neither in figure, disposition, nor manners could she lay much claim to feminine attraction.

Numberless are the stories told of this fierce west country chieftainess, who lorded it over the tribes and clans of Mayo, and did not even except her husbands, of whom she had two. The first was O’Flaherty, Prince of Connemara, the owner of a castle on an island in Lough Corrib, which fortress was besieged, and only saved from being lost through the intrepid conduct of Grana, after which it went by the name of the Hen’s Castle. Her second spouse was William Burke McOughty, who, feeling dubious respecting the long continuance of their conjugal happiness, and very likely feeling considerably afraid of Grana, arranged that at the end of the year, should either of the contracting parties say “I dismiss you,” a dissolution of partnership should at once take place. But he was no match for the lady, for taking advantage of his absence, she filled all his fortresses with garrisons of her own people, and then watched him as he was sailing up the bay. When the unfortunate William was within earshot, she took her stand upon the battlements, and shouted “I dismiss you,” whereupon he lost not only his wife but his property; for those were days when the strong hand and ready arm not only took but kept, and possession was nine parts of the law. Even royalty itself was not secure from Grana Uaile’s caustic tongue and bad manners—for Elizabeth, to whom she paid a visit, was particularly amused with her wild guest, and offered to make her a countess, an offer scornfully refused by Grana, who told her Majesty that she should have the same dignity conferred on her whenever she came to Connaught. On her return from court, she landed at Howth, and passed by the castle, where the Earl of Howth was dining, with closed doors, a piece of apparent inhospitality that so disgusted Grana, that she kidnapped the Earl’s son and heir, who was playing in the garden, carried him off to Mayo, and only restored him on a promise made by the Lord of Howth, that his doors should be ever open to the passer-by at meal times. This custom was really kept up until of late years by his descendants.

There are remains of a Cistercian Abbey on Clare Island, where Grana Uaile’s skull is still shown to credulous visitors, though the fact is that it was recently stolen by a Scotch agriculturist, and turned into bonemanure.

G. P. BEVAN.

THE LADY OF THE GRANGE.



In spring-time, with its opening flowers,
 In summer, when the woods are fair,
 In autumn, with its blust'ring showers,
 In winter, when the trees are bare,
 From the morn till day is gone,
 Like a statue carved from stone,
 Sits a lady, sad and lone ;

Sits watching, with a steadfast air,
 Until the ev'ning light has flown,
 From day to day, without a change,
 Monotonous, and still the same ;
 And she is known by this one name—
 "The pale-faced Lady of the Grange."

Beneath the avenue of beeches
 The nettles sprout amidst the grass,
 And many a weed climbs up and reaches
 The windows with their clouded glass.
 The stained walls, the rusted bell,
 The weed-choked garden, blister'd door,
 The step with dark moss cover'd o'er,
 The broken windlass of the well,
 The window corners cobweb deckt,
 'All speak of long years of neglect,—
 Some think it haunted ground;
 But there's a sad tale, sad but true,
 Of that pale lady, known by few
 Of those who live around;
 For most of them, the simple youth,
 Prefer the ghost-tale to the truth.

The tale runs thus:—Some years ago
 The bells rang out a merry chime,
 One sunny morning, in the time
 When first the summer breezes blow;
 Rang out a chime of gladsome strife
 For th' fair daughter of the Grange,
 Who pass'd below a new-made wife,
 And happy in the change.
 For youth was hers, and wealth and love,
 And all the blessings that can move
 The heart to joy and gladness;
 But, as 'tis said, extremes do meet,
 So sweetest joy, and hers was sweet,
 Is oft allied with sadness.

The board was spread,
 The speeches said,
 Fond words of love and hope were spoken,
 And for the old dear life now broken
 Some simple tears were shed.
 Last words were breathed, last kisses taken,
 Good wishes utter'd and hands shaken,
 And they must go,—one minute more,
 For one last kiss the bride did linger,
 And then a stranger, by the door,
 A stranger never mark'd before,
 Beckon'd the bridegroom with his finger,
 And merely mutter'd: "Come with me."
 They pass'd into the shrubbery,
 And they were seen no more.

A cry was raised, a merry cry,
 They did not know how near was sorrow,
 "Where is the bridegroom?" no reply
 Came to the question. Then, around,
 They search'd about the garden ground,
 But all that day he was not found,
 Nor on the morrow.
 The search began in busy sort,
 A merry scampering up and down,
 As though it were some joyful sport,
 Until the truth was known.
 He was not there, there was no trace,
 Not e'en a footprint near the place;
 No! not the slightest sign was seen;
 But still again, and yet again,
 Each corner where he might remain,
 They search'd, but only search'd in vain:
 It was as though he ne'er had been.

Did he still live, or was he dead?
 Or had that stranger by the door,
 Who never had been seen before,
 Whisper'd some tale at which he fled?
 No man could say,
 But from that day
 His face was seen no more.

And many years have pass'd since then,
 Her parents in the churchyard rest,
 Eased of the burden as 'tis best,
 And youths have grown grey-headed men.
 But she still sits, from early dawn,
 From early dawn to ev'ning late,
 And has sat, ever since the morn
 When she was render'd desolate,
 Sits weariedly forlorn.

The bridal robe is dingy now,
 But she still wears it; and the hair
 Is golden still upon her brow,
 And she is very fair.
 Her heart is dead, her tears ne'er flow,
 There is no sign of care,
 Except a touch of dreaminess,
 Which is not pain, but something less,
 Just bordering on despair.

For Time seems to have pass'd her by,
 As one who is not of this earth,—
 And still, as on that day of mirth,
 Her face shows youthfully;
 Except a wrinkle here and there,
 A grey streak in the golden hair,
 A blankness of the eye.

A weary watch for ever keeping,
 A pain without a word of woe,
 Without the sweet relief of weeping,
 'Tis so the long years onward go.
 For ever watching for his coming,
 Sad and still without a change,
 From the sunrise to the gloaming,
 Ever steadfast at her post,
 Waiting for a love that's lost,
 Sits the Lady of the Grange.

W. G.

OUR GREAT IRON-WORKERS.

WHEN we consider the matter, it does seem extraordinary that the strong platform on which the main industry of this country rests, was scarcely begun to be built a hundred years ago. Before that time our principal iron-works were to be found amid the woodland districts of Sussex. The then existing circumstances of smelting, determining the manufacture to that rural part of the island, in the same manner as those at present in operation have fixed our iron-foundries in totally different localities—namely, the presence of the fuel used for extracting the ore. A hundred years ago all our smelting was done with charcoal, therefore those iron-mines in the neighbourhood of woodlands were the most advantageously worked; just as now the presence of a coal-field is a necessary condition of the manufacture. In the time of Elizabeth the great seat of the iron-manufacture was a perfect paradise contrasted with what it at present occupies. We can scarcely imagine two pictures more utterly unlike than the so-called "black country" around Wolverhampton, that Pandemonium on earth, in which everything like

vegetable life is blasted, and the whole region for scores of square miles is converted into a heap of cinders, on which rests a canopy of perpetual smoke, lit up at night by the lurid glare of countless fires, reminding one of a country being devastated by war; nothing, we say, can present a greater contrast than this scathed and blasted landscape, with the location of the old bloomaries, situated amid deep forests of oak and beech, the motive power to work the blast being fed, not by sulphuric flames, but simple water collected into dams or picturesque lakes, and turning a merry mill-wheel. At the time we mention upwards of one-half of the whole product of iron in these islands was made in Sussex, Kent, and Surrey. In those days, moreover, the best blood of the land was not averse to trading in the great staples of those counties; and Mr. Smiles, to whose work, entitled "Industrial Biography," we have been indebted for much of the interesting matter of this article, tells us that the Nevilles, the Howards, the Percies, the Pelhams, the Ashburnhams, and many other ancient families, were as eager in the prosecution of this great manufacture as are the men of Birmingham or Wolverhampton at the present day. But wood was not inexhaustible, as we trust our coal fields will not be in our day; and public opinion, even in Elizabeth's reign, began to denounce the iron-works as monsters that, like the Dragon of Wantley, threatened to eat up the whole woodland districts of the country, and to leave the people to perish of cold in the winter time,—wood then being the only fuel used. From the year 1581 a series of enactments were passed, restricting the number of works in the counties before-mentioned, and before long the trade took flight, not all at once, but by degrees, to new localities. The first migrations of the iron-masters was to localities somewhat similar in their industrial conditions to their old workings, namely, South Wales, where iron and wood abounded; and, strangely enough, these last localities were destined to be permanent, for although the woods disappeared as rapidly as before, yet they held out until those older woods—the coal—came into use as smelting material.

We can well understand the alarm of our forefathers at the disappearance of their oaks and beeches, when we are told of the inordinate maw of the furnaces of those days for ligneous food. The making of every ton of pig-iron, we are informed, required four loads of timber converted into charcoal fuel, and the making of every ton of bar-iron required three loads more. The prospect of the whole population being starved at no far distant winter appeared like a reality, even to the living

generation, and not a mere sentimental fear, such as we entertain now for the generations that may be born some three or four hundred years hence, provided the anticipations of philosophers are fulfilled relative to the failure of our coal-fields.

The restrictive laws of Elizabeth and James were less destructive to our old south-country bloomaries than the civil wars which broke out in the reign of Charles. When the Parliament got the upper hand, all the iron-works of the Royalists were remorselessly destroyed by the forces of Sir William Waller; indeed, the same fate awaited those in Wales; and such a blow was dealt to the manufacture, that England, from an exporting country, began to import large quantities of iron for home consumption from abroad. In 1740 there were only fifty-nine furnaces in all England; and the last specimens of the manufacture of charcoal iron were the castings of the iron railings surrounding St. Paul's Cathedral, the major portion of which contract was executed at Lam-burnhurst, near Tunbridge Wells. In Sussex itself the eighteenth century saw the last furnace thrown out of blast. Perhaps the Ashburnham forge, when its fires were extinguished, saw the final flare of the furnace in this ancient seat of a great industry. At this day the ruins of this large establishment are still to be seen, its great hammer pond or lake converted into a reservoir for fish and water-fowl by the present Lord Ashburnham; and where once the clanging of numerous hammers was heard, there now reigns the silence of a sylvan solitude. In other parts of Surrey and Kent the old ponds are now blooming in season with hop-plantations; the streams that once fed them now do the work of flour and paper mills, and the very memory of Vulcan has departed from the land.

But the dying-out of the manufacture in the southern counties of England by no means meant the destruction of the trade in this island; indeed, it was but a trade revolution caused by natural causes. Many far-seeing minds had anticipated the time when charcoal would prove too expensive a fuel for the operation of smelting, and had turned their attention to coal as its proper substitute. As early as 1620 the practice of smelting iron with pit coal was begun by one of the Dudleys; but, unfortunately, he was so far in advance of his time that nothing permanent came of his attempt. He lacked the powerful blast furnaces which enabled later iron-masters to establish the use of coal as a smelting material, and the civil war effectually put out his fires, which otherwise may have given England a hundred years' start of herself and other nations.

The establishment of Coalbrook Dale, whilst under the management of Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, has the honour of having first made practicable the smelting of iron with pit coal, about 1775; in consequence, the make of iron speedily became enormously increased, and the erection of the Coalbrook Dale Bridge, in 1777, by Mr. Abraham Darby, marks perhaps the commencement of the era of iron architecture. An era almost as memorable as the smelting of iron with pit coal was the discovery, about the same time, of the improved process of making cast steel, by Benjamin Huntsman, a method much the same as that in use at the present time. The Sheffield manufacturers of cutlery of all kinds, with a fatal blindness, declined to use the improved steel; but the French, with a keener sense of its value, began to use it largely. Consequently, as their fame for the manufacture of tools requiring a keen cutting edge increased, the Sheffield manufacturers endeavoured to prevent the exportation of the article; in fact, these short-sighted cutlers were just on the point of extinguishing for ever one of the most fertile sources of their subsequent fame, as Huntsman was very nearly induced to remove his furnaces to Birmingham, where some spirited manufacturers had made him liberal offers to settle among them. This was not the first time the Sheffielders endeavoured to undermine the growing greatness of their own specialty; for when, in 1750, a bill was introduced into Parliament with the object of encouraging the importation of American iron, the tanners of that city petitioned against it, alleging that English iron would be undersold, forges would be discontinued, and consequently timber for fuel would remain uncut, and thus the tanners would be in want of bark for the purposes of their trade. Had the prayer of these short-sighted townsmen been listened to, Sheffield would have lost her lead in the manufacturing of tools; and she would not have been able to boast, as she may do now, that instead of depending for her supply of steel upon the Styrian forges, she now largely exports her cast-steel for the use of Austrian smiths. Improvements in the process of steel-making were subsequently made by Heath and Mushet; but Bessemer, in our own day, has made by far the greatest advance: and from the crude iron he now makes any quality of iron or steel, hard or soft, by arresting the process at particular stages. Indeed, we seem entering upon an age of steel, which promises to be as great an advance as was the age of iron upon the bronze period. Steel guns, shells, and even steel ships, are now finding their way into common use, being far preferable to iron, in many

cases, in consequence of their comparative lightness, hardness, and durability. There is no name, however, that has left so large a mark on the past history of the iron-manufactory as that of Henry Cort. He was not, perhaps, so ingenious an inventor as many who preceded him; but he possessed the skill of combining the discoveries of other men, and presenting them in a more complete form than they had ever before appeared in. He was the first to make iron for "large uses." This he did by "piling and faggoting,"—that is, by laying bars of iron, of suitable length, one over another, like bricks in a building. These, being brought to a welding heat, were submitted to a forge-hammer of great power, and welded into one piece. By this process larger masses of iron were produced than was possible by any other method. His process of making bar-iron from cast-iron and then passing it through grooved rollers, brought the art of making malleable iron up to a point of perfection, not surpassed at the present day. Poor Cort was, however, the most unfortunate of inventors, as his valuable patents were thrown to the winds by the Government of the day; and the man who may be said to have laid the foundations of the fortunes of many of the great iron-masters of the present time, found himself ruined through the dishonesty of his partner, an official in the naval yard at Portsmouth; and a man who added at least 600,000,000*l.* to the wealth of the country, in his old age was pensioned off with a miserable annuity of some 200*l.*

The progress of the iron trade in Scotland has been almost fabulous; and it has been built up within the present century by the labours and the discoveries of two men, David Mushet and James Beaumont Neilson. The great staple manufacture of Scotland may be said to have depended upon the merest accident. Mushet, whilst crossing the river Calder, in the year 1801, spied in the bed of the stream a specimen of ore which attracted his attention. He picked it out, tested it in a crucible, and found that it contained a little over 50 per cent. of the protoxide of iron. This specimen he found was a portion of a vast bed, extending throughout the western counties of Scotland, which he termed carboniferous limestone, but which is now better known under the name of the Black Band Iron Stone. The iron-masters of his day laughed at his "presumption" in classing what they termed the "wild coals," as they styled Black Band, with the true iron-stone; but Mushet lived to see the Black Band prove the source of almost inexhaustible riches to his country; and the very iron-masters who laughed at him for considering it a valu-

able ore, were obliged to admit that Black Band could smelt itself—the proportion of coal in the band being sufficient to complete this process. But in order to accomplish this, the labours of Neilson were yet needed. This ingenious man got into his head the notion that if he could warm the blast thrown into the furnace, he would be able to make a much more powerful draught. This again was a bold attempt to cut prejudice against the grain; and the iron-masters sneered at the idea of the manager of the Glasgow Gas Works teaching them their trade. It was their theory that the best iron was made in winter, in consequence of the greater amount of oxygen in the air at that season; and therefore they made a perpetual artificial winter, as far as their blast furnaces

were concerned, by cooling the atmosphere as much as possible between the bellows and the furnace. What must have been their astonishment, therefore, at finding an amateur reversing their practice, and elevating the stream of air to a great heat? He persevered, however, notwithstanding their sneers, and ultimately succeeded in so increasing the blast, by reason of its great expansion, that the Black Band had simply to be thrown into the furnace without the coal and left to smelt itself. The result upon the make of iron was most magical. In 1829, before Neilson's patent was taken out, the total make of Scotland was only 29,000 tons annually. It has since increased to upwards of a million tons.

A. W.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXII. GIULIA AT THE CURA AGAIN.

ON the Sunday morning Farmer Vanni made his appearance in Fano, as had been arranged, for the purpose of taking Giulia back to Bella Luce. He was in a more crusty and crabbed humour than usual; for, despite the arguments and the counsel of his friend and guide, Don Evandro, his conscience told him that he had been acting very badly. It is true that he had no idea of the gravity of the consequences of the step to which his son had been driven. He gave perfect credit to the priest's representations on that head. But he knew in his heart that the real determining motive with him was love for his *scudi*. He knew that other fathers, far less able to do so than he, were making every possible sacrifice and effort to raise the means of procuring substitutes for their sons; and he knew that many of those who were doing so were by no means friends of the new order of things. He knew that he was acting like a curmudgeon, and he knew that everybody else would think so. It was disagreeable to him to show himself in Fano under the circumstances; and he was in an exceedingly bad temper accordingly.

He went directly, as usual, to the house of Signor Sandro; and perceived at once that he was not received with the usual cordiality. *La Signora* Lisa was not visible. He was not shown into the private portion of the attorney's dwelling-house, but into his office.

"Good morning, Signor Paolo! Take a seat. This is a bad business of your son; a

very bad business, indeed! I trust you have changed your mind, and are come with the money in your pocket to give me orders to look out for a substitute. If so, all might yet be managed in time before the day for the examination, and everything put straight."

"Beppo knows very well that I have no intention of doing anything of the sort, Signor Sandro. My money shall not go—more of it than I can help—to bolster up the usurping government. But I did not come here to speak of Beppo, but to take *la Giulia* home. Is she here?"

"No! What should she be here for? She is at her mistress's house; and a thousand pities that she should not stay there, so well as they were getting on together. *La Signora* Dossi is as fond of her as if she were her mother! But you know your own business best!"

"Yes! I suppose I do! I ought to, at my time of life, at least."

"Oh! I say nothing—not a syllable! I never meddle with other people's business, unless when I am paid to do so! But, really, in this matter of your son, Signor Vanni, I could not reconcile it to my conscience, if I was not to say a word to beg of you to reflect on the consequences to the young man. Consider——"

"I have considered! You don't suppose I made up my mind without considering, do you? Besides, I act under advice!—the best advice! I know what I am doing."

"Oh! If you know what you are doing

—Advice! I pretty well know all about the advice, or, at least, can guess! Signor Vanni, I would not let any man's advice come between me and my son, if I was fortunate enough to have one, in such a matter!"

"And if you had a son, Signor Bartoldi, I should not presume to interfere with you in the management of his affairs."

"That's enough, Signor Vanni! I say no more. A wilful man must have his way."

"Can you send and fetch *la Giulia*; so that I may be getting on my way home?" said the farmer, who had, in fact, expected the usual hospitable invitation to dine with him from the attorney. But it was very evident that that was not forthcoming. On the contrary, Signor Sandro said drily:

"Had you not better go for her yourself to the Palazzo Bollandini, Signor Vanni?"

"I don't know the way; and I don't know the woman she is with; I never saw her!" said the farmer, testily.

"Oh! as for that, I will send a boy to show you the way. And I think it would be more civil to *la Signora Dossi* to call on her yourself. Besides, I should have thought that you would have liked to speak to her about *la Giulia*."

"I don't want to speak to her; and I dare say she don't want to speak to me! There's little enough of good to hear about *la Giulia*, by all accounts. I won't go to the Palazzo Bollandini. I gave the child up to you, here, Signor Bartoldi; and I expect to receive her here, from you," said the farmer, speaking with the dogged, impassible manner which the *contadino* assumes when he means to be obstinate.

"Very well! very well! So be it! I will send for her at once," replied the attorney, not wishing to enter into an unprofitable contest with the cross-grained old man.

He left the room as he spoke, in order to do as he proposed; and, when he returned, he found the farmer standing up, with his hat on, ready to go, as he said, for his *calessino*, which he would bring to the attorney's house, so that he might take up *la Giulia* there. The more simple plan would have been to wait for her, and then let her walk to the *osteria*; but the fact was that Signor Vanni was ill at ease in the attorney's presence, and feared a recommencement of his remonstrances on the subject of Beppo. The attorney was by no means ill pleased to get rid of him; but he did not escape without one parting shot, which was a teasing one.

"Of course, Signor Vanni, after what you have said," observed the attorney, as he was in the act of leaving the room, "I should not

think of returning to the subject of Signor Beppo's affairs, as far as they concern you and him only. But there is one point that it is absolutely necessary for me to touch on. Of course you are aware that, if your son insists on placing himself in a position which the law brands as infamous, there can be nothing more between him and my daughter. All that scheme is of course at an end! I regret it; but of course you must have been aware that such must be one of the consequences of your determination."

"I acted as I thought proper, Signor Bartoldi; and, as I thought, for the best. I acted under good advice, as I have told you already. I hope you may be equally well counselled. As for Beppo and the Signorina Lisa, you can please yourself. Beppo will not have to go begging for a wife, I take it!"

"Faith! he may have to go begging for some other things besides a wife, before all is done!" said the attorney. "However, there is no more to be said. So now, Signor Vanni, I will wish you a good morning."

The farmer went and got his gig, taking good care not to return so quickly as that *Giulia* should not have arrived at the attorney's house. He found her quite ready, with her little bundle by her side, and the fresh tears upon her face, in Signor Sandro's hall, from which *la Lisa* had just escaped, as soon as she had heard the *calessino* drive up to the door.

It cannot be supposed that *Giulia's* drive home to Bella Luce with the farmer was a very pleasant one. For a while no word was spoken between them. But, as the horse began to walk up the first hill, after quitting the city, the old man said, almost with a snarl:—

"So you are like the bad *baiocco*, Signorina *Giulia*, you come back again!"

The "signorina," it will be understood, was in the old farmer's mouth purely ironical.

"I did not go for my pleasure, Signor Paolo," answered *Giulia*, with a sigh; "and it's not for my pleasure that I come back!"

"There's little pleasure to be got out of it, one way or the other, for all I see!" growled the cross old man.

"Very little, indeed! Signor Paolo; Heaven help me!" replied the poor girl, while the tears, which had of late had their reservoirs very near the bright red eyes that used to know so little of them, began to run silently down her cheeks.

"There! there's no good crying about it! There's the bit and sup for you, being, as you are, a Vanni!"

"Worse luck!" *Giulia* could not refrain from quoting after those words of the farmer, which she had never forgotten.

"What do you mean by that?" snarled the old man, turning sharply on her.

"It was you who said it, Signor Paolo!" said Giulia, looking up through her tears.

"Then I suppose I meant it! but that's no reason you should say it, or think it either!" growled the farmer.

And then nothing more was said till they were going up the last hill to Bella Luce.

"I don't want to have any talk at home, mind you," the old man then said, "about anything in the city, not what this fool said, or t'other fool tattled. Do you hear? You say nothing to anybody, and nobody will say anything to you. And I am sure that ought to suit your book best! Do you hear?" he repeated, after a pause. For Giulia was pondering what was the meaning of this prohibition, and what the sneer which concluded it was intended to point at.

"Yes, Signor Paolo!" she said, submissively.

"Well! mind it is yes! And now hold the horse till I send Carlo to put him in the stable."

So there she was, at home once more; and old Sunta, who was really glad to have her back again, received her somewhat more kindly than the old man; and Carlo stared and giggled, and spoke in innuendos, and tried in vain to make her talk whenever he could get an opportunity, which was, fortunately for her, rarely enough out of the hearing of his parents; and very shortly her life fell into the old accustomed daily routine,—all, with the exception of one great void in it,—one absence, which, unspoken of, unalluded to, seemed to make her entire existence and all its surroundings unreal, dreamlike, sapless, and feckless!

Of course, after what had been said to her by Captain Brilli, Giulia's great and first object at Bella Luce was, if possible, to find the means of communicating with Beppo. But it was extremely difficult to do this. She did not see any possible means of achieving even the first step, of ascertaining where he was. In fact, there was one only human being at Santa Lucia who was cognisant of Beppo's whereabouts,—the priest, Don Evandro. Giulia naturally supposed that his place of hiding was known also to the members of his family,—to his father, at least. But, even if this had been the case, she would have been no nearer her object; for, of course, she could not ask them for the information. But the priest had chosen to keep that secret to himself. He chose to be the only medium of communication between Bella Luce and the fugitive, for he could not be sure otherwise of what nature the communications might be.

In vain, therefore, Giulia waited, and hoped to hear something said in the family which might afford her a clue. Beppo was never mentioned by them, any more than if he had not been in existence.

And the fatal day of the medical examination, when his absence would be notified to the military authorities, and he would be branded as a deserter, drew nigh. It came at last; and still Giulia was no nearer to the object, which was now the chief and, indeed it may be said, the only one of her life.

After some days, the thought occurred to her that possibly some change might arise, some means of communicating with him offer itself suddenly, and be lost for want of her being prepared to take advantage of it. The preparation of a letter was to her, though not, as to many of her class and station, an impossibility, yet a matter of time and difficulty. So she thought that, as a measure of precaution, it would be well to have a letter written in readiness.

The first step towards this was to obtain the means of writing. And this was not altogether so easy a matter as it might seem to damsels living under different conditions of existence. Pen and ink were indeed easily obtainable. For those which Beppo used in the good old days, when Beppo was, to make out the farm accounts, and to which Carlo had now succeeded, were kept in a drawer of the great table in the kitchen. And there would be no difficulty in abstracting them at night, to be used in the privacy of her room, and replacing them before there was any chance of their being missed in the morning. But then, how to get a sheet of paper? Giulia's penmanship was not capable of putting what it would be necessary for her to say into the compass of a small bit of paper. A whole sheet of foolscap was absolutely necessary to the achievement of her object. And how to obtain this? It would be easy to go to the village shop and purchase what she wanted. But *che! Vi pare!* As if it would not be all over Santa Lucia the next day. "*La Giulia has been asking for paper! Who is she writing to, I wonder?*" "*Eh! some friend left behind in Fano! Girls don't go to stay in the city for nothing,*" &c., &c., &c. And then cross-questioning at home. No; that would never do!

After much meditation on this knotty difficulty, however, she hit upon a stratagem, under cover of which, she thought, the thing might be done. She might write a letter to *la Dossi*. It was very natural that she should do so. That would be avowable. It would also seem very natural that she should require

two sheets of paper for the purpose,—for would not one be needed for the rough copy? By this means she thought she might venture to make a purchase of paper openly.

So she said one day to *la Sunta*, “Signora, will you please allow me to go up to Santa Lucia this afternoon? I want to buy some paper to write a letter to *la Signora Dossi*, the lady I was with at Fano.”

La Sunta made no objection to this, but told her to call at the same time and pay her respects to *la Nunziata*, the priest’s house-keeper, whom she had not seen since her return.

The paper was purchased accordingly—two sheets of foolscap paper—out of Giulia’s own private resources; for, thanks to the small medium of wages to be received from *la Signora Dossi*, who at parting had been liberal in the matter, Giulia was not wholly without money.

“I want a couple of sheets of paper, if you please,” said she, taking care to add her justification for the benefit of the *Santa Lucia* gossip. “I must write a letter to *la Signora Dossi*, the lady I was living with at Fano.”

Then she paid her visit to *la Nunziata*, who made her promise, that if *la Signora Sunta* would spare her, Giulia would come up to the *cura* on the morrow, and lend her a helping hand for a day, as she used to do, “before,” said *la Nunziata*, “you were turned into a fine city lady.”

It was settled, accordingly, that Giulia was to spend the following day at Santa Lucia.

And that evening, after supper, she quietly took the pens and ink from among the fragments of old accounts, skewers, broken dinner knives, bits of twine, an old almanac, and one or two little prints of saints, in the drawer of the great kitchen table, and carried them off to her room.

She had to write two letters; and much extra care and labour had to be expended upon them, because it was necessary that they should be composed and executed without the assistance of a second copy.

The far easier and shorter epistle, which was to serve merely as a blind for the other, was, however, soon managed, and ran thus:—

“*Stimatissima Signora Dossi.*”

(These words were written at the top of the paper, on the left-hand side; then a good way down, on the right-hand side, followed the date.)

“*Bella Luce, —th June, 186—.*”

(Then another much wider space was left, seeing that the wideness of it indicated the

degree of respect in which the writer’s correspondent was held; and then the letter began.)

“I arrived at *Bella Luce* safe and well, and am so at this writing, hoping that you are the same. I hope that you have found some better and more fortunate person than me to serve you; and I hope that she can please you in the cooking. When you see *la Lisa*, and *il Signor Capitano Brilli*, and *il Signor Caporale*, please to give them my kind remembrances.”

“Turn over.”

(For so low down the sheet had Giulia’s abounding respect compelled her to begin her letter, and so large was the writing, that she had already reached the bottom of the page; and the letter was resumed on the other side no higher up than on the first page.)

“The vines in this district are looking very well. The *grittochammia*” (it was the only word misspelt in the letter; and of course Giulia had no knowledge of it, save hearing it constantly in the mouths of the farmer and his sons) “is not much; and we hope to drink a glass of wine this year. Dear *Signora Dossi*, I am very grateful to you for your kindness to me. I try not to forget the things you taught me; but there is little to be done in the way of fine cooking at *Bella Luce*.”

(This filled the whole of the second page, or of that portion of it which was written on, rather; and furnished a line or two for the third page, beginning at the same distance down the paper. Then the whole of the remaining space was occupied by the subscription, carefully distributed in equidistant lines.)

“I am,

“With the most distinguished homage and
obsequiousness,

“Of your ladyship,

“The most humble and obedient

“Slave and servant,

“GIULIA VANNI.”

The last words written in the very bottom-most corner of the paper, in token of the humility of the writer.

This show letter having been thus felicitously accomplished, according to all the prescriptions of correct good breeding and the latest Romagnole genteel letter-writer, Giulia proceeded to the more important and more difficult part of her task.

“*Caro Signor Beppo,*” she began; then, after some time lost in meditation, which threatened to run off into mere castle-building and reverie, drew her pen through *caro*, and wrote *carissimo* over it;—then, after gazing a little at the effect of the words so written, with sudden haste blotted out both adjectives

effectively, satisfying herself that there was no possibility of reading the word that had been written on that spot. How could the reader guess what might have been the writer's first intention? It might have been "odious," or "abominable," for all that anybody could tell!

So it stood, "(great blot) Signor Beppo,"

"I know that it does not become me to write to you; and that you have no wish to hear from me; but if you will please to read my letter a little further, and not throw it away in anger directly, you will see that I do not wish to write about myself. Dear Beppo" (dear again carefully blotted out), "before I came home from Fano, which was on the Sunday after you went away, I heard some very dreadful things, which you ought to know; for I am sure you do not know them. I am sure that you have gone away deceived, and led by bad advice. You think you can come home, in a little time, when the soldiers are gone away. But it is not so. You will never be let to come back any more in all your life till you give yourself up as a deserter. The lawyers and the government say that you are an outlaw and a bandit; and will never give over hunting you till they have caught you, if it should be all your life. And then you will be punished as a deserter. But if you make haste to give yourself up, your going away will be pardoned; and all will be forgotten. If you have been told different from this by any one, it is a wicked falsehood, for this is the truth. And Signor Sandro, the lawyer, would tell you the same. Oh! Signor Beppo, for the love of the Holy Virgin and all the Saints, do, do come back! Signor Paolo is very angry because Signor Sandro told him, that of course there could never be anything now between you and Lisa, since you had gone against the law. I would not tell you this to vex you, if you cared about Lisa; but I know you did not think of her. If my being here was in the way of your coming back, I would go away, if it was to beg my bread. But you need not come here. You must go to Fano, and serve your time in the army. And when you come back, if it is a pain to you to see me here, I will go away, without asking leave of anybody. So do not let that prevent your coming back. Pray, pray do come! For the love of Heaven do not make yourself a bandit, who can never come home, or be his father's heir, or settle in any way. I will not trouble you by writing anything about myself, for I know that I am now nothing to you. Do not suppose that I write this to induce you to think more kindly of me. I solemnly swear that it is not so; and that I write only for your own sake. I am very, very unhappy;

and have no thought about myself. I write to prevent you from ruining yourself entirely. For God's sake, for the sake of your father and mother, come back!

"I have written this in order to have it ready to send, if I can find out where you are, and can find the means of sending it. At this present time, I do not know where you are, and there is nobody who will tell me.

"Your loving" (scratched out) "cousin,
"GIULIA."

The composition of this letter occupied Giulia the greatest part of the night; and when she read it over, she was so dissatisfied with it that she would fain have essayed a second attempt; but she had neither the time nor the paper. So she folded it, and fastened it with half a wafer picked out of the dust in the standish that held the Bella Luce inkstand, and secured it carefully within the lining of her stays; to be always carried about with her, till some opportunity might offer itself of sending it.

It was fortunate that she had no longer deferred this precautionary measure; for it so happened that the opportunity, so long sought in vain, presented itself on the following day.

It was to be spent at the *cura*; and Giulia went thither early in the morning, as had formerly been her habit on such occasions. Don Evandro was absent in the church, saying his early mass, when she arrived; but when on returning he passed through the kitchen to his study, and she stood up to salute him, he merely recognised her presence by a little nod, and passed on without speaking. As soon as he was in his study, Nunziata carried into him his cup of black coffee and the little bit of dry toast that constituted his *colazione*, and then leaving Giulia some household task to do, and telling her that the priest was at his books, and would most likely not come out of his study any more before the *angelus*, went out into the village to get the profit of Giulia's assistance by indulging in a morning of gossip.

She had not been gone above half an hour, and Giulia was busy with the task that had been assigned to her in the kitchen, through which the only entrance into the *cura* opened, when a rough-looking young man, a stranger to Santa Lucia, dusty and evidently travel-worn, presented himself at the kitchen door and demanded to speak with the *curato*. Giulia asked him if she should tell the *curato* who it was that wanted him, for otherwise the priest would probably refuse to see him.

"Tell him," said the stranger, "that there is one from Piobico, who wants to speak with him."

Giulia did as was desired; and the "one from Piobico" was forthwith told to pass into the study.

There was nothing at all strange or remarkable in this. But—preoccupied as Giulia's head and imagination were with Beppo and his fortunes, and with the possibility of obtaining information as to his place of hiding, and persuaded, as she was, that the priest knew all about it—the possibility rushed into her mind, that this stranger arriving from a distance, and having to all appearance been travelling all night, might be the bearer of communications between Don Evandro and Beppo. The more she dwelt on this possibility, while the man was in the priest's study, the more it seemed to grow into a probability. He came from Piobico. Giulia had heard of Piobico as a place "in the mountains." Beppo had "taken to the mountains!" At all events it was a possibility which she would not let slip; and she screwed up her courage, determined to try a bold stroke for the object she had in view.

She had about her all the little store of money she had received from *la Dossi*, less the price of the two sheets of paper. She took it out and looked at it. It was a large sum in Giulia's eyes;—far larger than she had ever before possessed. She divided it into two halves; and, putting back the one moiety into her pocket, kept the other in her hand, ready for the emergency to which she destined it.

Presently the stranger came out, and, with a nod to her, passed through the kitchen, and took his way, as Giulia, looking after him, observed, not towards the village, but across the churchyard towards the old ruined tower. He was apparently about to return at once to Piobico without entering the village at all. Giulia let him go until he was nearly across the little churchyard; and then, with one sharp glance at the door of the study to see that it was shut and all still within it, she darted out of the kitchen, closing the door behind her, and overtook the traveller just as he reached the foot of the ruined tower.

"Young man!" she said, stepping round the base of the tower so as to place herself out of sight of the *cura*, or of anybody going to or from it, "you have come from Beppo Vanni in the hills to his reverence!"

"Yes, I have!" said the man, after staring at her in much surprise for a minute; "but I was to speak to no one on any account but the *curato* himself. And I thought——"

"Tell me where Beppo is hiding?" said Giulia, simply.

"Begging your pardon, signora, that is just what I must not tell, seeing that you do not know it. If he is away in the hills, I suppose

it is on purpose folks mayn't know where he is."

"Of course, he is hiding away from the government people! We all know that! But do you think I look like a government officer, or a spy either?"

"No, signorina! I can't say I think you do!" said the young man, responding to her challenge by a sufficiently prolonged examination.

"I am a——friend of Beppo's," she said, affecting to hang down her head and look shy, on purpose to lead the messenger to form a very natural conclusion as to the nature of the interest she took in the fugitive, and of the message he was to be asked to take between them. "And look here," she continued, opening her hand, and showing a dollar and some small coins, "if you will tell me where he is, and take this letter to him, I will give you all this; and as much more, if you will bring me back an answer from him."

"I would not tell any of them, that should not know, not for six times that money," said the man, looking at the coins in her hand; "but I suppose there can be no harm in telling such as you. You will tell no living soul?"

"Not a soul! I would not do him a mischief for all the world!" said Giulia, with no need of adding any affected earnestness to the asseveration.

"Well! he is with the friars at Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso, in the mountain above Piobico. Give me the letter!"

"Here! There is no address on it; but it does not signify. You will give it into his own hand?"

"I will, before to-morrow night, never fear! But how am I to do about bringing you back his answer?"

"Look here," said Giulia, after casting her eyes about a little; "put it into this hole, see, under this brick at the corner of the tower!"

"Ah! but how am I to get the money for bringing it?" said the man, with a shrewd grin.

"Oh, I will put the money in the same place," said Giulia, innocently. "You take out the money, and put the answer in its place."

"Well!" said the stranger, looking at her with great surprise. "I wonder whether all the Santa Lucia folks are as trusting as you are. It would not be difficult to steal your head off your shoulders! Why, signorina, what is to hinder me from taking the money, and putting nothing in the place of it?"

"Oh! you would not cheat a poor girl in that way, I am sure! I am but a poor girl; and this money," said Giulia, taking out the

remaining half, which she had reserved, "is all I have in the world! See, I will leave it in the hole now. You may come back and rob me, if you will, as soon as my back is turned! But I am not afraid that you will do anything of the sort."

"Very good. I won't rob you, signora. I will bring you a letter; that is, if Signor Beppo will give me one to bring. If not, I shan't come back for the money. But it's no good your coming to look for it for the next four days. And it may be longer before I can return."

"Be as quick as you can. See, there is the money; it's quite safe in the hole. Good bye! I must run back to the *cura*."

And Giulia regained the kitchen before any one had become aware of her absence.

"Oh! what a *benedizione della Santa Vergine* it was, that I wrote the letter last night!" thought she to herself. "Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso, sopra Piobico!" she repeated to herself carefully; and said the words over and over again to herself at intervals during the remainder of the day.

(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

As the months in China are lunar, and their years computed accordingly, new year's day with them never falls on the same day, but varies every year; neither of course does it correspond with ours, for it mostly happens somewhere in February, and sometimes even as late as March.

For a full week or ten days before the "first sunrise," as the auspicious day is called, dawns upon a Chinese city, its whole population is busy beyond description preparing for the coming holiday. First and foremost accounts have to be made up and closed. The Chinaman is essentially a money-making creature, no matter what his calling or place in society may be, and it is always his dearest wish to square his accounts as far as he possibly can at the year's end, so that he may begin the new year afresh; everything due to him paid up, and himself free of all obligations, or at any rate clear in his own mind as to their extent, if he cannot manage to pay them off. Anxious bustling men of all classes may therefore be seen at this season hurrying along, some on foot, others in the sedan chairs of the country, and all intent on paying and being paid; and the banks, stores, shops, and every commercial establishment, swarm with customers settling their scores, or creditors seeking their rightful due. Then there are all the purchases to be made against the coming holiday, for John

Chinaman as a rule eats, drinks, and dresses as inexpensively as he possibly can through the year, and indulges in luxuries only on grand occasions. Ducks, fowls, geese, pork, fresh fish, wine, and the numberless curious condiments only precious to a Chinese palate, have to be procured; fur jackets and robes, and silk, satin, and cloth clothes of every description, have to be redeemed from the pawn-brokers, or bought anew; new boots or shoes, and caps of ceremony, essential articles all, have to be provided; crackers and fireworks have to be got for frightening away evil spirits and to afford fun; tapers, incense-sticks, and silver-paper money for worship of idols and ancestors, have to be prepared; candles of gaudy colours and huge size have to be purchased for decoration of family altars; lanterns for house and hand use have to be newly bought, or re-varnished and lettered; new scrolls have to be found for decorating walls, doors, and windows; house and shop fronts have to be washed and scoured; twigs of peach and other blossom, which about that time shoot forth, have to be brought home; and a thousand other things have to be done of which an English mind can have no conception, but which to a Chinese idea are all important to the occasion. It may be imagined, then, what a pushing, busy, and excited crowd all this must bring about in the narrow confined streets of a thickly populated Chinese city; more especially when it is remembered that a Chinaman always talks in a loud screeching tone, and that all portage is invariably (save in the north) done on shoulders of men, who deem it necessary to yell hideously in order to clear their way.

The Chinese being strangers to gas, and their towns being entirely unlighted, it becomes necessary for every one moving about to carry a lantern (in some places, such as Amoy, they even use torches), and for every temple, house, and shop to be furnished with the same convenience. The consequence is, a large trade, unknown to western countries, is done in lanterns of all sizes, from that of an English boy's fire balloon—aye, and bigger—down to that of a large ostrich's egg. These are made of paper or silk, stretched on split bamboo and coated with varnish; in some instances, of glass; and the family surnames, shop-sign, title of temple, &c., are always written with black or red paint, in the best style of the calligraphist, in the body of the lantern; so that, when lighted with the usual "dip," the characters are distinctly legible. The more respectable the family or shop, the more elaborate and solid the lantern, and the handsomer the inscription, and the effect of a Chinese

street at night would be very much as if, gas being unlit, everybody with us were seen moving about with transparent paper or silk lanterns, inscribed with Brown, Jones, Robinson, and so on, while the shops right and left were to show their names on larger lanterns perched up on the counters or hung out in front. Men of no respectability, hangers about town, blackguards, sharpers, and such like, get over the disagreeable facility for identification presented by this practice, by carrying lanterns inscribed with the more common surnames, such as (with us) Smith, Brown, and King* would be; or they use mottoes, such as, being translated, would mean, "as you like it," "children and grandchildren innumerable," and so on. Whatever the inscription, some lantern or other is invariably carried; and so wedded are they to the practice, that the brightest of moonlights offers no bar to it; indeed, the writer has seen a mob of thousands round a blazing conflagration, bright enough to reveal each feature of their grinning countenances, and yet all had lanterns upheld to see the fire by. The use of scrolls is another unique and curious custom. No Chinaman possessed of a home, be it a palace or a shanty, a gaudy junk freighted with rich cargo, or a rotten old punt past carrying anything but dung, is satisfied until he has adorned his habitation with mottoes, distiches, antithetical sayings, classical quotations, lucky characters, and such like, written in a bold fanciful hand on red or pink paper; when a death occurs in the family, white paper, if for deep mourning, and blue, if for half mourning, is used instead. Where the house is extensive these scrolls may be seen hung about the rooms handsomely mounted, occupying very much the place of pictures with us; and on every post and panel throughout the building, even down to the doors of the fowl-house and pigsty, may be observed some inscription or other on the never-failing red paper. Where the individual boasts no more than a hut or cottage, he must at least have a pair of scrolls adorning the wall opposite his door, and strips pasted on his door-posts and window-frames. These ornaments have all to be renewed at the beginning of the year, and their preparation affords employment to a vast number of decayed scholars and others who are clever with the camel's hair writing-brush of the country. The Chinese character is written from top to bottom, but yet capable of being arranged at pleasure from right to left, and perhaps is the most beautiful and manageable of modern modes of writing.

* It is curious that, in China, "Wang," the equivalent of our English, "King," is their commonest surname.

To return to the New Year proceedings. All the bustle and hurry we have attempted to describe increases rapidly as the close of the year draws nigh; and on the last day it reaches its climax, when the scene is as wonderful as it is interesting. With evening of that day all commercial activity ceases, as if by magic, and then begins a wholesale night of pilgrimage to the various temples, for the purpose of worship. Busy crowds still fill the streets; but they are all dressed in their best, and each person carries a packet of incense sticks, a supply of silver paper-money, and some candles, with which he goes the round of all or most of the temples to "burn incense," as it is called, or, as it is termed in the jargon so reprehensibly encouraged by English residents in China, to "chin chin joss." The scene in the temples at this time is most curious. They are crowded to suffocation, and the closeness of the air is much increased by the smoke and smell from the fireworks and incense. Dingy huge lanterns cast a flickering gloom across their low-pillared courts; about their altars stand priests officiating incessantly; and in front of these comes in a ceaseless stream of well-dressed men, women, and children, to perform their peculiar worship. This consists of a series of bows and kneelings, thus:—First, the devotee takes a few sticks of incense out of his packet, lights them at one of the altar candles, and sticks them into the mass of ashes which fill the censer. He then clasps his hands together, bows his head forward, and brings them up to his forehead three times. Then he kneels, throws his body forward upon his outstretched hands, knocks his forehead three times upon the floor, and rises, when he repeats the salute with the hands as before. He then lights a string of crackers, and, if so inclined, consults the gods as to his future by throwing on the ground two pieces of wood, constructed for the purpose, or draws one out of a bundle of numbered sticks, and, having done this, he quietly retires to go through the same operation at some other shrine. The whole ceremony is gone through with reverence and in silence; and it is often amusing to watch the gravity and correctness with which little boys, just able to walk, go through the bows and genuflections, as if they had learnt it from their very cradle. About three o'clock, a.m., the worshipping is at its height, and the din of crackers roars throughout the city, like incessant volleys of musketry. In some towns, such as Canton, where fireworks and crackers are discharged through the livelong night, not only in the temples, but at every doorway, the noise is so great and ceaseless as to make it difficult for any foreign resident to get any

sleep. By daylight on New Year's morning all is over, and the streets are silent and deserted as the grave for a short space of time, the only signs left of the night's excitement being the remains of crackers, which strew the streets so thickly as to redden the pavement, and in some places even to deaden the sound of the footfall that passes over them. About nine o'clock a slight movement begins. Fantastically and beautifully dressed children and women creep out and lounge about the doors of shops and houses to see and to be seen; and a few visitors may be observed, likewise elaborately clothed, on their way to make their New Year calls. Shop shutters, however, remain closely shut, and the streets show no signs of business or activity, save here and there a huckster selling sweetmeats to the children, a juggler or fortune-teller amusing the idle, or a gambling-table-man fleecing his victims in some quiet porch or nook. So still is the whole city, so clean and smart the shop-fronts, so smiling, decorous, and well dressed the few people to be seen about, that it is hardly possible to realise that it is the same scene that but the day before was remarkable only for filth, smells, smoke, noise, and every other disagreeable peculiar to a Chinese town. The following day, however, visiting commences in good earnest,—a shop or two opens, and people begin to move about; the activity increases proportionately the day after, and ere a week elapses the city has returned to the seething, smelling, roaring, busy condition which marks its every-day life.

The ya-muns, or government-offices, close their doors to all business about ten days before the New Year, and do not open them again until about the same lapse of time after it. This closing is a very formal proceeding. The great gates are not only shut, but sealed, by having pasted across them long strips of paper, inscribed with the dates from and to which they are to remain unused. The official seals, which in China are attached to every document, and take the place of the signature with us, are solemnly returned to their state case, which is then bound up in yellow silk, and sealed in the same way as with the gates of the office. Official correspondence has, from necessity, to continue to a certain extent during the recess, and proclamations have to be issued: to provide against this need, they affix the seals before closing to a quantity of blank sheets of paper, and stamp alongside the impression the words—"Ante-sealed in blank."

The mandarins may worship at the temples on New Year's Eve like everybody else, privately and incognito, if they wish so to do, but

they are obliged to meet in full conclave, and attired in court costume, at the temple of the God of War, or some other suitable shrine, in order to do homage to the presumed presence of the Emperor. This is an imposing ceremony, and one well worth witnessing. In a large city the number of mandarins is very considerable, and they all have to kneel in the order of their rank in front of the imperial tablet, which is simply an upright slab of wood, set in a gilt frame formed of carved dragons, and inscribed with the words "Long live, long live, long live, long live, His Imperial Majesty." The highest official takes the front and centre place, the two or three next in rank arrange themselves behind him, the four or five next lower behind them again, and so on down to the lowest officers present, when the whole mass of kneeling mandarins forms a triangle, with its apex nearest the tablet, and its base stretching out in a line of some twenty persons in the last row. They perform very much the same series of bows and genuflections already described, only these are increased to three times three, and each posture is made at a signal given by music. When all is finished they solemnly, with one voice, say, "Long live, &c., His Imperial Majesty," and then retire. Each official being dressed in the richest and handsomest of furs, satins, and silks, capped with the court hat, with its red floss fringe and coloured button, and furnished with rich carpets and cushions according to their several ranks, and the whole ceremony being performed with that solemnity, dignity, and grace of manner, which the Chinese are so capable of exercising, the whole forms a scene imposing even to the European observer, and no one should omit seeing it who has the opportunity of doing so.

Such is the mode in which New Year's Day is kept in China. There is, of course, in it much that is odd and ridiculous; but there is also much worthy of our cordial admiration. What practice can be more commendable than that punctuality and scrupulousness in monetary transactions such as that here described? How good a trait, too, does it show in the hearts of these idolatrous Chinese, that they are so careful to mark the lapse of one year and the entrance upon another, by a religious acknowledgment of Divine protection during the past, and seeking direction in the future. We think, also, that there is something highly praiseworthy in the loyalty exhibited in the special ceremony by which their respect to their Emperor is shown; a loyalty in which we, perhaps, of all people can most sympathise, cherishing, as we so heartily do, that popular precept, "Honour the King."

THE BLACKSMITHS OF HOLSBY.

BY LOUISA CROW.



CHAPTER V. THE RETURN TO HOLSBY.

THE fires in the smithy at Holsby were gleaming through the thick mist and flinging their rays here and there into the gathering darkness of a wintry twilight; and men on their way home from field-work paused to bask awhile in the inviting warmth, and to

jest and gossip with the brawny smiths as they gathered round the anvil to weld the tires on some huge waggon-wheels, when a weary-looking, mud-bespattered female cautiously peered in, and after some minutes succeeded in catching the eye of "Old Bill," who, uttering one or two rough exclamations of sur-

prise, left his employment and then hobbled out.

"Why, 'taint you, is it? they said you'd gone abroad!"

"Where are they?" cried Annie; "my father—John—there ~~are~~ strangers in the house! where are they gone?"

"Eh? gone? what, don't ye know, then? why, where ha' ye been all this long while?"

"Where are they? oh, do tell me, pray tell me!"

"Why, up the farm, sure, old Jennings' farm. Didn't ye know they'd sold the forge, and tooken to t'other? They did not above half like leaving t'old place when it come to t' last, I can tell 'ee."

"Where is this farm you speak of?"

"What, don't 'ee know where Jennings' farm is? Bickley Farm o' the side o' May Hill. Ye know where May Hill is, surely? Who'd ha' thought master's pockets were so well lined! It mun a taken a tight bit o' money to buy that place out an' out as he has. An' where ha' ye been to after all, an' why didn't ye come to t' weddin'?"

John was married, then!

"Tell me how far it is to this farm, and which way I must go?" she urged, ignoring his questions.

With much circumlocution the garrulous old man at length supplied her with the necessary directions, and bidding him farewell, Annie walked out of the village—where she dreaded further recognition—as briskly as her wet clothes and aching limbs permitted; and Bill resumed his place at the bellows, to tell his curious mates the particulars of this interview, and to go over with them, for the hundredth time, the strange circumstance of the Thorleys becoming rich men so suddenly; expatiating the while on their increasing greed and nigardliness.

The trim farm-house on the hillside, with its white walls and extensive out-buildings, was visible in the pale moonlight long before Annie reached the newly painted gates; and the view of its rural opulence, the lowing of the many cows, the bleating of the carefully folded sheep, sounds and sights at which under other circumstances she would have rejoiced, now filled her with indignation; and it was with a firm step and almost defiant look that she stepped into the well-furnished sitting-room, and suddenly presented herself to the astonished party cosily seated at the tea-table.

Ralph was the last to perceive her entrance. His chair drawn close to the fire, his hands on his knees, the appearance of that bent form and those grizzled locks touched the heart of his child with a feeling of pity; and unheed-

ing the "What brings *you* here?" of John, she went to the side of her father, and putting her arm round his neck, besought him to bless and welcome her.

Young Mrs. Thorley, the tall, dashing daughter of a wealthy innkeeper in the county town, drew nearer to her husband, and asked in an audible whisper if this was the sister who was——; and Annie heard him reply in the affirmative. But she had not come to remonstrate, or demand justice for herself; it was for Arthur that she must plead and conciliate, and if possible—and now as she scrutinised their hard, worldly faces, hope began to fade—awaken in them those better qualities supposed to be dormant in all.

"And—and," said Ralph at last, taking courage at her passiveness, "and what has brought you here, my maid? I was coming to fetch you."

"I have business with you and John," she answered quietly, "that admitted of no delay."

The men cast a furtive glance at each other, both possessed with the same idea, that Annie, wearying of her monotonous life, had come to propose some terms to them, and perhaps intended to rid them of her presence for ever; and influenced by this thought, with extraordinary graciousness John bade his wife pour out some tea for their guest, and asked *how* she came?

"I have walked from London," she replied, recalled by the query to a sense of extreme fatigue.

"Humph," said John; "I suppose you must stay to-night."

"If you please," said Annie, meekly.

Mrs. Thorley coughed significantly; but her husband did not appear to notice the signal, and a long silence ensued, during which the anxious girl carefully perused the deepened lines on her father's face, and at last asked him if it had not pained him to give up his *cheerful* if laborious calling.

Ralph heaved a sigh, and the young wife hastened to reply, "Yes, it is dull for Mr. T. here, very dull indeed. If his business had not been such a dirty, low sort of trade, Mr. John Thorley and myself wouldn't have *wished* him to give it up; but *my* relations are all so highly respectable! Oh! it's awfully dull for him here, and we do wonder," her voice sunk a tone, "that having such a nice row of pleasant houses of his own just out of London, he don't go and live in one of *them*. It would be a great relief to us to see him comfortably settled."

So *he was already in the way*; and he knew it, for his eyes gleamed vindictively under their shaggy brows, and he shrugged his shoulders.

As Mrs. Thorley removed the tea equipage she beckoned her husband out, and Annie, whose ears were open to every sound, heard her passionately declare that she neither could nor would sleep under the same roof with a mad woman; that it was enough if she endured the presence of Mr. Thorley's father; but that, if this additional annoyance was to be inflicted upon her, she could go home.

With the cool retort, that she had better do so, he would fetch her when he wanted her, John sauntered away, and without condescending to offer the slightest apology to Annie, his passionate wife proceeded to put her threat into execution. One of the farm lads harnessed a horse, the chaise was brought out, and long before Mr. John Thorley returned to receive the angry message left for him, she had departed, little dreaming that her absence was precisely what her husband most wished for, while the presence of his sister rendered the betrayal of his secret a remote possibility.

Thus left to themselves, with a voice that gathered strength as she proceeded, Annie simply but pathetically described the Aylmer family, from her first acquaintance with them to the arrival of Ethelind, and her own discovery that the contents of the iron chest would restore them to affluence. She dwelt strongly upon the generosity of Arthur's disposition, and her conviction that a frank avowal of the circumstances under which they were tempted to possess themselves of the hidden treasure would disarm what anger he might justly express; offering to be herself the mediator, and ending her recital with an earnest appeal to both men to lay aside all worldly passions, and, as they themselves hoped for God's mercy, to make instant restitution to the innocent and worthy young man on whom this one sinful act would entail so much sorrow and penury.

"But—but you forget—you forget that he had looked for the will and could not find it; that all search had been given up when we found the box; that if John and me hadn't hit upon it as we did, it would have lain hidden for ever."

Thus argued Ralph.

"And will such a poor plea as this satisfy your conscience, father?" asked Annie, kneeling beside him, and looking earnestly into his face. "Is this acting as man should act to man? Are you happier for the possession of this money? No, no, I see you are not. And think, father dear, if death should come—as come it must—the horror of dying with such a load upon your heart! Father, John, be merciful to yourselves; it is not too late! Restore Arthur Aylmer to his rightful inheri-

ance, and if you would be rich, let it be by honest toil."

Ralph bent his head on his hands, and John walked to and fro, his brow growing darker and darker. He stopped before the still kneeling Annie, and asked abruptly:

"Does Mr. Aylmer know of your coming?"

"No."

"Does any one? or have you hinted this affair to any one?—on your honour?"

"On my honour," said Annie, "no."

He looked keenly at her.

"You seem strangely interested in this young man—ready to do anything for his sake."

The blood rose on her cheek, but she replied firmly,

"Anything but betray you."

"And if we refuse to compromise ourselves, what course do you intend to take, eh?"

She raised her hands entreatingly.

"Put not such a fearful alternative before me! On one side, the fair fame, the safety, of those nearest to me; on the other side, *the right*. What could I do? God help me, and save me from such a strait!"

John strode forward, and fiercely grasped his father's arm.

"In defiance of my better judgment you have kept those accursed papers; where are they? produce them, I say!"

"Safe, boy, safe," said Ralph, writhing in that powerful clutch.

"Are *we* safe?" his son retorted, significantly. "Can we be safe until——" He pointed towards the fire. "I will not be played with any longer; you have them about you; produce them, I say."

"No," said Ralph, doggedly, "I *will not*. While I hold them I hold *power*. Do ye understand? This farm's *yours*, the land's *yours*, the money in the bank is *yours*, all *yours*——"

"Tush! in *my name* merely."

"Ay, in *your name* and your *hands*; it's all yours, John, but the few bits o' houses that were mine before this windfall; even the money we took for the old forge has gone into your bag; an' I'm only an interloper here, wished away, and a'most told to go twenty times a day. The old man's getting *childish*, mayhap, as I heard ye say t'other day, but he's not quite witless yet. I wunna gi' up the papers."

"You're mad," was John's coarse rejoinder; "as mad as your daughter here. Are you going to do as she proposes? Has she preached you into sending for the police, and giving yourself up for burglary?"

"Nay," said Ralph, cautiously, "we will

talk o' this to-morrow. Annie won't do aught to hurt her poor old father, and maybe she'll think better of it after a night's rest."

He persisted in avoiding her reproachful glance; and after a momentary struggle between anger and prudence, John flung himself into a chair.

While Annie was hesitating whether it would be wiser to wait, or to resume the subject at once, Ralph hobbled away for a light.

"Now, my maid, you're tired; I'll show ye where you're to sleep."

She rose and twined her arms round him.

"But, father, you will not let me go to bed without some hope? Tell me that you will think seriously of what I have been urging, and pray for divine guidance, will you?"

He hastily put her away from him.

"To-morrow, my maid; to-morrow."

"And why not now?" she still pleaded, but only to receive the same evasive reply; so, depressed and very doubtful of what that morrow would bring forth, she followed him up a staircase leading to a small servants' room over the kitchen.

Here he bade her good night, and moved away; but while she still stood where he left her, almost overpowered with emotion and weariness, yet excitedly blaming herself for not having pressed the matter more closely and eloquently, a returning step smote on her ear. She drew nearer the door, and listened; the key was outside, and Ralph was creeping back to lock her in. As he gently seized it his daughter confronted him.

"No, father, you shall not make me your prisoner! Shame upon you!"

Muttering something, she knew not what, the old man retreated, and, her suspicions thoroughly awakened by this act, Annie resolved to return to the room below, and stay there for the rest of the night.

John and his father had now drawn their chairs into the chimney-corner, and, leaning over the dying embers, were conversing in whispers. So absorbed had they become that her approach was unheard, and she was hesitating whether to advance or retreat, when her own name, coupled with words of terrible significance, arrested her, and, shrinking down on the lowest stairs, she breathlessly endeavoured to hear more.

By-and-by they spoke with less caution.

"It's all true enough, boy; but she's my own child, an' I can't abide the thoughts on it."

"Can you propose anything better?"

"We'll maybe talk her over," suggested Ralph.

"Bosh!" cried John. "Can't you see

she's over head and ears in love with this young chap, and that she'll not let anything stand in her way to serve him? I tell ye we're in the toils, and there's no other way of saving ourselves."

"But how could ye do it? There's doctor's certifikies to get; and then, mind ye, I won't have her ill used; nor I won't have it done till I've tried to make her give in to us quietly."

"What good will that do?" asked John, contemptuously. "I tell ye, father, once for all, you must and shall do one thing or t'other at once. Burn them papers now, this moment, and let us set her blabbing at defiance; or give me free will to put her where she'll be safe, and we too. Now, no maundering, because I've got myself to look after, and I mean to do it. Which is it to be?"

Annie's pulses seemed to cease beating as she listened for the decision. Which would turn the scale—his child, or his money?

Ralph rocked himself to and fro, and ran his withered hands through his hair.

"It's a hard thing to do—a hard thing! But life's sweet, an' I'm an old man now: an' the shame an' the 'prisonment would just kill me downright. And, for all she talks so fair, it'd be 'most sure to come to that in the long run. Couldn't we sell up an' go to 'Meriky, boy?"

"What, at a day's notice?"

"Ay, that's true; I forgot that. But, eh! dear, dear! it's a hard thing to do!"

"Well?" asked John, "is it to be yes or no?"

Ralph groaned and rocked.

"Eh, dear, dear; ye'll have your way, I suppose; but, mind ye, boy, I won't ha' her ill used."

"Leave it all to me," cried his son, "and by this time to-morrow——"

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Annie now rushed forward:

"No, no, you cannot—shall not do it! Wretch that you are! I am not mad! I will be your victim no longer. There are magistrates who will hear and protect me from your vile stratagems. This very moment I will go!" She ran towards the door, but ere the bolts yielded to her efforts, John had seized and brought her back.

The old man, abject and trembling, cowered closer to the fire.

"Listen to me, Annie. Listen quietly. What you in your romantic folly have been proposing is impossible. We cannot restore this money without exposing ourselves to a prosecution. You need not repeat your belief in our safety. Neither father nor me can

share it; nor will we trust to such a broken reed. Be still, I say, and listen. I will not sink myself again into the blacksmith and the drudge. There lies nothing between me and safety but your meddling tongue, and that *must be silenced.*"

"You cannot!—you dare not!" shrieked the struggling girl.

He laughed grimly.

"I can, and I dare! Look at me! do I look like a man to be frightened out of my purpose by a weak, silly girl, already believed insane! Swear to keep what you know a secret, and I have done with you; but unless you take the oath I shall propose—you have heard the consequence."

Annie was no heroine; of her brother she had always stood in awe; and now, as his brawny hands held her with a vice-like tenacity, her utter helplessness appalled her. He saw the advantage.

"Will you swear?"

"Never!" cried Annie. "Father, father! save me! Can you sit by and see me so cruelly used?"

But Ralph was deaf to the appeal.

"You will not swear?" said John deliberately. "Father, come here."

He rose in obedience to the imperative call.

"Our lives are not safe with a mad woman in the house. Call up one of the shepherds, and bid him go to the town for a fly."

Ralph hesitated, and wrung his hands.

"Mun it come to this, my maid? Ye'll remember, both on ye, that it's been no fault o' mine. I'm an old man—a very old man—nigh upon seventy-five, an' I mun die in my bed."

"Are you going?" asked his son, sternly.

He moved towards the door.

"No, no!" shrieked the overwrought girl, exaggerating in her alarm the real perils of her position. "Come back—come back! Oh, father! John! have mercy upon me!"

"Swear!" said John, relentlessly; and still held by his cruel hands, menaced with his ruthless eyes, and overcome with fatigue and misery, Annie at last repeated the fearful oath.

The reaction came instantly. Flinging off the relaxing grasp of her captor, and bitterly reproaching herself for the momentary cowardice, she cursed them wildly, and again strove to fly; but only, ere she reached the outer porch, to fall in a swoon, so deep that even John began to fear for the consequences; and it was with unusual tenderness that he raised her and carried her back to the bed, which it was many weeks ere she was again able to quit.

CHAPTER VI. DARK DAYS.

A HOT June afternoon, in one of the poorer suburbs of the metropolis, where rows of six and eight-roomed houses, all bearing a wonderful similarity in their staring red-brick nakedness, cover acres and acres of what were once well-cultivated gardens—and up and down the strangely named Pleasant Retreats, Prospect Places, and Bellevue Cottages, a couple were wandering and scrutinising those dwellings—and they were many—where cards in the windows proclaimed that the tenants had "Apartments to Let."

It was no easy task, however, to find such a domicile as they required. At some places the rent demanded was too high, at others the slatternly appearance of the landlady, or the miserable want of accommodation, compelled them to turn away. At last both simultaneously paused.

"Well, Arthur, where next?"

He looked hopelessly round.

"We must give it up, Grace, for to-day, at least."

She shook her head.

"And stay another night at that extravagant hotel? No, my brother, we must not give it up yet. Have we tried this street? or that turning? See, the houses there are respectable. Come, courage, mon frère!"

He followed reluctantly.

"Poor Ethelind will be wearied to death with the children."

Grace hesitated: but the thought of another day's search was so disheartening, that she said, with a coaxing smile:

"Give me one more half-hour, and then we will turn our steps homeward."

To this he assented, and, quickening their pace, they again vainly traversed several streets, till their attention was attracted by the efforts of an old man to affix a limp paper to the middle pane of a parlour window with some sticky wafers.

The house looked unusually clean and neat for a London tenement. The ledges of the casements were filled with flowers—not rare, but choice of their kind, and carefully tended—and the morsel of garden was gay with blossoms.

"Let us try here," whispered Grace, and Arthur stepped forward and raised the knocker.

The wheezy cough of an asthmatic, and the shuffling step of old age, were instantly heard in the tiny hall. But with all their reverence for the hoary head, neither the brother nor sister could resist a sensation of repugnance as they met the eager, avaricious glances which disparagingly scanned their well-worn habiliments, and rudely scrutinised their faces.

They made their errand known, and inspected the rooms. Grace shook her head at the rent asked for them, but Arthur impatiently closed with the aged landlord, and proceeded to arrange for their immediate occupation. At this the man demurred. The persons who had been tenantrying them had but just removed, and his daughter and house-keeper, who had accompanied them to assist in arranging their new abode, would not be home till late. He did not like letting a parcel of strange men into the house on pretence of bringing in furniture, unless he had somebody to help watch and see that they took nothing away with them.

Grace, however, succeeded in removing this scruple, and her spirits rising as her troubles vanished, she negotiated the payment in advance that was demanded so greedily, made what few arrangements were necessary, and smilingly nodded a farewell, as she hurried away to superintend the removal of Arthur's wife, family, and furniture from the railway hotel where they were temporarily located.

It was not till the next morning, when Grace, in a coarse apron and rolled-up sleeves, was preparing an early breakfast, that she encountered the daughter of the landlord. The recognition was mutual.

"Grace! Good heavens! Grace Aylmer!"

"Annie! is it possible? How glad I am! my dear, dear Annie!"

With hands clasped they stood gazing at each other. Six years had altered them; for the brown curls of Grace were thinner, and a thread of silver shone here and there; her once round rosy face had lost its youthful bloom, and her figure its flexibility; but the smile on her lip was as sweet as ever, and if wrinkles prematurely showed themselves on her broad low forehead, they were forgotten in the pleasant light still beaming from her hazel eyes. Of a surety Grace was still the stay of the household.

And Annie—how had Time touched her! So lightly, that at first Grace declared her unchanged, but the next moment she felt that a great change had taken place in her friend, although how or what it was she could scarcely divine. Ah! she knew not the long struggle with the darkness that had been the lot of the tortured girl! The constantly recurring thought that her weakness had undone all the good she had hoped to effect, and the sense of utter inability to cope with the villany of her relatives, that had combined to make her a despairing, heart-broken woman! But those hours of anguish were over—the morning had broken. Annie had learned to recognise the guiding hand of our All-merciful, All-wise Creator, and

to yield to His will *implicitly*. There were still many sad reveries regarding the fate of those she loved; still much to cope with as her father became daily more miserly and more inaccessible to the better feelings she strove to instil; but she had *faith and hope*.

Above every sorrow, every mysterious dispensation, shone the bright light of divine love; and Annie had grown calm and patient, always hoping, always believing, and walking the narrow way to which her filial duties confined her steps, so gently, so lovingly, that many a curse meant for the miserly father was converted into a blessing on the merciful daughter, who gave her time, her help, and her prayers to all who needed them; and whose intervention had saved many a distressed family from the harsh measures which Ralph Thorley's avarice prompted, when the weekly rent was not forthcoming on the day he demanded it.

To the many inquiries poured forth by Grace, her replies were curt. She was residing, she said, with her father, who owned some of the houses, and collected the rents of others, in the vicinity; and she began in her turn to ask for information.

Grace's mourning-dress was worn, as Annie surmised, for her mother, on whose loss she could not trust herself to dwell, but, dashing away a tear, began to expatiate on the beauty and loveableness of Arthur's children, the dearest little creatures that an Aunt Gracie had ever owned. Her face clouded when she came to speak of their reason for seeking a new home. The bank at — had failed, and Arthur was waiting for fresh employment—their sole dependence until he obtained it the small remnant of Ethelind's little fortune. No reconciliation with the relatives of the latter had been effected; and after forwarding her clothes and the three hundred pounds which was all she could legally claim, they had sternly refused to hold any further communication with her.

Annie longed to know if Arthur was happy; but Grace was now forced to hurry away, and it was only by slow degrees that she learned how entirely Ethelind had failed to be the comforter and the hope-inspirer he had expected to find her.

And yet she was not so much to blame for this. Who can wonder if the hothouse flower withers when the frost breathes on its fairest blossoms, and the hail nips its tenderest shoots? Poor Ethelind loved her husband dearly, and fully appreciated his tender consideration and the sacrifices he continually made for her comfort and pleasure, but she could not rise, as he did, superior to the petty

annoyances and defects of a household where the most rigid economy was hourly necessary ; or with Grace, bend all energies to making the best of things, and wearing a cheerful face, let the day be as dark as it would.

She succumbed to every trifling sorrow ; passionately upbraiding the hard-heartedness of her relatives, continually lamenting the unmerited misfortunes of her poor Arthur, fretting at her own uselessness, and lamenting the sad prospects of her infants, until her beauty faded, her health became impaired, and the patience of Arthur and his sister was severely tried by the nervous fancies and hysterical attacks to which she became a prey. And yet Ethelind at heart was as devotedly attached to her husband as when, with a beaming face and without a fear for the future, she gave him her hand at the altar ; and he, sensitively alive to the knowledge that it was for him and through him she had thus wrecked herself, sedulously concealed even from Grace how deeply he mourned and repented the weakness that had expected all from love, without first ascertaining whether strength of mind to *endure* as well as to *propose*, lay under the surface-warmth of a great resolve, to nourish it into growth, and to bring forth the green leaves of an undying attachment.

It was difficult to believe that the pallid-lipped, hollow-eyed, carelessly-attired woman who lay helplessly on the sofa, now querulously scolding the romping children for their noisy play, or shrieking and half-fainting when they hurt themselves, and weeping in convulsive terror when Arthur failed to return to the moment he was expected, could be the dazzling and beautiful creature whom Annie had first seen sparkling in all the added charms of dress and ornament. She no longer wondered that the face of Arthur had grown furrowed and prematurely old, but set herself quietly to improve his lot to the best of her poor abilities, and blessed God that He had directed the wanderers there ; for that some hidden purpose lay beneath the apparent chance she was firmly convinced, and she yearned and thirsted for the hour when all should be revealed, even while trembling with horror lest her father, her grey-haired, miserable father, should meet the punishment his misdeeds justly merited.

At her earnest request, Grace promised to conceal from Ralph her earlier acquaintance with his daughter, and to Annie's great relief the name of those he had injured had wholly escaped his memory. For Grace he evinced some liking, dogging her steps when household duties brought her into the basement, to confide to her the strange change that had come over his unnatural daughter. "Once," he

said, "she had been contented with the *large* sums she earned with her needle ; but now she insisted on receiving a regular salary and better food, and when he remonstrated with her for such selfishness, threatened to leave him unless he complied. He was a poor wretched old man," he groaned ; "neither of his children cared what became of him ; John had been a scoundrel to him, and they were both daily wishing him dead. This was the reward of his affection for them. Oh, it was cruel, cruel !"

Grace tried to be sorry, but was always glad to escape, for with all her readiness to think well of everybody, there was something about old Thorley which repelled and disgusted her : and she sometimes wondered to Ethelind how Annie endured with such meekness the harsh and taunting speeches levelled at her on the most trivial occasions ; never replying hastily, even when called idle, unfeeling, and false-hearted, and accused of robbing him to lavish his hard-earned money on the vile and undeserving.

When Grace overheard such speeches as these, her ears would tingle and her eyes seek the ground, for she knew that it was on Ethelind and her children that Annie betowed the little she had to give. Often her pride prompted her to refuse gifts which cost the donor so dear ; but stern necessity enforced her silence. Arthur had not yet been successful in his endeavours, their small resources were daily decreasing, and the cup of jelly or light pudding, so acceptable to the delicate appetite of the invalid, were now luxuries which Grace dared not trench on their slender purse to procure.

Autumn came and went, and with the exception of a few days' occasional employment at a law writer's, Arthur was still seeking a situation, and battling against the morbid fears of Ethelind—who daily prophesied starvation—and his own inward misgivings. Grace tried to procure needlework ; but when, through Annie's intervention, she was successful, the care of the children and the still greater demands upon her time made by their thoughtless mother, left her but little leisure to execute it.

Ralph Thorley's angry voice had sunk into a low wail as he lay tossing about on the bed to which old age and his increasing ailments now generally confined him, and filling up the long hours with ceaseless complaints of Annie, to whom he was obliged to entrust the weekly task of collecting his rents.

It was a most unthankful office, and dire was the abuse heaped upon her as often as the receipts fell short of what they should have been. Vainly his daughter urged the coldness

of the season, the high price of provisions, and her own inability to press for payment where real distress met her view. Ralph had no such lenity in his flinty composition, and he frequently threatened to send for John, and place his affairs in the hands of his son.

But at this threat Annie secretly smiled. She knew that her father disliked and mistrusted the close-fisted money-getter, from whom he with difficulty wrung the annuity he had extorted when they parted, and who never sent it without a murmur about the failure of crops, the badness of the season, &c., although common report told of his continually increasing possessions and fortunate speculations.

A rumour of Ralph's illness, however, by some chance or other, reached Bickley Farm, and John, alive to everything which concerned his own safety, hurried up to London. Annie, who never saw her brother without feeling all her worst passions aroused, retreated to the kitchen, intending to occupy herself there until he departed. But in a few minutes her father's bell rang loudly, and running up to the back parlour, which, on account of his infirmities, was used as his bed-room, she found him violently agitated, and foaming with a fury his son was endeavouring to moderate.

"Come here, girl; I won't be left alone with this viper—this—this unnatural vagabond!—he wants to wrong me out o' the little there's left me; but he shan't—he shan't!" And shaking his clenched fist in John's darkening face, he sank back quite exhausted.

"What does this mean?" asked Annie, sternly.

"Tut, nothing," answered her brother. "I was but saying how hard it is upon me, now times are bad, to have to pay an annuity. Father can't want it, with the rents of all these houses coming in, and no one to keep but himself and you."

"But I do want it!" screamed the old man, as soon as he recovered his breath; "but I do want it, an' I'll have it. It's my right, Annie knows it is."

She shook her head sorrowfully. "Alas! father, what right have you or John to anything you hold? God help you both! You have bound me to silence; but you cannot still your own reproving consciences."

"Ay," interrupted Ralph; "he's been at me again about that will; but ye shan't have it; I'll hold it to spite ye, scoundrel!"

This roused his son's ire. "Then I'll pay the annuity no longer. I'll go about with a sword over my head no more. There!"

Ralph sprang up in the bed. "But you must pay it, an' ye shall pay it. I dare ye to refuse the next time it's due."

"Give me the papers then," said John.

"Am I a fool?" retorted his father. "Ye're under my thumb, there, and I'll keep ye so. Now will ye pay me my annuity?"

"You shall come across the sea for it," muttered John. "Look ye here, father; it's o' no use our quarrelling; if you die, whose hands will them papers fall into?"

"I'm not going to die," said Ralph, glaring at him uneasily; "an' if I do, they're safe."

"But why not let me feel myself safe too?" urged John.

"Because," his father bitterly retorted—"because I can't trust ye; an' I won't trust ye; an' now go, for ye won't ha' them."

With a furious execration John obeyed.

"Come here, girl," moaned Ralph. "I'm worse for his coming. Gi' me some brandy, and tell me if ye think he's right. Am I going to die?"

She sank on her knees beside the bed. "I hope not; I pray not, with such a crime on your soul unrepented. Oh, father!—father! it is not yet too late!"

He feebly repulsed her. "Ye're both alike—longing to get rid o' me, that ye may squander what I've scraped together; but I'm not gone yet, an' I won't gi' them papers up to you no more than I would to him. What I've got I'll keep as long as there's life in me. Now go and make me some tea."

She rose to obey; he called her back. "Annie, them Elmers upstairs—write out a notice for 'em to leave me. They ha'n't paid their rent these three weeks. D'ye hear?"

"You'll wait another week, sir; they are honest."

"I wun't; I'll ha' my money; tell them so; d'ye hear!"

"Not to-day, father," she answered resolutely; "not to-day." And leaving him to scold and anathematise her scandalous neglect of his interests, she hurried away to debate on her knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, whether even the fearful oath exacted from her, or the ties of relationship that bound her to the guilty ones, justified her in withholding from Arthur Aylmer the fact that Major Welwyn's will was in existence.

But the document itself—where was it? And without that to prove the truth of her assertions, of what avail would be such a confession! There were still no remedies but patience and faith, and Annie, after a long and arduous wrestle with the temptations to doubt and despair that assailed her, rose from her knees, comforted and strengthened, murmuring the quaint saying of Melanchthon, "Trouble and perplexity drive us to prayer, and prayer driveth away trouble and perplexity."

CHAPTER VII. AT LAST!

It was Christmas eve. Up and down the narrow streets merry voices resounded, and busy feet were hurrying, as the poorest attempted to make some provision for the great festival of the year. Arthur Aylmer's eldest boy had occupied himself for hours longingly surveying the movements of a large family residing opposite, who were preparing to "make a merry night of it;" and as he saw them decorating their Christmas-Tree, adorning the walls and pictures with holly, setting out a table with pastry and fruit, which looked tempting even at that distance, and, finally, was shut out from the enticing view by the closing of the red curtains, he plied his aunt and father with a child's natural inquiries, why he also had not a cake and some visitors; and how it was Aunt Gracie did not stone plums and wash currants for a Christmas-pudding.

It was not easy to answer or evade the little complainer; and his mother, who had moped about despondingly all day, and made many sighing comparisons between her present position and the gay parties in which her unfeeling relations always indulged at this festive season, fairly broke down; and, sobbingly declaring that it was the most miserable Christmas-eve she had ever spent, retired to bed with the dull and fretful children.

Arthur, who had returned home wet and weary with a long and unsuccessful walk in reply to an advertisement in the "Times," had endeavoured to meet her murmurs with his usual equanimity; but the anxiety and suspense of the last few weeks, aided by the want of sufficient food and warm clothing, was telling on him, mentally as well as bodily; and when, as he stood moodily watching the dying fire—which Grace always carefully raked out as soon as her sister-in-law was in bed—a band of strolling musicians suddenly struck up a gay polka, to which he well remembered whirling round the pretty fairy of his boyish admiration, the contrast was beyond endurance; and catching the eye of his sister raised towards him full of sad and tender meaning, he snatched up his hat and fled the house, unheeding, or more probably not hearing, her calls to him to stay.

Grace ran to the door, and endeavoured to trace his progress down the dimly-lit pavement, but he was already lost to view; and she gave herself up to the wildest fears; conjecturing everything that was horrible from the overwrought state of mind in which he had departed.

When Annie descended from the chamber of the little ones, under whose pillows, to afford them one pleasurable surprise in the morning,

she had been slipping some simple gifts, and heard the cause of her friend's agitation, her own almost equalled it; for the usual calmness of Mr. Aylmer rendered this outbreak doubly alarming. For Grace's sake, she tried to hide her own feelings, and speak soothingly; but no arguments she could advance had any effect on the mind of the affectionate sister, who continued to wander about the house, unable to settle herself to any occupation, but listening to every step that sounded familiar, and chafing with unusual impatience at the harsh cough and peevish voice of Ralph Thorley ever and anon broke the silence that reigned in the house.

As often as Annie came to her side to whisper hope, his angry summons recalled her, for she was now closely confined to her father's sick room; the access of frenzy induced by the presence and demands of John having left deep traces in his increased weakness, and a degree of suspicious irritability which rendered the task of waiting upon him a most arduous one.

At last he dozed, and his daughter gladly seized the opportunity of seeking Grace, who, with a shawl thrown around her, was standing at the street-door, shivering with dread and uttering prayerful ejaculations for the safety of the one nearest and dearest to her on earth.

"It is no use talking to me," she said, in reply to Annie's expostulations. "I know the truth of all you tell me, and perhaps I am magnifying the danger. But if you had noted, as I have, daily and hourly, the change in my unhappy brother, and seen him gradually becoming desperate under his continued trials, you would, like myself, be ready to surmise the worst. Oh! God preserve him to us! What should we do if——"

"Hark!" cried her companion; and again they listened breathlessly.

A step slowly approached—passed on; but Grace recognised it, and, with an exclamation of thankfulness, she sprang forward to detain her dejected brother, who, gently chiding the fears his still disordered looks did not tend to allay, with assurances that he had only been striving to drown other feelings in extreme fatigue, supported her into the house.

"You are drenched, Mr. Aylmer," said Annie, now advancing, "and it is possible that your fire is out; pray let me——"

He hastened to interrupt her. It was nothing—his coat merely a little damp, that was all; he would go and change it immediately. "Come, Grace, rouse yourself; we are hindering and distressing our kind friend."

Nodding a farewell, they were about to ascend to their own apartments, when the door

of Ralph's room suddenly opened, and he emerged, half dressed, carrying a candle in his hand, his eyes rolling vacantly as he staggered by.

He was evidently in a profound sleep, and his errand was connected with an old-fashioned clock standing in the hall. He opened it, ran his fingers down the side, and tried to insert them between the back and the wall, to which it was fixed; then shook his head, as if disappointed, and mumbled:

"No, not there; 'twould not be safe enough. They must be nearer to me; nearer still; where I can see them often, an' get up an' touch 'em, an' know they're safe."

With the same tottering step he re-entered his chamber, but instantly returned, as if still unsatisfied.

Annie had grown deathly pale, and was clinging to the door-post, her eyes fixed eagerly on the somnambulist; and, touched by her apparent terror, Arthur disengaged his own arm from his sister's, and hastened to re-assure her.

"Do not frighten yourself so much, Annie; there is not the slightest cause for it; Mr. Thorley is merely walking in his sleep; the consequence, probably, of some unpleasant dream. I have seen several cases of somnambulism, and if we are quiet you will see him return to bed in a few minutes."

She could not command her voice to reply, and they watched the old man in silence, until, after some futile efforts to remove a loose board close to his own door, he turned towards the stairs leading to the kitchen, and began to descend them.

Was it there that the papers were concealed? As the thought crossed his daughter's mind, she started, and attempted to follow him, but Arthur gently detained her.

"You are not fit to go; let me; I believe it is dangerous to awaken a person in this state, but I will see that he meets with no accident. Do you stay here with Grace."

And Mr. Aylmer softly pursued Ralph's feeble steps, but as he reached the kitchen he found Annie beside him.

The cold hands grasped his.

"Promise me," she cried in half-choked accents, "promise me that whatever happens, you will not injure him! Remember how old and infirm he is. Promise me that you will leave his punishment to his Maker!"

"Injure him? I? Why should I?" asked the astonished man.

"Promise! oh, promise!" she still prayed so urgently, that he acceded; and they entered the kitchen together, accompanied by Grace, who was curious to see what had brought the old man there.

Ralph was on his knees at the fireplace, labouring to raise part of the flagged hearth; but to his weakness it was a serious effort. At last it rose, and in the cavity beneath—a low cry burst from the white lips of Annie—lay the roll of papers.

And *he*—the rightful owner—to whom they were invaluable, stood there so pitying and unconscious!

"No, no," muttered Ralph, "they maun't be left here no longer. I can't watch her when she cleans the stones, an' she might spy out the crack. She's grown cunningly lately. She'd steal 'em if she could, I know. Mayhap she's had some o' them already; they feel smaller and lighter. I'll count 'em; there ought to be four on 'em."

He drew near the table against which both the Aylmers were standing. Arthur with innate delicacy moved away, and whispered an inquiry if he could be of any service by remaining.

But Annie, who had dropped on to the nearest chair, seemed to be deaf. Her hands locked together, her whole form rigid, her breath hissing through her set teeth, she seemed unconscious of everything but her father.

Grace unwittingly retained her position, for she was trying to comprehend the cause of her friend's agitation. It scarcely appeared natural that the calm hopeful woman whose active benevolence had inured her to many worse scenes, and whose presence was so often entreated when an accident occurred, or death entered a neighbour's household, should be appalled by the vagaries of a sleep-walker!

Meanwhile Ralph deliberately untied the pink tape which secured the packet, and began to count the documents separately.

"There should be four on 'em. One—two—three—" he smoothed a crumpled leaf, and Grace involuntarily glanced at it as he did so.

Was it an optical illusion, or did she really see the words "Inventory of furniture at Oakshade?"

As she bent down to satisfy herself:

"Four," said Ralph, laying a parchment on the top of it; "they're right," and he groped about for the tape to re-tie them.

But Grace, unheeding the reproachful exclamation of her brother, had snatched up the deed, and was reading the words engrossed upon it.

"The will, the will, Arthur! See, see, my brother, Major Welwyn's will! It is! it is! look here!" tearing it open she pointed to the signature, and flinging herself upon his neck, cried aloud in her joy and thankfulness.

Before Arthur, in his confusion, could really be made to understand that he held the indis-

putable proof of his inheritance, Ralph had awakened, and was glaring wildly round.

How came he there! he was tricked, robbed; the packet on which so much depended was in the hands of strangers who were eagerly devouring its contents. Who had done this?

His furious glance fell upon Annie, who sat motionless and speechless, and he sprang upon her with the ferocity of a tiger. But as his fingers clutched the throat of the unresisting girl, paralysis seized him, and he rolled on the floor, helpless and dying.

Greatly shocked, Arthur assisted in conveying him to his bed, and fetched a medical man. There was much he longed to ask; but it was no time to question the devoted daughter; and when, at a late hour the next morning—after a night passed less in sleep than wild conjectures and rapturous thanksgivings—he descended to seek an interview with her, Ralph Thorley was dead, and Annie had given the necessary directions for his funeral, and departed, none knew whither.

On the day of interment she returned. That she had visited Holsby in the interim was apparent from the fact that the owner of Bickley Farm suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him his wife, and all the flocks and herds it had been his pride to gather together. It was whispered—perhaps truly—that he had been seen on board a ship bound for the Australian diggings, for John Thorley visited England no more.

Into the hands of Arthur Annie put the leases of the farm and all the house-property that Ralph had amassed since the discovery of the chest. "These," she said, "were purchased with Grace's fortune, and the gems destined for her and for your wife. You are doubtless expecting from me an explanation of the manner in which my unhappy father became possessed of them. If my evidence is necessary to substantiate your claim, I will come forward and give it—if not, I entreat you to spare me."

Arthur had too much generosity to press the point, and with the same tearless composure that marked her demeanour during the interview, she ascended to the apartment where Ethelind—her bloom rapidly returning, her blue eyes shining with renewed lustre—was playing merrily with her children.

Over these she bent to give them a parting caress, and was caught to the bosom of Grace.

"Why did you leave us, dear Annie! Do you think we doubt your ability to exonerate yourself?"

But a kiss on her cheek, one fervent pressure of her hand, and Annie was gone.

They saw her no more.

To trace the future career of the Aylmer family is scarcely necessary. The faithful Grace is the wife of one who values her as she deserves; and the lessons of adversity have borne fair fruit, as the good deeds of Arthur and Ethelind continually testify.

Nor was Annie Thorley's life an unhappy one. The reward of unruffled happiness in this world is not so commonly meted to us as novelists might lead their readers to suppose; but the deeper and truer bliss of looking forward to a home where there shall be no more weeping, is within the reach of all; and perhaps among the many—all honour be to them for their self-denial and Christian love!—who devote themselves to ameliorating the condition of our sick and sorrowful poor, no one more fully appreciates that certain hope, or walks more humbly and trustingly along the path of duty, than the gentle unassuming woman once known as the Blacksmith's Daughter of Holsby.

(Concluded.)

AT COPENHAGEN.

We were waiting for the train at Altona, looking vainly for the "lovely and extensive views over the Elbe and Hanoverian territories," promised by Murray in a moment of enthusiasm to the visitors of that greasy city and suburb of Hamburg. I was taking tickets for Kiel, when the kind little Danish guard recommended all who were for Copenhagen (pronounced *Shöbnhafn* very quickly) to take through tickets, and by starting at five P.M. to arrive at half-past ten next morning. I recommended this plan to all visitors of Denmark. The search of luggage at the custom-house before leaving Altona would not be worthy of notice were there not such a great difference in the treatment of English or Germans and Danes by the officials. Our troubles were over in a moment; but our neighbour, a Dane, got the contents of his portmanteau emptied out on the floor by the Germanising Holsteiner on duty. The victim took it most good-naturedly, and told us that the Holsteiners took every opportunity of showing small spite against the Danes.

The railway journey to Kiel is uninteresting, and the sea-passage from Kiel to Korsör, across the Great Belt, is much like other passages; so that we were very glad to get into our last train, which took us across Zealand. The scenery is occasionally charming on this line. One passes funny little farms, numbered like toy-houses, with solemn storks on the roof; then through long beech woods, with rabbits hopping away, and sometimes past old houses of the feudal times. There are many such in

Denmark, complete with moat, embrasures, and battlements, with a ditch intersecting the court, to mark the proper limits of the master's side and the rooms of the serving-folk. There are two or three places on the line at which it is worth while to stop ; for instance, Slagelse, a little town skirted by a fine beech forest, with an ancient church of the eleventh century. It possesses many legends about a local saint who rode on a new-born foal, and used the sun-beams as pegs on which he hung hat and gloves during church-time. This is a nice place, and very different from the last we saw, viz., the desolate island of Sprogø, near Korsør. Instead of saying, "Go to Bath, or Blazes !" the Danes say, "I wish you were at Sprogø !" Soon afterwards we passed Sorø Academy, built on the brink of a pretty lake, which is surrounded by cottages, in which the professors live. The next place of importance is Roeskilde, the burial-place of the kings, except six, who lie at Ringsted with Canute the Great. Frederic VII. lies in the side chapel, near his two last predecessors, in a plain velvet coffin. But we must push on to Copenhagen, which we were glad to reach soon after leaving Roeskilde, and its distant view of the silver Isse Fjord. We drove in by the western gate, past the Column of Liberty, put up to commemorate the abolition of feudal slavery by Christian VII. in A.D. 1788, straight to the Hôtel Royal, well known for its cleanness, reasonable charges, and attention to English visitors. The Phoenix Hotel is, I believe, considered the grandest ; and here it was that the Greek Deputation were lodged the other day. But for English people, the house in the Gammel Strand is the most comfortable.

From our window we had the best and liveliest view in Copenhagen. Directly in our front was the Christiansborg Palace, an ugly and elongated edition of Buckingham Palace, with a tremendous façade and wearisome lines of windows. We are not quite near enough to appreciate the four bassi-relievi, by Thorwaldsen, over the great door. On the left is the Bourse, with a curious leaden roof, and a spire of the twisted tails of three grinning dragons : they were "lind-orms," brought from Kalmar after one of Charles IV.'s raids in Sweden, says their legend. On our right the canal separates Thorwaldsen's Museum from a bustling market. There are three other markets besides this one, in Højbrods-plads, but they do not look so snug and bustling. They are lost in such great desolate squares as the King's New Market-place, the chief boast of the city. Here, from the earliest morning, are groups of buyers and sellers in quaint costumes. Servants, in white aprons and pretty caps, are

flirting with soldiers in pale-blue uniform, who all sadly want an application of the regimental razor, and who, in the absence of policemen, monopolise the affections of nurse and cook. Some of the soldiers are fine stalwart fellows, and all look very intelligent ; in fact, the lower order of Danes will bear comparison with that of any other country for strength of body and brightness of mind. A Somersetshire peasant would not generally have much chance of success in a village, such as we have all over Denmark, where every one can read and write, and owns a house and plot of land. It is Mr. Cobden's Paradise realised. Some of the peasant girls are very pretty, with pale-yellow hair, and rather long noses. We noticed several faces not at all unlike the Princess of Wales. I may say that all the Royal Family have a peculiarly Danish set of features, though German would have been natural, considering their family. The country girls set themselves off with silk hoods and bright gowns, without much regard to colour. I have seen a yellow dress worn with a magenta Garibaldi. This last is the most favourite colour of all. But the costume of the fish-women is far more interesting than these modern mixtures, being the genuine old Friesland costume. Their ancestors immigrated to the island of Amak, within the walls of the city, A.D. 1516, and they keep up the dress. On a highday or holiday here, one may see the plates and "blinkers" of gold or gilt metal over their caps, which are handed down from generations back, to commemorate originally (as an old story tells) the fate of the first Christian queen in Friesland, who was crowned with thorns and nails by the heathen. Sometimes these plates cover each side of the head, and are joined to a lace cap. Sometimes a pair of supplemental plates projects over each temple, and the plates are occasionally exchanged for a curious linen hat, with an imitation of a barrel sewn upon it, and surmounting a broad frontlet. I have seen these frontlets most expensively ornamented with jewels ; but this was in Friesland itself, where the farmers are very much richer than our friends the "Amagers," who must be content with gilt or electro-plate. They are no exception to the rule, that the peasants like warm, bright colours. Sometimes their costume is finished off by a scarlet gown and a lace-fringed tippet, or a flowered jacket of a stuff like chintz, with a green or yellow bodice. On ordinary days they are, of course, clothed in duller and dirtier garments. What a pity it is that so many charming costumes are spoiled by the wearer's dirt ! In Switzerland, for instance, the inexperienced traveller comes to a canton famed for its costume, and is dis-

appointed at its commonplace look, only because the once-gandy costumes have to undergo such long probations of use and dirt. But our Amateurs, even in their every-day gear, very picturesque. Their stalls were full of the usual English fish; but I was surprised at the extreme abundance of the garrock or gar-fish, the "sea-snipe" with a long bill, which leads the schools of mackerel. Business is transacted in a most orderly fashion, and as cleanly and quietly as in New Billingsgate Market. But we must wish our Friesland friends "good-bye," for we must go to the Christiansborg Palace, being urgently entreated by the little cicerone, whom our hotel provides to drive the travellers to the sights. Copenhagen is a most sight-seeing place, and the plan usually adopted is to drive visitors, in gangs, to different sights every day in the week. This is an economical way of doing it, for the fees, if undivided among a party, are heavy; for instance, three rix-dollars for this palace, the tamest of all the lions. We went with a large English family, who admired everything most voraciously, and seemed to look at everything in this dreary disused "Kongen's Huus" with a truly British awe. The ciceroni have found out that there is a divinity which doth hedge everything remotely connected with kings, and try to take the English to this place, then to the Rosenborg Palace, then in a carriage to see "Prince Christian's" House, and then, perhaps, to the four bad houses, mis-called palaces, which form the sides of the Frederics-Plads. Armed with Murrays we now entered the Slot-plads, and admired the reliefs: Minerva and Prometheus, Hercules and Hebe, Jupiter and Nemesis, Æsculapius and Hygeia, were there as described in the *livre rouge*, and were most beautiful. There is a large number of unfurnished rooms, with moth-eaten hangings, which are quite unworthy of description, for the most part; but in some of the larger ones there are tolerable pictures upon Danish history by sundry academicians, named, I believe, Eckersberg, Lund, and Lorentzen. There was one historical picture of the first Danes converted to Christianity, which was very fine. This is more than can be said for the regular collection, where there are some good old pictures; "but," says Murray, "from the infamous manner in which they were cleaned, or rather flayed, in the last century, there is hardly a picture of the old masters in a genuine state." They possess a *Salvator Rosa*, a Paul Potter, a Ruysdael, and Wouvermans; but the best pictures are in private galleries. The Norwegians, Dahl and Tidemand, are much appreciated here; and no doubt many of us remember well the beautiful pictures of Norwegian life by the latter artist

in the Exhibition of 1862. At the end of the picture-gallery we came on some sculptures; finding nothing very interesting, except, perhaps, the best likenesses in marble of King Frederic VII. and the Countess. She was a jolly-looking person, for all her sentimental and romantic story, and I believe the people did not at all dislike her latterly, as once they did. It was only natural for them to be sorry that they could not have a gay court; and I heard from several gentlemen that the Danes were especially grieved that the Prince of Wales could not come, as bridegrooms are in duty bound, to claim his bride from her own residence. All classes, however, were very fond of the late king, who so well appreciated and sympathised with their homely, almost democratic, tastes. The enthusiasm reached its height when he said that if the Germans attacked him he would lay down the sceptre and start as president of a new republic. He was, as all prudent kings are now-a-days, a regular democrat. Poor man! his people are still very fond of his memory. The Hall of Justice was the next place to see, but there was not much in it worthy of description. We were told that the three lions which support the throne were made of silver-gilt. They are not particularly striking, but, I suppose, very valuable. Nobody can enjoy anything in a place with such long galleries as this place possesses, unless one went over it in a Bath-chair; and this took away from our appreciation of the splendid Banquet-Hall, lit up with the most enormous number of wax lights, which is very large and handsome; but not equal in interest to the hall ornamented with a frieze by Thorwaldsen. This frieze represents the triumph of Alexander the Great entering into Babylon. There are chanting priests, wild beasts, an army, and a mob, all well sculptured, as the lovers of Thorwaldsen know. On the whole, I think that the best figures were those of the men leading the Babylonian horses.

The next thing to see was the Chapel; but this, though decorated by Thorwaldsen, was very like all other chapels, and does not deserve much notice. Here it was that Frederic VII. lay in state the other day. As a matter of fact, there are only two lions worth a visit in Copenhagen, and they are the Museum of Thorwaldsen's works, and the Gallery of Northern Antiquities. Those are not to be surpassed anywhere, and the Danes may well be proud of the sculptor of the Jason, the Hebe, and the Dancing Girl. Several days may be well spent in this Gallery, admiring the statues and reliefs: of the latter, the best known are "Night and Morning," and "Cupid with Psyche;" but there are some charming

and playful little reliefs called the "Ages of Love," with a nurse holding Cupid up by his wings, and a shepherdess with a dog smelling at a nest on her knee crammed with little loves. We noticed some interesting busts, including the beautiful Princess Bariatinska, Horace Vernet, the sculptor's greatest friend; Humboldt's smooth enthusiastic face, and Cardinal Gonsalvi's face with the deep-set eyes. Of the statues, the "Jason," which was the beginning of his fame, is the most admired; and next to that come the "Dancing Girl," the statue of "Thorwaldsen resting on Hope," and "Leda." I purposely left out the statues of Christ and his Apostles, which stand in a room apart; the originals are not here, but in Our Lady's Church, whither I went to admire them. The Christ is almost perfect, and some of the Apostles' statues, especially that of St. James, are as good as any of his works. St. James was done entirely by himself, and was the artist's favourite. St. John and St. Bartholomew are most admired by the English generally. The church in which these statues are is worth a visit. All round the walls are friezes and the rows of these colossal statues; at one end is the calm and magnificent Christ, at the other an Angel kneeling and holding up a font.

The furniture of the room in which the artist died is arranged in a side-room here as it was at his death; and the unfinished bust of Luther, at which he was working on his last morning, is also here. There are no pictures of any value except Horace Vernet's portrait of "son illustre ami Thorwaldsen: Rome," and a lovely head of a violin player, "d'après Raffaele." A collection of gems and antiquities from Carthage fills the side gallery.

If it is not the proper day of the week for seeing the Gallery of Northern Antiquities, which is perfectly unrivalled anywhere, the best thing a visitor can do is to lounge about the streets, which are amusing, though by no means showy. The principal square is the Kongen's Nye Torv, the Palais Royal of Denmark, rivalling its Parisian prototype only in one thing, the cheapness of the dinners to be procured in it. The best restaurateurs live here, and at Vincent's we got a very nice dinner for two, including salmon, lamb cutlets, roast hare, and a bottle of red hermitage, for half a guinea. At our own *table d'hôte* the charge was but 2s. 3d. for an excellent plain dinner at 3 P.M., the Danish dinner hour. Beds were 1s. 8d., and a breakfast, with meat or eggs, and kippered salmon, the same. The Danes always eat their smoked salmon in thin slices, without any further cooking; it is rather flabby in this way, and is much better

fried à l'Anglaise. The cabs here are equally cheap, the fare for a neat droschky with a pair of horses being only a mark, or fourpence halfpenny, for any distance within the walls. The conversation at the *table d'hôte* naturally turned very often on the Princess of Wales, for whose pictures there was a regular *furor*; a gentleman told me that the upper part of the famous Round Tower, up which Peter the Great drove his coach in a freak, was given up to printing off copies, by thousands and tens of thousands, of the Princess, when she was first engaged. Before that time, though very popular, she and her sister, the Princess Dagmar, used not to attract much notice in the streets or at the theatre. We inquired if her *trousseau* was all bought in Copenhagen, for the shops in the østergade (their New Bond Street) did not appear very good, except in the one article of French shawls, which are here sold cheap. Boots, too, are worth buying here; and the Norwegian merchants, who come for their trip in the summer to Hamburg, generally carry back their year's supply of shoe-leather from Copenhagen. The shops always have two stories, and it looks odd at first to see a greengrocer's above a milliner's, or (as we did) a goldsmith's over a sausage shop. One of the best streets for shopping is the Kjøbmager Gade, where you may get prints and books, and where you ought to visit the Royal China Manufactory. Here they produce, in white biscuit-china, charming miniature copies of Thorwaldsen's statues and reliefs. A copy of the "Dancing Girl" or "Hebe," would cost about 30s., and the reliefs are of course much cheaper. Many of them were exhibited and admired in the Danish Court of the Exhibition of 1862. They are far the best souvenirs of Denmark, and the men pack them so carefully, that they are very rarely broken in their passage to England.

We admired some embroidery in the Amalie Gade, and were told that the Princess of Wales made an exception in its favour, and had all her handkerchiefs embroidered at home, but that her other paraphernalia used to arrive in almost weekly parcels from England. People took the keenest interest here in her marriage and after-movements, and the articles about her in the chief English papers were all duly translated in the "Dagbladet." This accounted for their minute acquaintance with the details of the Oxford Commemoration, and her other gaieties. A Danish author of my acquaintance told me that literature was by no means a paying profession here, the price of a leading article being only two rix-dollars, or 4s. 6d. He had written several books, including a "Geography and Statistics of all

Countries," which was a work of great learning; and also a "most piquante novel called 'The Mysteries of Copenhagen,'" which he wished to see translated into English, having heard of the enormous sums paid to sensation novelists. I was obliged to dash his hopes to the ground by assuring him that we were already overburdened with that sort of "light literature!" They say that Hans Christian Andersen got only seven pounds for his famous "Improvisatore."

There is not room in a short sketch to describe the other museums; that of Natural History contains some good specimens of the "Queen of the Auks," the now extinct Great Auk, so happily described and quizzed the other day in the "Water-babies." There are also some of its eggs, and these are believed to be genuine, though many so-called eggs of the gairfowl are in reality those of the largest species of Great Northern Diver, which chiefly inhabits Spitzbergen. The eggs are about six inches long, sharp at one end, and at the other mottled with black spots. The Collection of Curiosities at the Rosenborg Slot includes some interesting relics, such as the famous silver horn of Oldenburg, with all the incidents of feudal life sculptured on it; and the velvet saddle of Christian IV., sprinkled with pearls and diamonds, and said to be worth a million francs.

The best of the Museums is that of Northern Antiquities, open to the public three times a week. There are always some professors at hand, ready to explain everything, and allow the curiosities to be handled! A lady with us tried on several great gold arm-rings of defunct Vikings, and a necklet of solid gold weighing 1½ lb. avoirdupois! The whole collection is arranged in periods. The Stone Age, with axes and celts of flint or aurochs-bone; the Bronze Age, with gold-inlaid swords and gigantic "lures," or war-trumpets, used by the Vikings. Six of these were found buried in a marsh by Frederiesborg, their average length was six feet; these are mixed with spiral arm-rings and all manner of gold work. Then comes the Iron Age, with sword and buckler, and still more delicate jewellery for the women in the house. The second part of the Iron Age is followed by the First and the Second Christian Middle Ages. Each period has a separate room, and each room is worth a long day's study. Among the Christian curiosities lies the Dagmar Cross, a copy of which was her father's wedding present to our Princess. It was found in Queen Dagmar's tomb at Ringsted, near Roskilde. The enamel is not very bright, but is finely worked; the figure upon it is Byzantine. A pamphlet about the

cross is sold here at the door, published for the benefit of English visitors to "Cheaping-haven," as the title-page translates the name. There are many other works of art here which are well known out of Denmark by reputation, especially the ivory head of Queen Helen, a horse modelled out of one piece of steel, with a fly on its leg, and various cameos and coral carvings. But the genuine antiquities are in reality the most valuable, from their scientific accuracy of arrangement and completeness.

Nobody should leave Copenhagen without driving out to the Deerpark and the Castle. The road lies along the shore of the Baltic, and commands a striking view of the neighbouring coast of Sweden and the Islands, especially the little one on which are the ruins of Tycho Brahe's observatory. Each house has a pretty little bathing-machine built in the water, and approached by a long plank and rail, in which ladies can bathe unseen, or gentlemen dress and undress. We had a bathe at the pleasant inn at Klampenborg, where they keep excellent wine and a good cook. It is like going to Richmond in miniature.

No paper on Denmark would be at all perfect without a mention of the *fêtes*, of which the Danes are so passionately fond, that every-one, gentle or simple, turns out after dinner to see fireworks and horse-riders, and to hear music *à la Cremorne*, for the small price of the inevitable fourpence-halfpenny. These *fêtes* are all alike in their general features; but I think that the Tivoli Gardens are beaten by the Alhambra, which latter place we were told by the waiter is "the glory of Copenhagen." The Tivoli Gardens are very pretty, and look on the fortifications and the moats, reflecting the huge flapping windmills, which flap all round the town. We went to a Grand Illumination and "Festivals-bal" at the Alhambra. The 10,000 additional lamps were nicely arranged, and lighted by gas in coloured shades. The performances were most various: music and dancing, an English circus with real clowns, gymnastics and juggling, and some nice little plays. A comedy called "Love among the Roses" was loudly applauded. The whole terminated with a series of dissolving views and a show of fireworks of all shapes and colours, which would astonish Cremorne Gardens.

There is so much to be said about Copenhagen, that it is very hard to stop when once one has begun; but everything must have its limits, and here my account shall stop. Any future tourist in those parts will endorse all my praise, and find out a great deal more to amuse and instruct in the pleasant city of Copenhagen.

C. I. E.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE LILY.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.



PART I.

CHAPTER I. A SUCCESSFUL BURLESQUE.

I wanted to kill an hour.

I was returning to my chambers after dining out, and it was yet early. On my way home

I had to pass the Royal Gem Theatre; and as I did so, the attraction of its illuminated exterior caused me to stop to ascertain whether there was anything "out" that would furnish me with the means of pleasantly destroying the unoccupied time before me. There was a

tall bill-board in the doorway, that announced, in gigantic letters, —

ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW BURLESQUE,
HARRY THE HATE-FUL;

OR, THE MONARCH, THE MAID OF HONOUR, AND THE
BUTCHER-BOY.

And in smaller type, —

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MISS CAMILLA BALFOUR.

There was also a large block woodcut, exhibiting a number of ladies and gentlemen in fancy costumes and very spasmodic attitudes, with a background of flowers, fountains, and flying fairies; the whole designed to represent the great scene in the burlesque in question. And further, to put an end to any indecision on the part of the public as to whether the entertainment were worthy of patronage or not, there was a closely-printed bill, headed "Opinions of the Press," containing four columns of flattering extracts from the critical notices that had appeared in the newspapers, from "The Times" to "The Balls' Pond Intelligence." I determined to enter. Upon inquiry at the pigeon-hole, where a notice informed me I was to "Pay here," whether I could have a stall, the human pigeon inside, who was counting money into small piles, and apparently going through a number of private gambling operations with counters and rouleaux, put the front of his face through the hole, as if he were going to fly out, and shouted, "Jinks!" Why he shouted Jinks in reply to my question was the next moment evident, in the fact of a bustling, politely-disposed gentleman running down the box-stairs, jingling the keys, and fluttering the paper lists he held in his hands, to whom my wishes were communicated. Jinks pondered gravely for a few seconds, rattled his keys, and looked at his lists, like an amiable warder, pursed his lips, and shook his head. Jinks expressed himself as being sorry—very sorry—but all the stalls were full. The new burlesque and Miss Balfour were "running," and the stalls had all been booked days before. The house was crammed, but would I like an upper proscenium box; there was one vacant? No. Jinks was very sorry again. I said I would select another night, and was turning to leave, when Jinks exclaimed:

"Stop, sir; I think I can accommodate you. All the stalls are taken, but there is one vacant. It's been vacant all the evening." And then, looking inquiringly at the Pigeon, he continued: "The Gentleman with the Lily wouldn't mind, I dare say!"

"No," said the Pigeon; "I should think not."

"I'll go and inquire, however," said Jinks.

"The curtain's down: wait here a moment, sir." And the obliging warder disappeared. In a few minutes he returned: "Walk this way, sir."

I took out my purse.

"Never mind paying, sir," said Jinks; "you can arrange that with the Gentleman with the Lily. The fact is, he took two stalls for this evening for himself and friend; and as one of them has remained vacant since the commencement of the performances, I took the liberty of inquiring of him whether his friend was coming, and, if not, whether he would have any objection to a gentleman, who wanted to see the burlesque, occupying the vacant stall. He said that his friend had gone suddenly into the country to take a gentleman's leg off, and would not therefore be here, and that he should only be too happy to give up the vacant seat. I knew he would, sir."

"Do you know the gentleman, then?"

"No, sir. However, as he's so often here, we all know him by sight, and speak of him as the Gentleman with the Lily."

At this point we had reached the stall-door, which Jinks opened, and then directed me to the position of the unoccupied seat:

"Third row, sir—centre—you see, sir; next to the gentleman with the lily in his coat. Thank you, sir."

I had slipped a present into Jinks's hand, and I mentally resolved that I would certainly come to his next benefit, and contribute to that mysterious compound known as "a bumper," which *bénéficiaires* are always so anxious to obtain.

I observed as I entered that the house was very full, that the curtain was down, and that the musicians were out of the orchestra. I made my way as well as I could to my seat—no easy task in these days, when one has to endure a continuous struggle with ladies' toilettes, that are a combination of muslin and silk souffles, intermixed with artfully-concealed man-traps and boys' iron hoops. When I reached the vacant stall that was to be mine, the Gentleman with the Lily was standing up, leaning his back against the row of stalls in front of ours, and scanning the appearance of the house through a small and handsome opera-glass, which prevented his noticing my arrival, but gave me an opportunity of observing him. He was a tall young man, about twenty-eight years of age. He had fair hair, which was parted in the centre, and curled at the sides, and he wore a small pair of mustaches, and a large pair of whiskers which hung down like two bunches of hairy grapes. He was what some ladies would call a hand-

some man, although his forehead was too low, and his chin too receding, and his general expression too blank, to be considered as strictly classical; but then, what he was wanting in head, which was small, he made up for in hair, which was profuse.

His attitude, too, was one of weariness and debility, as if he were a Marionette, whose strings had got out of order. He was in full evening dress, and wore diamond studs in his shirt-front. His gloves fitted with the most scrupulous neatness; and he carried in the button-hole of his coat a lily of the valley, its little cluster of pendent corols being carefully arranged upon the green leaf. It did not draggle and droop its head, as if it were conscious of the indignity of its position, and as if the fixture of the pin behind the cloth, and driven through its stalk, afforded it excruciating agony. On the contrary, the gentleman knew how to wear the lily, and how to fix it in his coat; and it seemed to be growing out of the button-hole in all its native pride and beauty.

The Gentleman with the Lily having finished his survey of the house, took the glass from his eyes, turned round, and, with a deep sigh, resumed his seat in the stall by my side.

"I am much indebted to you," I said, "for your kindness in allowing me to occupy your vacant stall. The box-keeper informs me I am also indebted to you for the price of it." And I produced my purse.

"Oh! nonsense," said the gentleman, dropping his eyelids and waving his hands in a deprecatory manner. He seemed to be nervous in his speech, as if the suddenness of my addressing him had confused him. "I really couldn't think of it. Not for a moment. I'm sure I'm only too happy to be of service to any one. The fact is, I took two stalls for Bingley and myself. Bingley had to go into the country to take a man's leg off. Telegraphed for, you know. I was nick'd, you see. You're in Bingley's stall, that's clear, and Bingley's at Bishopstoke, that's all."

"But still," I added, "you must allow me to pay for the privilege of being here."

"If Bingley had occupied the stall," he continued, argumentatively, "I grant you, you couldn't; but as Bingley couldn't come, and you could, so much the better for you; and so much the worse for Bingley. Don't you see? Besides, I hate to sit next to vacant stalls. I am uncommonly glad you've come. Bingley would be glad too, I know. By the way, do you know Bingley?—Dr. Bingley."

"Do you mean Guy Bingley, the consulting surgeon, of Beck Street? Yes; I know him."

"That's the man. Charley Guy I call him. How extraordinary you should know him, and taken his stall too. I'm a patient of his, and he's a particular friend of mine. Capital fellow, isn't he? Knows everything. It's really quite delightful to be one of his patients. He treats you so jollily. Doesn't physic you, or frighten you, or make you sleep in wet sheets, or mesmerise you, or rub you down with rough things, or do anything uncomfortable of that sort. Makes you laugh! that's his way. Tells you splendid stories, all about cock-fighting, and pigeon-shooting, and rat-hunting, and wonderful surgical operations upon people's bodies. Keeps your spirits up, you know."

The Gentleman with the Lily had rattled on in this manner for the express purpose, it appeared to me, of allaying my anxiety to reimburse him for the stall. His description of Guy Bingley, whom I had known for several years, was certainly a correct one; but as my companion did not present any very striking symptoms of his requiring the medical services of that gentleman, I said something to this effect.

"Oh! well," he answered, glancing towards my hand, to see whether I had yet surrendered my intentions of paying. "Oh! well, I think I get a touch of liver now and then. Depression, languor, incapability of doing anything; strange and overpowering inclination to lie on my back all day. Can't make it out at all. It's either liver or heart, I know. Bingley says it's liver if it's anything. I think it's heart. Glad you know Bingley. What a curious coincidence, you've taken his stall!"

"Yes; but——"

"You see, I have to be uncommonly careful in my conduct, and in the treatment to be adopted. I'm ordered to take plenty of amusement and lots of repose. Not to bother my mind about anything. To be careful not to over-exercise myself, and to live generously. Very delicate case—very," and then he suddenly added:

"Seen the new burlesque?"

"No, I have not. I hear it is very good. Has it had a long run?"

"Sixty-four nights, and it's safe to run till Easter."

"Have you seen it before?"

"Sixty-four times," he replied, calmly.

"You have seen it every night it has been played, then?"

"Every night; and I hope to be able to come every night till it is withdrawn. Does that surprise you? But Bingley knows the reason. The truth is, I'm nick'd."

"Nick'd?"

"Nick'd, by George!" He went on pulling

his whiskers lazily ; and then, after looking round him cautiously, he whispered in my ear, "I don't mind telling you, as you're Bingley's friend ; but I am desperately in love with Camilla Balfour. I can't help it. You may call it infatuation. Bingley calls it idiotic. I can't do a thing for thinking of her. I come here every night to see her in the burlesque, and I go away each time more madly in love with her than ever."

"Have you ever spoken to her?"

"Never ; I fell in love with her from the stalls the first night she appeared in the burlesque, and I have been going on falling in love with her ever since, but always from the stalls. I feel that girl might command me to do anything, and I should do it."

"Does she know she is the object of your admiration?"

"Don't call it admiration, call it love. No, she doesn't know me, although sometimes I fancy her eye lights upon mine when she is on the stage, and then I endeavour to convince myself that she is conscious of how much I love her. Bingley says this is sympathy."

"Yes ; but, practically, how is it possible for her to know that you love her?"

"Why, you see, after the fourth night of the burlesque, I went to Covent Garden market and bought the finest bouquet I could obtain, and left it at the stage door for her. Guess my ecstasy when I saw her come upon the stage carrying it, and smiling upon it. The next night I left another, and I have left one every night since."

"Sixty bouquets!"

"Sixty bouquets : but what's a bouquet, my dear fellow, in such a case as mine? That's nothing. Let me see, I've left two bracelets and three rings, and a fan, and a whistle, and four brooches, and two pairs of earrings, and a riding-whip, and another whistle, and a lace shawl, and a smelling-bottle, and a concertina, and a dog collar."

"Does she accept the presents and acknowledge them?"

"Well, of course she accepts them ; but she don't acknowledge them because she doesn't know my name, nor where I reside. I have sent her a lot of little love-notes too, some of them containing poetry I copied out of books, and one of them an acrostic I made myself, an uncommonly clever thing, that Bingley said was quite Pyronic."

"How do you sign them?"

"I always sign them, 'The Gentleman with the Lily.' Jinks, the box-keeper, gave me the name. I always wear a lily so that she may recognise me in the stalls. Bingley says it's deuced romantic altogether."

"Yes, and deuced expensive too, I should think."

"Oh ! that don't matter a bit ; a fellow can afford to be expensive when he is in love like I am. Oh ! you should see the collection of photographs I have got of her. I've got a Camilla Balfour album—all Camillas—in no end of attitudes and costumes. A splendid thing ! I have heard of fellows falling in love with actresses, but I had no idea of the sort of thing till I saw Camilla—I had no conception it nick'd a fellow so tremendously."

"Have you ever endeavoured to obtain an introduction to her?"

"Well, that's just what Bingley is always saying ; but then it seems so hopeless and impossible, that I don't care to worry myself about it. So I send her bouquets and notes and presents, and come to the stalls every night to see her."

"And what do you expect will be the end of it?"

"I don't know. All I know at present is that I am horribly nick'd !" said my companion, heaving a deep sigh ; and by this time the musicians having taking their places, the leader now struck the lamp shade nearest to him with his fiddle-stick, and the overture commencing, prevented the continuance of our conversation.

Whilst the overture was being played I could not help thinking over the extraordinary statement my companion had made to me, and my curiosity was strongly excited to see the object of his affection. I remembered to have read in the newspapers very flattering notices of Miss Camilla Balfour and her performance in the burlesque. "Her striking beauty, both of face and figure, and the charming freshness of her style, had created quite a *furor*, and her performances had been attended with the most decided and deserved success." I did not wonder, therefore, that my friend Bingley's patient should have temporarily lost his heart, but his manner of proceeding certainly appeared to me remarkable, from its mixture of earnestness and futility. He had never spoken with her, he had never even seen her off the stage or out of her costume, and yet he passionately loved her. He had never sent her his name or address, and yet he had spent a small fortune upon her. He knew nothing of her history or private life, and yet he was addressing her in language which the most intimate relationship with her would only have justified him in adopting. "Well," thought I, "of all parts an actress has to play, the rôle of 'actress' must be the most difficult to sustain."

But here the bell tinkled, and the curtain rose.

How rapidly and earnestly an audience will sometimes declare a "favourite." Miss Balfour was clearly a "favourite." Everything she did or said throughout the burlesque was applauded; her entrance was looked forward to and her exit regretted. Boxes, pit, and gallery appeared to revel in the little approaches to intimacy she made to them. Her soliloquies assumed the form of confidential communications, in which the audience were personally interested. The slightest indication made to them that they ought to laugh, and they laughed boisterously. The remotest suggestion that they were expected to applaud, and they clapped their hands vehemently. I certainly caught the contagion myself, more especially as my companion kept up a running commentary of admiration upon Miss Balfour's appearance and performance. I even found myself becoming quite indignant with him for having done what he had related to me. I regarded him rather in the light of an impertinent intruder, and considered his proceedings more than ever hopelessly silly. I experienced quite a feeling of relief when I remembered that he had never spoken to her, and therefore the poor child had not as yet been compromised by his ridiculous conduct. The burlesque, which was upon Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," as it proceeded, appeared to resolve itself into the attraction of Miss Balfour's performance, although undoubtedly it presented many striking elements of success. Shall I instance the scene where the trial of Queen Katherine takes place in a modern Divorce Court before Cardinal Wolsey and a special jury; where the King appears as the petitioner, suing for a divorce *à vinculo*, on the ground of his being "sick of his wife and wanting another," and who, during the whole of the proceedings, is in a chronic state of impatience and rage, exemplified by his continually kicking the Usher, who thereupon always calls out "Silence!" where the Queen, as respondent in the case, is brought into court in a large nightcap, having her nose highly reddened and her face whitened, and carrying a basin of gruel, and who wishes the trial adjourned, on the ground of her having instructed an attorney who had bolted with the fee instead of handing a brief to counsel; where Lord Lovell (Miss Balfour) appears disguised as a modern barrister in wig and gown, and undertakes the Queen's defence, in an elaborate and cleverly-delivered speech after the manner of Serjeant Buzfuz; and where, the speech being concluded, the special jury, unable to agree upon their verdict, indulge in a general fight amongst themselves, which gradually extends to the whole court, and blue-bags, ink-

stands, and briefs are hurled about, the centre figures in the affray being the King fighting the Usher and the Queen pommelling the Cardinal, whose head she holds "in chancery?" Was not all this wonderfully funny? It surely must have been so considered, or the audience would not have roared so loudly or have been thrown into such ecstasies of delight. Then again, after there has been another scene, in which Lord Lovell, in the disguise of a postilion (which affords an opportunity of Miss Balfour appearing in another piquant costume), has fled with Annie Boleyn, and has been overtaken by the King and his creatures, and a combat has taken place with short swords, and Annie has been secured and Lord Lovell taken prisoner; and after the King has waylaid the postman and robbed him of the correspondence on its way to the Cardinal, and has disgraced that functionary, and then turned him into the streets, to the intense delight of the nobles, who taunt him in a chorus with exclamations of "Buy! buy! buy!" in contemptuous allusion to his early condition of butcher-boy and his insufferable extravagance with the public moneys,—how admirably the idea of the whole thing is brought to a climax in the last scene but one, here described as "A Street in Coventry!" For does not the disgraced Cardinal enter, dressed in a very shabby coat, and wearing a tall red nightcap and a blue apron, wheeling a small cats'-meat barrow and calling "cats'-meat!" Does he not then relate how, being disgraced by the King and completely thrown upon his own resources, he has been compelled to adopt his present calling as the only one presenting an opening which enables him to take advantage of his early education? And does he not immediately proceed to sing a most witty parody upon Wolsey's farewell speech, to the appropriate air of "The Cats'-meat Man?" Was not this a splendid joke? Only equalled, perhaps, by the one that follows, when the Cardinal, having finished his song, rings the bell at a door over which is written "Mangling done here," and the ex-Queen Katherine enters in a cotton gown and a poke bonnet, studying "The Book of Dreams;" and after informing him that she has been reduced to set up a mangle, joins him in a duet of reconciliation and a "break-down" dance. The marriage-bells of the King and Annie Boleyn are then heard, and those personages shortly afterwards enter, followed by Lord Lovell and the whole of the characters; a general amnesty is thereupon proclaimed, everybody is made happy, and a brilliant last scene disclosed. Such a last scene, too! It only changed thirteen times. Fairies went up and came down, apparently

clinging to iron bars and suffering from spinal complaints. Flowers opened, fountains played, and jewels sparkled; variegated columns revolved, stars expanded, green fire and red fire fizzed at the wings. A roar of applause: the manager rushes on and bows. Another roar, and cries of "Figgins!" and the scene-painter rushes on and bows. A still louder roar, and the manager and Figgins, grasping hands, rush on and bow together. Before the brilliant scene the tag is sung by Miss Balfour, with chorus by the characters; the lime light is turned on strong; the orchestra plays vigorously; and, in the midst of deafening applause, a blinding light, and the suffocating fumes of sulphureous fires, the curtain falls, and an "enormously successful burlesque" is at an end.

"Wait for the call," said the Gentleman with the Lily as I rose to leave. The applause was still continuing, and distinct cries of "Balfour" were heard from the audience. The actor of Queen Katherine, in his capacity of leading gentleman in the piece, entered, conducting Camilla Balfour. She smiled round the house, bowed, and retired without crossing the stage.

"Did you see her glance this way?" said my companion, in an excited whisper. "I am sure her eye caught mine; I'm positive she recognised me."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, feeling almost indignant at his preposterous vanity, and not wishing to encourage him in his proceedings, although, strangely enough, I had remarked the look to which he referred, and I had believed at the moment that it did possess as much evidence of recognition so transitory a glance could convey.

When we left the theatre my companion was in a state of dejection almost painful to contemplate. We were some time reaching the street, in consequence of the crowd, but during our passage out we did not exchange a word.

"Do you go this way?" he said, when we at length stood upon the pavement.

"Yes." We took arms, and commenced our walk home; but we had scarcely gone twenty paces when a small boy in a paper cap ran out of a passage which I knew led to the stage-door of the theatre, and stopped in front of my companion.

"Please, sir," said the boy in a peculiar squeaky voice, "are you the Gentleman with the Lily?"

"Yes," said the gentleman anxiously.

"Oh, then, please sir, I was to give you this," and he handed my companion a note.

"Who's it from?" he said as he seized it.

But the boy was gone.

My companion became very nervous, and then, looking at the letter in his hand, he turned suddenly to me and said: "By George, who would have thought of this? I am sure it is from Camilla Balfour."

I don't know why, but I felt strangely disappointed and annoyed. "Do you think so?" I said. "How is it addressed?"

He approached a street lamp, and held the letter up to read the superscription. "'The Gentleman with the Lily,'" he said; and then, as if not daring to open the note, he turned it over several times, and finally put it in his pocket.

I instantly saw that my companion felt so important a task as that of ascertaining the contents of the mysterious communication ought not to be performed in the presence of a comparative stranger, and anxious as I was to be informed upon the subject, still, I could not with any propriety press my confidence upon him so far as to endeavour to ascertain what a lady had written him. I therefore made an excuse for the purpose of leaving him, and said that I would go to my club for half an hour. We bade each other good night, exchanged cards, shook hands heartily, and parted. I saw him, almost directly I had left him, take the letter from his pocket, give it several furtive kisses, and then rush into the coffee-room of a neighbouring tavern, where he would be enabled to read it alone and undisturbed.

The name and address on the card that the Gentleman with the Lily had given me, were: "Mr. Arthur Charsley, Belgrave Chambers, St. James's."

"Charsley, Charsley!" I said to myself. "I don't know the name. What on earth were the contents of that letter? Dear me, what a time it is since I saw Charley Guy. My friend with the Lily evidently knows him well; Bingley too must know all about him. It must be two months or more since I saw Charley Guy; I'll certainly call upon him to-morrow evening."

CHAPTER II. A CONSULTING SURGEON.

MR. CHARLES GUY BINGLEY, F.R.C.S., carried on his profession of consulting surgeon in Beck Street, Grosvenor Square. Charley Guy he was called by his gentlemen patients, Guy Bingley by his brother professionals, Dr. Bingley by the ladies. He was one of the new school—one of the young school of medical practitioners. There was a free-and-easy abandon in his system of practice which set gravity at defiance, and was in direct opposition to the gold-knobbed stick and big-watch school of medicine. When a patient consulted him,

he did not purse his lips, or speak with oily unction in the first person plural, or shake his head ominously, or write a prescription as if it were a death warrant, or pull out his watch when he felt a pulse to count the minute hand, as if the patient's life were then and there trembling in the balance. His system was the antithesis to all this: it was bold and funny, and rattling and daring. His object appeared to be to make patients thoroughly easy in their minds, and to convince them that there was little or nothing the matter with them. He had a tremendous reputation for desperate cases, and the treatment of moribunds was his forte.

So he was now in excellent practice. He had a pretty wife, drove his brougham, kept bantams and pigeons in his back garden, and a wiry terrier in his consulting-room; was a capital judge of horseflesh, had seen a great deal of the fast side of life, and was the intimate friend and adviser of a very large number of the young aristocracy.

"Is the doctor at home, William?" I said, as, on the evening after the events related in my last chapter, the door of Guy Bingley's house was opened in answer to my summons.

"Yes, sir, and he's quite alone. Walk in."

William went into the consulting-room, and immediately returned, and I heard Charley's cheerful voice following him into the hall.

"Shabby man with steel pens, did you say? Show him in, by all means."

The next minute we were shaking hands heartily and laughing boisterously. Somehow you always laughed when you shook hands with Dr. Bingley. A remarkably good-looking man, of about thirty-eight, of middle height and muscular build, with fair curling hair clustering round a high bald forehead, and a fresh rosy colour blooming on his cheeks. A bright laughing eye, thick reddish whiskers, white teeth, and a general expression of head and face which showed great determination and force of will, mixed with a love of fun, a keen enjoyment of the humorous, and undeniable good temper. He was attired in an old shooting-coat, and was seated in a large easy chair, with his cravat off and his feet in slippers, smoking a cheroot, and reading the newspaper; whilst some extremely small terrier pups were tumbling about in his lap and crawling over the floor, sniffing under the fender furiously, as if already anxious to display their abilities in the pursuit and destruction of vermin.

"Sit down, do, old fellow," said the doctor, bustling about. "Glad to see you; take a cheroot. William, bring up the whisky. By the way, William, bring in some more glasses," said the doctor; and then turning to

me, he added, "I expect a man to call this evening, I thought it was him when I heard you knock. I don't know whether you have ever met him. His name is Charsley—Arthur Charsley."

"The Gentleman with the Lily," I thought to myself. "I shall hear something about him at last."

"Thank you, William, that will do," and the doctor commenced brewing the toddy.

"Arthur Charsley," I said, "who is he?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "he's a patient of mine. He's a curious fellow. He is always 'going in,' as he calls it, for something or another, and is for ever working out crochets and ideas that he gets into his head. He believes now that he is an invalid, and that he has got something the matter with him. Indolence, that's all; you see he has nothing to do. He lives in splendid chambers in St. James's by himself. Keeps a cab and a tiger. Came into hatfuls of money of his own when he was of age, and has nothing more to do at present than to spend it. His father is a capital old fellow, and lives in Limeshire; very rich and hospitable, and keeps hounds. I attended the old boy when I was stopping there, and he fractured his shoulder-blade taking a fence. Made a first-rate case of it, and put him on his pins again in less than no time. Arthur's the only son, and has been spoilt. He has got abilities, though, and would get on very well in the world, I believe, if somebody would rob him of all his cash, and leave him nothing but a broom and a bad shilling to begin with. As I said, he is always working out ideas and fancies—selecting hobbies and riding them to death. At one time he went in for music; he took lessons of the best masters, worked at it night and day, went to all the concerts in London, bothered his friends to introduce him to professional musicians, gave musical soirées—in short, became a lunatic of the first water. And what do you think the instrument was he studied? Why, the bassoon! Fancy a man going musically mad about a bassoon! When you called upon him he played upon it; when he went to evening parties he played upon it. He was always at it, until he nearly blew himself into a consumption, and then he gave it up. After that he had what he termed a 'call,' from hearing a man preach in Hyde Park, and he went religious mad. He used to give away tracts in the streets, and go and hold out on Sunday evenings at Smithfield Market and King's Cross; until after about a couple of months he got into a discussion with a clerical gentleman of some persuasion or another, which resulted in his receiving two

black eyes and losing his watch, and then he gave that up. After that he went in for birds' eggs."

"Birds' eggs?"

"Birds' eggs. He bought all the birds' eggs he could find, from the ostrich's to the sparrow's—spent a small fortune upon them—hung them round his rooms on strings—advertised for them. But he got swindled at last; for he gave 50*l.* for the egg of the 'booby of the Bahamas,' and to his disgust found that it was only the egg of the 'jackass bird of Australia.' So he gave that up, and sold the lot to other madmen in the same line for about a fifth of what he gave for them. I can't remember half the things he has gone crazy about; but whatever he takes up he's sure to be what he terms 'nick'd.' That's his expression, 'nick'd'—he's always 'nick'd'—born to be 'nick'd.'"

"What's his idea now, doctor?"

Charley Guy gave a shout of laughter, and threw his legs up into the air so suddenly that one of his slippers flew off and hit the ceiling.

"Ha, ha, ha! he's gone in lately for the worst and maddest crotchet of the lot. He's in love. He has a grand idea of that passion, I can tell you: no nonsense about it: an unrequited romantic passion, that is consuming him by inches. He has already brought himself to a 'congestion of the liver,' as he calls it, over the matter. And who do you think is the object?"

"Camilla Balfour, of the Gem Theatre," I said.

"Well, how did you know that?" asked the doctor.

I told the doctor of my interview with Mr. Charsley the previous night, and the fact of his having received a letter.

"A letter from her!" said Bingley. "By Jove! the affair advances: I hope it won't become serious. He has played with fire often enough, certainly; but of all the dangerous manias, this sort of love is the most difficult to cure."

A double-knock at the door.

"That's him," said the doctor.

"Mr. Charsley!" said William, throwing open the consulting-room door.

The Gentleman with the Lily entered. He was in full evening dress, and still carried a lily in the button-hole of his coat. He was advancing towards the doctor, but started on seeing me, and came to a dead stop.

"Friend of yours, Arthur, eh?" said the doctor. "Don't be alarmed, old fellow; I think you've met before."

Mr. Charsley and myself contemplated each other curiously for a few moments; and then,

laughing at the situation, we approached and shook hands.

"Glad to meet you here," said Mr. Charsley; "except, of course"—and he hesitated—"except, of course, you've come as a patient." "Ah!" said the doctor, "he means that as a compliment to me."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Charsley, confused, and taking off his gloves with elaborate jerks. "No, Guy; you know I meant nothing of the sort. If any friend of mine," he added to me, "wanted a leg off in a hurry, or his jaw set, or any other operation performed, Guy Bingley's the man I should recommend."

"Thank you," said the doctor, laughing, "for your good opinion. You know your friends are always welcome here. Now sit down. How are you?"

"Well, very middling," murmured Mr. Charsley, feebly, sinking into the patients' chair, and painfully stroking his whiskers. "I've had a very bad night—a very bad night, indeed!—not a wink of sleep. The fact was, I didn't go to bed, but kept walking about the room. Perhaps that was the reason my rest was so broken."

"More than probable," said the doctor; "unless you are like Brown's boy, who used to go to sleep when he was out delivering medicines. It was the only time that boy could enjoy perfect repose. But he used to break Brown's bottles so often from running against lamp-posts in his dreams, and Brown's plaster was so largely consumed in mending the boy's head, that Brown had to get rid of him as too expensive a luxury for his establishment."

Mr. Charsley waited until the doctor had concluded, and then deliberately lounged back in his chair, shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and appeared to laugh long and earnestly, without, however, uttering the smallest sound of merriment. When he had recovered, he said:

"No, doctor: what I meant was this: that I couldn't sleep when I did go to bed, which was about five o'clock this morning, and I got up at twelve o'clock to-day, very seedy and wretched. I don't know why I should be so, for I ought to be happy, and yet I don't feel happy, for I'm in a fog; and a man can't be happy in a mental fog."

"Let me carry a link for you," exclaimed the doctor.

"I wish you would," replied Mr. Charsley. "Our friend here knows all about my case; I met him last night at the theatre. I told him the whole story. We went out together. He was with me when the call-boy gave me the letter. Well! I rushed into a tavern to

read it. The contents of that letter kept me awake and walking about all night. I couldn't believe my eyes for some time: it is a most extraordinary letter."

"From Camilla?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said Mr. Charsley; "and yet, no, it isn't: that's the most extraordinary part of the matter. It's not from her exactly—it's from her father. Here it is. Read it Guy, old fellow, and give me your opinion about it."

Mr. Charsley produced the letter he had received from the boy's hands the previous night, and which had so much excited my curiosity, and handed it to Dr. Bingley.

The doctor took it—looked at it, opened it.

"Fine bold handwriting," said the doctor, and then he read aloud: "'102, Durham Terrace, Bayswater.' I once attended a journeyman tailor who lived in Durham Terrace," and then he went on.

"DEAR SIR,—My daughter has informed me that for some time past you have done her the honour of making her very valuable presents, and of addressing her in the language of a suitor. Although you have withheld your name, still your conduct throughout has been so persistent and disinterested that I have no reason to question the sincerity of your affection or motives. As, however, you have only hitherto seen my daughter in the exercise of her professional duties upon the stage, I consider it my duty to say that the estimate you may have formed of her, and the devotion you express towards her, may both prove to be illusory. I am therefore anxious that you should have other opportunities of enabling you to judge of my daughter's title to your regard.

"Will you give us the pleasure of your company to dinner on Sunday next, at six o'clock?

"Yours truly,

"JOHN BAMFORD."

We were all silent for several minutes after the perusal of the letter. The doctor took a long sip from his glass, threw his legs over the arm of his chair, and smoked violently. Mr. Charsley remained in a passive state, stroking his whiskers and contemplating the ceiling, and looking very much like a patient upon whose case a consultation was being held, and therefore entitled to be considered an interesting subject. I was the first to break the silence.

"I think it a very sensible letter," I said. Guy looked at me inquiringly for a moment, and then, with a smile curling on his lip, said: "And so do I; you may depend upon it he

got the hack author of the theatre to write it for him."

"Shall I accept the invitation, doctor?" stammered Mr. Charsley.

"Here's a pretty lover!" cried the doctor, in a sort of half-bantering half-fierce tone. "Here's a downright Romeo,—a man who has been moping and making himself ill for the last two months, passionately in love with an angel of a girl—beautiful, accomplished, and the town talk,—lavishing upon her presents enough to make a duchess vain,—now that he has a chance of enjoying her society—of personally revealing to her the ardour of his love,—now that her own father comes forward, and with extended arms exclaims, 'Come into the bosom of the family, be one of us,' he doubts and hesitates."

"Yes, but Guy, old fellow, what I mean is, suppose it be a——" and he stopped.

"Out with it!" continued the doctor, in the same curiously angry tone. "Out with it! I know what you mean to say. Suppose it should be a 'plant,' a 'trap.' That it is intended you should obtain the object of your undying affection against your inclination; that you should be rendered happy for ever without your consent; that you should be immolated upon the altar of love, crowned with flowers, and bound hand and foot. A trap! Ha! ha! A trap to catch a sunbeam like Arthur Charsley, and baited with a pretty flower like Camilla!"

"I don't care," cried "the sunbeam" with sudden energy, "whether it is a trap or not. I love Camilla, and I would give the world to be near her. I shall accept the invitation."

"That's right," said the doctor, "sink the man, and speak like the lover. I hope you won't be disappointed, old boy; but no, loving as you do, how can you?"

"No," exclaimed Mr. Charsley, firmly, "no fear of that."

"No, of course not," went on Guy Bingley; "not even if you should find old Bamford a gentleman with a red nose and a fondness for ardent spirits, living in a fifth-rate house, and possessing a decided disposition to use strong language, and to talk about his triumphs when he played utility parts at the Brit. or the Vic. Not even if you should find Miss Camilla assisting in the cooking operations, wearing her hair only half arranged, and slovenly in her dress. Not even if you should be introduced to her aunt, a superannuated theatrical dresser, who takes snuff and speaks gutturally, and who employs her Sundays in making up her niece's costumes. How can such things alter sentiments so fixed as yours? What will it matter if dinner should be served in the front

kitchen, and that Camilla, the aunt, and a baked handmaiden with a black and vermillion face, should each and all struggle through the waiting amidst the grumbling and anathemas of the parent? Won't you eat the roast shoulder with avidity when you are next the dear one? Will you even refuse the onion sauce when it is tendered by her dear hands, and the bread-and-butter pudding in the yellow pie-dish, made by Camilla herself? Oh! the rapture of a young loving heart! Then the serious talk with old Bamford after dinner, when he has mixed his hot gin-and-water and lighted his clay, and the ladies have retired; when he will relate his antecedents, and give you a thousand other particulars that you drink in with eager interest? Why should I dwell upon the scene? You are happy. The evening flies by, and you leave the house, tenderly separating from your dear one, with old Bamford hiccoughing his blessings on your head, and the aunt struggling with him on the stairs to get him to bed. And you love her! Love her more than ever!"

The doctor sank back in his chair, uttered a sort of shout of triumph, and threw his legs up wildly. This time both his slippers flew off, hit the ceiling, and then came raining down on to Mr. Charsley's head.

"Well, Guy," said Mr. Charsley, as he threw the doctor his slippers, who apologized for their eccentric flight and put them on,—“well, Guy, all I can again say is that I love Camilla; and not even the reality of the supposititious picture you have drawn shall alter me in the least degree. By the way, I'll answer the note at once, doctor, if you'll allow me.”

"Certainly, Arthur, my boy," said the doctor; and he handed him what the French dramatists call *tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*.

Mr. Charsley bit his pen for a few moments, and then said, "Shall I use my own name?"

"Just as you please," returned the doctor. "Theatrical people are not particular about names. I rather fancy it is a point of honour with them not to use the names they were christened by. Camilla herself, you see, has a *nom de théâtre*; perhaps she will like you all the better if you imitate her example. Besides, look how it adds to the romance of the affair."

"What shall it be?" said the Gentleman with the Lily.

"The first name I put my finger upon in the first book I take down," replied Guy, as he crossed to the bookcase and took down the first volume that came under his hand. He opened it in the centre, and put his finger upon the page that presented itself. "Here it is. I'll read the passage. 'It was in vain

that the Queen endeavoured to protect him; in vain she entreated them to spare her gentle Mortimer.' Put it down Mortimer. You shall be Mortimer. Mortimer, you know, was the lover of Queen Isabella. And then it goes on. 'The barons were deaf to her entreaties. He was hanged on a gibbet at a place called Elmes, about a mile from London, where his body was left hanging for two days after.' That'll do very well." And the doctor put the book back into its place.

"Dear me! a rather ominous passage, Guy," said Mr. Charsley. "I don't much like the name. However, it is as good as any other." And he commenced writing. When he had finished, he read what he had written. It was to this effect:—

"Mr. A. Mortimer, the Gentleman with the Lily, presents his compliments to Mr. John Bamford, and will be most happy to accept his kind invitation to dinner on Sunday next at 6 o'clock."

"Formal and uncompromising," cried the doctor. "Without prejudice, as the lawyers say. I shouldn't be surprised if old Bamford doesn't think that you expect something out of the usual after that formality. He may even believe you are coming in a white cravat and dress coat; and may, in consequence, plunge into extravagance, and order a boiled fowl to face the roast shoulder, and provide a dish of periwinkles for tea."

Mr. Charsley folded his letter, sealed it, and then rose to go. "I'll post it as I go along. I've got my cab at the door. I'll let you know how the affair goes off. Good night."

The doctor rang the bell. William appeared, and Mr. Charsley took his departure.

"And now, old fellow," said Guy to me, "take another cheroot, and let us rest our minds with a game of chess."

FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

PART II.

I HAVE already described* the literary or intellectual section of a Newspaper's life. I have introduced the reader to that profound entity, the Editor, to his staff, and to the noble army of intelligence-reapers and gleaners who, like so many Ariels, do his bidding.

Though much, however, has been achieved thus far, much remains to be done before that flying sheet, which contains an epitome of the world's history for the day, can be placed upon the breakfast-table, to thousands as welcome and necessary as the hot rolls and smoking coffee.

* See vol. IX. p. 369.

Having, then, described the brain-work department of journalism, I will now come to that which, though not apparently so at first sight, is of equal importance to the success of a paper—the mechanical department. It is the same old story of the belly and the members; unless all move and work together in tolerable harmony, the whole machine must come to a stand-still. Without the hands, the brain which conceives could not execute its plans; without a healthy stomach, head and hands would be paralysed. Under this branch I shall include the compositor's department, the paper and machine department, and the publishing department. In a future paper I may have a word to say about the advertisement department, the heart and lungs of a newspaper, without whose steady and healthy action it would soon cease to exist.

All manuscript is known to the compositor as "copy." When "copy" reaches the editor or sub-editor, if accepted, it is sent up to the chief of the printing department, by whom it is distributed—in cases requiring expedition it is cut up into slips containing only a few lines—to the various members of the chapel. Here I stumble on a word which demands explanation. That a body of printers working together is called a "chapel," may be amongst the things not generally known. The term is derived, as those who have read the life of Caxton and the history of printing will doubtless know, from the fact that the earliest presses were set up in a chapel attached to some religious house or monastery, then the general seats of learning. The word has been transmitted through many generations, and is an exceedingly pictorial one, carrying the mind back to an age happily long vanished. Fancy, however, must not whirl us away too fast or too far. We must not picture to ourselves mullioned windows, fluted shafts, and groined roofs, as constituting the *atelier* of the modern printer. There is, nevertheless, something highly interesting even in a modern printing-office. The long room, the lines of desks or "cases" ranged regularly against the walls, the files of compositors dipping their nimble fingers in the little square type-boxes, the rapidity and precision with which piece after piece of metal is thumbled into the "stick," the consciousness that these men in the white blouses are agents of a tremendous power, and are weaving words which will speak from one end of the world to the other,—all these things impress us strongly as we examine the busy hive. The eldest man of the body receives the honourable title of "father of the chapel;" though it by no means follows that he exercises chief authority over his children.

When the "copy" has been distributed, another question arises: what form of type is to be used for such and such matter—"bourgeois," "minion," "ruby," or "nonpareil?" Important "copy," such as leading articles, reviews, foreign correspondence, or letters on special topics, is, as a rule, printed in "bourgeois;" matters of less moment in "minion;" and so on, down to "nonpareil," though not unfrequently "minion" is "leaded," that is, has leads passed between the lines, to give it greater space, dignity, and effect. So far as the eye is concerned, "bourgeois" is by far the more agreeable, and is generally adopted when the press of matter is not exceedingly heavy. It helps, moreover, to fill out the columns when news is scanty; and with some journals matter of all kinds is sometimes unpleasantly light.

Having decided on the type, the next thing is to "compose" the copy. Here the printer's troubles really begin. Every author does not write a merchant clerk's hand; in fact, it may be fairly assumed that the public take them for all in all, are not first-rate calligraphists, and authors least so of all. The hieroglyphics, therefore, which the poor compositor has to wade through are something appalling; the Rosetta stone is nothing to it. However, by dint of patience and the use of a pair of experienced eyes, he contrives to embody what he deems the thoughts and opinions of the writer in the tangible bulk of "bourgeois" or "minion." When he has finished setting the matter up, the "proof" (as the printed form is now called) is taken to the "reader," who follows the composition whilst another, denominated the "reader's boy," reads out the MS. to him. All detected errors and requisite alterations are marked by certain technical signs on the margin, and then the proof is handed over to a third person, who re-corrects the corrected proof.

This labour, as we have observed, is purely mechanical. The article, thus printed, has now to be submitted to the editor. Does the simple reader imagine that it passes through the ordeal unscathed? The editor has two things to keep in view,—first, to see that the opinions expressed are in conformity with those of the paper, and, secondly, that the style, to use a facile phrase, is "up to the mark." To the uninitiated the labours of this literary and political Rhadamanthus may appear trifling. He brings to his task, however, a stern sense of responsibility; he sits in heavy judgment over a frail mortal's conceptions and language; he has a profound duty to the public to perform; and therefore he sharpens his pen, nibbles at the feather-end, and every now and then swoops

down on the unfortunate proof, so changing and distorting its original features that even its fond parent could scarcely recognise it again. True, the hapless parent writhes under the infliction, and mutters something about the despotism of editors; but there

is no help for it. Yet we may pity the disconsolate father of so battered an offspring. What would you, reader, say to having one of your finest efforts of composition thus ruthlessly mauled at the hands of an absolute dictator:—

dele/ ~~not~~ Whatever its origin, the *dele/* mighty bugbear *dele/*
dele/ of the Northern Power has ~~managed to~~ *succeeded in/inj*
abject/ him into a ~~degraded~~ submission to the Federal *whatever the/*
might require/ Cabinet. Public opinion, however, had declared *itself/*
of him. unmistakably, so far as feeling and ~~sentiment~~ *sympathies/*
in its overt acts/ were concerned, in behalf of the South, though *openly* it was firmly intent upon presenting an attitude of the ~~most stringent~~ neutrality. So it *strictest/*
dele/ was necessary that the Minister should proclaim *open the house tops and from every high hill* in exaggerated and ridiculous phraseology his stolid determination to adhere to a ~~neutral~~ policy, when his ~~Yankee~~ predilections and his disregard of that policy were within ~~the space of~~ a few days to be exhibited in his acts. However this “distinguished” statesman has more than once ~~made~~ *employed/*
Federal/ *dele/* of *neutra-*
lity
dele/ *stet/* simply in *order to/* his words, conceal his intentions, and therefore his present conduct by no means takes us by surprise.

Innocent as a passage may appear in its original state, it nevertheless undergoes similar correction and revision, and re-correction and re-revision, until it acquires the reduced—perhaps strengthened, possibly matured—form to fit the fancy of the editor. I shall say nothing of the man-in-grizzled-hair's criticism; I shall simply leave it as men are married—for better or worse.

The pruning-hook holder, however, is not always to blame, or always unnecessarily inexorable. Even the author is occasionally puzzled on seeing the first proof of his article, though perhaps he has only himself to thank. For example, what kind of calligraphy could it have been which led to the following curious error, or rather series of errors? They occur in a review of a popular work:—“The book contains a holy and fanatical chapter on predestination.” What does the reader imagine the original to have been? Why, simply,—“a lively and fanciful chapter on pedestrianism.” We all know the stupid paradoxes created by want of punctuation. “King Charles walked three months after his head was cut off,” I may safely say is nothing to the physical impossibilities perpetrated in type by similar want of attention. Anachronisms, such as “A.D. 1940,” for 1490; “1386,” for 1836, are mere feathers in the scale of gross

misrepresentations put forth in the unrevised pages of a newspaper. Men long dead are made to come to life, or those living to be in half-a-dozen places at once; geography is metamorphosed, cities being transferred to countries to which they never belonged, and countries condensed into cities; judgments are reversed which were never reversed, measures are thrown out which were never rejected; figures get huddled together in financial columns, and wonder how they got there; history groans to see her most faithful passages distorted or perverted; and many a statesman—Heaven forgive the calumny—is made to contradict his very own words.

Yet are all these blunders, misrepresentations, falsifications of fact, and unintelligible errors, excusable. The chief marvel is, that, with the thousand difficulties and obstructions in the way, and the express speed necessarily adopted, so few such crimes can be laid to the charge of compositor or editor.

But to the mechanical department again. When the various “galley,” or portions of composition detailed to each man, have been finally corrected and polished off, they are put together in a framework or forme, called a “turtle.” The turtle is then hurried away without loss of time to the “foundry,” where it is at once stereotyped, a process which takes

some twenty or thirty minutes. A melted composite metal is poured over the face of the type and an impression of the whole print taken as easily as a mould in plaster of Paris. The process is by no means an agreeable one. The furnace, heated with a seven times seven degree of heat, makes the room insufferable; whilst the fumes of the liquid metal load the air with a burning and choking stench. The reader, however, is privileged to remain outside this department; I have no intention of taking him over it, or going through it myself. It is one of those places on which distance confers enchantment.

Far more worthy of a visit are the paper and machine rooms.

If the reader will reflect for a moment on the vast consumption of paper necessitated by the incredible demand for newspapers at the present day, it will strike him that the quantity of this article employed must be prodigious. Enormous is another big word which I might have employed; but "prodigious" seems to convey an idea of moral and material bulk. It is something vast, that startles and baffles the powers of conception, and puzzles the mind. Take the Representatives of the dear and cheap press, for example. Consider for a moment the number of sheets which each day's impression devours. Setting the circulation of the former down at between 60,000 and 70,000, and of the latter at above 100,000,—which is, I am assured, under the mark,—for these journals alone more than 400 reams daily are required, or for the three hundred and thirteen publishing days of the year, a hundred and twenty-five thousand reams.

Whence are we to obtain the raw food with which even these cormorants of the press shall be satisfied? Thanks to the repeal of the paper-duty, Belgium, France, Austria, and even Italy come to the aid of the English mills, and ship to our ports the necessary material. It would be difficult for the untutored mind to puzzle out the arithmetical problem suggested by the figures introduced above. A glance at the warehouse, or a walk through the vaults in which the stock is kept, will give a far better notion of the quantities consumed. We could form a juster idea of what sized pyramid so many billions of sands would make if we were told it would form one as large as St. Paul's, than if we were to strive till doomsday to evolve it all out of our own consciousness. So with this paper calculation. The eye is the best assistant. These piles upon piles, these groves of virgin quires, waiting to be rendered serviceable to mankind, which at present encumber the room from floor to ceiling, reveal

to us the wealth which is devoured every four-and-twenty hours.

Before, however, this paper is fit for use every ream has to be wetted, otherwise it would not take the ink. Tanks have therefore to be kept well supplied with water, and numerous hands are separately engaged to perform the "wetting process." In fact, the paper-room of a first-class journal is in itself a curiosity, with its Pelions of paper, its gushing tanks and sloppy troughs, its stone slabs,—reminding one of a fishmonger's stall,—on which the paper is damped, and with its ministering spirits in paper caps and tucked-up sleeves.

What a number of rolling wheels, what a measured and monotonous click-clack of rising and falling frames! This is the machine-room, where the paper, to speak technically, is machined, that is, passed through the press. Excuse the oily odour, the hot breath, the steaming air, that greet you. A large quantity of gas is required to give sufficient light, besides, in that room close by lies the enormous boiler which generates the motive power that puts this whole network of machinery in action. What noise, what confusion! Roller and wheel whirling madly round, with cranks and metals leaping backwards and forwards, to and fro, like iron imps; how instinct of life it all is! What a merry chase this sliding piece has after that revolving drum, and see, just as it is on the point of catching it, it stops short and beats an ignominious retreat; and can it be that all this apparent fun and frolic is work in earnest?

The machine is what is called a cylindrical one; it is American, constructed by Hoe of New York, whose fame is universal. On a huge cylinder or drum, in the centre, are placed the turtles which I have already mentioned, containing the journal in type. A roller which delights to wallow in a bath of ink, presses at regular intervals against the cylinder and thus wets the surface of the type. On either side of the drum are, according to the size of the machine, four, six, or ten huge flaps, called "feeders," which work like punkahs stroking the air. On each of these feeders a ream of paper is so adjusted that by a slight touch of the man or boy who stands by to attend to this particular duty, each sheet is individually drawn between the rollers, which catch it up like lightning, whirl it round the cylinder, and by means of straps, deposit a printed sheet of paper on a platform underneath the spot whence it started. One half of the impression only has been taken. When a sufficient number of copies, thus semi-finished, have been printed off, the turtles are removed, and the remaining ones put on. A bell rings, the

machine moves with a gear, the little wheels fly round and round, the rollers again catch up the sheet, whose reverse or clean side is exposed to the embrace of the big cylinder, and lo, the newspaper comes forth complete and ready for the breakfast table!

But how has it to get to the breakfast table? Ay, there's another rub. Just visit the publishing office of a widely circulating daily journal. The hour is 5 o'clock in the morning. You might almost imagine yourself at Billingsgate or Covent Garden Market, so great is the crowd. Carts loiter about in the thoroughfares close by, conspicuous amongst them being those of Mr. W. Smith of the Strand, the prince of newsmongers, of whose ubiquitous nature we have proof at nearly every railway station in England. These carts are laden with the sheets wet from the press, and are hurried off to the various termini,—to the Great Western, the North Western, the Great Northern, the Great Eastern, the South Western, the South Eastern, &c.,—to catch the first trains, by which they are whirled away into the country, to be devoured by mid-day hundreds of miles away. Independent of these vehicular arrangements, there is a strong escort of boys and men, waiting the execution of their humbler but by no means small orders. These push and fight and hustle one another, like rentiers at the Bank of England on a dividend day, in order to get first served. As soon as each has got his bundle, off he trudges, losing no time, for you, reader, are impatient for your paper. To every quarter of London and its outskirts the news-agent—and Legion is his name—dashes off, for no quarter of the metropolis can afford to be behind its neighbour in a knowledge of the events of yesterday, and the views and opinions of Mr. Editor upon them.

Here let us pause for a moment to take a survey of another phase which is really worthy of special notice.

The mechanical marvels of the press, if we reflect for an instant, will appear perfectly astounding. Use has somewhat discounted the marvel, it is true; but marvel, nevertheless, it is. We have become so habituated to receive our newspaper day after day with unerring punctuality, that we have ceased to look upon this fact as *per se* something astounding. Why, however, mayn't there be a breakdown, or a stoppage of some kind or other, that should deprive the news-gourmand of his morning meal? Who ever heard of the suspension, even for a day, of the issue of a first-class paper? It may be late at your table—an extra demand or your news-agent may be to blame for that; but

have you ever been without it one whole four-and-twenty hours? Yet you rarely think of this regularity as anything extraordinary; in fact, no more than you doubt the probability of the sun's rising to-morrow, or the order of nature being undeviatingly maintained. I, however, view this punctuality in another light; and I can see the anxiety and the worry, the steadiness and application, the mind and thought, brought into play to guard against unforeseen contingencies and to ensure this wonderful precision and regularity.

Let us advance another step and ask ourselves another question. What is it that has been achieved? Look at these broad pages—forty-eight, sixty, seventy-two, nay, ninety-six columns of close-printed type. Is it no miracle to have put together these innumerable pieces of small type and formed them into intelligible words and sentences within a dozen hours or so? The mechanical labour alone is marvellous. But come to special instances. The Emperor of the French, on the 5th of November last, entered the Salle des Maréchaux at the Tuileries just as the clock struck one. A large concourse of senators and deputies, and the diplomatic corps in uniform, and grandes dames en grande toilette, had assembled to hear, what is courteously called, the speech from the throne. By half-past three or four, that speech, a considerably long one, thoroughly and efficiently translated, was published in second editions in London, and selling about the streets. On Wednesday, the 26th of the same month, Richard Cobden and John Bright addressed a body of constituents at Rochdale. The proceedings did not commence till eight o'clock, yet one journal had the whole of it the next morning, consisting of nearly seven columns containing upwards of 125,000 words. But even this expedition is surpassed during the Session of Parliament. Both Houses—that is, Lords and Commons—have frequently long debates on the same night. The papers, nevertheless, contain full and elaborate reports of every word by breakfast time. Sometimes our diligent and assiduous representatives of the people do not rise until half-past three, or nearly four. This, however, makes no alteration in the completeness of the reports, or the punctuality of the morning journal. With the dawn comes forth the mighty sheet, and in its columns is an account of the latest proceedings—even to the very last minute, in the House.

One of these days, I may say something about advertisements and the advertising system, not forgetting the law by which those unpaid advertisements are inserted as decoy ducks or to fill out the page.

HAROLD KING.

CALYPSO.



SWEET morning swims
From yonder parted clouds, and my fair isle—
Fairer than Tempe, on earth's distant shore,
Fairer than Hera's lucid domes—grows bright,
And sunshine gilds its peaks.

A land of beauty, where dim silver threads
Faint into purple vapour from the rocks,
Where lilies and eternal asphodel
Light the far plains or gem the darkling groves;
We love Ogygia—this our dear domain.

Yestreen, the tumult of a far-off storm
 Stirred the thin air, like murmurs from the dead,
 Moving th' ambrosial blossoms by the cave.
 Ah me ! these wretched mortals ! while they strive
 In weary lands, the Dread One, from his throne,
 High o'er Olympus' highest crest, oft hurls
 The lightning, or uprears the swelling waves
 That swamp their pride ! Good lack ! let women
 weep,

Let children wail for him who ne'er returns,
 What reck's a daughter of the gods ? The bloom
 Fails not my cheek though thousand thousands die ;
 Calypso's tears ne'er fall for human woe.

Light summer-waves

Are dimpling yonder sands. O'erhead bright birds,
 Wheeling thick-clustered, star the golden floor.
 I'll hie me thither.
 The Grecian maidens, with their violet eyes,
 Would languish for their loved ones even here.
 Atlas' stern temper knits his children's frame :
 I never knew such weakness, fruits and flow'rs,
 My distaff's fleecy folds, are all my care.
 Out upon girls of earth, who double woes
 By adding others' cares unto their own !

Yet they say,

'Tis sweet to help another, sweet to feel
 Another's best is thine. When evening steals
 From roof to roof, how many mortal wives
 In Argos clasp a husband's neck and give
 Rosy-lipped welcome ! Babes they tell of too,
 In those sad lands, that bring a joy to life.
 Such whispers reach me, but my heart is free,
 Free as the tawny cat that roams the glen,
 Monarch of beasts. He crouches at my smile !

Yet once, far back

In mossy eld one came—upon this shore
 I found him fainting—from some Grecian wreck.
 Nine days the wretch had floated, but his eye
 Was brave, and hard his heart as adamant.
 Ulysses, crafty hero, men him called.
 (And here she sighed, and while her lustrous hair
 Heaved on her breast, what seem'd a pearl slipt
 down,
 A pearl alipt down and sought the glossy depths,
 Just as a mortal damsel sheds a tear.)

He told me of an isle,

A little barren rocklet edged with foam,
 Where was his kingdom. Then I looked around,
 Proudly caressing all my floral wealth ;
 The hill-sides slowly waved with ruddy corn ;
 Waiting my beek hung golden apples, such
 As Atalanta might have envied.

There, he said,

Lived but for him Penelope, his wife.
 And then he wept, and gnawed his inmost heart.
 His son, Telemachus, should he once more see ?
 I turned in all my splendour, and the veil
 Fell from my shoulders with their argent glow,
 Catching the rose-hues from my cheek. And then
 I carved a faultless arm and twined my hair,
 Plaiting its heavy folds with perfumed gold.

His sailors, too,

Strong souls that dared the tempest, where were
 they ?
 Then fell once more to weeping bitter tears.
 No thought for me ! fond wretch, and yet would I,
 By my strong glamour, bend his stubborn will.
 Do mortals scoff at goddesses ? What wife
 Could gladden sorrow like my gleaming eye ?
 What hand like mine to soften human woe ?

So seven long years I plied the gloomy wretch,
 Seven years I plied him—ay, on bended knee—
 To leave those barren rocks, that shrewish wife,
 And mate with me, and rule my fair domain.
 Life's weary pains here sweep unheeded by,
 Turned by the crystal airs that gird my cave.
 But aye wept he the same year-long lament,—
 "Alas, fair queen ! my son, my wife, my home !"

Well for the hero that he yielded not !

Worse than e'en Circe's minions had he fared !
 Shall mortal lips touch ours and joy unscathed !
 Doth man's slow blood course like the ichor's bound,
 That human hopes should bind celestial love ?
 Howe'er true love may burn away self-love,
 Immortals ne'er forget their pride of place.

That home-sick wretch, Ulysses, had he twined
 His arm once round my waist, mine end was won !
 Deep 'neath mid ocean's deepest wells for aye
 My wrath had laid him—and without a pang !
 Is this that earth-born fancy girls call love ?

Yet something noble lights this human love.
 Methinks myself had yielded to its charm
 Were my life bounded by a brief three-score.
 A hero then I'd choose, and hold him dear,
 And he should fight and travel and be strong,
 And suffer greatly, true in all to me.
 Then, home returning, I would call him mine.

Lo ! the soft gleams

That break before my nymphs arrive the shore !
 So seven years long I plied the gloomy wretch,
 But then relented. Let the hero go !
 He's free, forsooth, his faded wife to seek,
 And rule his steep rock-walls, and sniff the sea !
 'Twere better so, he deems, than mate with me,
 And drain the sweetness of immortal love—
 Blind fool !

But so—

I laded his red-painted keels, that took
 Morning's first beams with gladness, and piled up
 Ambrosia with the nectar's heavenly juice
 Within them. Then I seized his hand and burnt
 One kiss upon it, turned and sought the grove.
 But he sailed forth beneath the glimmering stars.

W. G. M.

MACHINE TOOL-MAKERS.

IF we trace back the history of what may
 be termed machine tools, we shall find that
 they owe their birth to the patent lock. When
 Bramah, at the latter end of the last century,
 turned his attention to the improvement of
 the tumbler lock, he found that the most
 skilled hand-labour of the day was incapable of
 turning out the precise and beautifully executed
 work needed, and even if it had, the expense
 would have been so great as to preclude its
 becoming an article of general sale. In order
 to accomplish his task, it was necessary to
 invent special tools, many of which were of a
 self-acting character, and all possessing a deli-
 cacy of application, and an accuracy and speed
 of working which left far behind the efforts of
 the most cunning hand. From the workshop
 of this ingenious engineer it may be said that
 the mechanical greatness of England took its

rise. He it was who fostered the latent skill of the young smith, Harry Maudslay, and strengthened the passion of Joseph Clements for accuracy of work. Giving, as we must do, Bramah the credit of being the first great tool-maker, yet we feel that it was to Henry Maudslay we owe the vast merit of raising a race of machinists—for the term tool-maker is, we think, too insignificant—who have made England famous among nations. We shall be better able to appreciate the merit of the master, Bramah, and his man, Maudslay, when we remember what William Fairbairn has said, that when he began life, at the commencement of the present century, *the human hand performed all the work that was done*. And how ill it was performed, we have the testimony of Watt, who experienced the greatest difficulty in getting work executed, where an almost mathematical accuracy was demanded. It was a mercy for mankind that he was able to finish the first working model of his steam-engine, so utterly impossible was it to get the steam-cylinder turned with any approach to truth.

Henry Maudslay, when a smith in the Arsenal at Woolwich, was invited by Bramah, who had heard of his ability, to enter his service. The youth, for he was only eighteen at the time, adopted a very characteristic method of giving his new master a taste of his skill. Pointing to a worn-out old vice in the workshop, he asked if the fact of his being able to renew it in the course of the afternoon would be considered his diploma of proficiency; this being agreed upon, he immediately set to work; before the appointed time the vice was as good as new, and he gained at once a first-rate position in the shop.

Whilst a journeyman with Bramah, he invented the famous slide rest, the prolific parent of a whole race of labour-saving machines of the present day,—the slotting-machine, the planing-machine, and many others, all tracing their parentage in this simple contrivance. Before its invention, the turning-lathe depended for the accuracy of its work entirely upon the muscles of the workman. If, in turning a cylinder, for instance, the tool at one moment cut deeper than another, by reason of the workman bearing more heavily upon it, the whole work had to be gone over again. The slide-rest, by substituting a fixed tool for one guided by the human hand, at once abolished the possibility of these inaccuracies, and inaugurated the reign of that mathematical truth in workmanship without which great machinery cannot work.

After Maudslay left Bramah, he set up a little shop of his own, first in Wells Street, then in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,

where he was found out by the elder Brunel, and employed to construct the famous block machinery at present in use in Portsmouth Dockyard. His power of generalising from a few hints was strongly exemplified in the intercourse between the great inventor and this rising young machinist. Brunel, with that fear all inventors have of disclosing their designs prematurely to others, was in the habit of taking drawings of fragments of the proposed machinery to Maudslay for his inspection, without mentioning the real nature of the work he wished accomplished. At the third visit, however, Brunel was surprised to hear the young workman say, "Ah, now I see what you are thinking of; you want machinery for making ships' blocks." These machines, which were the first labour-saving works set up in our public establishments, at once evidenced the enormous amount of productive power the country had acquired.

There is scarcely a contrivance in use among modern machinists which cannot find its origin in this series of engines, for they number forty-four, at work nearly sixty years ago, and at present in excellent condition and in full employ. These machines, with the aid of ten men, do the work that formerly occupied one hundred, and, moreover, they do it infinitely better. The only wonder to us is, that, the vast superiority of these machine-tools having been thus tested at so early a date, their use did not more rapidly increase; but there are pauses, for some unaccountable reason, in all revolutions, and it was full thirty years from the date of this invention before the full tide of labour-saving appliances began to be felt.

The punch by which thick plates of iron are pierced for riveting was another of his inventions, by which greater accuracy is gained and an immense amount of labour is saved.

When Maudslay left Margaret Street, in 1810, he removed to the site of an old riding-school in Lambeth Marsh, and there founded, together with his partner, Mr. Field, the world-famous establishment of Maudslay and Field. Mr. Smiles has remarked, with great truth, that the shop of Maudslay and Field gave a stamp to the workmen who laboured in it, just as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge give their peculiar impress to their respective students,—an impress which never leaves them. With Mr. Penn, the great marine engine-maker, Maudslay "could not afford to turn out anything but first-rate work," and this accuracy and perfection of finish has been passed on to other shops by means of the Nasmyths and the Whitworths, who learned their art under him. In short, Maudslay was to his hands under him what Dr. Arnold was

to his boys, a presiding spirit, whose teaching made a lasting impression upon all those with whom he came in contact. It was his habit to enter his workshops when the men were absent, and carefully to note every man's work whilst in progress at the bench; he used to make his remarks with a piece of chalk, sometimes in terms of approbation, but sometimes sharply and tersely, if reproof were needed. When the men returned to the shop, the reading of the master's eye was thus set plainly before them, and caused no small excitement.

To the last this admirable artist, for we can call him by no meaner name, was fond of working at his craft. He had a beautifully fitted-up little workshop, in which he used to employ himself, and Mr. Nasmyth, his pupil, used to observe, that he never enjoyed anything so much as to get an opportunity of having a "go in" with hammer and anvil at the pieces of soft lead he kept to work out any design he had in his mind." Henry Maudslay was, in fact, as great an artist in practical machine-work as Quentin Matsys was in ornamental ironwork, and the "presence" of the one was as marked as that of the other in every bit of work he did.

The example he set of exquisite work made a lasting impression, and in the history of manufacture there is nothing an Englishman should be prouder of than the character of the machinery it produces. Those who carefully inspected the machinery department of the late International Exhibition could not help being struck by the beauty, accuracy, and solidity of the English workmanship, when compared with the flimsiness and want of finish of the French and Belgian, and the tawdry and pretentious character of the Yankee productions. We may be thought fanciful, but to us there is something awe-inspiring in the inevitable regularity of a vast machine of English work, and there is an expression of calmness in its irresistible action which reminds us of the presence of some fete; look down the hold of the Great Eastern, good reader, at her engines when she is in motion, and you will doubtless feel the full force of what we say.

Another great mechanic, bred in the school of Bramah, and afterwards in the employ of Maudslay and Field, was Joseph Clements. He lays claim to have made the first machine for planing iron. There have been more disputes respecting the parentage of this machine than perhaps any other; but Clements' machine, which was finished in 1825, was certainly the earliest in action, and in the metropolis it did the whole work of the trade for many years. The value of a machine

which can produce a true plane is incalculable. Indeed, Whitworth has written a treatise upon it, as a standard of reference in mechanical productions. Before the planing-machine came into use, true planes were approximated, for they could not be wholly obtained, by means of chipping and filing. Clements' machine, however, at once superseded that method, and for some years, Mr. Smiles informs us, his income mainly depended upon the earnings of this iron planer, which never ceased working night or day, and earning for its master as much as 10*l.* for every twelve hours' work. In every machinist's shop is now to be seen this beautiful tool, cutting a long narrow ribbon of metal with its keen tooth, producing the most perfect work, and tended in many cases only by a lad. Clements, in consequence of the great fame he had acquired for accuracy of work, was sought by Professor Babbage, to construct the famous calculating machine. This extraordinary work, after progressing for some years, was, however, discontinued by Government, and it remains a magnificent fragment of mechanical skill. The working drawings, we are told, of the calculating machine alone, irrespective of the printing machine, which was equally elaborate, covered no less than four hundred square feet of surface. The apparatus was intended to calculate with unerring accuracy, and this it is fully equal to accomplish, for when through any cause an error has been made, it actually reverses its action, and, to use Mr. Smiles' expression, "rubs itself out." Although this machine was never finished in England, Messrs. Scheutz of Stockholm, after twenty years' labour, completed this extraordinary combination of what may be almost termed "thinking iron," and it was first displayed in the Paris Exhibition of 1855. Although the work was completed by foreigners, it was done from the English drawings; therefore the merit is wholly due to Babbage and Clements. Our own Government have procured a copy of this machine, and it is now in actual use at Somerset House, working out annuity and other tables for the Registrar-General, possibly calculating our mortality tables—a dead piece of machinery counting up our dead men—a most appropriate occupation. Clements followed the lead of Maudslay in reforming a very important detail in mechanism. Before the time of these thoughtful workmen there existed no regularity with respect to those all-important parts of mechanism, screws and nuts. Every maker suited his own fancy with regard to their construction, and there was no such thing as uniformity with respect to the pitch of the screw. The consequence was, that on taking a machine to pieces for

repair, the screw hole had to be drilled out and re-cut, so as to suit the thread used in the shop. The great expense and loss of time caused by this arrangement, led Clements to the conclusion that the number of threads should be settled according to the length of the screw. He did this, and constructed a screw-engine lathe to do the work before accomplished by hand. This plan the trade ultimately accepted, and now there is no more trouble about this very important implement which holds machinery together. Clements did his work thoroughly, but he would have his own price for it; like Mr. Penn, he could not afford to turn out imperfect work. His screws were constructed with mathematical accuracy, but they were unfortunately costly. A story is told of his having received an order from America, to make a large screw "in the best possible manner." The work was accomplished with great care, and the American was astonished to find a bill for several hundred pounds for the work done; the matter was referred to arbitration, and of course the case went in favour of the machinist. It may be interesting to the public to know that Clements is the inventor of the too effectual steam-whistle of our locomotives. Brunel the younger being dissatisfied with the performance of the earlier whistle employed, asked Clements to construct one for him. It was made, and answered but too well; but Clements made the engineer pay for his whistles to the tune of 40*l.* each, and unfortunately, before the terms were known, a hundred had been ordered.

James Nasmyth, the Thor of the present age, was brought up under the immediate eye of Maudslay, and perhaps was more intimately associated with him than any other person, for he was the assistant appointed to take charge of the great machinist's own particular workshop, and the pupil has done credit to the master. Nasmyth, unlike the other great machinists, was by no means a self-made man, at least, as regards his education, as he was the son of the Alexander Nasmyth of Edinburgh, whose landscapes have charmed us all. Moreover, he was a scientific man, and his son therefore started in life with hereditary ability. Nevertheless, he fought his way up as a great smith unaided. His first employment was as an assistant in Maudslay's beautiful little workshop at ten shillings a week, and in the establishment of this famous firm he learned his art. Nasmyth's fame rests mainly upon his steam-hammer, a tool without which modern forgings could not be accomplished. Indeed, it was in consequence of the demand for such a Cyclopien instrument that it was produced, and it is a singularly apposite example of the

manner in which great works sometimes produce great tools, as surely as great tools lead to the production of mammoth works. When the Great Britain steamship was being constructed, it was at first intended that she should have paddle engines: such were accordingly designed for her by the late Mr. Humphreys. The paddle-shaft, however, was to be of such enormous proportions, that no forge in the kingdom was capable of turning it out. In this difficulty Mr. Brunel was forced to apply to Mr. Nasmyth to aid him with his advice. Mr. Nasmyth's reply was a sketch made on the spur of the moment of his famous hammer, and returned by post that night. Unluckily, it was determined to change the paddle for the screw, and the paddle-shaft therefore was never required.

The great hammer accordingly remained a dream upon paper, as far as its inventor was concerned, for strangely enough none of the great iron-founders would have anything to do with it. Some time after, when on a visit to a celebrated foundry in France, Mr. Nasmyth was shown an enormous piece of forged work; curious to know how such an unusual size had been accomplished, he asked the question of the director of the works. "Why, with your steam hammer, to be sure," was the instant reply. The Frenchman had been shown the drawing by Nasmyth's partner at the time it was made, and with a keener appreciation of its value than was evinced by the English machinists, he determined to have one made. This was certainly an instance but little in accord with the English manufacturer's boast, "that if not the first to invent, he is the first to see the value of the inventions of others," for, with a demand for gigantic forgings far beyond what exists in France, we yet allowed our friends on the other side of the water to steal a march upon us. However, the steam hammer is now in common use, and year by year it is assuming larger proportions. The effect of its introduction is the vast increase of the size of the forgings, now so easily accomplished, and the consequent enormous development of the proportions of our machinery; in fact, there is no limit now to the size of the engines that can be produced, or to the power that the use of this simple instrument has placed in the hands of man. Without it, we should have had no armour-plated ships of war, no great engines for their propulsion, no enormous works in iron of any kind such as have marked the last dozen years, and have at once elevated men, mechanically, from mere pigmies to a race of giants.

One of the most useful applications of the principle of the steam-hammer is to pile-

driving. We well remember, years ago, watching a party of twenty men at this work on the Quay at Rotterdam—and the Dutchman should know something about the operation. This was performed by the ordinary monkey, which rises and falls every three minutes. Now by the use of Nasmyth's steam pile-driving machine, a pile can be driven in *four* minutes as deeply as by the old method it could be in twelve hours. The steam-hammer sits on the shoulders of the pile like the Old Man of the Sea, adding its dead weight to its lively taps at the rate of eighty blows a minute! In consequence of this rapidity of action, works of reclamation from the sea, before undreamed of, will be effected; and an immense impetus will be given to all building works constructed on unstable ground.

But the hand of Nasmyth can not only thunder like that of Thor, but can work with the grace and delicacy required in the finest art. He is an admirable painter—a gift which seems to be inherent in his family—as shown by the pictures by his pencil, exhibited at Pall Mall, with other amateur works, for the relief of the Lancashire distress; and since his retirement from his profession, he has turned his attention to astronomy, and with a telescope of his own manufacture, made the discovery of bodies on the face of the sun of the shape of a willow leaf, which are now believed to be the source of light and heat.

Perhaps the most scientific of the race of machinists formed in the establishment of Maudslay, Field, and Co., is Joseph Whitworth, whose fame as a tool-maker is known throughout the world. He has considerably improved upon the planing machine, in his "Jim Crow" machine, so called because the cutter reverses itself and works both ways, and in fact adapts itself to any position to do its work. His name is, however, more identified with rifled ordnance and small arms, in the production of which he has no rival. The passion for accuracy of work which was instilled into him by his old master, has led him to invent various machines for the attainment of that end; among others, he has devised a contrivance by which a variation of a millionth of an inch can be detected. In fact, leviathan engines of all kinds are turned out by him which work with all the precision of a chronometer; and the value of this accuracy of practice is not confined to his workshop, as it extends its influence throughout the profession, and establishes a standard of excellence to which other machine manufacturers, if they would flourish, must also attain. What a contrast does the work of the mechanists of the present day present to those of a hundred

years ago! At that time, as Mr. Smiles observes, an engine of any size, when once erected, required the constant attention of the engineer, who almost lived beside it, in order to keep it in working order, such was the friction of its parts and the clumsiness of its construction. At the present time, however, almost absolute perfection of working is obtained. When the five thousand different pieces of the marine engine designed for the *Warrior* were brought together from the different shops of the Messrs. Penn, although the workmen who built them up had never seen them before, yet such was the mathematical accuracy of their fit, that immediately steam was got up they began working with the utmost smoothness. As a new-born child, immediately it enters the world and expands its lungs, begins to stretch its limbs, so this gigantic engine, as soon as steam began to expand in its cylinder, at once exerted its huge members with the smoothness and ease of a thing of life.

It would be impossible to estimate the gain to the country brought about by the self-acting tools now coming constantly into use. If we had to depend upon the old hammer and file, and chisel and gauge, it is questionable whether our mechanical art could keep pace with the requirements of our rapidly increasing population; and commodities of all kinds that spring from the skilled hand would soon reach a fabulous price. Now it is the brain that works; the mechanic in his study increases a thousand-fold the fingers of the sempstress with his sewing-machine, builds fleets of boats (by the American patent) in as many days as the old boat-builder would have formerly taken years, and manufactures rifles—stock, lock, and barrel—without human fingers coming in contact with them after the wood and iron are carried into the workshop. Perhaps the Government manufactory of rifles at Enfield is one of the most perfect marvels of labour-saving machinery in existence; and the hundreds of machines which go to build up this most perfect military tool of the day, have an automatic action so perfect, and bite, cut, file, drill, and plane, with such marvellous intelligence, quickness, and care, that one cannot for the moment help thinking that the human hand is after all a very slow invention, and not at all up to the work demanded by the present age. Yet these unerring digits, which now do our daily work, were not in existence sixty years ago, and our ten fingers were the slaves that accomplished every stroke of work. As regards our mechanical appliances at least, the present century has lifted us from a condition but little superior to that

of barbarians, to a pitch of excellence which seems almost divine. But for the marvels accomplished in this direction, we must refer

the reader to Mr. Smiles' very interesting "Industrial Biography," to which we are indebted for many facts in this article.

BEPP0, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE SCREW.

THE day of the medical examination came and passed; and, as we know, Beppo was among the defaulters. The number of these was very large; and the Government was strongly impressed with the absolute necessity of taking vigorous measures, not only to get possession of the men who were missing, but to check the practice of desertion. They were almost invariably the best men who had absconded. The town populations, though far less fitted for military service, were far less averse to it. The missing men were almost entirely the fine young *contadini* of the hills, the very flower of the population.

The authorities were exceedingly annoyed. Yet they were desirous of dealing as mercifully as possible with the defaulters. For it was well known that the parish priests were active in stimulating them to desertion; and the influence of the clergy upon the rural populations was still very powerful.

One of the measures adopted for inducing the absentees to return was, the quartering of a few soldiers in the houses of their families, to be removed only when the missing men should give themselves up. And in many instances this succeeded in producing the desired result. The maintenance of the soldiers caused an expense and annoyance which the families could ill endure. There were rarely wanting means of communication between the men absent in the hills and their friends at home; and thus the screw put on produced its effect.

"What an infamous shame it is!" said one of three or four military officers who were engaged in arranging the infliction of this penalty on the families of the recalcitrant and contumacious conscripts. "Look at this case now! Giuseppe Vanni, the eldest of two grown-up sons;—a remarkably fine young man;—noted to be of good character;—the father more than well-to-do—a rich man in his class! And this fellow goes off to the hills!—sacrifices everything rather than obey the law and serve his country. The old curmudgeon of a father won't even pay the cost of a substitute. Too disaffected for that, I suppose; as well as too stingy;—one or both. It is too bad!"

"Where is he from?" asked a superior officer.

"A village called Santa Lucia, out in the hills to the north-west," replied the first speaker, who had a variety of papers before him.

"Who is the parish priest?" asked the first.

"One Evandro Baluffi."

"Have you any note of him?"

"Yes, here we have his reverence!" replied the other, after referring to a list of names among the papers before him. "The Reverend Evandro Baluffi, an active, intriguing, political priest, and determined adherent of the Papal government."

"Ay, that's where it is! It is useless trying to do anything with these poor ignorant *contadini*, as long as these fellows are allowed to poison their minds and sow disaffection. No good will be done till the Government makes up its mind to lay a heavy hand on a few of these mischief-making firebrands. Perhaps we may trounce the Reverend Evandro Baluffi yet. Meantime, put a heavyish party on the rich old farmer at Santa Lucia. If he is stingy, that may work!"

"I think I can tell you, Colonel, how to make that blister draw!" said a younger man, who had not yet spoken. "I happen to have picked up from a friend of mine a little bit of this Giuseppe Vanni's history, which may, perhaps, be turned to good account. He is one of the finest young fellows in the country—over six feet in his stockings;—a fellow we ought not to lose on any account. Well, it seems this young gentleman has a very handsome cousin, who was living here in service in Fano a week or two back; but is now gone home to the paternal farmhouse. And there seems to have been rather a warm flirtation between a Corporal of ours, a man of the name of Tenda, and the pretty Giulia Vanni, to the infinite disgust and distress of her tall cousin, who, of course, is in love with *la bella Giulia*. Now, what do you say to sending Tenda with four or five men up to Santa Lucia? If that don't draw my gentleman, I think nothing will!"

There was a general laugh at the young

Captain's plan of thus making the contumacious Beppo's jealousy a screw which might prove to be irresistible, and sending the Corporal on duty which would be most efficiently discharged by making assiduous love to a pretty girl.

"Upon my life, I think the notion is a very good one!" said the Colonel. "It will serve him very right; and, as you say, will bring him in if anything can. Let the lucky Corporal be quartered on Signor Vanni senior, by all means."

So a little note was made on a big sheet of paper by the officer who had first spoken; it was decided that this terrible "screw" should be put on poor Beppo; and the military board passed on to the next case.

On the evening of the second day after the above little conversation had taken place, and the next after Giulia had spent her day at the *Cura*, Corporal Tenda, with four men at his back, presented himself at Bella Luce, and exhibited to *la Santa* a laconic document requiring, in the name of the law, Paolo Vanni, cultivator and tenant at Bella Luce, in the commune of Santa Lucia, to house and maintain the five men named in it; and intimating that they would continue to be his guests till such time as his son, Giuseppe Vanni, duly drawn to serve in his Majesty's army, should be in the hands of the military authorities!

Poor *Santa* had not the gift of reading; and, in no little terror, called Giulia down from up-stairs to explain what might be the meaning of this invasion of Bella Luce by an armed force. For Signor Paolo and his son Carlo had not yet returned from the field.

The Corporal had had the consideration to tell his men to remain outside in the front of the house, until he should have spoken with the inmates and explained to them the nature of their errand.

So, when Giulia came down at the call of *la padrona*, she found herself, it may be imagined with what astonishment, face to face with her rejected admirer!

But other feelings besides astonishment contributed to produce the vivid blush all over her face and neck, and the painful embarrassment which was evident in her manner. The mother had guessed at once that this unprecedented and alarming appearance of the *forza pubblica* had reference to the unhappy fugitive who was, she knew, absent in defiance of the law. She doubted not that the soldiers were come to take her son by force; and she derived some comfort from the thought that they would not find him. But Giulia may be forgiven if, seeing the Corporal there alone bowing low before her, her first idea was that he had come

there to urge his suit to herself. Then tumultuously rushed into her mind the horrid thought of the appearance this arrival of the Corporal would wear in Beppo's eyes! What would he not think of her!

But the worthy little Corporal did not leave her long in error.

"Do not, I beg of you, *stimatissima* Signora Giulia,"—most esteemed Signora Giulia; not "*gentilissima*" or "*bellissima*," as it used to be in Palazzo Bollandini at Fano; and Giulia marked and appreciated the change of style;—"do not for a moment suppose, most esteemed Signora Giulia, that I am here to trouble you with any renewal of a subject that has been set at rest between us. You know my sentiments on the subject by means of my kind friend Captain Brilli—*e basta*. I come here to-day in obedience to no wish of my own; but in the execution of military duty. You will, I am sure, rightly appreciate my feelings, when I confess that, had my own wishes been consulted on the subject, I could have desired that the painful duty assigned to me had been entrusted to another. But duty is the soldier's religion, Signora; and it only remains for me to discharge that duty as little painfully to you and this respectable family as is compatible with the orders I am bound to obey!"

"What is it all about?" asked *la Santa*, more utterly mystified than ever. "If they are come for Beppo, let them search the house, from garret to cellar; and there is an end of it! We know nothing about him, more's the pity!"

"But you have not stated, Signor Caporale, what the duty is which calls you here," said Giulia, somewhat tranquillised by the Corporal's diffusive oratory.

"I have had the honour of presenting a billet to this excellent lady, whom I presume to be the mistress of the house, which indicates the nature of my business here. In a word, Signora Giulia, myself and four men—there they are outside there—are quartered here until such time as Signor Beppo may decide on returning and placing himself in conformity with the law."

"Quartered here! in this house! Five soldiers!" screamed *la padrona*, horrified and outraged to the utmost degree. "And you are to stay here till Beppo gives himself up! You may stay till you all lie in Santa Lucia churchyard, then! But it is impossible; it's unheard of!"

"You may guess, excellent Signora, that it is not a pleasant duty for a soldier to perform, to force himself as an unwelcome guest, and make his presence a means of punishment.

But orders must be obeyed. Duty admits of no refusal. It has been determined by the Government to quarter soldiers on the families of the contumacious conscripts, as a means of inducing them to give themselves up. Permit me to assure you, Signora, that if I express the hope that Signor Beppo may be very shortly induced to do so, it is wholly in his own interest, and in no wise in my own that I speak."

"But it is infamous! a robbery! a spoliation! We are poor people. We have no means of lodging five men, let alone keeping them. What will Paolo say when he comes in?" stormed poor Sunta, as the whole extent of the infliction began to be comprehended by her.

"Signor Paolo will doubtless have the good sense, my dear Signora Vanni, to know that the law must be obeyed, and that we are but the humble instruments of it. I am afraid, Signora Giulia, that it would be in keeping with the spirit of our orders to make our presence here as disagreeable in all ways as possible. But I trust that I may be able to contribute to the views of the Government in a manner more consonant to my own feelings. My first duty, Signora Vanni, is to assure myself that the conscript, Giuseppe Vanni, is not concealed in this house or neighbourhood. But if the Signora Giulia, whom I have had the honour of meeting under other circumstances, will assure me that her cousin is not in the neighbourhood, no search could make me so certain of the fact as her word. If she cannot give me that word, she will say nothing, and leave us to perform our duty of searching."

"I can assure you most sincerely, Signor Caporale, that Beppo is nowhere in this neighbourhood. He is a long way off in the hills."

"That is quite sufficient, signora. It would be useless to make any search."

Giulia, as soon as ever the foregoing words were out of her lips, bethought her that she was betraying to *la Sunta* more knowledge of Beppo's movements than she could be supposed to possess, and she glanced sharply at the *padrona* to see if any such suspicion had been awakened in her mind. But *la Sunta* considered it too much a matter of course to make any kind of denial to the ministers of the law, for any such thought to have entered her head.

"Giulia, child," she said, "just run down to the field and tell the *padrone* what has come upon us. I am sure I don't know what to do or to say!"

Giulia ran off, not sorry to escape from any further share in so disagreeable a scene; and the Corporal, with many civil speeches to the old lady, caused his men to enter the kitchen,

and seat themselves in a row on the bench outside the large table; so that when Giulia returned with the farmer, the latter, on entering his house, was confronted by the significant spectacle of five hungry men occupying the entire length of his supper-table.

Farmer Vanni fumed, and stormed, and raved; and the good-humoured Corporal met all his ill-temper with the most imperturbable affability and good nature; for was this not Giulia's dwelling, and was she not there to suffer from the violence of any quarrel? So at last the five unwelcome guests sat down to the supper-table of their unwilling host; and beds, as well as the resources of the house allowed, were prepared for the men in the sort of outhouse beyond the kitchen, and for the Corporal in the room above it.

And so matters continued for a few days, while old Paolo groaned in secret over the cost of keeping his unwelcome guests, and seasoned every mid-day and evening repast with invectives against the Government which practised such atrocities and extortions in the name of liberty. He had two or three private interviews with the priest during this time, going up to Santa Lucia for the purpose; for while the soldiers were at Bella Luce, Don Evandro never once made his appearance there. Nor did the farmer let drop any word at home which could give the members of his family any information respecting the nature or subject of his communications with the priest.

The Corporal and his men were very constantly absent from Bella Luce, beating the country, and making inquiries in the hope of catching the fugitive; but always coming back to roost and to feed. Scarcely anything passed between the Corporal and Giulia; for she lived as much upstairs as possible, and kept herself to the utmost of her power out of his way. And he, on the other hand, uniformly treated her with the most deferential respect, and made no attempt whatever to thrust his company upon her.

Nevertheless, she had an uncomfortable sense of being, however unobtrusively and undemonstratively, subjected to surveillance. She felt that her movements were watched. And she determined, therefore, to be very much on her guard in going up to the old tower above the church to look for the answer to her letter. It was the fifth day from that on which she had bribed the messenger, who had described himself as "one from Piobico," and had sent by him a letter to her cousin. He had spoken of being back with an answer on the fourth or fifth; and Giulia had counted the intervening days and hours with the utmost anxiety and impatience. Nevertheless, she

had not dared to go to the tower for fear of the watching of the Corporal and his men.

On the evening of the fifth day, having found it impossible to accomplish her object without the risk of detection from the vigilance of the soldiers at the farm, she asked old Santa for permission to go and pay a visit to *la Nunziata*, intending to make an arrangement with her for passing the next day at the *Cura*, and thinking that she should so withdraw herself from the watchfulness of the Corporal, and easily find a moment during the day, when she might, without any risk of detection, flit across the churchyard, and see whether in the hole in the corner of the old tower there was any reply for her.

There was no difficulty in leading the priest's housekeeper to make the proposal her visitor desired; and *la padrona*, when the request was made to her, had no objection to it. So, early the next morning, Giulia walked up to Santa Lucia, delighting herself with the thought that in the course of the day she should surely find an opportunity of getting her letter,—if, indeed, Beppo had sent her one. But to her great surprise and annoyance, a sudden sense of their religious duties appeared to have come upon two of Corporal Tenda's little company, and for the first time since they had been at Bella Luce, they felt the necessity of attending early mass at the parish church. And not only did they attend the early mass in the most exemplary manner, but they remained hanging about the church and the churchyard the whole of the day. Again and again Giulia looked out from the door of the priest's kitchen; and there always, either lounging about the gate which led from the churchyard to the village, or tranquilly smoking their cigars, reclining on the turf, or examining the appearance of the old tower with a newly awakened sense of its picturesque and antiquarian interest, were the two warriors of King Victor Emmanuel's army; and there they remained all day, only returning to their supper at Bella Luce, after Giulia, in despair of being able to achieve her object, had bidden *la Nunziata* good night, and started on her own homeward walk.

It was clear that without some very strong and decided measure, she would never be able to get unwatched to the old tower. But the longing within her to know whether Beppo had answered her or not, was too strong to be put off. The only chance of paying a visit to the tower safely was at night. She could go, making all speed, from Bella Luce, and be back, in little more than an hour. There was little or no difficulty in getting out of the simply, and often, in summer, scarcely fastened door

of the farm-house. The soldiers would doubtless be as fast asleep as the members of the family; and, in short, Giulia determined to make the venture that night.

So, about two hours after every body had gone to bed—about midnight, that is to say, Giulia, who had not undressed herself, quietly stole down, and though rather startled at observing, as she passed through the kitchen, that the door of communication between it and the room in which the soldiers were sleeping was wide open, stepped lightly across the former room to the door of the house, opened it with as little noise as possible, and started on her errand, running along the well-known path as fast as her feet would carry her. She had not the slightest fear of any sort, except that of being seen by some one. None of those more imaginative terrors, which might have assailed an English girl bound on a similar expedition through two miles of country looking weird and strange in the moonlight, with a churchyard to cross at the end of it, had any influence over the imagination of the daughter of the Apennine. The southern mind is almost exclusively conversant with fancies and associations of a more material description, and rarely busies itself much with ghostly terrors.

Giulia sped along the path, stopping for a second or two now and then to listen if all was still around her—especially at the half-way tree—crossed the churchyard, and made direct for the old tower just outside the further confines of it.

It was some little time before she could find the hole at the corner of the tower in which she had so confidently placed her money, and in which she hoped now to find a letter from Beppo. The spot agreed upon was at the back of the tower, if that side may be called so which was farthest from the church and the village; for it was on that side that she and the “one from Piobico” had had their interview. But the moonlight, which was falling full on the other side of the ruin, had the effect of throwing the contrary side into double gloom, and seemed to confuse all the forms and relative positions of the objects.

However, after a little while she discovered the hole in the brickwork, thrust in her hand eagerly, and found that the money was gone, and that there was a small slip of folded paper in its place.

Her first impulse was to thrust the paper into her bosom, and run home with it as fast as possible, keeping the perusal of it for the leisure and safety of her own room. But she remembered that she had no light at home; that it would be difficult to procure one without running a risk of waking somebody, and

thus leading to the detection of her escapade ; that it would be impossible for her to read her letter at home till the next day ; and that it would be dreadful to have to wait all that time before knowing what Beppo had written to her, in what mood he had received her letter, and in what tone replied to it.

She thought that the moonlight on the other side of the tower would suffice to enable her to read it, and still breathless with her running and with her anxiety, she stepped round into the light, not looking up, but gazing on the precious bit of paper as she moved, she unfolded it in the full light of the moonbeam, and read easily enough, in Beppo's large coarse characters, the words, "On Sunday evening, two hours after the Ave Maria, I will be at the old tower where this is to be left, hoping to see there *one person only*." There was neither signature nor address ; but they were not at all necessary to the end in view.

Giulia, after the manner of peasants who are unaccustomed to the process of reading with the eyes only, had read these words, not aloud, but a little above her breath, and, with a thrill of delight at her heart, was thrusting the precious paper into her bosom, and in the act of turning to make the best of her way back to Bella Luce, when she became aware of two figures standing immediately before her, and looking up with a scream recognised the same two soldiers who had been on the watch in the churchyard all day.

In the next instant she recovered sufficient presence of mind to say, though with a beating heart, and rather broken utterance :

"I did not know, Signori, that it was part of your duty to watch and molest a poor girl who might have her reasons for wishing to see somebody in private."

"It's no part of our duty, Signora, to give you any trouble or annoyance that we can any way avoid," answered one of the men, speaking in a very respectful manner ; "but our business is to find the missing conscript if we can, by hook or by crook. And when my comrade heard the door of the house down yonder opened, he thought it best to see what was going on. And when he saw your ladyship starting off up the hill at that time of night, and all on the sly, he thought, and I thought too, when he waked me in a hurry, that it was likely enough you were after corresponding in some way or other with our man. So we just made free to follow you ; and if so it was that you had any other matter in hand, why there was no harm done ; for we should have known better than to blab. But as it is, you see, our duty will oblige us to be here at

two hours after the Ave Maria on Sunday evening."

All the blood in Giulia's body seemed to rush with sudden violence to her heart, as these words smote her ear. She glared at the two men, as a mad momentary thought dashed into her brain, whether she could not spring at the throat of the speaker, and secure Beppo's safety by strangling the life out of him and his comrade on the spot. But in the next instant a full sense of her utter powerlessness came over her, and she threw herself on the ground, crying :

"O, Beppo ! Beppo ! And it is I who have destroyed him. And he will think that I have betrayed him !"

And then the horrible thought came to her mind that Beppo would suppose, not only that he was betrayed, but that he was betrayed by her connivance with the Corporal, and that her passion for him had been the incitement to the base act ! It was too dreadful ! too cruel ! she could not live to meet that day, and to face the look of Beppo's eye, when that conviction, as inevitably must be the case, should have reached his mind.

"O, *Santa Vergine dei Setti Dolori* !—mother of sorrows, and of the sorrowing ! Oh, let me die ! let me die ! I cannot bear it ! I cannot bear it ! O, *Santissima Maria*, have pity ! take me away ! take me to thee !"

And the poor girl writhed on the ground in the agony of her soul.

"But, Signora," said one of the soldiers, who stood by, perfectly well understanding the whole force and pressure of the circumstances, and not a little distressed by the grief of the beautiful girl on the ground at their feet ; "there is no question of destroying your cousin ! It's the best thing for him, any way. And, bless you, he'll find that out fast enough. By the time he has been six months in the ranks, he'll thank you for being the means of putting him there, instead of being skulking and hiding about in the mountains like a wild beast."

"And as for betraying," added the other soldier, "there'll be no question at all of betraying. We shall report the thing to our Corporal just as it is, and he'll let Signor Beppo know how it came about, and that you was in no way consenting to it."

"Oh, no, no, no ! not the Corporal,—not the Corporal !" groaned Giulia without any clear idea, save that no good, and nothing but sorrow and misery, could arise from any meeting between Beppo and Tenda.

"Well, Signora," said one of the men, "the Corporal will know best how to manage. We must report to him."

"And we have no call," added the other, "to say anything to anybody else whatsoever. And, Signora, we are not the men to do it. So you had better make haste home, and slip quietly to bed. You have no need to fasten the door; we shall come down the hill at leisure; and we will fasten it; and if anybody hears it, why, we have been out patrolling: and that is all about it."

Giulia had sufficient consciousness of her present position to be aware that what the soldier said was true, and considerate. But she felt too bitterly the anguish they were causing her, and looked upon them too much as Beppo's enemies, for it to be possible to her to enter into amicable communication with them. She got up from the ground, therefore, without any assistance from either of the men—for with the instinctive delicacy and appreciation of the æsthetics of the situation, which is so characteristic of Italians, they did not put out a hand to touch her—and merely saying, "I will go home;" turned to walk down the hill, with perhaps, at that instant, the sorest and heaviest heart in all Italy, lying like a lump of ice in her bosom.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE IRISH COAST.

PART III.

As we have pretty well exhausted the Clare legends, let us continue our wanderings farther south, past the fiord-like scenery of the Killaries, whose narrow entrance is jealously guarded by giant mountains. From the Killaries to Clifden the coast is studded with islands, which are seldom or ever visited by tourists, chiefly from their inaccessibility, and the rough sea that constantly prevails. The largest of this group is Inishbofin, inhabited by a few hundred fishermen and their families, and dignified by the Rev. John McHale with the name of "The Garden of Christ," because it has never been the residence of any Protestants—a simple and charitable expression, worthy of the religion and the prelate that gave it birth. Inishbofin, or the Island of the White Cow, is so called from a legend founded on the same general idea of which the island of O'Brazil is the principal subject, viz., that it has been disenchanted, and has become a tangible land, instead of the imaginary abode of the blest. Although Inishbofin is a barren and desolate island, there is some fine rock scenery along its cliffs, and altogether it is well worth a visit from anybody who happens to have a day, and a fine one, at his disposal. The only other island containing any object of interest is High Island or Ard-Oilean, a savage and dangerous rock some little

distance from Clifden. Its very difficulty of access was its recommendation in the days of the earliest Christian church in Ireland, for we find remarkable traces of it in the rude and primitive ecclesiastical remains of High Island. As long ago as the seventh century, St. Fechin inhabited it, built a church, and also a series of residences for the officiating priests. These houses are built at the corners of a square of about twenty yards, with walls four feet high, and domical roofs, the covering of which is formed of one big stone. The house of St. Fechin is square, and measures about nine feet in length. The church, as is usually the case with these early edifices, is remarkably small and rude, and has a doorway only two feet wide. The whole aspect of the place is singular and desolate in the extreme, and well suited for an establishment of eremitical or hermit monks, which was supposed to have been formed here. But we must not linger too long on Ard-Oilean, partly because we have not yet exhausted our stock of islands, and partly because a hasty survey is all that prudence will allow, for the weather is never to be trusted, and should anything like a sea get up, the adventurous tourist will find that he is likely to starve before he can set his foot again on terra firma.

If all the Irish islands were mere deserts, without a single thing of interest to recommend them, there is almost enough in the Aran Islands to make up for the whole lot. Placed so as to withstand the whole force of the stormy Atlantic, and forming an admirable breakwater and shelter to the Bay of Galway, at the seaward entrance of which they are situated, they were marked out from the very earliest ages as a secure and well-protected retreat from the violence and superstition of the times.

The original colonists of Ireland were known by the unpronounceable names of Firbolgs and Tvatha-de-Danaans, who were believed originally to have come from Greece. But, however that may have been, they quarrelled and fought, as everybody that ever had anything to do with Ireland always did and always will do; and the Firbolgs, having the worst of it, retreated to the Aran Islands, somewhere about 1000 years before the birth of Christ. Here they flourished, and erected some of the most singular forts in the world, which, whatever may have been the precise date of their construction, were built in such a wonderfully massive style, that they have survived all the wearing effects of centuries, and still exist in sufficient state of preservation to show the antiquaries of the present day how the warriors of three thousand years ago fortified

their dwellings. In truth, this class of building is so remarkable, that it at once challenges observation wherever it is met with, and is known by Irish archæologists as *Firbolgic*, or Cyclopean, masonry. But the Aran Islands had a more glorious reputation even than this: they were the head-quarters, not only of the professors of war, but of religion; for, as early as the sixth century, St. Endeus, himself of a royal house, founded a monastery here, and tried to convert the Pagans, who, however, at the first sight of Christianity, took fright, and abruptly fled away in their coracles. The saint founded ten churches, and Aran speedily became a resort for all that was good and learned, containing within its rocky shores many hundreds of saints. No wonder, then, that the island teems with remains of one sort or another; or that it always existed in the odour of sanctity. The most interesting ruins are found on the great island, or Inishmore, which is about nine miles in length, by one and a half in breadth, and was the centre of all the defensive works. These were in the shape of forts, or duns; and from the extraordinarily massive character of the masonry, as well as the position in which they were built, must have been impregnable before the days of artillery. The principal of these is Dun Ængus,—described by Dr. Petrie, the Irish archæologist, as the most splendid barbaric monument extant in Europe,—which is situated on the western side of the island, overhanging a sheer precipice of 300 feet. The plan of this fort is extremely simple, and appears to have been originally oval, though the falling away of the cliffs has perhaps conduced to its present horse-shoe shape. There are three walls, one inside the other, the innermost, as might be expected, being much the thickest. Outside the second wall the approaches are guarded by a singular *chevaux-de-frise* of sharp stones, fixed upright in the rock, extremely awkward to walk over, and performing very much the same office as the broken glass which is put by householders to protect their garden walls. If we do not accept the supposition of the cliffs having fallen away, it is obvious that the seaward side of the fort needed no further protection. The dimensions of the sanctum, or inner enclosure, are about 140 feet along the cliff face, and 150 across, while the wall is of the great thickness of thirteen feet. From its name and appearance it is supposed that Dun Ængus was built in the first century of the Christian era, by Ængus, chief of the *Firbolgs*, who, with his brothers Corchovar and Mil, was granted the possession of the Aran Islands by Mæve, Queen of Connaught. Stone walls were the defences of those days, when slings, hatchets, and rude

bows were the only weapons known; and the massive thickness with which they were built tells of the close quarters and the hand-to-hand fighting that prevailed amongst the savage clans of early Ireland. The last period when we know for certain that Dun Ængus was tenanted, was in 1857, when a formidable body of archæologists, belonging to the British Association, landed at Aran, took the fort by storm, and added the crowning insult by sitting down, seventy in number, in the inner enclosure, to dine there. How the shades of Ængus and Corchovar must have hovered round in grim displeasure, and longed to annihilate the impious revellers. But the barbarians were not annihilated, but, on the contrary, enjoyed themselves very much, made jovial speeches, and took measurements of Ængus's walls and doorways like so many matter-of-fact carpenters.

There are two other forts on Inishmore,—one of which, Doo Caher, the Black Fort, is considered by Dr. Donovan to be a trifle older, about a thousand years or so, than Dun Ængus. This fort occupies the neck of a peninsula, and is defended much in the same way by precipices and *chevaux-de-frise* of stones. The third fort, Dun Onaght, is nearly round, and is in better preservation as to its masonry. Both these last contain, in the interior, remains of early stone-roofed dwellings, known as “*cloghans*.” These are scattered over the island, and gave rise to a good joke at the expense of the Ordnance Survey, who marked down on the maps the site of an early cloghan, which afterwards turned out to have been built the year before for a donkey-shed. Examples of “*Bill Stumps his mark*” are more common than are generally thought; and, in this case, nothing was more natural than that a peasant should build his shed after the pattern of the old buildings around him.

Before leaving the Duns, and visiting the other remains of the island, it should be stated that some antiquaries do not allow them such a very early origin, nor do they believe that they were erected exclusively for warfare; but, on the contrary, as defences for the sacred buildings where the pious performed their devotions. The remains of the early churches are numerous, and attest the vigorous Christianity with which St. Endeus and his successors prosecuted their labours. They are almost all of about the same date, and exhibit the same simple form and primitive masonry, with very little in the way of decoration. The church of St. Benignus, or Teampull Benain, as it is in the Aran vernacular, is a good specimen of the general run of these buildings, being about ten feet ten inches in the clear, and six feet

ten inches broad ; while the height of the north-east gable is only seventeen feet. Strictly speaking, it is most likely that nearly all these so-called churches were nothing but oratories, or chapels, more particularly as in their vicinity are generally to be found traces of hermit's cells and "cloghans." The names of the churches are generally those of their founders, and are very musical and euphonious,—such as Teampull Breain, the church of St. Breain ; Teampull a Phoill, the church of the Hollow ; Teampull a Cheathranalainn, the church of the Four Comely Saints ; and so on. It cannot be wondered at that there are so many in Aran, when we read that such a crowd of saints were buried here that only God knew the number ; and this circumstance gave the island the name of Aran-na-neeve, or Island of the Saints.

But there are yet older, and, to some, more interesting remains than even these forts and churches, viz., the grand cliffs of mountain

limestone of which the whole island is composed.

It is not often that the geological formation of a country has much effect upon the customs of a people, but in Aran it is so in a marked degree. The limestone is singularly contorted, and in some places lies on the surface in great smooth slabs, between which will be found a broad crack. In others it consists of thin layers, like hatchets placed sharp end uppermost ; and as the grass, which, as in every limestone district, is exceedingly sweet, grows in little tufts and patches in these crevices, it is hard work for the cattle, so much so that old Flaherty, an accurate topographer of Aran, writes, "The soile is almost paved over with stones, soe as in some places nothing is to be seen but large stones, with wide openings between them, where cattle breake their legs." And so would the Aranites, had not stern experience taught them to wear a shoe adapted



Fort of Engus, Aran.

to their smooth mud floor. They are, in reality, sandals, and are called pampooties. Cowhide, with the hair on, is the material ; and they are cut low at the sides, with just so much point as to protect the toes. Nothing will induce an Aranite to wear anything but a pampootie ; and I have frequently recognised an islander in the streets of Galway from his strange chaussure. The Aranites are a hardy, cleanly, and self-dependent lot, and apparently much superior to their brethren on the mainland, the result of their very isolation. The islanders manage wonderfully their little coracles amidst the rough breakers of the Atlantic, which would infallibly swamp a larger boat. The coracle of Aran, though allied to the coracle which is so extensively used by fishermen on the Welsh rivers, is not built in the same way. It is about eight feet long, with one square and one pointed end, and holds three people. Not only around their own cliffs are these little tubs in use, but they

have actually been known to cross over to the mainland in rough weather. It is likely enough that the coracles have not changed their shape from the early days in which it is mentioned by Florence of Worcester, that three Scotsmen, devoted to God, took with them provisions for a week, and left Ireland in a bark of only two skins and a-half, and after a seven days' sail brought up on the coast of Cornwall.

St. Endeus was a famous coracle builder, and had an amusing plan of punishing his naughty monks, by making them enter the coracle when only its framework was complete. If the water came in, it was a sign that the monk had transgressed some rule, and he was reproved accordingly ; as in the case of St. Gigneus, who, finding the water gaining upon him very uncomfortably, confessed that he had poured some of his cold broth into St. Kieran's plate, a grave breach of discipline, for which he was banished the island.

G. P. BEVAN.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE LILY.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.



PART II.

CHAPTER I. A SUNDAY DINNER.

THE hands of the clock pointed to half-past five on the Sunday evening appointed for Arthur Charsley's visit to Mr. Bamford as the

former gentleman stepped into a Hansom cab at the door of his chambers, and gave the driver directions to go to Durham Place. Mr. Charsley was in morning dress, but he still carried a lily in the button-hole of his coat.

It had been a subject of much debate in his mind as to whether he should assume an evening dress or not; but remembering the vivid supposititious description his friend Guy Bingley had given of the festivity to which he had been invited, he had ultimately come to the conclusion that full dress would be unnecessary and out of place. The lily, however, thought Mr. Charsley, will be appropriate and graceful. As the cab carried him to his destination, it cannot be denied he commenced to experience some nervousness and doubt as to what would be the character of his reception by Camilla and the result of his introduction to the family. He comforted himself as much as he was able by the reflection that, after all, he had done nothing of which he was ashamed. He honestly felt the attachment to Camilla that he had so often expressed in his letters to her, and which had led him to make her so many presents without an introduction to her. Other fellows had told him that actresses were always ready to receive admiration, and never refused the material evidences of it in the shape of jewellery. Besides, the doctor would perhaps be found to be right, and the illusions he had formed regarding the object of his affections from only seeing her when before the public, would be cruelly destroyed when he should meet her under her father's roof. True, he was a man of the world, and therefore could put up with a great deal; but still his habits of life were those of a gentleman; and he certainly felt that he should be terribly shocked if he had to go through the ordeal at old Bamford's described by the doctor. Whatever might take place he determined he would do nothing, if he possibly could help it, to commit himself. He would make his present visit one of inspection only. He would watch and wait, and form his own conclusions from what came under his notice. It was altogether a very trying situation in which he was placed, and he might be "nick'd" before he came out of it; but during his career he had so often been subjected to that disagreeable process, that he had commenced to debate whether it was not even possible to become so accustomed to the agony as eventually to enjoy it. Mr. Charsley was still mentally grappling with the whole subject, when the cab turned into a street, and on the corner house he read the inscription "Durham Place."

"By George, here we are!" said he, as he pulled his whiskers out to their full length with an increased nervous action.

Durham Place was one of those streets, the houses composing which seem to struggle amongst themselves as to the claim that shall

obtain the majority. It commenced with a large public-house at the corner. Then it ran into a series of shops on either side of the way. Then small private houses intermixed themselves with shops of a peculiarly respectable and sober turn, if the berlin-wool emporium and baby-linen warehouse may be taken as examples; finally, it terminated in two long rows of modern mansions recently built, the rents of which were high, the situation pleasant, and the occupants extremely well to do. Durham Place was, in short, at one end commercial; at the other, aristocratic. As the cab drove on, Mr. Charsley looked anxiously for the number, 102.

"Shops, I see," he muttered. "Old Bamford's a lodger, no doubt: lives on the third floor over a tallow-chandler's, I dare say. No. 26, 29. I wonder how the numbers run—good way up yet. 40, 42; there's the tailor's where the doctor attended. 56, 58; private houses, small and pleasant, with a day-school on the ground-floor, and a playground in the back garden. Halloa! where's the cab going? it can't be here." And he put his hand through the trap in the roof of the cab.

"I say, cabby, is this right?"

"All right, sir; you said No. 102."

Mr. Charsley let the trap in the roof fall unconvinced. He felt morally certain there must be some mistake. The houses became more and more aristocratic in appearance; the street became wider and better paved; the lamp-posts seemed to raise their heads higher, and the lamps to burn with a brighter glare. Neat broughams rattled past, and neat broughams were standing in front of many of the houses in the street.

"No. 99, 100," counted Arthur, anxiously.

The next moment the cab pulled up in front of one of the handsomest of the modern mansions, with a portico over the door-steps, and a stone balustrade in lieu of area railings. The house was high, and extremely substantial in appearance. The windows were of plate-glass, and a soft, subdued light now illumined them through the drawn curtains.

"No. 102, sir," said the cabman, through the trap.

"This can't be the house," said Arthur, without getting out: "there must be some mistake. There must be two Durham Places. Perhaps there's another 102 higher up, or perhaps the numbers run both ways, and there's a 102 lower down. And now I remember, I saw a 1 and a 2 over a shop at the other end of the street."

The cabman descended from his perch, and came in front of his cab.

"This here's No. 102, Durham Place," said the cabman, with emphasis. "There ain't no other Durham Place, and there ain't no other 102. The 1 and the 2 you see is a 1 and a 2 with nothing 'atween 'em, and that ain't a 102. That's the dairy, that is, and that's No. 12. It ain't at all likely as how a gentleman like you would want to go to a dairy, is it? This here's the house you want."

And the cabman pulled open the doors. Mr. Charsley got out. The appearance of the house, so different from what he had expected, quite disconcerted him. He felt he required sympathy of some kind, so he gave the cabman nearly double his fare, in order at least to secure that individual's good opinion and gratitude.

"Thank ye, sir!" said the cabman, considerably astonished, and touching his hat. "Much obliged, sir. I am sure this is the house you want. Shall I ring the bell, sir? No, sir. Excuse me for not offering to knock, but there ain't no knocker. Swells' houses, you see, don't have knockers now. Will you want me to take you back, sir?"

Take him back! Mr. Charsley had nearly yielded to the idea to be taken back at once; but, no, he would not be guilty of such moral cowardice now he had come so far. He would go through with the business. He therefore declined the cabman's offer, and ascended the steps. On one side of the massive door was a bell-handle, in a circular frame, on which was inscribed, "Visitors." Mr. Charsley rang it. A few seconds, and the door was opened, a flood of light rushed into the street, and revealed to his gaze a tall, stout man-servant, who had answered the summons. He was a middle-aged man, with curling hair, and with a fat and florid face. He was attired in a complete suit of black, wore a stiff white cravat, and carried himself with an air of majestic importance and authority that would have made a drum-major envious.

"Is this Mr. Bamford's?"

"This is Mr. Bamford's, sir," said the tall man, in a loud voice.

Mr. Charsley entered, and the door was closed. Whilst the drum-major gently relieved the visitor of his hat and overcoat, he was enabled to notice the interior of the house; and the result of his observations only plunged him still deeper into bewilderment. No flat candlestick guttering on the stairs; no smell of cooking rising from the nether regions; no encounter with old Bamford on the door-mat, rushing out to meet and welcome him. A spacious, handsome hall; a lighted lamp of stained-glass hanging from the ceiling; a table

of carved oak, with writing materials and a China bowl upon it; a large picture of fruit and flowers upon the wall.

"What name, sir?" said the drum-major, with condescending grandeur, half-closing his eyes, and bending his head slightly forward into a listening attitude, as if he were perfectly conscious of the responsibility of having to catch, and subsequently to repeat, the title the visitor might utter.

Arthur Charsley felt already like a culprit in having to tell a deliberate falsehood to the majestic individual before him. He would have given worlds to have been able at that moment to pronounce his right name; but this he could not do, as the acceptance of the invitation had been sent in a "discriminative appellation," borrowed for the occasion, and to this he must adhere.

"Mr. Mortimer."

"Thank you, sir," said the drum-major. "This way, sir," and he ascended the stairs with slow and measured steps. Mr. Charsley followed him, his feet sinking into the velvety stair-carpet. They passed an elegant conservatory on the first landing, and on the first floor the drum-major threw open the drawing-room door to its fullest extent, advanced into the room, and took up his station by the side of the door-handle, exclaiming, as he did so, loudly and emphatically: "Mister Mor—ti—mer."

Arthur's head fairly swam round with astonishment at the unexpected spectacle presented to his eyes. The drawing-room was large, and was most luxuriously furnished. In it was already assembled a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen, "dressed for dinner," lounging on ottomans or conversazione sofas, examining books and pictures, and talking gaily. He had scarcely entered, and was vainly endeavouring to overcome his first sense of surprise at the scene before him, and the feeling of contempt he had immediately experienced for his own appearance, habited as he was in a bobtail coat and a pair of light peg-top trowsers, when a little gentleman, with silver-white hair, and dressed in black, dangling a gold eye-glass in one hand, and holding out the other, advanced towards him with a smile of welcome upon his face:

"How do you do, Mr. Mortimer?" he said, kindly and pleasantly, at the same time shaking his guest heartily by the hand. "I am very glad to see you in my house. Allow me to introduce you."

This, then, was Mr. John Bamford: this perfect little gentleman was the original of the drunken old man that the doctor had pictured. Arthur followed his host mechanically,

with extremely undecided notions in his own mind as to whether he was walking on his head or his heels. He heard strange names pronounced, and he periodically saw before his bewildered vision ladies and gentlemen, who bowed and smiled. Each time he stopped he was faintly conscious that old Bamford was introducing him by the now-accursed name of Mortimer, in a pleasant, lively manner, as if he had known him for years, and was one of his most intimate friends.

"Mrs. Thiselton, my sister—Mr. Mortimer; Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby—Mr. Mortimer; Miss Knowles—Mr. Mortimer; M. de Merlemont—Mr. Mortimer; Miss Vokes—Mr. Mortimer; my daughter Camilla—Mr. Mortimer."

Arthur started. There, indeed, before him was the fascinating, inimitable Camilla Balfour, smiling upon him a welcome. But, oh! how changed in appearance from when he had seen her on the stage! A young, fresh, simple little creature, in a plain white muslin dress, with a broad silk sash; her face beaming with a child-like innocence and beauty, and her large violet eyes glowing with an artless merriment. Her rich brown hair was drawn from the forehead and braided in folds, with one damask rose flowering at its side. Her well-shaped throat was encircled by a thin gold chain, to which a locket attached nestled lovingly in a dimple of her neck. From each of her small uncovered ears, that looked like two transparent sea-shells, glittered a twinkling diamond. Could it be possible that this fairy-like little lady was the Camilla Balfour, the favourite of the Royal Gem Theatre, who performed a "leg part" in the new burlesque, who nightly sang rattling parodies, and played the bones, and uttered doggerel rhymes, and fought combats, and danced double-shuffle hornpipes to the inspiring tune of "Skinamalink;" who, in everything she did, was encored fiercely by the pit and gallery, and whose whole performance had been described by the best critics on town as replete with *verve*, and as having the greatest possible amount of "go" in it? She was looking at some water-colour drawings in an album when her father had introduced her. She had glanced up, bowed, and smiled, and then had given the slightest movement to her chair, which might have been considered as the most delicate invitation in the world that he, Mr. Mortimer, might, if he thought proper, find a resting-place in the unoccupied seat by her side. Arthur sank into the chair; whilst old Mr. Bamford, having completed the introductions, rubbed his hands merrily, and crossed the room to a group of his guests leaning round the mantelpiece.

"I am so glad, Mr. Mortimer," said

Camilla, "that you got papa's letter, and I'm so glad you've come."

"I am sure," murmured Arthur, in a hesitating, confused manner, "it was very kind of your papa—I mean your father, Miss Balfour—I mean Miss Bamford—to invite me." And then suddenly remembering the appearance he must present, and thinking it incumbent on him to offer some apology, he added, "But I really didn't expect that——" And words failing him to complete the sentence, he looked despairingly and said, "I hope I make myself understood?"

"Oh! perfectly, Mr. Mortimer," replied Camilla.

There was a pause. Arthur was conscious that he ought to continue the conversation, but the agony of considering what would be the next appropriate remark to make completely deprived him of ability to speak. At one moment he thought he would plunge into a series of compliments upon Miss Balfour's performance in the burlesque; but then her present appearance was so foreign even to the supposition that she could have ever assumed such a part, that he abandoned the intention almost as soon as he had formed it. Then he thought of starting a discussion upon theatrical affairs in general, in which he was pretty well informed, and of ascertaining her views upon the subject of Mr. Buskin's management of his theatre, of Miss Trompett's performance of the idiot girl in the last new drama, or of the probabilities of the success of the original farce by Flipkins, announced at the Gem, all of which topics, however, seemed to him, upon the smallest consideration, to be totally unfit for the occasion. As for referring, in the most distant way, to the fact of his having sent her love-letters concealed in bouquets, it only crossed his mind to suggest to him that he ought at once to apologise for such very mistaken conduct; but as this would involve him in far too difficult a situation for him to undertake, he thought it better to leave that subject, of all others, most carefully alone.

Whilst Arthur was ruminating upon these matters, Camilla was still turning over the leaves of the album before her, and carelessly glancing at the pictures. He accidentally caught sight of one of the drawings. There were white peaks in it. Switzerland, by all that was fortunate! He had been in that country several times. It was one of his most fertile topics. He plunged into it at once.

"Have you been in Switzerland, Miss Bamford?" he said.

"Oh, yes!" said Camilla, glad to have the silence broken. "Papa took me there last year. We were stopping for a long time at

Interlaken. I like it so much. Do you know his place?" and she showed him the picture that had attracted his attention.

Arthur looked at it critically.

"The glacier of the Rosenlauri," he said. "Oh! I know it quite well. It's just as you leave Meyringen, and before you come to the Grindelwald. But the cave in the picture is not blue enough: it ought to be of a much deeper blue, Miss Bamford. Besides, there is an absence of poetical treatment in the drawing."

Mr. Charsley considered himself an art-critic of no mean ability; for he had the run of several of the Langham studios, and had been enabled to pick up many of the terms usually employed by connoisseurs in noticing pictures.

"I remember the glacier very well," said Camilla gaily, "because there was a little chalet near it where we bought Swiss toys, and we had chamois for dinner, and papa didn't like it; and aunt tried to blow a horn like a hocky stick, only much longer, and was carried up a mountain by two men like a Guy Fawkes. We had such fun!"

"Scene in the valley of the Grindelwald," said Arthur, turning over another drawing and reading its description. "Ah, what a splendid view you have in the valley of the Wetterhorn! Let me see, where is the Wetterhorn?" and he looked inquiringly and anxiously at the picture. "Why, there's no Wetterhorn!"

"No Wetterhorn!" exclaimed Camilla.

"No, the artist has positively left out the Wetterhorn."

"Oh, what a shame," said Camilla gently; "but then," she added, pointing to a group of figures in the foreground of the picture, "there's a pretty little lady on a horse, you see, and an old man with a delicious red cap and a marmozet, and ever so many other little men looking at him. Perhaps the artist meant to bestow exclusive attention upon them."

"Yes," said Arthur, "but still he ought to have put in the Wetterhorn."

Our critic turned over another picture. This one represented a high waterfall.

"Falls of the Staubbach," he said, "yes, that's better; but I think that the water is not sufficiently dustified, it is too thick for the Staubbach, too much like a waterfall. It ought to be more like rain; let me see, what does Byron compare it to?"

"A horse's tail," said Camilla. "Don't you think it like a horse's tail, Mr. Mortimer. Wouldn't it be a funny horse with a tail eight hundred feet long, and all wet and rainy. Wouldn't you like to ride him, Mr. Mortimer?"

I should. Oh! wouldn't the people put up their umbrellas when they saw us coming."

"Ah," said Arthur, assuming his most critical air, for he felt he was getting on admirably. "It's a pity the picture is so lamentably out of drawing; these clouds are too low in tone, the colouring is feeble, and the artist does not understand how to arrange the lights——"

Mrs. Thiselton here came across the room, and tapping Camilla playfully on the shoulder said:

"Well, my dear, and what does Mr. Mortimer think of your sketches? I hope he is not too severe."

"Her sketches!" Mr. Charsley gave quite a bound, and dropped the album.

"Oh, no, aunt," said Camilla with something like a pout rising on her lips, "only I wish I had treated the blue glacier more poetically, and had put in a Wetterhorn, and not kept my clouds so low in tone."

"You'll improve in time, Milly dear," said Mrs. Thiselton kindly; "it is very kind of Mr. Mortimer to point out the defects; you will know how to avoid them in future."

"I had no idea," said Arthur, "that they were Miss Bamford's drawings; they are very pretty, very pretty indeed."

"No, I'm sure you don't think so, Mr. Mortimer," said Camilla. "It's not my fault, is it, aunt? Papa will have the nasty things put upon the table; I shall hate them for the future."

"Your papa, my dear," said Mrs. Thiselton, "is naturally fond of everything you do, without regard to its actual merit. You have no right, Milly, to expect that connoisseurs in art should look upon your attempts from the same point of view."

This was said in a perfectly kind manner, but Arthur felt as if he had been made the object of a stinging sarcasm; it was as much as to infer that he could only be expected to regard Miss Bamford's productions as a severe and pedantic stranger, that neither she nor her performances could be of any personal interest to him. Bitterly he reproved himself for his unjust and heartless criticisms upon her dear, clever little drawings, and mentally he cursed the blue glacier, the dusty waterfall, and the odious Wetterhorn that had given rise to his observations.

"Cap-tain Cla-verstone!" said the drum-major, throwing open the door.

"Here is one at least," said Mrs. Thiselton to her niece in a half-whisper, which was overheard by Mr. Charsley. "Here is one at least, my dear, who will not prove so harsh a critic."

Camilla burst into a little laugh, and tossed her head. The gentleman who had been announced, and who had now entered the room, was a tall, extremely handsome young man; of about Mr. Charsley's own age. He had a bronzed open countenance, and wore a long fair beard and mustache, little rigid curls clustered irregularly about his head, and there was a general breeziness about his appearance as if he had just come out of a strong bracing wind and felt himself in the highest condition of health and spirits. He wore a suit of black, superbly cut, a plain shirt-front, and a black cravat.

"Confound him," muttered Arthur, "he's got on a Poole dress-coat," and as he contemplated his own attire he felt intensely wretched.

"Glad to see you, captain," cried Mr. Bamford, shaking hands with the new comer. "I think you know every one here. Oh, no," he added, as his eye fell upon Mr. Charsley. "Let me introduce you to a friend of mine — Mr. Mortimer, Captain Claverstone."

Arthur rose from his seat and bowed, the captain bowed in return, and looked at him as he did so with something approaching curiosity. It was only just a glance, but our hero considered that if the captain had spoken his thoughts at the moment, he would have said: "Who are you? Why the deuce can't you come out to dinner properly dressed? Where did you get that coat from?" In fact, he felt himself under the captain's eye, like a private who had come on to parade in his shirt-sleeves and was undergoing inspection. It was over, however, in an instant; and the captain, having shaken hands with Mrs. Thiselton and Camilla, had glided into a seat by the side of the latter, and had at once plunged into a deep and half-whispered conversation.

Mr. Charsley retired from the table.

"So, Mr. Mortimer," said Mr. Bamford, rubbing his hands and smiling gaily, "I hear you're quite an art-critic and a great traveller. You will get on well with M. de Merlemont; he has been everywhere."

"Ah!" said M. de Merlemont, a little Frenchman, with stubble hair and a pointed mustache, suddenly springing on tiptoes, and pointing his forefinger at Mr. Charsley's breast, like a pistol. "Ah! I love to meet wiz de grand travellers. I love ze English; dey are grand travellers. I am in ecstasie. M. Mortimère is one grand traveller. Wat for your opinion, M. Mortimère, of de Kremlin?"

"I have never seen it," said Arthur, quietly.

"Ah!" said M. de Merlemont, with a deep

sigh, and falling on to the soles of his feet. "You have not seen it! Ah! *mais*——"

"Mr. Mortimer," said Mr. Bamford. "It seems we have some old friends of yours here. Mrs. Burnaby is certain she knows you."

Mr. Charsley turned visibly pale. The next moment his attention was attracted to the lady in question, who was subjecting him to rather a searching examination through a pair of gold eye-glasses, and was evidently communicating her opinions to her husband by her side. Arthur didn't remember to have met her before. She was a middle-aged lady, fashionably dressed, and with a languid manner, as if she were subject to sudden exhaustion and fainting-fits; and she carried a number of preventive instruments, such as a fan, a long scent-bottle, and smelling-salts, which, by their encumbrance, appeared perpetually to perplex and confound her.

"I knew him, James," said Mrs. Burnaby to her husband, sufficiently loud to be overheard by Mr. Charsley, and moving her head round sharply so as to describe the letter Q in the operation. "I was sure it was him directly he came into the room. I recognised the nose."

"It's quite the nose," said Mr. Burnaby, a tall stout gentleman with bushy hair, "though I scarcely think it's the mouth and chin. Yes, it's quite the nose."

"I hope, Mr. Mortimer," said Mrs. Burnaby, addressing Mr. Charsley in her sweetest manner. "I hope you will pardon the rudeness of the question, but are you not related to the Mortimers of Leicestershire? The Mortimers are particular friends of ours. We were stopping with them at Darlington Lodge last summer." And then, without waiting for an answer, she went on. "Of course you know that Fanny Mortimer is engaged to be married to young Mr. Biggleswade, the banker's nephew. It's quite a love match. I suppose you will be at the wedding, Mr. Mortimer?"

Arthur's natural timidity was increased a hundred fold by these unexpected questions. His hesitation in answering was taken advantage of by M. de Merlemont, who saw his opportunity for resuming his conversation with "one grand traveller."

"Permettez," cried the little Frenchman, performing his saltatory feat again. "Wat is your judgment, M. Mortimère, of de grand desert of Sahara?"

"I have never been there," said Arthur.

"Oh!" cried M. de Merlemont, in an agony of disappointment. "You have never been there! Ah! *ça, mais*——"

"I'm sorry we didn't meet you at Darlington," went on Mrs. Burnaby. "We really

had a most delightful *congé*. The neighbourhood was so very gay. You should not have missed the Members' ball, Mr. Mortimer, and Lady Bullivant's *fête champêtre*. Let me see; I think you are the nephew of Mrs. Mortimer, of Darlington—are you not? Yes, to be sure. Your aunt and myself are like sisters. I remember, dear Caroline told me her sister had a son, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him before. I recognised you, however, directly you came into the room. By the way, Mr. Mortimer, I think I have to congratulate you upon your engagement to be married. I trust you will allow me to do so. Dear Caroline told me all the particulars, and I was most happy to hear them."

This was going rather too far. Mr. Charsley instinctively glanced at Camilla, to see what effect this unfortunate announcement had made upon her. She had been in earnest conversation with the captain, but she had evidently overheard the last observation of Mrs. Burnaby's, and had gently moved her head into a listening attitude, whilst an expression of surprise was very strongly marked upon her countenance. Mr. Charsley felt that he must undeceive Mrs. Burnaby at once.

"I assure you, Mrs. Burnaby——" he began, when M. de Merlemont again struck in.

"Excusez," cried that gentleman. "Wat tink you, M. Mortimère, of your own grand possessions of Hong Kong?"

"I don't know anything about Hong Kong!" replied Arthur, almost angrily.

"Ah!" cried the little gentleman. "You don't know Hong Kong! Ah! bah! You must go instantly to Hong Kong!"

Poor Arthur Charsley at that moment devoutly wished he could.

"Dinner's served!" cried the major-domo, throwing open the door.

Mr. Bamford advanced, and offered his arm to Mrs. Burnaby. Mr. Charsley began to consider whether he should be called upon to take down Camilla, when Mrs. Thiselton approached him, and whispered, "Miss Vokes, if you please, Mr. Mortimer;" and immediately afterwards he saw Captain Claverstone proceeding arm-in-arm with Camilla, followed by M. de Merlemont with Miss Knowles, and Mr. Burnaby with Mrs. Thiselton. Arthur and Miss Vokes were the last. Miss Vokes was a tall and intensely intellectual-looking lady, dressed completely in black and wearing spectacles. Mr. Charsley had observed that, during the whole time he had been in the drawing-room, Miss Vokes had sat in a corner by herself, and had performed the part of a pantomimic chorus to the surrounding conversation. If any one in the neighbourhood

of Miss Vokes had smiled, Miss Vokes had laughed; and if any one had been astonished, Miss Vokes had thrown up her hands and eyes and been astonished too. When serious conversation had been undertaken, Miss Vokes had looked most solemn; and when domestic incidents had been related, Miss Vokes had instantly imparted to her face an expression of profound and all-absorbing interest. From these indications Mr. Charsley concluded that Miss Vokes held the position of "companion" in Mr. Bamford's establishment, and knew how to perform the duties of that important avocation in the most attractive manner.

At the dinner-table Arthur was placed between Miss Vokes and Miss Knowles, and opposite him were Mrs. Burnaby, the Captain, and Camilla; Mrs. Thiselton, at the head, was supported by Mr. Burnaby on her right and M. de Merlemont on her left. A handsomely-furnished dining-room: the sideboard artistically arranged with lights and plate; pictures on the walls; a full-length portrait of an extremely beautiful lady over the mantel-piece; a marble bust of Mr. Bamford, with a bare neck, and a sculptured towel thrown over his shoulders, as if he were an ancient Roman who had just been shaved, standing upon a pedestal in a corner. The drum-major and a pretty parlour-maid in waiting; the dinner admirable in every respect; everything well served; the *cuisine* excellent; the *entrées* superior; the wines good and varied; everybody genial and pleasant; Camilla more radiant and lovely than ever. And yet, with all these inciting addenda to prandial enjoyment, Arthur's appetite was of the very weakest order and his animal spirits at the very lowest ebb. True, he was *vis-à-vis* to her he loved; that he every third minute caught her eye, and that at such times she greeted him with a little smile. True, he could listen to the sound of her voice when she spoke loud in answer to questions from her father or aunt; but then there was the maddening fact of her being side by side with the handsome Claverstone, who did not seem in any way disposed to allow his opportunities for improving the occasion to escape. With what solicitude he watched her every requirement! How ardently he appeared to pour words into her attentive ear! What power did he possess to make her laugh so happily when he spoke? Who was he? It soon became clearly demonstrated who he was; for M. de Merlemont having made some observations in reference to his travels in Russia, the conversation fell upon the Crimean war; and then Arthur learnt that Claverstone had at that period acted as cornet in the 170th Lancers, that he had served throughout

the campaign, and that he was at that moment captain in the same distinguished regiment.

"Ah!" said the interminable Mrs. Burnaby. "Poor Harry Mortimer was in the dreadful charge of Balaklava. You know," she added, addressing Mr. Charsley; "your cousin."

"I know him well—Mortimer of the 111th," said the captain; "as brave a fellow as ever lived. I carried him out of fire after he was wounded in the charge. I have not come across him for some time. How is he?"

"Quite well, thank you," stammered Arthur.

"I am glad to hear it," said the captain.

"Mr. Mortimer," called out Mr. Bamford, "shall I send you some woodcock?"

Mr. Charsley declined. He was gradually becoming extremely miserable. He became every moment more convinced in his own mind that he was "nick'd," and that he had made a gigantic mistake; in vain he endeavoured to struggle through the repast with an assumption of graceful indifference. If he spoke a word across the table, Mrs. Burnaby always managed to utter something concerning the Mortimers, and charged him with such an extensive relationship in such a persistent manner that he almost began to doubt his own identity. As for Miss Vokes on his left, although he plied her with questions, she seemed to have no desires, tastes, or opinions upon any known subject. The captain still paid his assiduous attentions to Camilla. The Frenchman still chattered about his travels to Miss Knowles, an oldish young lady by his side. Old Mr. Bamford still laughed gaily at everything, and did his best to make the affair go off pleasantly; but during the whole dinner not one word was said by anybody about the theatre, or Camilla's performance, or the new burlesque.

It was an hour later, and Arthur Charsley was sipping tea in the drawing-room. On coming up-stairs with his male companions he had hoped to have had an opportunity of explaining to Camilla the error into which Mrs. Burnaby had fallen respecting his acquaintance with the "Mortimers of Leicestershire," but he had found her at the piano playing one of Beethoven's symphonies, and the captain was instantly by her side to look earnestly into her eyes, and watch his cue to turn over the leaves. Camilla played with exquisite taste and feeling,—every one was silent; our hero was so rapt in his attention to the music, and so earnest in his contemplation of the fair musician, that he did not observe that Mrs. Burnaby had taken a seat by his side, and now whispered in his ear:

"You admire Miss Bamford, Mr. Mortimer?"

The whisper was so sudden, and the question

sounded so strange, that Arthur was fairly startled. When he had recovered his composure, he said:

"Very much, Mrs. Burnaby."

"Ah," continued that lady, in a confidential whisper, "you would indeed be an extraordinary exception if you did not; she is a darling girl, quite a universal favourite. I knew her poor mother, Mr. Mortimer; her portrait hangs in the dining-room; she died at Florence. Her daughter attended her night and day for months, never out of the room,—a most devoted and affectionate girl, Mr. Mortimer, is our little Milly. I have often mentioned her to your aunt, dear Caroline, and she has often expressed a wish to see her and know her."

Arthur was again about to undeceive Mrs. Burnaby, but his curiosity to hear more of Camilla prevented him acting upon his intention and kept him dumb. The music still continued, and Mrs. Burnaby went on with her communication in the same confidential whisper:

"After poor Mrs. Bamford died, Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Bamford fell into great trouble and adversity. Our accomplished little Milly then undertook the public position she now occupies. Ah, it was a great struggle for the dear old gentleman to see his pretty little flower going to battle with the world in such an arena, but she is as courageous as she is good, and she surmounted all the obstacles that lay in her path. Our dear old friend got over his troubles, and the greater portion of a fortune he thought lost was happily restored to him. But then dear Milly had got to love the career she had chosen, and nothing has as yet induced her to abandon it."

"Do you think she will much longer continue in this position?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Burnaby; "there is one, however, who will only have to ask to obtain compliance with his wishes."

"And that one is——?"

"Can you not guess, Mr. Mortimer? Have you not observed Captain Claverstone's attentions to our dear Milly? He is a noble fellow, of good family and excellent position; he is devotedly attached to Milly, and from what I have seen of their engagement, I am sure they will be very happy when they are married."

"Engagement! Married!" Arthur started, and involuntarily grasped the collar of his coat with a spasmodic action. He had not noticed that the music had terminated, and that Camilla herself was now standing near him.

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer!" she said, as she observed his sudden, and to her unexplained, movement. "Oh, you have crushed that pretty lily in your coat!"

Mr. Charsley had ordered a cab at ten o'clock, and the drum-major being in the room engaged in removing the tea-service now approached him, and informed him that his cab was at the door. He rose to take his leave. As he bade adieu to Camilla, she gave him her hand, and the same pleasant smile played upon her face as when she had first greeted him.

"Good-by, Mr. Mortimer." Perhaps there was a little accent of melancholy in the tone with which she uttered the parting salutation,—at least Arthur thought so.

"Good-by, Mr. Mortimer," said Mrs. Burnaby. "Be sure and remember me to your aunt."

"Good-by, Mortimer," said Mr. Burnaby. "Don't forget to give us a call soon."

"Good-by," said Captain Claverstone, "give my love to Harry when you see him."

"Good-by, M. Mortimère," said M. de Merlemont. "I am glad to meet one grand traveller: but be sure you go incessantly to Hong Kong."

In the hall Mr. Charsley met Mr. Bamford. The drum-major was standing at the door.

"Good-by, Mortimer," said Mr. Bamford, "glad to have made your acquaintance: you'll find a little parcel in the cab,—good-by." They shook hands heartily, and Mr. Charsley sprang into the cab.

"Where to, sir?"

"Dr. Bingley's, Beck Street."

CHAPTER II. THE PARCEL IN THE CAB.

I WAS seated with Dr. Bingley in his consulting-room; we were waiting for The Gentleman with the Lily, who had promised to call in upon us after the dinner at Mr. Bamford's, and inform us of the result. It was about half-past ten o'clock when a loud impatient knock was heard at the street door, and the next moment Mr. Charsley entered the room. He looked in a wretchedly dishevelled state; the lily was broken in his button-hole, and hung its head in a dejected manner. He carried under his arm a large parcel, which he threw heavily upon the table, and then flung himself despairingly into a chair, exclaiming as he did so, "Nick'd, by George!"

"Come," said the doctor, "tell us all about it. Was my description right?"

"No!" shouted Mr. Charsley, starting up and striking the table with his hand. "It was wrong—beastly wrong. I've never been through such an evening in my life. I've been driven nearly mad one way or the other."

"Come, come," said the doctor, good humouredly, "don't give way. We can't always be right, you know; besides, a little expe-

rience does no harm. Light a cigar, and relieve your feelings by a confession. It will do you good."

Thus addressed, our friend sank again into his chair, and after several deep groans, obeyed the doctor's injunctions. Under the soothing influence of the cigar he became more composed, and then he proceeded to relate all that had occurred, and which I have described in the previous chapter. During the whole of the recital I steadily watched the doctor's countenance. There was the same half-serious, half-humorous smile hanging about his mouth, and the same restless twinkle in his eye, that I had noticed whilst he had given his advice to The Gentleman with the Lily at our previous consultation. When the story of the dinner was over, the doctor made no comment, but pointing to the parcel on the table, said:

"And that parcel you found in the cab, eh?"

"Yes," groaned Mr. Charsley. "Open it, doctor, I have not the courage."

Guy Bingley obeyed. Immediately there was disclosed to view what might have been considered upon the first glance as the entire stock in trade of a small jeweller's shop; in fact, the whole of the love-offerings of The Gentleman with the Lily to Camilla Balfour.

"My presents returned!" murmured Mr. Charsley.

"What's this?" said the doctor.

It was a bundle of letters tied with green silk.

"My letters," groaned poor Charsley.

"Burn 'em, doctor, burn 'em."

"But here is one that is not from you, but for you," continued Guy Bingley, taking up a letter that laid by itself at the bottom of the parcel.

"For me!" cried Arthur, with a sudden brightness, as if a new hope had been lighted in his breast.

"Yes, and in old Bamford's handwriting."

"Open it, Charley; read it out."

The doctor did so, and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"Sunday.

"With this I return the presents you made to my daughter, and the letters you addressed her. I trust that the illusions you had formed of my dear child from seeing her in public, and which will excuse the letters you wrote her, are now completely dispelled. I have endeavoured to bring about this conclusion in as pleasurable a manner as possible; and I sincerely hope the remembrance you will still retain of me will not be the less kind for my method of proceeding.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN BAMFORD."

Mr. Charsley again started up. "By George, doctor, old Bamford's a regular trump. I honour and respect the man. He's worthy to possess such a daughter as Camilla." And then sinking again into his chair, he feebly added:

"I shall go down into the country to-morrow."

"Well," said the doctor, "the malady was getting dangerous; it has been stopped in time. The remedy was severe, though steeped in sweets; but the cure is perfect."

Several months after these events the newspapers announced the retirement from the stage of the charming actress Camilla Balfour, on her marriage with Captain William Claverstone, of the 170th Lancers, "who, it may be remembered," added the paper, "obtained the Victoria Cross for his distinguished personal bravery at Balaklava, in saving the life of the gallant Mortimer whilst under a galling fire."

The Gentleman with the Lily's cure was indeed perfect, and when I next heard of him he had married his cousin, and had taken up his residence in his own county, where he was making himself generally useful and highly popular.

How far Doctor Bingley was concerned in the cure thus effected I never knew; but although I subsequently met Mr. Bamford at the doctor's house, and they appeared to be old friends, I never could obtain any exact information as to the date of their acquaintance, and whether it was before or after Charley Guy had been consulted by The Gentleman with the Lily upon his extremely difficult and dangerous case.

LEOPOLD LEWIS.

FISHING AT PHILÆ.

It was Christmas Eve, in the year 1860, when my friend Dr. R—— and myself anchored at Philæ.

I am not given to rapturous outbursts at the loveliness of nature: it is a feeling I possess too strongly perhaps to give expression to, and I had already visited some of the most celebrated scenes in Europe, as well as in some portions of the East; but anything more exquisitely lovely than Philæ—viewed, as it was our good fortune to view it, by the light of a full moon, its rays reflected on the smooth, unfurrowed surface of old Nile, and breaking into masses of light and darkness the classic temple which crowns the island—anything more lovely and more suggestive it has never yet been my good fortune to behold.

We took a guide, for the island, in its present rugged state, is by no means easy *stalking*

to one unacquainted with its geography. Like all guides, he was prolix, and I soon found myself turning a deaf ear to his communications, and diligently conjuring up private suggestions of my own, as I gazed upon the "flood of glory bursting from the sky," which

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And topp'd with silver every mountain's head.

I pictured to myself endless arrays of the proud priesthood of Egypt winding their solemn way amid the massive stone columns, emerging at the water's edge, and prostrating themselves before the emblem of material prosperity. I penetrated their mysteries, listened to their bursts of vocal praise, and almost felt that I could myself have bent the knee to Anubis or Osiris.

But man is a strange compound; and after much rambling, both of mind and body, I suddenly discovered that the air of Philæ possessed tonic properties of the keenest description; and R—— reminded me of a most agreeable little circumstance which had been partially obscured by the moonlight and the Egyptian priesthood.

Christmas Eve happened to be the birthday of a very agreeable acquaintance we had made lately, and with whom we had joined company on leaving Cairo, and we had arranged to make this circumstance the pretext for a small extemporaneous feast. Our English friends would have been not a little astonished at the orthodox nature of our repast; and for the benefit of those who are not above viewing such matters in the really important light they deserve, I tender a bill of fare of a Christmas dinner at Philæ.

We disdained all potted soups as being too common for so notable an occasion, but in their place a most admirable mock-turtle soup was fabricated by our skilful *chef*. Our *pièce de résistance* was a fine turkey, the last of a flock, most of whom had perished on board our boat by sun-stroke. By-the-by, it is a most piteous sight to see a bird die by a sun-stroke: the total aberration of mind and feebleness of understanding they evince is most sad and touching. Well, the turkey was succeeded by a plum-pudding blazing in brandy, a Roquefort cheese, mustard and cress grown on board, and the whole washed down by a bottle or two of most admirable champagne. We felt with complacency that the day was not wholly thrown away; and when we landed once again,—for we had dined in our boat,—and proceeded to smoke a pipe amid the moon-lit ruins, there was a placid conviction pervading our party that doubtless life might have pleasanter incidents in store, but that, such as it

now presented itself, it was good enough for us miserable sinners.

We wandered, then, amid those marvellous ruins. For the first time in my life I almost forgot my pipe, as I gazed on the slow, heavy roll of the majestic river, flowing now as it flowed a thousand years ago, and will continue to flow a thousand years hence, past the ruins of a nation's worship and a nation's grandeur. The howl of the jackal and the snarl of the hyæna were in keeping with the scene; and occasionally we could hear the roll and splash of the scaly monster which makes Nile-bathing a very doubtful pleasure. Indeed I congratulated myself, when I noticed how frequently these last-named sounds occurred, that I had not fulfilled my intention of crowning my day with that greatest of luxuries, a cold bath.

It grew late. "One more pipe." Why do people always take "one more pipe"? Is it lingering over departing enjoyment?—just as we say "One more kiss," provided always it be not a parting kiss, which, to my mind, is anything but "sweet sorrow."

We had our "one more pipe," then, and retired to our boat—a particularly comfortable one, with two state cabins, besides the saloon, and including in its "fixings" a first-rate dragoman and cook; no annoyance from fleas, bugs, or mosquitoes, or any evil animal, except mice, which invariably ate up my pocket-handkerchiefs, and suffered, no doubt, in consequence, from indigestion, nausea, and heartburn.

The night passed, as, indeed, nights always do pass on the Nile, in perfect repose, with the exception of sundry ejaculations from a most beautiful tabby cat I had purchased from a native, to avenge me on the marauders of my pocket-handkerchiefs. Capital sport she had that night; but it was death to me, and I ungratefully kicked her out of my cabin when I found that she murdered sleep as well as mice. I little anticipated the treat which was in store for me the next day, and which merits minute description and a short preface.

I had greatly desired a closer examination of the crocodile than it is easy to manage. Every one is aware that they are extremely difficult to approach, and that, when approached, their tenacity of life is such that, even when wounded severely, they almost invariably escape. I had succeeded, when in the neighbourhood of Dongola, in striking an enormous green one, as it lay asleep upon a rock in the centre of the river, at a distance of about forty yards. We let the small boat float towards him, and then I lodged two conical bullets inside him, which had been previously hardened with zinc or tin. That they were lodged in

him there could be no manner of doubt, not only from the peculiar thud which is always heard when a large bullet enters a soft substance, but likewise from the effect upon the animal. At this rude awakening, he started up, writhed about for a few seconds, apparently in great pain and perplexity, and then, using his tail as a lever, rolled into the water. I believe he sank to rise no more, for, though we watched assiduously, we never saw him again. On examining the rock where he lay, we found a pool of blood. The difficulty arises from the almost impossibility of taking aim at the vulnerable spot, which is underneath the left fore-arm. To hit the eye would be the perfection of rifle practice; but, as I said before, it is most difficult to get near enough to them to take any aim at all, and their sense of hearing or seeing is so acute that they are scarcely ever to be caught unaware; in fact, I wasted more powder and shot than I care to own upon these impenetrable brutes, who only returned my pains by laughing at my beard, and plunging into the water, where no doubt they made that peculiar grimace at me so well befitting their nasal developments.

I was intently occupied, on the morning after our pleasant stroll, in skinning a specimen of the spur-winged plover (which had been pursued on board our boat by a falcon), and, at the same time, in eating my breakfast,—one gets hardened by travel to such incongruous occupations,—when I was suddenly roused by the tumultuous invasion of my German servant, a man resembling the gorilla in all points,—size, appetite, noise, and strength. The gorilla *would* always insist upon speaking English, though I had entreated him to substitute grunting, or gurgling, or any sounds he might prefer, and had endeavoured to convince him that it was not English, nor indeed any known tongue; still he would persist; so I had to listen to the following lucid communication:—

"Zir, zir! der be younker ere. He mak row ob der teufel. He vant tie tocter—zombody ill of his boad."

I immediately put myself under the gorilla's guidance, and soon found myself in the presence of a young gentleman of about sixteen, who explained to me that their boat had just arrived, and, hearing that ours had a medical gentleman on board, he had taken the liberty of asking if such were the case.

I was accustomed to the sudden attacks of illness arising from tropical heats, and with much anxiety I tendered my own services, as better than nothing, in the absence of my friend, Dr. R——, who had, unfortunately, started about an hour ago upon a long walk.

"We have a good medicine-chest," I added, "which, at any rate, has not walked off. I hope you are not the invalid? You look pale."

"Thank you,—I dare say I do," he answered. "I've been up two nights with that cursed brute, and, if we can't poison him, I expect I shall have to sit up two more,—for he won't die."

Inexpressibly shocked, and hardly believing I was holding converse with a man and a brother, I answered, sternly, that I was afraid our medicine-chest contained no poison, but that, if he would allow me to see the patient, perhaps the case might not be so desperate. I observed a slight twinkle of the pale young gentleman's eye, which showed how very inefficient my gravity and intended rebuke had proved. He begged me to follow him, and we were soon on board his boat.

The patient was a crocodile.

There lay the animal, which they had succeeded, after great difficulty, in capturing, supine and exhausted on deck; and I found, upon inquiry, that the amount of torture the poor creature had gone through—not from inhumanity, but merely with the view of easing his passage from this transitory life—was truly amazing.

They had begun by dividing the crew into two portions: to the one was committed the care of his fore-quarters; to the other, that of his tail. They coiled ropes tightly round the neck and round the tail, having previously bound up his mouth with a chain over an enormous log of wood, which they had taken an opportunity of chucking inside his gasping jaws. Thus prepared for strangulation, the divided crew pulled with all their might in contrary directions; that is to say, the tail detachment pulled in one direction, and the neck detachment in the contrary one. Not the slightest effect appeared to be produced upon the vital energies of the animal; the moment they relaxed their efforts, he appeared to be as lively as ever,—in fact, to be experiencing an agreeable degree of excitement; and I immediately called to mind Sydney Smith and the tortoise. Those who remember the anecdote may skip the next paragraph.

One day, Sydney Smith observed a child stroking and tickling the horny back of a small pet tortoise. "What are you doing that for, my boy?" "Oh! the tortoise likes it—it gives him pleasure." "Gives him pleasure! why you might as well tickle the dome of St. Paul's, to please the dean and chapter."

The crocodile was evidently equally remote from sensation.

The next attempt they made upon his life

was just as unsuccessful. With a huge mallet they hammered upon his brains, or where brains are generally supposed to be; and dealt him the kind of blow a butcher administers to an ox before cutting his throat—utterly ineffective! It merely produced a little undulating ripple of the body, as if rather soothing than otherwise, in his novel position. Various other murderous devices having failed, they had left him *in quod* for the night, high and dry, carefully grappled with cords and chains to the masts and various parts of the boat.

"In the morning," pursued the pale youth, "we fancied at first that he was a little faint, and my tutor, who is a great naturalist, was pointing out to us the remarkable points in its conformation, when the brute hit him such a blow with his tail that he was as nearly as possible thrown overboard. This, however, happened some hours ago, and it is obvious now, we think, that he is becoming very weak. So, to make an end of this tiresome business, we want your doctor to poison our crocodile for us, since we can neither hang, draw, nor quarter him."

I suggested that there might be considerable difficulty, if not danger, in administering poison, even in his present exhausted state. After the rebuff experienced by the tutor, I did not imagine, I said, that he would feel inclined to encounter his teeth, having so recently suffered from his tail; but that I thought it might be very possible to put him out of his pain in another way, and I volunteered to perform the operation. My proposal was willingly accepted.

I examined the animal carefully. It lay strongly bound, head and tail, with a languid, sickly, seedy air; blind of one eye, but having, as Justice Credulous says, "A d—d wicked look with the other." It had certainly succeeded in inspiring terror into its foes, for the black crew stood carefully aloof, making not the slightest offer of assistance, but jabbering, grinning, and ejaculating, "*Wallah!*" "*Tail!*" "*Hat backsheesh!*" "*Yu Ha-wagee!*" and other appropriate and sonorous observations. My pale young friend timidly suggested chloroform; I did not anticipate much help from him, so I prepared for action alone.

I stripped my arm bare, and drew a large hunting-knife I always wore from its sheath. Approaching the monster I observed an ugly look in his one remaining small green eye, which boded anything but passive obedience. He seemed excited and irritated by the noise which the black crew were making, but which it was in vain to silence, and I half repented the job I had undertaken "alone," like Corio-

lanus; but it was not in the British lion to recede from a deed of danger, so preparing (I honestly confess) for a rapid retreat in case of need, I seized with one hand my hunting-knife, and with the other I lifted up the left fore-arm and plunged the blade, nine inches deep, and fully three in width, into the softest part next to the heart. In an instant the animal made a bound—something after the fashion of Samson breaking his pillar-reins—cracked all his lashings like packthread, knocked down the tutor, the pale pupil, and half the crew of grinning negroes, and sent the other half up the rigging. I, myself, jumped upon the cabin skylight, where being fully eight feet above the “horrors of his folded tail,” I could laugh at the scene at my ease; and truly absurd it was, had it not been for the sufferings of the poor beast, who was evidently now in earnest, and began to think he had got a foe worthy of his highest resentment. Equally in earnest were the crew in their terror, and in their various grotesque efforts to avoid his fury; while the antics of the pale youth and the naturalist, his tutor, who was momentarily acquiring insight into certain remarkable characteristics of the African crocodile, formed altogether a scene which might have alleviated the sufferings of their victim, had he been conscious of it. Gradually, however, the extraordinary muscular strength he exhibited in the movements of his tail became obviously less and less, the blood flowed profusely from the wound, the crew regained their courage, and I was informed that towards morning the crocodile had breathed his last. When I afterwards met my pale young friend and his tutor in the Desert, on our way to Jerusalem (on which occasion he won for himself the sobriquet of “*Abou-footah*,” or the “Father of Napkins,” on account of the number of those articles he wore pinned upon his cap, like a lady’s muff), he informed me that his tutor had skinned and stuffed the murdered crocodile, and had sent him home, with a minute and particular account of his last dying speech and confession.

DIPSOMANIA, OR THIRST-MADNESS.

THERE is not, perhaps, in the whole range of mental or physical maladies one so distressing to witness, so difficult to manage, or so disastrous in its consequences, not alone to the individual, but to the family, as the too common affection,—dipsomania, or thirst-madness. Bad enough as it is in itself, it is aggravated a thousand times by the uncertain condition of the law with respect to it. The raving maniac

is a far less troublesome and dangerous patient to deal with, as he can be consigned in the most summary manner to the next asylum, where his malady, in a very large per centage of cases, gives way to seclusion and proper medicinal treatment; but the dipsomaniac is an unfortunate, afflicted with a vice or a disease which has not yet found its right place, either in our system of morals or medicine. To the ordinary observer, the dipsomaniac is nothing more than an utterly reckless person, who is determined to obtain drink regardless of consequences. The misery that inevitably befalls him he is held to have justly deserved; and any legal interference with his indulgence in maddening drinks is looked upon as an utterly unwarrantable infringement of the liberty of the subject.

All medical men, however, who have studied the history of dipsomania, know full well that, instead of a mere vice, this peculiar condition of drunkenness is as much a disease, and is as little controllable by the patient, as paroxysmal mania is. The patient does not drink drams, or sot habitually, as in the case of the ordinary drunkard; but at particular times he is seized with what the word dipsomania implies,—a thirst-madness, to satisfy which every earthly consideration is set aside.

Those who have had the misfortune to witness a near relative afflicted with this terrible mania, will not require any description from us to heighten the picture of despair to which these attacks reduce the sufferer’s family. For months he may have gone on doing his duty admirably, and, strange to say, refusing the most urgent solicitations to touch alcoholic liquors, and deploring his perversity in ever having indulged in them. Strangers would not believe that anything short of a miracle could induce such a person to indulge in drink again; but, as sure as fate, the mania will in a short time seize him; and then the moral man, the good father, the assiduous man of business, falls at once into the condition of a beast, who, to obtain drink, will put in force the meanest artifices, tell the most subtle lies, and pawn even the coat and shirt off his back rather than be balked in his desire.

When the person so affected is a woman, the case is rendered still more distressing, as it usually happens that the most refined natures under such circumstances are transformed into the lowdest and most shameless of their sex.

In a short time, again, the madness is past, and the penitents are overwhelmed with remorse at the disgrace they have brought upon themselves and those who belong to them;

and this remorse and swinish beastiality alternate, until every worldly prospect is ruined, and the poor patients die in a fit of delirium tremens.

Yet this is the class of persons that the law refuses to consider in any other light than mere drunkards! Those who have witnessed such cases are but too well aware of the absurdity of such a belief, and loudly call for an extension of the provisions of the Lunacy Act to this class of patients. Indeed, the patients themselves, in their sober intervals, would be only too glad to submit to restraint when the paroxysm for drink comes on, and in many cases such persons have presented themselves at asylums when they felt a return of one of these seizures; but, in the present condition of the law, no proprietor of an asylum could receive them as certified patients amenable to legal control. Some persons are induced to go long voyages in temperance ships; and not long since an establishment was set up in one of the small Scottish isles, where no drink was to be obtained, for the reception of such persons; but it unfortunately did not succeed. Another attempt to meet the difficulty is, however, being made in the land of cakes, for we find the following significant advertisement from day to day in the "Times":—

ABSTINENCE.—Will be heard of by applying to —, Lesmahagow.

N.B. A most eligible home for persons given to over-indulgence in stimulants.

Such establishments may be very well for those dwelling far north, or for those who have the wherewithal to pay travelling expenses to remote regions; but the difficulty must be met in a much more accessible manner, if England is to be considered. In New Zealand they settle the matter by applying a kind of Special Maine Liquor Law to meet particular cases. "The Lyttleton Times" of June 3, 1863, for instance, gives public notices respecting these dipsomaniacs, one of which we extract:—

PUBLIC NOTICE.—Province of Canterbury, colony of New Zealand, to wit. Whereas it has this day been proved to us the undersigned, being two of her Majesty's justices of the peace, acting in and for the colony of New Zealand, in the said province and colony, that one Christina Swanson, now of Christchurch, aforesaid, and lately residing in Lyttleton, in the said province and colony, who is described at the foot of this notice, has become an habitual drunkard, and is injuring her health by excessive drinking. We hereby, under the provisions of the 32nd clause of the Public House Ordinance, 1862, give notice that we prohibit all persons from supplying the said Christina Swanson with any spirituous or fermented liquors whatever, for the

space of two years from the date hereof. And we also give notice, that any person who shall knowingly supply, or cause to be supplied, to the said Christina Swanson any spirituous or fermented liquors whatever during the space of two years from the date hereof, is liable to a penalty of 20*l.* sterling, or to be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for the term of three calendar months.

Given under our hands at Christchurch, this 20th day of May, 1863.

JOHN HALL, R.M. and J.P.
R. J. S. HARMAN, J.P.

Description of the above-named Christina Swanson.—Christina Swanson is wife of Andrew Swanson, now staying in Christchurch, but formerly of Lyttleton, is a needlewoman, thirty-nine years of age, five feet five inches in height, stout build, dark brown hair, swollen eyes, fresh complexion, large bloated features, a native of Aberdeen, speaks with a Scotch accent.

A simple prohibition of this kind no doubt will be amply sufficient to meet the difficulty in a thinly colonised district, where in all probability the persons thus interdicted from self-ruin are notorious and well-known characters; but of course it would be quite inoperative in England, even if the Legislature were to permit such an infringement of the liberty of the subject. We notice these singular advertisements, however, with no idea of recommending the colonial plan, but for the purpose of showing that our own legal scruples are not reflected by our sturdy New Zealand children, who see no difficulty in curtailing a person's liberty when it is sure to lead to his own destruction.

It seems to us that the lunacy law may be so altered as to permit proprietors of asylums to receive dipsomaniac patients when they feel that an attack is impending, or when one has actually commenced. If such patients were received as boarders merely, and not mixed with the other patients in such a way as to compromise them when they returned to active life, we have every reason to believe that the majority of persons so afflicted would go into the asylum of their own accord, in some cases most willingly. At all events, the restraint of an asylum is the only remedy for this distressing class of cases. In many instances a week's detention would be sufficient to tide the dipsomaniac over his paroxysm, and then he would return to his own home for the time a regenerated man. As it is, the one symptom of the mental disease under which he labours becomes in time an inevitable and persistent habit; the symptom, in fact, becomes the disease, and all hope of a cure is lost—a state of things which the law alone is responsible for, in not recognising the affection as a malady of the mind, rather than an excessive development of a too common vice.

A. W.

HORACE WINSTON.



It was on a bright sunshiny morning in April, 185—, that I, Horace Winston, trod on English ground again, after an absence of three years spent in Canada. Full of the most delightful anticipations, I took my seat in the railway carriage that was to convey me to London, and on my way thither felt all my home associations revive with redoubled force.

First, I thought of my good father. Was he much altered? Had his hair become quite grey, his cheeks lost their fresh ruddy hue, and his clear blue eyes their brightness? Then, my beloved mother. But in her I could fancy no alteration: on the contrary, I imagined I should see her exactly the same as when I quitted England. Next, came my two

little sisters. They, of course, must have grown much, and I fervently hoped that Julia, the youngest, might have lost in breadth what she would have gained in height during the last three years. Nor did I forget old Barnes, our factotum, who had been thirty-five years in the family, and I wondered whether he would wait on me the next time I sat at my father's table. Even Punch, the fat spaniel, was remembered by me; and in these recollections the time went swiftly by, until I arrived at the London terminus, where, after giving hurried directions to have my luggage forwarded, I hailed a cab, and desired to be driven with all speed to No. —, Eaton Square. The cabman plied his whip freely, but when we reached the square a funeral procession stopped the way. We drove slowly past several carriages and mourning coaches until we came to the number I had named, but we were obliged to pass the house, as a hearse stood at the door, waiting to receive its mournful load. The driver stopped, dismounted from his box, and opened the door, with an expression of sympathy on his rough features. I alighted, paid him, and rather tottered than walked to my father's door, guarded by two mutes. At my approach it was noiselessly unclosed, and in the hall stood old Barnes. I could only ask in faltering tones,

"Who is it, Barnes?"

"My poor dear lady, sir. It was quite sudden," answered the old man, fairly breaking down and bursting into tears.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings on hearing this intelligence; the blow seemed to stun me.

The meeting between my father and myself was most painful to me; and when my two little sisters came hanging about me, and their tears wetted my cheeks, I felt quite unmanned.

The funeral was delayed a little time in consequence of my arrival, but I had the melancholy satisfaction of following my dear mother's remains to their last resting-place.

It was long before my spirits recovered their usual tone; my father, too, had been entirely prostrated at first by the suddenness of the shock; but when two months had elapsed, he had a conversation with me respecting my sisters. Their education must be looked to, he said. A school was not to be thought of; a governess at home would be better, but he added, with a sigh:

"I really can hardly tell what to do. It would never do to have an old woman to teach them, Horace, and I presume it would not be correct to have a young one. If your poor mother or I had some female relative, she might have come and taken care of the dear little things, and they could have had masters."

I reflected for a few moments before I answered him, and then said:

"Was there not a distant relation of my mother's, a widow, with a child, left in straightened circumstances, about three years and a half ago? I remember a letter coming from some one a short time before I left England."

"True, Horace," replied my father, brightening up; "I remember it also, now you recall it to my mind. That letter came from Mrs. Easton—Harriet Martindale, she was, and ran off with an ensign, who died, and left her penniless. To be sure! She would do very well. I could allow her something handsome for taking charge of my house and superintending the education of your sisters, and her child (a little girl I know it is, for its name was Blanche, and it struck me) might be a companion to them. An excellent idea, Horace! I will write to her this very day. I can find out where she lives from Parkinson."

And my father wrote accordingly. In due time an answer was received from Mrs. Easton, couched in the most grateful terms. She thankfully accepted Sir Leonard Winston's munificent offer, and hoped that Heaven would shower down its choicest blessings on his head for having thought of her poor child and her. My father showed me the letter, saying:

"I dare say the poor woman is very thankful. Her little girl may as well take lessons with Lucy and Julia. It will be of service to the poor little thing, and they will learn all the better for having a companion at their studies. Mrs. Easton and her child will be here at the end of the week, and I must give orders to Denman to prepare rooms for them."

Orders were given forthwith, and my sisters were wild with delight, at the prospect of having a playfellow. The day on which they were expected arrived. Julia watched for hours at the window, and at about four o'clock my father's carriage (which he had sent to meet them at the station) drove to the door. Presently I heard Julia exclaim, in a disappointed tone:

"O, papa, there are *two* ladies, and no little girl!"

While I was wondering who the other lady could possibly be, the door of the room was thrown open, and the servant announced "Mrs. and Miss Easton."

My father and myself started simultaneously to our feet at this announcement, and well we might, for instead of the little girl of six or seven that we expected to see, Mrs. Easton was accompanied by a young lady, as tall, if not taller, than herself. Julia rushed out of the room, and through the folding doors. I

heard her say to Lucy (who had remained in the back room waiting to hear her report),

"Oh Lucy! Mrs. Easton is such a cross-looking old thing! And her daughter isn't a little girl at all! She is a *woman* as old as Miss Bolton."

Mrs. Easton was tall and thin. Her nose was sharp and her lips compressed. She laid a stress on every third word she uttered, and when she had finished a sentence, had a trick of closing her eyes suddenly, which gave her a very peculiar appearance, for her eyebrows and eyelashes being black, every now and then you only saw two black lines where you expected to see eyes: and I considered this peculiarity of hers far from attractive.

Miss Easton was quite as tall as her mother, but easy and graceful in her movements. Her hair was dark, like her mother's, but her bright orbs were never veiled by her eyelids. Her eyes were large and lustrous, her features regular, and her complexion of a creamy white, with a tinge of pink on her cheeks. This young lady, as I have said, had not uttered a word since her arrival; but when her mother intimated a wish to retire, that she and her daughter might make themselves "presentable," without even having mentioned the two poor motherless children, to take charge of whom she had expressly come, Miss Easton said to me: "Shall we not see your sisters, Mr. Winston?" I felt really grateful to the beautiful young girl for thinking of them, and they were sent for. In they came, hand-in-hand, looking very shy at the strangers. My father said:

"This is Mrs. Easton, my loves, the lady who is so kind as to come and take care of you."

"Yes, my darlings," said Mrs. Easton, emphasising the last word, and holding out a hand to each, she drew them towards her, and imprinted a cold kiss on their foreheads. For myself I could not bear to see her touch them with her pale, thin lips. Miss Easton waited patiently until her mother had finished her demonstration, and then taking Julia on her knee, she began talking to her in a low voice. Presently I heard Julia say:

"We thought that you were a little girl, and would play with us!"

"Well," said Miss Easton, "if you will forgive me for being so tall, I will play with you just the same."

And then she began an animated disquisition on several games, during which Lucy gradually drew nearer and nearer to her, till they were all three talking as if they were old friends; and by the time Miss Easton retired to dress for dinner, Julia and Lucy were quite

reconciled to the "woman" whose appearance at first had been so disappointing.

Soon after Mrs. Easton and her daughter became inmates of our house, I perceived that the former would have been too happy could she have consoled my father for the loss of his first wife, by inducing him to take her for his second. But her wiles were all thrown away upon him, as he was very little at home, now that he had secured a person to take care of his daughters: indeed, he spent his evenings at his club, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Easton, who inveighed loudly against those *anti-domestic* institutions, as she termed them.

I, on the contrary, became attached to my home; I helped my sisters in their studies, and shared in their amusements; and was, as Blanche laughingly said, a "model brother."

The intimate companionship into which Blanche and I were thrown, soon produced a result that was to be expected. I discovered that I loved her deeply and sincerely, and she confessed that she returned my affection. Poor Blanche! I firmly believe that she did love me truly, then. After we came to an understanding, there was, I fear, a sad falling off in my brotherly devotion, for Julia who was an *enfant terrible* in her way, loudly reproached me with being always whispering to Blanche, instead of joining her and her sister in their diversions.

I thought it expedient not to tell my father of my attachment to Blanche as yet, and Blanche entreated me to conceal it from her mother, of whom it appeared she was terribly afraid, so that for a time we loved on in secret. But when Mrs. Easton had been with us three years, she was taken ill, and died, after recommending her dear child (or as she pronounced it *cheeld*) to my father's care. It may appear unfeeling in me to make light of a dying mother's words, but it was what she said to my father at that time that caused him subsequently to act in the cruel manner he did towards Blanche and me.

After Mrs. Easton's death, whispers reached my father's ears that "it was not proper for Blanche to reside with us without an older chaperon," and Blanche suggesting that a former governess of hers should be engaged to act the part of "propriety," her suggestion was adopted. Miss Westfield, who came to reside with us, took care of my sisters much more efficiently than Mrs. Easton ever had, thus leaving Blanche more liberty than before. But while we were congratulating ourselves on this state of affairs, my father suddenly took it into his head to remain at home much more than formerly; and one day, after dinner,

he began speaking of Blanche and her desolate position, adding :

"It would never do to turn her adrift now, dear girl ! And your sisters so fond of her, too ! Besides we must not forget that she is a relation of your mother's, though a distant one."

Delighted to hear him speak in such a strain, and thinking the opportunity too favourable to be missed, I said :

"As you have broached the subject of Blanche, dear father, I will speak out at once, and tell you that we are engaged."

"What !" exclaimed he, with a start that upset the contents of the claret-jug on the snowy tablecloth before him. "You engaged to Blanche ! How did all this come about ?"

I had been prepared for surprise, and perhaps for a little anger at my engaging myself unsanctioned by my father ; but I was quite astonished at the excessive agitation he displayed. He began to busy himself in sopping up the spilled wine with his d'oyley as if his life depended on it, and would not allow me to ring for Barnes, as I wished. Determined to come to an understanding, I resumed the subject under discussion, saying :

"Why, father, Blanche is well-born, lovely, and accomplished, and our ages and tastes are suitable. The only objection that can be raised is her want of money ; but is it absolutely necessary that I should seek for wealth in a wife ? Surely, you will not refuse your consent to my marrying her ?"

"Well, perhaps not, at a fitting time," replied my father, very slowly, still busying himself with his d'oyley, and not raising his head. "But you cannot marry immediately. My arrangements forbid it. And you ought to leave the army."

"Certainly," I replied. "I should wish to do so, if you consent to it. And now you know, my dear father, why I preferred to exchange, instead of going out to India."

"Oh—ah ! that was it !" answered he, in a dreamy way ; then taking out his watch, he exclaimed : "Dear me ! I have an appointment at the club to-night, and shall scarcely have time to get there."

So saying, he hastily left the table, and soon after the house : while I, elated with hope, ran up to the drawing-room, to tell Blanche what I had done. She appeared to rejoice at our future prospects, and we spent a happy evening in talking them over.

The next morning, when my father entered the breakfast-room, where Blanche and I were waiting for him, I led her up to him, saying :

"Will you not receive her as your future daughter, dear father ?"

My father hesitated, then drawing her towards him, kissed her forehead, saying in tremulous tones :

"God bless you, my dear Blanche !"

I was quite enchanted with his tenderness. Not so Blanche, who the moment we were alone, said to me :

"Horace, I am convinced your father hates me ! There was such a strange glitter in his eyes as he kissed me this morning, that it quite frightened me, and I have not recovered from it yet. But I don't believe he approves of your marrying me."

I tried to drive away such a foolish fancy, and after a time succeeded. Lucy and Julia were delighted at the idea of having Blanche for their sister, for they dearly loved her.

I tried several times to sound my father respecting the time that must elapse before my marriage with Blanche could take place, but he always eluded answering me ; and soon after the Indian mutiny broke out, my regiment was ordered to Calcutta, and as I had not sold out, I had no alternative but to join it. I was most assuredly ready to do my duty, but the thought that I might never again see Blanche was bitter beyond expression. However, the moment of parting came, I tore myself from her, and left her fainting in my father's arms.

I pass over the horrid scenes I witnessed in India, the hardships I endured there, and come at once to the time when, having received a severe wound in the side, I was ordered home. On the arrival of the three last mails from England, before my departure, I had been greatly disappointed at not receiving any letters, and had felt very anxious on Blanche's account, as her letters of late had not been very satisfactory, and her account of the manner in which my father treated her meagre in the extreme. I dreaded lest something unpleasant should have occurred, which she concealed from me, and I left India with a sense of impending evil oppressing me. Again I beheld my native land, but this time I indulged in no bright visions.

Uneasy in mind, and weak in body, a terrible yet undefinable apprehension took possession of me, and it was with a sinking heart that I found myself at my father's door. I alighted from the cab with assistance, and was received once more by Barnes. I had noticed that the blinds were drawn down, and that the house had a deserted look, so I said :

"Are they out of town, Barnes ?"

"Oh, sir ! oh, Mr. Horace !" was all he could say in reply, looking at me with an expression of pity on his face, that I attributed

to his concern at seeing me return in so enfeebled a state, so I said, cheerfully :

"I shall soon be well, Barnes, now that I am in England ; so don't distress yourself about my wretched looks. But are they all away ?"

By this time I had entered the library, and Barnes drew a chair forward for me. I sat down, and for the third time repeated my inquiry—if the family were out of town.

Barnes faltered out :

"Sir Leonard and Lady Winston are gone to Baden ; the young ladies and Miss Westfield are at Worthing, sir."

"Lady Winston !" I exclaimed in amazement. "Is my father married, then ?"

"Yes, sir," answered Barnes, as if the words choked him.

"Whom has he married ?" I asked.

The old man's lips moved, but no sound issued from them. Instinctively, however, I knew that he was saying, "Miss Easton, sir."

The shock was too great for me, weak as I then was, to bear. I remember no more until I found myself recovering from a swoon, Barnes standing near me with restoratives, while Mrs. Denman, the housekeeper, was supporting my head. I heard the latter say, in a compassionate tone :

"Poor young gentleman ! How he has taken it to heart !"

And then I awoke to the full sense of my misery. For some weeks I hovered between life and death, but at last I was pronounced out of danger. On my entering into convalescence, Barnes presented me with a letter from my father. It ran thus :

"*Ems, October 7th, 185—.*

"MY DEAR HORACE,

"I was much grieved to hear from Barnes of your serious illness, caused, I presume, through the fatigues of your journey home. I think that change of air and scene will do wonders for you, and soon restore you to perfect health. I would suggest your spending some time in a milder climate than ours—the south of France, for instance—and that you may carry my suggestion into effect, I enclose you a check for a thousand pounds, which sum I intend to allow you annually, *if you conduct yourself to my satisfaction.*

"I remain, my dear Horace,

"Yours, &c., &c.,

"LEONARD WINSTON."

I felt my blood boil as I read the above epistle, and thought, "So, not content with robbing me of my bride, he must pension me off, and send me into exile !"

But alas ! what could I do ? I was totally

dependent on my father, whose estates were unentailed ; and as for my lieutenant's pay, it was a mere nothing for me to subsist upon, accustomed as I had been all my life to luxuries of many kinds. Just after reading my father's letter, and while I was chafing with indignation at his cold-blooded cruelty, and almost resolving to refuse his proffered allowance, Barnes brought me a card with "Mr. Sutherland" engraved upon it, and informed me that the gentleman had called regularly twice or three times a week to inquire after my health. I desired that Mr. Sutherland should be admitted to see me, feeling sure that the sight of one of my old friends would do me good. Sutherland and I shook hands heartily, and he appeared quite shocked at the deplorable object I had become. He told me that he had written three letters to me in India, as he was very anxious to obtain information respecting a fellow-officer of mine, called "Long Devereux," to distinguish him from his cousin in the Blues, who was very short. He added :

"It was of importance to me to obtain the information, which I have since succeeded in obtaining elsewhere ; still, I thought it strange that my letters should have remained unanswered, and as soon as I heard that you had returned to England, I called, only to find you laid on a bed of sickness."

A sudden thought darted across my mind, and I rang the bell furiously. Barnes answered it ; and I asked :

"Who took charge of the letters directed to me while I was in India, Barnes ?"

"Sir Leonard," was the prompt reply. "He always had them brought to him, and said he would forward them safely."

"That will do," I said, and Barnes retired. I exclaimed :

"I see it all now ! My letters to her have been intercepted, and those to me have never been sent out. Who ever would have dreamed of my father's hatching so devilish a plot ?"

As I thus went on utterly regardless of Sutherland's presence, he said, deprecatingly :

"My dear Winston, do you know what you are saying ?"

I was in that state of mind which rendered reserve quite impossible, and I soon informed Sutherland of what had happened to me. He listened attentively to my recital, and when I had finished, said :

"Believe me, Winston, you ought to congratulate yourself on having escaped marriage with this Blanche. What was her affection for you worth, if it could not stand the test of absence ? And to marry your father, too ! There seems something revolting in the idea !"

"Who knows what artifices he may have employed to gain his ends," I exclaimed vehemently. "I feel convinced that his plans were all arranged before I left England! And he has contrived some diabolical device to win her affection from me."

"Now, Winston," said Sutherland, soothingly, "be advised by me. Accept the situation at once, as the French say, and at the same time the allowance your father offers you. Leave England for a time, and by-and-by you will take a calmer view of matters. Do try and follow my advice; it will be better for all parties, if you do."

I promised to think the business over, and soon after he left me. I pondered long and deeply on what had occurred, and came to the conclusion that retrospect was worse than useless, and that since Blanche was lost to me for ever, I would leave England.

I went to Toulouse, where I remained nearly seven years, during which time I sold out, my health not permitting me to go on active service. I received occasionally a letter from my sisters, who were with their father and step-mother at Hurst Lea, in Somersetshire, and who told me how happy their new mamma made them. Their impression was evidently that in what had occurred I had been to blame, and I resolved to wait until they were older before I undeceived them.

I was suddenly summoned to England to attend the funeral of my father, who had died after an illness of two days. I saw Blanche at the reading of his will, and, strange to say, felt little emotion on seeing her. She was still beautiful, but an expression of discontent sat upon her features, and I felt almost reconciled to behold her as my father's widow. Sir Leonard's will had been made three months before his death, and with the exception of my annuity, and ten thousand pounds a-piece to my sisters, he had left Blanche all his property; and my sisters were to remain under her guardianship, unless they wished otherwise.

This will was voted unjust by all those who heard of it; but, for me, I cared not. I was delighted to see my sisters again, and proud of the improvement that had taken place in both. Lucy was now a tall beautiful girl of eighteen, and Julia gave promise of becoming a splendid brunette. Lady Winston expressed a hope that friendly relations might be resumed between us all, and I offered no opposition to her wishes. Her affection for my sisters was as strong as ever: why, then, should I check it?

I resolved on remaining in England, and shortly after my arrival hunted up Sutherland, who was now a rising barrister. We became very intimate, and I introduced him to my

sisters. It was not long before an attachment sprang up between him and Lucy, and eventually it was settled that their marriage should take place at the beginning of the following year, for we were now in May. Their courtship appeared to set at nought the saying, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," when one day I received a note from Lucy, evidently written in much agitation, requesting me to call upon her at three o'clock, so that Lady Winston might not be at home when I called. I was with her at the time appointed, and she told me with many tears that she feared she had a rival in her step-mother. "A fortnight ago," she added, "Henry gave me his *carte de visite*, and a few days after I lost it. However, I found it again the other day, and concluded I had mislaid it; but yesterday morning Julia went into mama's room before she was awake, and opened a locket which she always wears, and what should be in it but Henry's likeness! Julia never said a word to me about it until she had been to the photographer that mama patronises, and ascertained from him that Lady Winston had had a *carte de visite* reduced to a locket size, and then she came home and told me. I should not have thought anything about the matter had she asked Henry openly for his photograph, nor would Julia, but it is the mystery of the affair that alarms me. So I wrote for you to come and advise me."

Without an instant's hesitation, I proposed that Julia and herself should leave Lady Winston's house, and come to live with me. I was horrified at the thought of my dear Lucy ever suffering what I had suffered, and I mistrusted Blanche from her having had the opportunity of becoming an adept in my father's arts of deceit, and at once told my sisters all that had passed years ago, adding that I would set about obtaining a furnished house immediately.

In a week my sisters were settled with me in a cottage at Richmond. Lady Winston was deeply hurt at their leaving her, but I told them to lay all the blame upon me, and they did so. Lady Winston declared that her house without them was unbearable, and went to Paris to remain for some time. December came, and Lady Winston returned to England to spend the Christmas season at Hurst Lea, inviting us all to join her. We accepted the invitation, and agreed to be at Hurst Lea on Christmas-eve; but the night before a telegram from there reached me, desiring my immediate presence, as Lady Winston was not expected to live. Shocked and distressed, I obeyed the summons at once; and on arriving at Hurst Lea was informed that her ladyship had set herself on fire that evening, and was so severely

injured as to be beyond hope of recovery. As soon as she had been aware of her danger, she had desired me to be sent for, and was now in no pain, though in a highly excited state. I was shown into the room where she lay swathed in bandages. As soon as she saw me, holding out her left hand (the right one was terribly burnt), she said in a most cheerful tone of voice, which shocked me :

"Oh, Horace, you have come at last ! You are in time to see me die, and I am content. You will not leave me until all is over, will you ?"

I was so distressed, that I do not know what answer I made. She continued :

"Do not distress yourself so, dear Horace. Believe me, death is welcome. I have just signed my will, and made one atonement to you by leaving you all the property that your father left me. And I will now make atonement in another way by telling you how I came to marry your father."

I implored her not to agitate herself, but to no purpose. She told me that speaking would do her no harm now. All the harm was done, and it would be a satisfaction for her to explain how it was that she had been false to me. She went on—

"After your departure for India, I felt unspeakably wretched, for I fancied that your father was averse to our marriage. But he was everything that was kind, and not only made me many magnificent presents, but consulted my wishes on all matters. After a time he began launching forth against the folly of 'boys' marrying before they could know their own minds, and I felt confirmed in the belief that he disapproved of your marrying me. And then he became fearfully angry if I spoke to, or laughed with, any gentleman, and at last showed himself so unmistakably jealous, that my eyes were opened, and I saw what his real feelings towards me were. Then I began to write to you in a constrained manner, for how could I tell you that your father had become your rival ? However, I became very guarded in my conduct, and he appeared satisfied when he saw that no one engrossed an undue share of my attention. But when I heard that your regiment had been engaged in action, my terror and distress were so great that he threw off the mask at once, and solemnly declared that if I married you we should both be beggars, but that if I would marry him, he would settle all his property on me, with the exception of an annuity to you (if you behaved yourself), and portions to your sisters.

"A dreadful alternative was placed before me. On the one hand, beggary for us both if I married you ; on the other, unbounded wealth

for me, and a competency for you, if I married Sir Leonard. I chose the latter ; and, believe me, Horace, you would have excused me had you felt as I have the bitter sting of poverty, and all its galling humiliations. We were married, but he had not settled his property on me, thinking most likely to keep me in a proper state of subjection if my future were at his mercy. He was a terrible tyrant, and his tyranny pressed heavily upon me. I submitted to all his whims except one, which I resisted stoutly at first. He detested crinoline and every appliance of the kind, and would never allow me to wear it in any shape. I remonstrated, coaxed, and entreated in vain, and at last I yielded, but with a very bad grace. You, Horace, may make light of this, nor can you understand my feelings, when in a fashionable assembly I found myself the only lady with classical drapery, while all the other ladies present were sailing about in hoops of enormous dimensions. And his injunction,—If you are asked why you do not wear those detestable things, say because your husband does not like them—only added gall to bitterness. That I should in this manner *afficher* myself so very a slave to my old husband ! In the end I left off going out, refusing all invitations. Sir Leonard was at first very angry with me for thus secluding myself, but an attack of gout confined him to the house, and then he discovered that my remaining at home with him was far from disagreeable. I am naturally compassionate, and cannot bear to see anyone suffer, so I waited on him night and day, for he was my husband, and I was only doing my duty. He appreciated my attentions, and in the end made a will, leaving me all that he had promised. Three months after he died,—never having once during our married life mentioned your name. At his death I was free, but my spirits had been so crushed by what I had endured with him, that my newly recovered liberty gave me no pleasurable feelings, and when I saw you, I felt glad that time had done its work, and that former impressions were effaced. I hoped that we might be friends, but you took your sisters away from me—why, I know not. It could not be that you—"

Here she abruptly paused, and looked searchingly at me for an instant. I appeared not to notice her hesitation, though perhaps I guessed her thoughts correctly, and she resumed in a hurried excited manner :

"A feeling of revenge against Sir Leonard would at times take possession of me, and this feeling prompted me to indemnify myself in every possible way for my submission to his whims, and to seize every opportunity of acting in a manner diametrically opposed to what he

would have approved of while living. I ordered a hoop of extra dimensions, to be worn as soon as my year of widowhood should expire. It was completed yesterday, and I attired myself in what was to be a robe of Nessus to me, rejoicing at being freed from the tyranny I had so long endured. But, unaccustomed to the garment, and unable to judge correctly of distance when thus encumbered (for I must confess that I was far from being at ease thus hampered in my movements), I bent forward to take something from the mantel-piece, my dress caught fire, and I have paid the penalty of sacrificing to fashion with my life. Ah! what a life has mine been! Trained by my mother to keep up appearances while suffering extreme poverty, I never knew happiness or pleasure until I was sixteen, when I went to your father's, and then the few years of comfort I enjoyed were dearly paid for. As a wife I endured seven years of splendid misery, and now, at twenty-six years of age, I am dying! But you forgive me, Horace?"

"I have forgiven you long ago, Blanche," I replied. "I believed that of your own free will you would never have acted as you did, and I always have exculpated you from blame."

She sighed, and said, pressing my hand:

"I feel faint. Give me some wine, and call the people in. God bless you!"

I obeyed her commands, and an hour after she was no more.

For some time subsequently to Blanche's death I felt exceedingly low-spirited and miserable; but Lucy (whose marriage was delayed, of course) persuaded me to take her and Julia to Germany. We travelled for some months, when I returned to England, and gave Lucy to Sutherland.

Here ends my manuscript, dear Edith; and I will add, that until I met you, I never thought to love again. In you, however, I fancied I saw all that could make me happy in a wife; nor should I have thought otherwise, but for our dispute of last night. Can you wonder at my remonstrating with you on the inordinate dimensions of your hoop, when I declare to you that I felt positive agony as your dress actually brushed the bars of the grate in which that enormous fire was blazing? I fancied I saw Blanche's dying form, and again in imagination stood by her death-bed. At last I spoke to you. Perhaps I did not approach so momentous a subject with sufficient circumspection; but I must say that your reception of my remarks was disheartening in the extreme, and unworthy of so sensible a girl as my Edith. It is right, however, that we should understand one another thoroughly, and if your

submission to the dictates of fashion outweighs your affection for me, say so at once, and let us part before we are irrevocably united. A poor prospect of happiness lies before us if you refuse to consult my wishes in this particular. If, on the contrary, you concede the point, you may count on the devotion of a lifetime from your fondly-attached

HORACE.

Edith *did* concede the point; and who will say that she was not right in doing so?

WHEELS IN WORKSHIRE.

SOME few weeks ago, it was my good luck to be enjoying the hospitality of a friend in a part of the north country which, for present purposes, I may as well call Workshire: for in this part of the world we seem to be at work always and everywhere; work above ground, and under ground too, in these dark December days, made shorter and darker still by the huge volumes of smoke vomited forth from chimneys innumerable—smoke that, in this still weather, hangs in a dense sulphurous cloud over miles and miles of ground, as over some mighty battle-field; and a battle-field in sober prose it is, where man daily and nightly encounters and subdues adamant nature, melting and moulding, and beating and bending her to his will.

Work by night too, when the conflict seems to rage hotter and fiercer; when the fire blazing forth from a hundred chimneys, and the ceaseless din of the mighty steam-hammer pounding away with its thousand-ton force, and the weird figures seen hurrying to and fro before glowing furnaces, may suggest strange unearthly fancies to the imagination of the passing traveller.

And all this is going on in towns that were once peaceful hamlets, scattered along the breezy hill-side, or deep in the wooded dell, where the only tax levied on the stream, then so pure and undefiled, was to supply the daily wants of man and beast, or turn the village mill: hamlets, whose names bespeak their honest Saxon descent, that were the abodes of men in hoar antiquity, when Gurth was wont to drive his swine into the merry greenwood to fatten on such store as nature sent; and Cedric going forth to hunt the wolf, or mayhap spear a boar or two, stopped for a passing joke with Wamba. Alas! for the good old times. But here my friend who is driving me over as difficult road as ever vexed the spirit of a modern Jehu, up and down hill as it is, and occasionally raked by jets of steam from the boilers of adjacent coal-pits—

finds time to interpose, and puts it to me as a reasonable man,—first, that the times in question were not so good, after all; secondly, that as I have never lived in them, and by the remotest possibility can never live in them, he cannot conceive what business I can have with them at all. From such a sound practical view, of the question it is impossible for me to dissent; so I am compelled to revert to the present, and more especially to the objects surrounding us, chiefly chimneys, all pouring forth volumes of dense black smoke, or crowned with crests of flame.

“So, then, this is the heart of the iron country?” I say.

“Well,” replies my friend, “I should say that everything that can be made of steel or wrought iron, from a fifty-bladed penknife to a fifteen-foot plate for H.M.S. Achilles, is made within a circuit of twenty miles. If you care for things of this kind, I can show you something worth looking at in the way of railway wheels.”

Now, like most men in these locomotive times, I had travelled a good many miles on these same wheels. I had a remembrance of having been at various times woken up by the tick of the porter's hammer executing, as it seemed to me, a crescendo and diminuendo movement on the wheels of a long train; and I had a vague notion that, these wheels being of cast iron, this was a very wise and proper precaution. But railway wheels, as I told my friend, had never struck me as interesting subjects of speculation.

“More interesting than you think,” said my friend, “as you will say when you have seen the works of Mr. O——, within easy distance of us. You have a couple of hours on your hands, and here at least you could hardly spend them better.”

So I avail myself of my friend's introduction, and proceed at once to the works in question. I cannot help feeling, as I enter the offices of Mr. O——, how unwarrantable is the intrusion of mere sight-seers on men with their time so fully occupied as his appears to be. But my mind is soon set at rest on this score. Mr. O—— is evidently disposed to do justice to my letter of introduction, and most kindly offers to be my conductor and explain the whole process of the manufacture.

“Perhaps,” says he, “we had better begin at the beginning. Here they are making the spokes of the wheels.”

I now become aware that it is wrought iron we are dealing with, as the door of a furnace is raised, and a number of bars at white-heat brought out one by one. Each in succession is placed edgewise on a kind of table, and at

once bent into the required shape, that of a triangle slightly open at the apex, and with the base rounded to a curve by a most simple yet ingenious contrivance, by the aid of which spokes for a hundred pairs of wheels can be turned off in one day. It is impossible to conceive a process so admirably combining exactness of finish with rapidity of execution. All the bars must be bent into precisely the same shape: a variation of a tenth of an inch, as I afterwards find, would prove fatal to the wheel. The spokes thus bent are now placed on piles to cool.

Meantime the manufacture of the nave is going on in another part of the works. This is also of wrought iron. Most of my readers are familiar with the Armstrong gun trophy in the Exhibition of 1862. Let them imagine two or three coils detached from the gun, and they will not have a bad illustration of the nave as it appears after the first process. It is, in fact, a strong triple coil of wrought iron, of about the diameter and calibre required.

But how is the nave to be fixed to the spokes? We have all of us some notion of the way in which coin is struck at the Mint. None but a mechanical genius could ever find any analogy between the striking of a penny-piece and the manufacture of a six feet six inches driving-wheel for an engine on the Great Western Railway. Yet the process, as I see it, is the same. The spokes and nave, being cool, are placed in a steel mould or matrix, where they assume for the first time the appearance of a wheel; and, after being subjected to welding heat, are drawn on a tramway from the furnace and dropped upon an anvil under a colossal steam-hammer, the face of which is another die or mould exactly answering to the one below. But how is the wheel to be placed in its proper position? Here is no time for adjustment: strike we must, and when the iron is hot. And yet half an inch too much on this side or that would spoil all. So my conductor shows me how, when the truck is run up close to the anvil, the gigantic pincers, by the simplest arrangement in the world, must drop the wheel exactly in its proper place.

Bang, bang! Down comes the hammer with its thousand-ton force, making the earth shake under our feet. Two or three strokes and the wheel is withdrawn, spokes and nave completely welded together.

Now comes the fixing of the tire. We proceed to a building where a number of bars are being bent into circular form by a machine, in which hydraulic pressure plays a considerable part. A most ingenious piece of mechanism it is, and, like other contrivances here for

special purposes, it is the invention of my conductor himself. The tire thus rounded must exactly fit the wheel. It goes into the furnace after being placed round the wheel in another die, and being brought out at welding heat as before. Vulcan takes it in hand once more, and after two or three well-directed blows, turns the wheel out before us now rapidly approaching completion.

The wheel in this instance being a little larger than the matrix, the superfluous metal is forced into a circular groove, and thus forms the flange. The contraction of the metal on cooling would be enough to keep the tire on the wheel, but rivets are insisted upon, and rivets accordingly we have.

We follow the wheel to a small shed where a boy is tending a furnace closely resembling that used by chestnut-sellers in our streets, only in this case each hole is filled with a rivet. A man standing by seizes a wheel and lays it on its face on a small platform, having on it a projecting knob with a cup-shaped cavity. The boy brings a rivet from the furnace, and fits it into one of the holes with which the wheel has been previously drilled. A turn of the wheel brings its inner surface and a rivet-hole exactly opposite the hollow in the projection. A rod working backwards and forwards bears upon the wheel with a steady, noiseless pressure; one push and the rivet is secured. So on all round the wheel. Then, more wheels and more rivets, with a rapidity truly wonderful. We now proceed to the sheds where the wheels are finished. Here the axles are being forced into the wheels by hydraulic pressure. Here, again, both axles and wheels are being turned in a lathe, and so easily does the metal work off in smooth, shiny shavings, that one might almost fancy it was lead that was being worked, and not wrought iron, if the hissing of the water used to prevent the metal growing red hot under the process did not dispel the illusion. "And now," says my conductor, "that you have seen how wheels are made by machinery, I can show you how they were made by hand, not many years ago either."

We enter a building where a number of men are engaged in performing many of the processes I have described by hand labour. Here, for instance, each spoke is being welded on the tire singly; and, notwithstanding much manual dexterity, how tedious the work seems to the bystander!

"And are these wheels superior to the others in proportion to the extra labour?" I ask.

"They are preferred for some purposes, but as a rule, the fewer the heatings the wheel

undergoes, and the more the several processes are simplified and facilitated by machinery, the more chance we have of turning out a wheel that can be relied on for strength and durability."

Near this place I observe some women engaged in piling scraps of metal on little trays for the furnaces; and what a mixture of scraps it is! From that little heap I could furnish the reader with a list of articles made of wrought iron that for length and variety would rather surprise him. Every known implement seems to have its representative in one form or another, and all for the melting-pot. "To such base uses must we come at last." Not the most feminine occupation in the world, it will be said, and, no doubt, the pay for such mechanical drudgery is wretched enough. Let us see how the case stands in this respect.

"That family," my conductor tells me, as we turn away, "may earn, if they please, their four pounds a week. The father and mother have been nearly forty years at work of this kind, and their fathers and mothers before them were similarly employed. If you were to go into their house at this moment, I question if you would find a decent article of furniture."

So it is the old story, so often told in this part of England, of high wages only tending to habits of vice and improvidence. Drunkenness of course prevails on Saturday night. We have roast goose, or duck and green peas, as the case may be, on Sunday and Monday—Saint Monday as it is called, from the fact of its being usually kept as a holiday here. Then we have broken meats on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday and Friday (*facilis descensus Averni*) we come down to bread and butter, or perhaps dry bread, and not much of that.

"And what do you do on Saturday?" I once asked a Lancashire collier.

"Oh! on Saturdays we mostly clem (meaning starve); but then we don't care, as we are sure of a good blow-out at night."

Many exceptions to this there are doubtless—all honour to them—but as far as my own observation goes, the rule applies very generally in the coal and iron districts of the north country. Without committing oneself to any extreme political opinion on such questions as the rights of labour, elevation of the masses, and so on, words so much in men's mouths now-a-days, it may surely be said, that labour has its duties as well as its rights; that men of this class have much to learn before they can become good citizens, and that those who arrogate to themselves the name of people's friends might better justify their claim to the

title by setting themselves vigorously to work to improve the moral and social condition of the working man, than by adding envy and discontent to his other self-inflicted miseries.

But we are now in a large yard full of railway wheels of every variety of form and size.

"And how many of these do you turn out weekly?" I ask.

"When in full work, about a thousand pairs, and we send them to all parts of the world too. These are for the Madrid and Alicante, and these for Valparaiso; these are for Italy, and these again for India. That set of wheels is part of an order for a Russian railway, and as you will observe, though only intended for the trucks used in making the line, they are of wrought iron, and equal to many that are used in ordinary traffic. That," pointing to a wheel which, for elegance of finish as well as strength, might rival anything in Long Acre, is a specimen of a consignment for Rotterdam. The Dutch are very particular about their railways, and when I sent these wheels over they were

on the point of condemning them as cast-iron impositions," adding, with justifiable pride, "they had never seen anything like them in the way of wrought iron before."

This brings us back to our starting-point; so I thank my conductor for his kind attention, and take my departure. As I turn my back on the big chimneys, I cannot help entertaining a higher idea of manufacturing talent and energy. How many different nationalities are at this moment travelling on these same wheels! Railways are rapidly penetrating where railways ten years ago would have been thought the wildest dream. The steam-horse is startling the tiger and the elephant in the jungles and swamps of furthest India, as it may soon be startling the gorilla in inmost Africa. Surely, the fact of the energy and ability of one man contributing so largely to the comfort and security of the travelling portion of the human race, may invest with dignity and interest even so apparently simple an object as a railway wheel.

IXION.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIV. GIULIA'S NIGHT JOURNEY.

GIULIA walked down the well-known path to Bella Luce; she passed the half-way tree in perfect safety,—for there was no Beppo in the path to stop her passage now!—and slunk up stairs into her little chamber, undressed herself and got into bed; and the next morning, not having closed an eye during the intervening hours, she rose at the usual time, and set about her wonted work. But her mind rendered no account to itself of her occupation in all these things. She was only conscious of moving to and fro under such an overwhelming pressure of calamity and grief as seemed to have stunned her. She had betrayed Beppo to his enemies, and had done so under circumstances which must lead him to attribute her conduct to motives that it was agony to her to contemplate. Death appeared to her to be the only possible escape from a situation too dreadful to be borne. And, oh! how happily, how gratefully would she have closed her eyes with the knowledge that she should never open them more. If only Beppo could have been made to know that she had died to make it evident to him that he had been everything to her, and Corporal Tenda nothing, with what joy and gladness would she have met death!

But for all this it never entered into her

head to commit suicide. With a quarter of the strength of despair and amount of motive to actuate her, a French girl would have taken her pan of charcoal as naturally and unhesitatingly as an Italian girl kneels to the Madonna! Under a less amount of misery many an English girl has taken the fatal leap from the bridge parapet into the darksome pool below! And yet the mind of the English girl has been used to dwell on thoughts of the invisible, on fears and awful doubts respecting that unknown world, to which she rushes in her hopelessness, which have never been present to the mind of the Italian. And it was not high religious principle, or even overpowering religious fear, that prevented Giulia from turning her thoughts towards suicide. She was religiously ignorant to a degree scarcely credible to those most acquainted with our own uneducated classes. And though her church deems self-murder as one, at least, of the most irremediable of sins, she had received no teaching upon that subject. And in truth an Italian pastor might be excused for thinking that to preach against suicide was not one of the most necessary parts of his duty. No! It was not religious principle which prevented Giulia from even turning her thoughts towards that most desperate of all remedies for human sorrows. It was because it was not in her nature to do

so. It never occurred to her among the possibilities of the case.

Italians very rarely commit suicide. Of the rustic population of the fields, it may probably be said that they never do so! Such a case is hardly upon record! So true it is that human conduct in such matters is ruled more by hereditary tendency and the natural idiosyncrasies of race, than by any other order of causes!

It was the morning after the unfortunate expedition to the old tower, at Santa Lucia, about ten o'clock in the forenoon; the farmer and his son were in the fields, and *la padrona* was engaged in household affairs, up-stairs. Giulia was busy in the kitchen, mechanically going through her accustomed round of little duties, when Corporal Tenda came into the room. It was the first time that Giulia and he had been alone together since he had been at Bella Luce. For it had been the object of both of them to avoid such meetings.

"You will excuse me, I hope, for intruding on you, Signora," said the Corporal, saluting her very gravely, and with the same military flourish of the arm that he would have used to the Colonel of the regiment; "you will do me the justice to admit, that since I have been here I have not yielded to the temptation of conversing with you."

"You have been very kind, Signor Caporale," said Giulia, sighing deeply, "but everything is against me; and now——"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Signora! and permit me to say a few words to you. Captain Brilli, I believe, explained to you the nature of my feelings on learning that the happiness I had been presumptuous enough to hope for was out of my reach. He made you understand, I hope, that your happiness is the first consideration I have in the world; and that if, as it seems, that can be promoted only by aiming at the welfare of your cousin, then the welfare of your cousin becomes a matter of paramount interest to me."

"Indeed, indeed, Signor Caporale, I am very grateful to you; but——"

"If you will forgive me for again interrupting you, Signora, and will condescend to listen to what I have to say, I shall the sooner be able to disembarass you of my presence. I say that I am very desirous for the welfare of Signor Beppo. It was with that view that I begged Captain Brilli to open your eyes to the real nature of his position as a deserter. If you had any doubt about the correctness of that information, neither you nor any one else can have any doubts upon the subject any longer; for the proclamations stating all the liabilities and the penalties are now out, and

are posted all over the country. There is a copy on the door of the Court-house up at Santa Lucia. It is perfectly clear, that there is no way of avoiding absolute ruin and destruction except timely submission. Even if he could hope permanently to elude the pursuit of the troops and the police, what sort of a life is that of a bandit;—and for such a man as Signor Beppo! Be sure, therefore, that the chance which has led to the certainty of his capture, when he comes up to the tower yonder, is the best thing that could happen to him. Not the best thing, however! for the best thing would be that he should surrender voluntarily; and I had hoped that you might possibly have induced him to do so!"

"But I intended to try hard to do so! I did write to him, Signor Caporale, begging him all I could to come back. I should have said everything I could think of to make him come in, when I saw him at the tower. Oh! Signor Caporale, why not let me try? Why not let me meet him," said Giulia, clasping her hands, as a sudden ray of hope darted into her mind; "why not let me meet him alone, and try to persuade him?"

"It would be against orders, against duty, Signora! I would not do it to save my neck from the halter. But I am not sure—not sure," he added, looking into her tearful eyes, "that I should not do it to merit your gratitude if it had been possible! Happily for me, it is not possible. You forget, Signora, that it was not I who discovered the secret of your appointment with Signor Beppo, but two of my men. Even if I were to be willing to commit this breach of duty, I could not; for the men know, as well as I, that it is our duty to take the defaulter at all hazards, and by every means. Signor Beppo must be taken on Sunday evening;—there is no help for it. My business was only to point out for your consolation that it is in truth the best thing that could happen to him; and just to say that you may depend on me to make it clear to him, that his capture is not due to any betrayal of him in any way."

"Beppo will never, never, believe it; he thinks——" but there was some feeling at Giulia's heart, sore and bleeding as it was, that prevented her from going on to demonstrate what it was that Beppo thought which would make him proof against the Corporal's eloquence.

"I hope he will be more reasonable!" said the Corporal. "And now, Signora, I must bid you farewell. I little thought when I last did so that I should see you again here, and under such circumstances. I shall not intrude upon your privacy again; and besides, you are

aware, of course, that the capture of your cousin puts an end to our unwelcome stay here. It will be our duty to march with him at once that same evening to Fano. May the time come, Signora, when we may meet hereafter under happier circumstances! Signora!"

"Addio, Signor Caporale! I am grateful to you for much kindness!"

"Farewell, Signora Giulia!" said the Corporal, in the act of leaving the kitchen.

"Oh, Signor Caporale!" said Giulia, suddenly calling after him; "will anything very bad be done to Beppo for going away?"

"Oh, no. They don't want to be severe with the men. They know, between ourselves, Signora," he continued, dropping his voice as he spoke, with the true Italian feeling that he was approaching a dangerous subject, "they know that it is the priests that are really to blame more than the poor fellows who take to the hills. No, they won't do much. Only let him buckle-to with a good will, and make a good soldier, and all will soon be forgotten, and he will be made a corporal in no time. And you won't like him any the worse when he comes back a smart soldier, Signora Giulia," said the Corporal, with a somewhat rueful smile; "I shall tell him that, Signora! Good-bye!"

"No, no, you must not tell him that—at least not from me!" said Giulia, very eagerly; but the Corporal was already gone. And it may be doubted whether she was very anxious to prevent the little man from using any means that such a consideration might supply towards reconciling Beppo to his fate,—if it must indeed come to be his fate.

But there were yet two nights and two days before that fate was to be consummated in the manner Corporal Tenda and his men contemplated. It was a Friday on which the above conversation had taken place. There was, therefore, the Friday night, all the day of Saturday, the Saturday night, and the whole of the day on Sunday, before the time fixed for his coming to the tryste at the old tower.

And during all this time Giulia had to meditate upon the coming catastrophe! It was in vain that she persuaded herself of the truth of the Corporal's representation, that to be captured and taken off by force to serve his time in the army was all for his advantage. Giulia, if not altogether imbued herself with the genuine *contadino* horror for the service,—for her views and feelings had been a good deal modified and enlarged in this respect by her residence in the city, and by her association there with military men, and by the conversations which she had sometimes taken part in, but had oftener listened to;—nevertheless, was quite *contadina* enough to be well aware

of the feeling with which Beppo, like all his class, regarded service in the army. Then again, she put very little faith in the good result of any of those promised representations of the Corporal, to the effect that the capture was effected by no fault or participation of hers. She knew well what Beppo's first feeling on the subject would be. She was too well aware how all that he had seen in Fano would appear to his mind to be confirmation strong as Holy Writ of all his new suspicions. She pictured to herself the bitter scorn with which he would listen to assurances which, to him, would have the effect of having been concerted between her and her lover, for the purpose of blinding and making a fool of him. She saw but too clearly how the circumstances of the matter must appear to him, how they would carry with them all the weight and authority of indubitable facts, while the explanations which were to follow them would come halting after with the weakness of mere excuses. And bearing in mind, too, Beppo's natural feeling towards the person who was to be the bearer of those excuses, she dared not flatter herself that any good could come of them. In short, by the time she had spent most part of the ensuing night—the Friday night, that is—in meditating on the matter in the silence of the night hours, the result was, that any good effect which the representations of the Corporal might have had on her mind at the moment was altogether obliterated.

And during the whole of that day, the Saturday, the hourly drawing near of the consummation which was for evermore to brand her as false beyond all precedent falseness—infamous beyond all imagined infamy, was never for a moment absent from her mind. But by the time the Ave Maria had come, she had determined on a course of action.

It was very doubtful whether the effort she purposed making would be of any avail; but at least, her intention involved self-sacrifice; and action, with however desperate a hope, was preferable to hopeless agonised waiting in inaction for the catastrophe.

The night came. The farmer and Carlo came home to their supper; but there were only three of the soldiers to sup with them. Giulia had not seen the Corporal since her conversation with him in the morning. And now he and one of the men were absent at the supper-time. But there was nothing unusual in this. Two, or more, of the party were often absent, sometimes all night, patrolling the neighbourhood, or marching hither and thither in obedience to information furnished them—in all probability intentionally false information in the majority of cases—of the whereabouts of

some one or other of the contumacious conscripts.

As soon as the supper was over, the soldiers went to their sleeping quarters in the room by the side of the kitchen; and very soon afterwards the members of the family went also to their chambers. Giulia also went to hers, and bolted the door of it as soon as she had entered. Then, after making one or two small changes in her dress, and securing a small supply of bread, which she had previously carried to her room, in a handkerchief, knotted so as to serve the purpose of a wallet, she stepped to the window, and after straining her eyes into the night to see, and her ears to hear whether all was quiet, she placed a chair by the side of the window-sill, and by its help stepped with a light and unhesitating foot on to a ladder which, a few minutes before supper, she had secretly carried round to the back of the house, on which the window of her room opened.

The last time she had secretly left the house her motions had been spied, in consequence of her passing to the kitchen-door by the door of the chamber in which the soldiers were sleeping. This time she was determined to avoid that danger.

She descended the ladder swiftly and surely;—the height was not great;—and on reaching the ground, she started, without losing a moment in any further listenings, on the path which led to the village.

And what was the purpose of her night-tide expedition this time? It was simply to undo the mischief she had so unwillingly done, by preventing Beppo from coming to the trysting-place where capture awaited him. It was but a slender hope she had of being able to effect her purpose. She knew nothing of the locality of the place where he was hiding. She had never before in her life heard of *Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso*. But the messenger had said that he came from Piobico. It was possible, therefore, that Beppo would be coming from that direction. And she had a general idea of the whereabouts of Piobico. It so happened that she knew one must go by the *Passo del Furlo* to go to Piobico. And she had once been through the *Furlo* pass, and knew the way to it. She must go by the little paved lanes among the hills at the back of the village into the valley of the *Metauro*; and then she had only to follow the high road, through *Fossombrone*, and then away, away many a mile, but always by the high road. So that, once in the great valley of the river, there was no danger of missing her road. And when she was at a distance from home, there would be no difficulty in asking the way to Piobico.

But Giulia's calculation was, that she should not be obliged to go all the way to the place of Beppo's retreat. He was to be at the old tower at the back of the churchyard a couple of hours after the *Ave Maria* on the Sunday evening,—about twenty hours, that is to say, or a little more, from the time of her departure from *Bella Luce*. She hoped, therefore, that at the end of about ten hours' walk, early on the Sunday morning, she should meet him on his road, and so give him ample warning of his danger. Then, indeed, she would urge on him all that the Corporal had said; and, if possible, induce him to surrender himself voluntarily to the authorities at *Fano*. The Corporal himself had said that that would be the best thing for him of all.

It never entered; it will be observed, into Giulia's calculations, that a person coming from *Piobico* to *Santa Lucia* might travel by any other route than by the high road! Poor Giulia! She had always heard all her life that when people wanted to go to any place, they went along the road till they came to it, and no other possible course of proceeding presented itself to her imagination. She purposed going through the *Passo di Furlo*,—which was the part of the road that she best remembered,—very naturally, for it is a very remarkable place. But we know that the priest had especially cautioned Beppo not to pass on any occasion by that route!

Giulia sped along the path to the village, with her wallet of bread slung behind her shoulders,—a precaution which was rendered necessary by her absolute lack of money, the entirety of her moneyed possessions having been, as we saw, expended on the messenger who had brought the letter that had caused so much trouble.

She sped along the path, reached the village, where all the population had gone to bed two hours or more ago,—reached the *cura*, at the windows of which she glanced suspiciously;—but there was no light in them;—reached the church; and the churchyard behind it; and the foot of the old ruined tower by which the road passed that was to take her down through one or two other villages into the valley of the *Metauro*.

She had looked at the *cura* suspiciously as she passed; but she cast no glance of doubt or misgiving on the old half-ruined brick tower. Nobody lived in that save the owls up in the ivy that clustered around its top.

Nevertheless, there were two shrewd eyes, which belonged to no such biped, looking out from that ivy at her as she passed.

(To be continued.)

THE VEILED PORTRAIT.



IN spite of the power of steam and the enterprise of railway companies, there are many who yet derive their impressions of Italy from descriptions written at Kensington, or sketches filled up in the Alpha Road. Many from whom the hospitable St. Bernardines have never demanded more than would satisfy the most unscrupulous Swiss landlord, and others who, having made the acquaintance of Royal Aca-

demic Venetian Canals with their eyes, have not ripened the intimacy at Venice by their noses. These fortunate idealists, who have been taught to believe that south of the Alps there are no tints in Nature's colour-box but chrome yellow and cobalt, will have some difficulty in recognising the picture that I paint for them.

I look out upon it through the mouth of a

small and roughly-built harbour, and struggle to face the almost irresistible violence of the wind, which drives a succession of tall waves across the walled parapet, and howls savagely against the closed shutters of the desolate Albergo. Through the spray my eye wanders over a wide extent of shivering and leaping water, bounded on all sides by volumes of thick grey mist through which I can only faintly trace some bleak mountainous outlines. From the leaden sky above me to the boys sleeping in the boats beneath me under the shelter of the pier, the prevailing tone is black and cheerless. The old boatman is the only creature who gives signs of life, by tottering to and fro, and mumbling each time he passes me that the lake is "violent." He is speaking of the lake of Como.

It was towards the close of a rough day in October, 1858, that, on my way to England by the Splügen Pass, I found myself on the spot I have described. A friend had arranged to meet me further up the lake, and influenced by the fear of losing an agreeable companion homewards, I was earnestly seeking some means of continuing my journey. The small steamer that usually started from Como in the afternoon was kept in the harbour by the storm, and the officials paid very little attention to the remonstrances of the public as urged by myself, their only passenger. To remain was out of the question; the dreary *salle-à-manger* was insupportable, and the *table-d'hôte*, shared by myself, the landlord, and the salad-bowl, simply impossible. But although I had determined to proceed, between the resolution and the power there yawned a formidable chasm, and no Mettius Curtius among the boatmen seemed eager to close it, for it was only with the greatest difficulty that I procured a boat at an exorbitant rate to take me on to Caneggio. Here again ill-luck pursued me, for after proceeding about a couple of miles my boatmen unceremoniously landed me in the grounds of an apparently unoccupied villa, and declared that all the saints would not prevail upon them to row a foot further. Of course this argument was unanswerable, and I was compelled to have recourse to the building in the gardens of which I so unexpectedly found myself. Fortunately for my British bashfulness, it was in reality only habited by a very communicative old woman, who in five minutes fully acquainted me with the pedigree of the family of S—, then in Florence. She eagerly volunteered to show me over this their summer residence, a large construction in that pseudo-classic taste that has become so popularised among ourselves, and which combines in charming proximity the Greek pediment and the *area-railing*. I was

in no very excellent humour for sight-seeing, but I abstractedly suffered the housekeeper to conduct me through the suites of comfortable-looking apartments, and listened wearily as she rolled out a series of excellently studied histories attached to the portraits in the gallery. One of these, I must acknowledge, awakened in me a certain amount of interest. It appeared somewhat larger than those which surrounded it, and attracted my attention principally on account of a distinction which it enjoyed apart from its companions. It was carefully covered with red baize. Actuated by a feeling that was perfectly natural, no sooner did I discover that this portrait was hidden from me, than I instantly expressed a desire to see it. To this my conductress seemed to entertain strong objections, and it cost me something more than persuasion to induce her to remove the cloth. I then saw that in the mere beauty of execution alone this picture was superior to any in the gallery, and its charm did not end with this discovery. It represented one of the numberless female saints of the Romish calendar, but her attractions were not purely spiritual: on the contrary, the eyes were filled with no heavenly fire, and the pouting beauty of the parted lips but feebly harmonised with the glowing nimbus. Passion struggled in every feature, but it was not the passion of adoration; it was no ideal creation of the painter bursting into prayer, but bore in every outline the impress of a brush inspired by a reality purely human. Apart from its value as a portrait, its art merit was considerable, and I did not repent of my curiosity. After studying it for some time, I noticed on the white folds of the scapulary several dark coloured spots that evidently had no part in the composition of the painting. They appeared as if added after its completion; and on approaching the canvas I saw that traces of the same nature covered a very considerable portion of its extent; vague and indistinct in the shadows, but strongly defined in the higher lights. The appearance of these marks was so singular that I was extremely disappointed when, on inquiring further of the housekeeper, I found her quite at a loss to account for them. The information she possessed respecting the remaining portraits was extremely varied, and no doubt did great credit to her retentive powers, but as it did not embrace this one, I fear that I failed fully to appreciate it. I was endeavouring to repress my annoyance, when a voice at my elbow said softly in French—

"They are blood-stains, monsieur."

The speaker, who wore the unpretending dress of a village padre, bowed towards me with an air of courteous dignity rarely met with among the Italian clergy, and giving

me time to recover from my surprise, went on :

"I saw monsieur's boatmen returning to Como, and felt deeply ashamed that my countrymen should be guilty of such discourtesy towards a stranger, and an Englishman. My house is but a moment's walk from the lake, and I venture to assure monsieur that it is entirely his own. If after some repose he would wish to learn more of the history of that picture, I am, I think, the only person who knows sufficient of the particulars to relate them with justice."

The society of the more liberal and intelligent members of the Roman Catholic priesthood is always especially agreeable to me, and my new acquaintance seemed an excellent specimen of the class to which I allude. His appearance charmed me, and I accepted his kindness with a profusion of thanks. Two hours afterwards, while digesting a simple but excellently-ordered dinner, I listened to the following story, which I shall endeavour to give in the narrator's own words, suppressing, of course, the names, as members of the noble family implicated are still existing.

"If we could analyse the acuter trials of the mind," said my host, drawing his chair closer to the fire, and speaking somewhat abstractedly, "I think we should have some difficulty in finding any keener than those which attend upon the first struggles and disappointments of an artistic career. The ceaselessly recurring doubts of our own powers ; the fears with which we commit ourselves to a future which our eyes strive in vain to pierce ; the crushing necessity that compels us to reduce our nobler thoughts and higher aspirations to a standard by which our daily bread can be measured ; these pains can hardly be said to have their parallel. I felt this deeply myself in my youth, and when the shadow passed from my own heart it left me a sad sympathy for those who still laboured in the breath of its chill darkness. Some fifteen years ago, when the Art Schools of Florence were more than commonly crowded, my sacred duties attached me to the cathedral of that city, and I therefore had excellent opportunities of studying the phases of a branch of art-life to which I was a stranger. I made many friends ; but among all who attached themselves to me, though many were more talented, few excited so much interest on my part as a young man named Giuseppe Vetrano, a native of Sienna. He had lost both parents during the ravages of an epidemic, about five months before the time when I first became acquainted with him, and possibly this circumstance, combined with his extreme youth—he was but twenty years

of age—first invested him with an especial attraction. On further knowledge I found him possessed of an amiable but somewhat too retiring disposition, and perceived that his education, though not perfectly, had been honestly and piously conducted. It needed no very great diplomacy to draw his history from him ; the poor boy had but few friends, and soon gave me his confidence. He told me that he was the only son of a struggling doctor of Sienna, and had been for some time destined to follow the profession of his father. His artistic instinct, however, weighed successfully in the scale against the doctor's scruples, and Giuseppe became a student at Florence. For two years Dr. Vetrano contrived to send his son a certain allowance ; small, indeed, but still sufficient to enable Giuseppe to devote himself entirely to study. The lad was industrious, and though he denied himself all the little indulgences of youth, he still found leisure to write hopeful letters home. Then came the terrible calamity I spoke of—in a week Giuseppe was an orphan. When the bitterness of the fresh sorrow had passed away, a second grief as formidable as the first succeeded. The doctor and his wife had died in the direst poverty ; their entire possessions barely sufficed to buy them the right to a grave. Their son was penniless. It was then that young Vetrano found, added to his first great misery of the heart, some sharper pangs—the pangs of hunger. To displant the glorious inspiration of the ideal from its pure pedestal, and supply its place by the image of a few coins was wretchedness enough, but to find even this last poor goal unattainable was terrible. He supported himself for some time by the sale of his simple clothing ; but though he added to this poor resource by copying for the dealers, destitution stared at him through the canvas, and his brush was yet too weak a weapon to defend him. That his gentle nature could not long sustain such trials I felt convinced. I saw him but seldom, and after each interval I found him sadly changed. His visits to the church grew less and less frequent, and at length three months passed by without my having once encountered him there. I thought of him with much anxiety, and though I many times resolved to set my doubts at rest, I almost trembled to learn what I feared might be the truth.

"It was about this time that the conduct of the young Marchioness di Bonaglieri first became the subject of conversation in Florentine society, and in the exercise of my calling I had frequent opportunities of verifying the reports that were so extensively circulated. This lady came of an ancient but impoverished family,

and her remarkable beauty attracting the heart of the noble Marquis of Bonaglieri, she became suddenly possessed of the means of gratifying those refined tastes which her birth had implanted in her, but in which poverty had forbidden her indulgence. Possibly the more valuable endowments of her nature were not so rich as her intellectual and personal possessions, but it is certain that on attaining so high and enviable a position she devoted herself to the pursuit of pleasure more freely, perhaps, than her husband might have sanctioned. But that which was the staple of conversation in the *saloni* of the city was not likely to be canvassed in the Palazzo Bonaglieri, and therefore the affection of the Marquis remained unaltered.

"The Marchioness frequently did me the honour to avail herself of the church to which I was attached, coming most frequently alone, but seldom leaving without company. I was therefore but slightly surprised when, as I rose from my seat in the confessional, on the evening of the first day of the carnival, my penitents being always extraordinarily numerous at these times, I heard her voice near the grating,—

" 'The Via dei Bardi is so far.'

"The import of these words was not very obscure, but it did not interest me. My hand was on the lock, when, to my inexpressible astonishment, I recognised the voice of Giuseppe. I paused instantly.

" 'The place is as nothing,' he said, earnestly; 'say only that you will come, and I engage the distance shall not trouble you.'

" 'Not there?' asked the Marchioness.

" 'No.'

"They took a few steps further from me. The Marchioness spoke next, and I caught her words with difficulty.

" 'Then I will come.'

" 'Truly?'

" 'I promise.'

" 'How shall I find you?'

" 'I shall be here to-morrow at this time—will that please you?'

" 'Beyond hope.'

" 'Addio till then.'

" 'I shall remember.'

"I could see them now. The Marchioness drew her veil closely, and left leisurely by the grand entrance. Giuseppe remained motionless for about ten minutes; then he followed quickly.

"I am almost ashamed to say that on the next evening I waited for the result of this appointment with more anxiety than quite harmonised with the nature of my occupation. A fat Pistoian farmer was reciting a string of

market delinquencies, when two figures that I instantly recognised passed before the choir. Leaving my penitent astounded at the severity of the penance which I imposed upon him, I reached the porch in time to hear the address that Vetrano gave to the driver of a hackney coach. I remember it perfectly. It was No. 1236, Via della Scala. The next day, meeting the young painter alone on the same spot, I presumed on the privilege of my profession to make inquiries respecting the mysterious lady in whose society I had twice observed him. To my surprise, knowing the timidity of his nature, and prepared as I was for blushes and confusion, he became deadly pale, and darting a look of defiance at me, hurried away without a word.

"Two months after this, I was one day crossing the Piazza near the Campanile, when I observed a boy follow me for some distance, glancing every now and then doubtfully into my face. At length he asked my name, and on my telling him, said I was indeed the holy father Signor Vetrano had sent him in search of; the Signor desired most urgently to see me; would I come? Of course I expressed my willingness to do so, and followed my guide to the Via della Scala, No. 1236. The shutters of the house were half closed, a restless crowd filled the street, and the shop was thronged. The landlord, a tailor, rushed to me eagerly, and exclaimed:

" 'The saints be praised! the poor young signor still asks for you.'

"I was strangely agitated.

" 'What is the matter?' I asked, fearfully.

" 'He is dying.'

"I inquired no more, but hurried up the stairs, and on entering my poor young friend's room, I found that the landlord had but spoken too truly. Giuseppe's hours were numbered. He seemed to have aged at least twenty years since I had last seen him, and though he tried to smile as I opened the door, the effort was a sad one. The doctor stood at the bed-side, and I addressed myself to him in a whisper.

" 'What is it?' I asked.

" 'A bad sword-wound.'

" 'Mortal?'

" 'I will not deceive you.'

"I sighed deeply. At the same moment Giuseppe opened his eyes, and beckoning the surgeon nearer to him, murmured feebly:

" 'You can hide nothing from me, doctor; it is not your face alone that tells me there is no hope. I knew it from the first; and as my moments are precious I must not lose them. My only business now is with Heaven and my old friend. I thank you for your kindness.'

"The doctor, exchanging a glance with me, left the room, and I seated myself near the bed and took the penitent's feverish hand in mine. He smiled gratefully, and after remaining silent some few moments, began in a low voice,—

"Since I last saw you, my father, the remembrance of my ingratitude has ceaselessly reproached me, and only the want of courage to ask your forgiveness has kept me away from you. Added to which," he continued, hesitatingly, "for many days I have hardly been myself. I have much to tell you, and will speak more to the friend than to the pastor. I do not wish to confess myself to you, for possibly the day may come when it will be better that you should repeat my words; it is therefore necessary that you should know all, and when you hear my memory accused, that knowledge will be my best defence.

"It is now more than two months since the Carnival, yet I remember it as if it were only yesterday. As the first day closed I sat alone in my garret in the Via dei Bardi, and stopped my ears that the merry voices in the street might not drive me mad. I had spent my last scudo; I had no work, and though the spring nights were still chilly, I had sold even the coverings of my bed for food. On my easel stood a picture, the copy of which I had finished that morning, and taken home to the dealer twice in the day. But he was masquerading, and so of course I was not paid. The lights carried by the masks in the carriages, and the lamps in the opposite windows, threw a strong glare into my naked room, and the sounds of music, laughter, and shouting became so loud as the night deepened, I could not keep them out. I had made up my mind that it would be better for me to die, and that resolution brought me calmness. I took up my cap, and descending the four flights of stairs, walked quickly towards the Arno. As I stole along near the wall, shrinking from the crowd as if it mocked me, I felt my arm seized roughly, and, turning angrily round, found myself face to face with the picture-dealer for whom I had so fruitlessly searched during the day. He dragged me into his shop, and before I had recovered from my surprise, presented me to a stranger who was seated near the door. This gentleman rose politely, and pointing to one of my fly-stained and dusty pictures, said that he understood that I was the artist, that its style pleased him, and that if I were willing he could give me a commission. I bowed my thanks, and learnt that the work required was a picture of St. Catherine, for his wife's oratory. He spoke much longer, naming the size and the price, but I heard nothing, and when I

recovered from my profound astonishment I found that my patron had left the shop, and that I held a rouleau of scudi in my hand. I rushed home; but the close garret stifled me, and I went out again into the streets. I was delirious with joy, and the masqueraders pushed me out of their way as if I had been a man walking in a dream. The throng swept me with it towards the Piazza del Duomo, where I found the steps of the cathedral as deserted as the square itself was crowded. I turned towards this silence and stood looking at the stars, and thinking that I too had discovered a new world. Dazzled as I was, I thought that to see misfortune I must henceforth look backward, but I deceived myself. My first sorrow came into the world with the birth of my first joy. I stood upon the same spot for hours, looking steadfastly before me, thinking of my work, and seeking to create in my mind the image the canvas waited for. I searched for a length of time in vain, but gradually a face seemed to form itself before me. I trembled with joy, and studied every feature with an uncertain happiness, half fearful lest the vision should desert me. In my delight I woke from my abstraction, and discovered a pair of brilliant eyes gazing earnestly into mine. The face was before me. I was then sensible that I had been guilty of an indiscretion, that, plunged in thought, my visionary glance had been long fixed upon features that were not ideal, but glowed with a living breath. They smiled and passed away. I was filled with confusion; my eyes irresistibly wandered to the cathedral doors; I twice tried to turn away, but could not. Impelled by an indefinite agitation I entered the church, and from that moment I remember little. A few stammered words—a smile that still lives in my heart—a promise. Of all this I possess but an incomplete and distant recollection. One thing I know; from that time the saint troubled me no more—I had found my model.

"On the following day I left the little room where I had shed so many tears, for this apartment. You see I was no longer an artist. I painted, it is true; but in a velvet chair. Still I was happy, for *she* came. She brought me strength; the pencil became winged under my fingers; in the light of *her* eyes all colours harmonised. Her beauty was a prize from which my art claimed the first tribute, and I valued the treasure that gave life and vigour to my work. The model breathed upon the copy, and almost in spite of itself a new creation rushed into being. The two hours daily passed in her presence gifted my brush with a power which only left it with the last glimpse of

daylight. Such was my life at first ; but in time I found that my hand trembled when she was near me, and worse than all, that at the sound of the closing door which hid her from me, a cloud sprang up before my eyes. I stood before the half-dried canvas, and found I could work no more. For the first time for years the throbbing of my brain no longer drowned the beating of my heart. The spiritual essence that had so long guided my arm deserted me, and I felt that only the powerless clay remained. How came this change ? The blood surging to my throat told me the truth I dreaded—I loved. With this thought the horizon darkened ; the clear, pure expanse in which my soul had toiled and dreamed, became a chaos ; a fire burned in my breast, and I trembled. Through all that night I sat with my face buried in my hands, and the first light which fell upon the untouched picture found me more resolute. When she came I met her at the door ; perhaps my looks alarmed her ; perhaps she guessed the truth. I do not know ; but she pressed my hand with the tenderest sympathy, and looked kindly into my eyes. I never thought her hand so soft, or her eyes so beautiful. Consider, my father, what I was—a poor motherless student, trying to pick out bright tints from the world's colourless face—sheltered so well under the shadow of poverty, that even my friends' eyes had forgotten to look for me. What then was that smile worth to me ? It was the first touch of the beach to the fainting swimmer ; the first spoken word to the young mother ; the first breath of the hayfield to the sick-bed. It promised me for insults, caresses ; for contempt, encouragement ; for the cold wind, sunshine. Can you forgive me, my father ? That evening I found myself at her feet.

"Many days passed away before I returned to my task, for I was restless and unhappy. Often when she drew her hand from mine I followed it with a firm clasp, and prayed for the right of keeping it for ever ; yet at these times she would turn away with a little laugh, and then bid me 'wait.' Stranger still to me then, was the little I knew of one who had my life in her keeping. Even when I asked her name, she answered, pointing to the picture, 'You may call me Catherine.' I questioned her no more.

"At length the picture was completed. I was satisfied, though not entirely so. The work of the last few weeks seemed to have destroyed all that I had done before ; the face no longer looked at me with the light my eager brush had first bestowed upon it. It was not less a portrait—on the contrary, the resemblance appeared to have increased. I loved it

still—perhaps more than ever ; for its beauty was, if possible, heightened, and it spoke to me with a softer tenderness. Still it was changed. In my eagerness to know its fate I did not wait until the colours dried, but despatched a messenger at once to the address which its purchaser had left with me. In the meantime I employed myself in preparing for this terrible reception. I disposed the light carefully, regulated the disorder of my room, and wishing, in my silly vanity, to study the force of a first impression, I covered the painting with a veil. Scarcely had I in this manner laid the last offering on the altar of my idol, than I heard a step upon the stairs. I cannot tell you all that I endured in the next few moments—my temples throbbed painfully, and I replied to the knock at my door in a voice husky with emotion. I had to repeat the words before my first and last patron heard me, and entered the room. He was a man of middle age and combined in his manner an appearance of hearty good humour with an air of unmistakable nobility. The greeting he bestowed upon me was cordial and encouraging, and he asked in a loud cheerful voice, how my work had prospered. I replied that I intended leaving that resolution to his judgment ; and as I placed him in a suitable light, he smiled kindly, and assured me that I need not fear his severity. I remember also that as he took his seat he said, laughingly, 'The court is open.'

"Perhaps, my father, I weary you with these details ; but you will forgive me when you remember that they express only the natural minuteness of a man who has little more to observe and less to tell. At a reassuring glance from the generous face opposite me I drew aside the cloth hastily, as we snatch the iron from a wound, and casting my eyes on the ground, I waited. There ensued a few moments of profound silence—a silence which my visitor was the first to break.

"'Is that face a conception of your own ?'

"The tone in which these words were uttered induced me to look up. The speaker had risen from his chair and had advanced towards the picture, in front of which he stood, pale, calm, and motionless.

"'Is that face a conception of your own ?'

"'No, signor.'

"'You had a model, doubtless ?'

"'I had.'

"His eyes glanced rapidly round the room, again to the picture, and then from the picture to my face. My head sank before that impassible glance. I shuddered, for this silence seemed terrible to me. After a long pause the calm voice spoke again.

"Of the same?"

"I raised my eyes, and saw that my interrogator held in his hand a plain miniature, which he had taken from the table. I bowed my head in answer to his question, and he went on,—

"How long have you worked at this picture?"

"Since I last saw you."

"But not always from the model?"

"I hesitated.

"Answer me."

"Yes—always."

"She came, then, frequently?"

"Daily, Signor." The next words were spoken in a trembling voice.

"Her name?"

"This abruptness irritated me, and I remained silent.

"Her name!"

"I do not know."

"Again my questioner fixed his eyes upon me; but this time I returned their gaze. He commenced pacing to and fro across the room, and then pausing abruptly, spoke in a low, sad voice.

"I will tell you."

"What?"

"Her name."

"You know her, then?"

"I am her husband."

"Calmly as these words were uttered, they struck me with the force of twenty daggers. I reeled and gasped. He did not notice me, but walked on steadily, muttering to himself.

"It is not every painter who has a marchioness for a model. You will forget the garret that I saved you from. You will be happy among these golden cornices and silken curtains. Why think of me? Of me? I am her husband—that is all."

"For a long time I heard nothing but the beating of my heart.

"But for all that, this is not justice. For my praise you bring humiliation; for my gold you give me tears; for my trust you bring dishonour."

"I threw myself at his feet, and swore he wronged her. He laughed a bitter laugh, and pushed me from him. I fell, and dragged down the picture. In a moment I sprang up with burning tears. It was an insult at once to my labour and to her. I became mad. I struck him across the breast, and, throwing him a sword from a pile of arms which served for models, I cried:

"After this, only when you have cut open my heart shall you read her justification."

"We crossed swords and then came darkness. When I woke to light I found myself stretched upon the picture, while my blood was mingling with its wet colours. They brought me here, I sent for you, and now I have only one more request. I wish this packet to be sent to her. I dare scarcely ask you, my father, to accept this trust, but if you can so far pity me you will relieve my thoughts from a great sorrow."

"I promised him. He thanked me with his eyes, and continued more feebly: 'Tell her that to be denied even a farewell pressure of her hand is very sad, but that nevertheless I die in hope. If in some quiet night she sees my shade standing by her side, let her turn towards it with a smile upon her face, and my soul will rest for ever.'

"He spoke no more, and about an hour later I received his last breath.

"I started early the next morning for the Palazzo Bonaglieri. I knew that my dress would procure me admission unquestioned, and although I was half reluctant to avail myself of its shelter on such an errand, I looked upon the poor boy's last wish as sacred, and if I did wrong I trust that Heaven will pardon me. I found the palazzo in great confusion. The porter was not in the hall, and it was only in one of the upper chambers that I found a servant of whom I could make inquiries. That morning the marchioness had been found dead in her bed.

"On the same day, and almost at the same hour that a richly-appointed funeral procession left the Palazzo Bonaglieri, a simple hearse emerged from one of the narrow streets leading to the Via della Scala. At the gates of the cemetery the driver of this plain death-carriage drew up to allow the long train of black velvet and silver lace to pass; then he followed humbly. What became of his burden no one cared to discover, but the more brightly studded coffin of the other *cortège* was much admired, for the history I have just related was not written on the inscription plate. After the funeral I opened the packet entrusted to me, and found that it contained a lock of hair.

"The marquis disappeared, and, several years afterwards, proofs of his death in England having been forwarded to Florence, the property descended to his brother's family. To these heirs I presented the portrait, and in return, by their influence I became appointed here. They attempted to remove the blood-stains, but finding some difficulty in doing so, preferred to keep the picture veiled. Who knows? It may be the blood of expiation."

THE BURLESQUE OF LIFE.

ALL readers of the "Old Curiosity Shop" must remember the story of how Kit went with his mother, brothers, and Barbara to the play; and how, on the morning which followed this eventful expedition, the whole party took a depreciatory view of the gorgeous entertainment they had gazed upon with such wonder the night before. Every playgoer must, I think, have experienced a similar sensation. At any rate, I never feel more disposed to be critical, possibly hypercritical, than on a morning when I have spent the previous evening at a playhouse. There are, of course, obvious and material causes for this censorious frame of mind. In an English theatre I am invariably uncomfortable. There is never room for my legs, not, I trust, inordinately long; a cold draught always meanders playfully about my neck; the bench on which I am required to sit is harder than that of a second-class Great Western carriage; and the smell and heat bequeath me the never-failing legacy of a headache. Still, these inconveniences are not the main reasons for the unfrequency of my visits to the theatre. Abroad I am one of the most assiduous of playgoers; and, indeed, my love for dramatic representation is so great, that I could face much heavier annoyances, if I could really have my taste for acting gratified. Possibly I am unreasonable. The æsthetic excuse for Henry VIII.'s conduct in respect to marriage is, that he made away with one wife after another, simply and solely because he cherished such an exalted ideal of what a wife ought to be, that he never could rest satisfied with the actual specimens of womanhood who came across his path. It may be that I, in like manner, shall never behold such acting as I have conceived the idea of. Still, this I know, that the theatres of France, Germany, and Italy approach much nearer to my ideal than those of my native land. And the reason why they do so approach is, that they represent life, and not a burlesque of life.

Like everybody else at this season of the year, I went to see a burlesque. To the entertainment itself I have no manner of objection to make. All the accessories were well got up. There were plenty of rose-coloured lights, and spangled dresses, and scenic effects. The ladies—who represented naiads, or nymphs, or fairies, I forget which—were charming-looking; a fact which is very common in London, and most uncommon in any other capital of the world. The music, a fact which is rare with us, was excellent; and the puns and jokes were as plentiful, as ingenious,

and as meaningless as they ought to be in a classical extravaganza. Altogether I had every reason to be satisfied. Burlesque is, to my mind, a sort of desert to the dramatic banquet. If there are flowers, and *épergnes*, and Bohemian glass, and candied fruits, and bonbons enough upon the table, no reasonable guest will object to his not being able to make a solid meal out of dessert; and it would be about as fair to grumble because a burlesque is not a five-act classical drama. My objection is to the comedy which opened the performances. That, and not the extravaganza, was the real burlesque of life. It is about this play that I wish to grumble.

It would not be fair to specify the piece I allude to by name. My objections are rather to the class to which this play belongs, than to the play itself. It is enough to say, that it professed to be a drama of modern English life. Whether it is adapted from the French I neither know nor care. The idea, I fairly grant, was English; and the relations between a gentleman and his wife's aunt, which formed the basis of the plot, were eminently British. Somehow or other a wife's relations are not the bugbear in continental life that they are with us. In fact, if I may broach an unpardonable heresy, I should say that family relations abroad are, as a rule, far more friendly and domestic than they are in the happy homes of England. This, however, is merely a parenthesis. The play in question had been largely praised in the London papers. I had read that it was a remarkable picture of modern society, and a clever delineation of English life. The principal part was played by perhaps the most natural and unaffected actress on the London stage; and I was told that the character was one of her best creations. Moreover, I happened to have frequently met the author and some of the chief actors at social gatherings, and knew that, whatever their dramatic ability might be, they were quiet gentlemanlike men, who knew as well as any men in London what were the habits and customs of middle-class educated society. With this knowledge, I expected to see, at any rate a representation of such a world as they and I were accustomed to. What was it that I actually saw?

In the first place, there was a grave old gentleman, the father of the family, and, I presume, a respectable stockbroker, or retired solicitor, or sleeping partner in a Bank, or something of that kind. He was dull, but that was in his part; he was dismally comic, but that was expected of him; and his speciality consisted in always carrying a large book beneath his arm, supposed to be a treatise on

the weather by Admiral Fitzroy, and remarking, that the weather was about to turn to rain whenever any of the personages began to cry, or that storms might be expected when his wife seemed on the point of losing her temper. All this I could have overlooked; but why was this estimable man—who, we are given to understand, was rather a gay old boy out of doors, and somewhat too fond of his club—attired at every period of the four-and-twenty hours in evening costume. Is it common in any class of modern English society for middle-aged gentlemen to go out at mid-day with tail coats, black unmentionables, and white chokers? Why, I ask, is a gentleman of the present year of grace expected to appear on the stage in the costume of half a century ago?

Then, of course there was a comic footman and a pert chambermaid. As to the latter, she was attired in a manner which would cause her instant dismissal, even by the most long-suffering of mistresses; and she winked and flirted with a sublime contempt for the ordinary relations between masters and servants. It is, however, I admit, possible that even a well-bred gentleman, devoted to his wife, might in some rash moment have stolen a kiss from the lips of a very pretty girl, and might, on account of her looks, put up with a good deal of impertinence. A considerable licence must be allowed upon the stage, and dramatic chambermaids are traditionally expected to be pert. My chief indignation, therefore, was concentrated on the footman, who was not even supposed to be an old and spoiled servant, but was taken as an ordinary type of a genteel London flunkey. This individual, whose dress was more like that of an itinerant showman than of an ordinary "Jeames," behaved himself throughout in a fashion which nothing but chronic drunkenness could account for. He sat down in his employer's presence, helped himself to the repast provided for his master, spun round on one leg like a teetotum, played antics, took kicks from his master as a matter of course, and misconducted himself in every conceivable manner that a London footman would never dream of doing. Such a character would have been intelligible in "High Life below Stairs;" but the piece in which he was introduced was intended to be an accurate delineation of modern English middle-class life. As I looked upon his performance, I could not but think of houses, belonging to the very class of inmates whose life was depicted before me; houses where I had often met the author; and wondering what he or I should have thought or said if we had seen the footman, who waits upon us with a

grave and solemn composure, demeaning himself like this John Thomas of comedy.

I speak strongly on this point, because the chief actors in the piece used language such as people in their position might naturally have employed, and behaved themselves like ordinary ladies and gentlemen. The accessories, on the other hand, were villainously bad, and utterly improbable. Moreover, though the dialogue was good enough and the idea of the plot ingenious, yet nothing could be more unlike life than the circumstances by which this idea was worked out. Harassed by the importunities of his wife's aunt, the hero of the piece wishes to bring matters to a climax, and leaves the house of his wife's parents in a huff. The next morning we find him in possession of a house of his own, which he had looked out, taken, furnished, and occupied, in less than twenty-four hours' time. Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse combined can no doubt work greater wonders than this, but the piece in which this marvellous *tour de force* occurs is not an extravaganza, or even a sensation drama of the Monte Cristo order, but a sober delineation of real life. The stratagem fails, and the prodigal husband is about to sink back beneath the yoke of his wife's relations for ever, when a *Deus ex machina* appears to release him from his bondage, in the person of a young sailor brother-in-law. This nautical individual, who, in order I suppose to resemble the sailor of real life, is a very pretty young lady dressed in male attire, exhibits his or her maritime profession by wearing a very becoming and tight-fitting uniform. Happily the lion's name is thus printed beneath the lion's portraiture, or otherwise I should most certainly have mistaken the gay young lieutenant for a dancing-master, or for the *primo Ballerino* of the Italian stage. His usual mode of moving about the room was by a hop, skip, and a jump, terminating with a pirouette; and the free good-humour of the jolly tar was exhibited by a habit of slapping everybody on the back upon every possible occasion, and by calling his father "dad," both in speaking to him and of him. This gay young dog announces, almost without taking breath, that he had been privately married for a year to a Miss Smith, that he had lost his wife in her first confinement, and was the happy father of a lively baby. One would have thought that this was rather a startling announcement from the lips of one's son and heir, but his parents and family receive it as much as a matter of course as if he told them he had picked up sixpence in the streets. No questions are asked, not the slightest anxiety is evinced as to the character of the

deceased wife, or as to the circumstances which had induced her husband to keep his marriage secret. The blessed baby is admitted at once as a member of the family, the mother-like aunt transfers her affections instantaneously to her grand-niece, and her nephew-in-law is left to the sole possession and enjoyment of his wife's affections.

Such are some of the features of a piece which has been acted recently with considerable success, and seems to be accepted generally as a clever description of life as it is amongst the middle classes of England. I have singled it out for this reason, though I might quote more flagrant absurdities from any drama of real life which is now being enacted in the London theatres. Now, unless I am mistaken, a great part of the declining popularity of the drama is due to this habit of burlesquing life upon the stage. Constantly you will see the part of the aristocratic lover or the fashionable villain filled by a gentleman who describes his manual extremities and the organ of life as his 'and and 'art. Such a defect in pronunciation ought to be absolutely fatal to an actor, just as singing false is to a musician. It may, however, be said that habits of mis-pronunciation are very hard to cure after youth has passed. This is true. But then, what conceivable reason is there why English actors should not trouble themselves to learn how ladies and gentlemen are dressed in ordinary society? There is, for instance, my friend Mr. Buskin. Off the stage, nothing can be more quiet or simple than his dress. On the stage, when he represents the character of a distinguished nobleman, he wears check trousers, with a pattern so large that Bob Sawyer would have hesitated to invest his person in them; a Noah's Ark coat, such as was the fashion ten years ago; and a broad-brimmed hat, stuck rakishly half off his head. My chief complaint, however, is with the authors. Actors in London, from circumstances I cannot now enter on, live inevitably in a very narrow world of their own; and, unless they are men of great originality of mind, adopt in consequence the traditions and views of a professional coterie. It is my good fortune, however, to know well many of our leading play-writers. They are, as a class, remarkably well-bred, highly educated gentlemen, who know as much about the habits and feelings of the higher classes of society as any man who works professionally for his livelihood is ever likely to do. Why, then, I ask, do they forget the manners and customs and prejudices of the society they frequent, when they sit down to draw pictures of real life? On the French, and, indeed, on almost any continental stage with

which I am acquainted, you never see solecisms committed of the kind I have dwelt upon. Behind the footlights you behold men and women dressed in the ordinary attire of the class they represent, using appropriate language, and behaving as their originals would behave under like circumstances. The individual acting of the English stage, I think, is of a very high order. Pathos and sentiment, and humour and passion, are frequently expressed by our leading actors in a manner which their continental rivals could not excel; but the accessories of the piece invariably dispel the illusion created by the power of individual genius.

Thus, I cannot but fancy that if a different system were pursued; if care were taken, not only to secure good leading actors, but good subordinates; if an attempt were made to render the stage not only the mirror of human passions, but the likeness of the outward features of the life we lead, there would be fewer complaints of the decline of the English drama. I shall doubtless be told that I am wrong, and that practical experience has taught managers that no piece will go down without an admixture of eccentric buffoonery. The fact, however, that this assertion is made confidently by competent authorities does not convince me that I am wrong. I speak as one of the play-loving, but not play-going, public. I go to the theatre to see a delineation of the life I know and move in, and come away disappointed when I see a mere burlesque of life. So, I suspect, do many thousands of persons situated like myself.

E. D.

THE CONCIERGE IN PARIS.

"CORDON, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT!" Be polite to the concierge under all circumstances. You are in his hands. He keeps watch over you. He receives all your letters, sees all your friends, your tradesmen, and your creditors. He marks the hours at which you come and go. He knows when you have a new coat, and what you do with the old one. Observe that he has nothing to do in the world (if he be in a good house) except to make notes from that little window, whence he surveys the world that passes to and fro. It is he who answers all questions that may be addressed to him by your friends, or enemies, concerning you. You are only the first-floor lodger, but he is concierge; and he will have you mark the difference in your relative positions. You may fret, but you cannot escape him. When he pulls the cord, you must accept the act as a favour which he has been gracious enough to

pay you. There is not a man with whom you are acquainted whose name is not familiar to him. All your little ailments are at his fingers' ends. If he had a good memory, a fair notion of style and orthography, he might write romances that would pale the star of the author of "La Femme de Trente Ans." His malicious eye marks who comes when Monsieur is out. He knows when to put a pecuniary expression into his slavish countenance. Monsieur de Vandenesse is understood by the concierge when the Marquis is all confidence. The Marquise d'Aiglemont could not have defied the vengeance of the man in the little dark room, by the gateway of her hotel. Irreproachable himself, he sits in his sombre little cabin—as judge in a court of justice. He knows that those scandalous romancists of the Boulevards write severe things about him. They call him *mouchard*; but he smiles, and counts his hundred-sous pieces, and as he drops them in the leather bag, he grins—thinking of the time when some of these gentlemen will be lying in the hospital—ay, possibly lapping the soup of Bicêtre; and he will be *rentier*, and will follow his daughter to the Bois de Boulogne in her wedding dress, having given her a pretty *dot*. He has bought *Rentes* already—trust him. His five-franc pieces were at the disposition of his country during the Crimean war; and the people laughed to see him counting them out. The *placement* was highly advantageous, it is true; but, he trusted, people would give him a little credit for patriotism.

His prying habits apart, the concierge is what we call a respectable man. He is always at his post. He is bountifully civil. He is ever faithful to his trust. You will not often see a concierge before the Correctional Police. The extent of his dissipation is an occasional *coup* at the nearest wine shop, with a neighbour. On fine evenings he sits under the gateway, with his wife and her friend, lazily watching the passers-by. In the winter he is shut, with his wife and the friend (a neighbouring cook or housemaid), in his steamy den. It is gloomily lighted by an oil lamp, with a green shade over it. On a shelf, by the table, lie the letters of the lodgers. Against the wall are rows of keys, which open the various apartments of the house. The den is packed with every kind of bundle, domestic utensil, and package; and overhead is a bed, that is let down on the floor, at night. The wife and her friend knit and talk scandal; and the concierge, with the cordon at hand, reads the evening paper, and gives forth the news—when he is in an amiable mood. He is a philosopher, whom nothing moves. He has seen every phase of life. Weddings and funerals by the

hundred; domestic quarrels, executions, ruin, extraordinary strokes of luck, love, jealousy, despair—all pass by that little square window of his. How often has he helped to hang the black cloth across the gateway; and to arrange the tapers round the coffin in the passage, within view of the people in the street, that these might enter and sprinkle holy water on the dead! I remember one frosty December morning (some ten years have flown since then) I was the proud inhabitant of rooms on the first floor of a student's hotel, in the Rue des Quatre Vents. Those four winds blew no good to anybody. Fate had hit a knock-down blow at every inhabitant of that street. It was the street of the great Paris family of the Empty Pockets. The morning was icy, and a keen wind blew through the long dusty passage that led to the street. I had a word to say to the concierges—man and wife. They had made mistakes with my letters, and had given some of my newspapers to the second floor. As I passed hurriedly into the stifling little place where the concierge and his wife were rubbing their lean knees over a stifling little stove; I almost fell over a long box (very like an orange box), that was propped on end as a ladder, or a plank of timber, against the wall.

I made my complaint, and was met with that crushing and unanswerable humility for which my Quatre-Vents concierges were remarkable. Poverty is, to most people, a break in the encampment that lets in a pack of wolves upon them. To my humble concierges it was impenetrable armour.

"We are so poor, you see, sir," said they, whenever I opened a complaint. "We are very sorry; but we are poor people." Impossible to be angry with people who clasped your knees. On that December morning I had determined to be firm.

"This is unendurable! Once more, my papers!"

"You must really excuse anything this morning, sir, especially with poor people, who do their best."

"And why this morning?" I answered. "To begin with, I nearly broke my shins over a great deal box you have planted half-way across the passage."

"That, sir—why it's Mademoiselle Lucille!"

I had stumbled against a coffin, containing the remains of a lodger whom I had seen day after day drawing water at the fountain opposite my window; when preparations were making for an humble lying in state under the gateway.

I was silenced; and suffered henceforth the blunders of the poor conciergerie, without complaint. I have no doubt now, having at any

rate the years that bring the philosophic mind, those artful Quatre-Vent concierges are renters ; and will help his Imperial Majesty to realise those millions "the prosperity of the Empire" compels him to borrow.

The privileges of the concierge are bearable. Let him take the biggest log when you are supplied with half a load of wood. You pay him the expected gratification when you return home after midnight. You cannot help the fast friendship that springs up between him and your cook. He must know when the price of peaches is low enough for your pocket ; and that you quarrelled with the cobbler over his charge for mending your shoes. Every detail of your contract with the *traiteur* is his property. You drink Bordeaux at twenty-five sous the *litre*, and he knows it ; and it is only when you have friends, you go even as far as Beaune. The fowls are too dear in the market to-day for Madame ; the cook has told him so with a toss of the head ; and he holds that you are *bien peu de chose*. A friend out at elbow has paid you a visit ; and went out arm-in-arm with you, and *tu-toied* you. The landlord has called three times for his rent. It is the privilege of the concierge to be posted up in the doings of the back staircase, and of the front staircase, of your establishment. You furnish Sunday afternoon conversation to him, and his friends.

The oyster-woman, who sits with her fish securely packed in straw, waiting for customers at the corner of the street, elbow to elbow with the vendor of roasted chesnuts—this buxom old lady, who has the firmest thumb I ever saw engaged opening an oyster ; has been in this street of the fashionable west of Paris (to which I have promoted myself from the Quatres-Vents) these five-and-twenty years. Rubbing her back against the corner-stone of the Rue de Grevuhle, this observant creature heard the murderous thunders of the days of July ; caught the droning of "Mourir pour la Patrie," in 1848 ; and surveyed the effervescence of the *coup d'état*—opening oysters with that thumb of majestic force, the while ! She is here still, busy, talkative, and as receptive as ever. She is the chosen confidante of all the cooks and concierges in the street. Under that snow-white cap of hers lie, snugly and tightly packed, the archives of every kitchen in the street. Every hint, every rumour, falls into her net. Her lively eyes are upon every man, woman, and child in the street.

Cook, to Madame. "Madame Buisson is enchanted with your new dress, Madame. She saw you in it yesterday for the first time."

Madame. "I'm delighted to hear that I have pleased Madame Buisson, Clemence ; but, pray, who is Madame Buisson ?"

Clemence makes a theatrical start, and will not believe that Madame can be ignorant of the name of Madame Buisson. "Why, Madame," cries Clemence, "she has been in the street twenty-five years."

Madame. "Possibly ; but what is she ?"

Clemence. "Why, Madame, the oyster-woman at the corner of the Rue de Grevuhle."

No concierge would deprive himself of the pleasure and profit of Madame Buisson's acquaintance. Nor would the lady think for one moment of shortening her supply of scandal, by offending a man who held the key of a house.

My west end concierge was one of Madame Buisson's intimates. I lived in a very short street, and from my balcony I could distinctly see all that was passing in it. When I threw the windows open in the early morning, the concierge was cooling his feverish nose on the doorstep ; or talking with the man who was taking down the shutters of his favourite wine-shop, where he had just sipped his "morning's refresher." He would sit on the form by the wine-shop door and cast his bleared eyes over the great house opposite, that was his domain.

I felt that his eye rested occasionally upon me, and that I must be on my best behaviour. He was an excellent sample of the concierge, dressed in a very short, square cut, dress coat, of a mouldy-greenish hue, a waistcoat brightened with metal buttons, blue trousers, and, in the early morning, sabots. A snuff-brown baggy cap covered his wise head, with the peak of it put sideways, that it might not impede his observations. There were not many variations in his morning performance. He had a greeting with the wood and coke merchant, who was stacking logs in his black shed. The baker halted, with the loaves towering far above his head, to exchange news. The patient auvergnat, ambling along with his cans of water slung across his shoulder, answered his morning pleasantries ; for, by the laughter, my concierge could say good things,—at least he laughed at them very much himself, and appeared to be rewarded from time to time with a *coup*, offered to him by some grateful friend of the street. It was worth an hour spent on my balcony to see the Rabelaisian content and chuckle with which, when invited to the pewter bar, he followed his entertainer ; and the bonhomie with which he slapped his momentary host on the back as they came forth, after a few minutes, and he resumed his seat on the form. We used to call him the spider. He caught many flies in the course of the morning, when he was not called from his post by the piercing voice of his better half, summoning him across the road to perform

some duty of his responsible office. When he was so summoned he would put on a grave, magisterial air, directly drew the cuff of his coat across his Bacchanal lips, set the peak of his cap in a becoming position, and, summoning to his aid every scrap of dignity at his command, made across the road to see who was at the gates of his kingdom.

In his way, the concierge was a *bon vivant*; but never did he permit his love of the good things of this world to interfere with the scrupulous performance of his official duties. He was as severe as a colonel called to the front of his regiment. His friends might joke him when he was off duty; but he was true as steel when he stood at the door of the lodge and was examining anybody who wished to pass up stairs. If anybody who knew my rooms, and had visited them twenty times, ventured to pass his lodge and to pull my bell without having undergone a preliminary inspection, the concierge would follow him up the stairs and summon him to explain himself. Very amiable visitors laughed only; but the quick-tempered were not complimentary in their answers. An Italian visitor said to me one evening, "Do you know, that if I had not entertained the very highest respect for you, I should have boxed the ears of your concierge?" I am sure that if he had completely indulged his inclination, I should not have been mortally offended. I heard afterwards that my cook and the concierge had put the Italian gentleman in his proper place. They had agreed that he was not worth much. Said the cook, "I opened the door to him, and he asked whether Monsieur was at home without saying 'Good day' to me."

I was walking past the porter's lodge one afternoon, in great haste, when the concierge dashed out and called after me. He was in an excited state, and when excited he was in the habit of twitching his features into the most painful contortions; whereupon the following dialogue invariably passed between him and his wife—a portly lady, who might have carried him about in her reticule:—

"Don't make grimaces," the lady observed, with authority.

Her lord looked at her with scorn, tempered by the number of *coups* he had taken in the course of the morning. He would resume his conversation, completely turning his back upon his wife. She would fold her arms, and gradually shift her position to one where she could catch the expressions of her husband's face. Again, in a more authoritative tone—

"Don't make grimaces, I tell you, Monsieur."

Monsieur, without looking for an instant at

his wife, would answer, "Is that any business of yours, Madame?" And as he replied he would back towards her, and so force her into the lodge, continuing his conversation the while.

This scene was punctually enacted when I was stopped on my way out to listen to a complaint.

The concierge removed his brown cap, smiled submissively, the rascal! and, in his sweetest voice, said—

"Monsieur will pardon me, but I have a little observation to make to him."

"Speak," said I, impatiently.

"It was past twelve o'clock when Monsieur's guest left last night. I am a light sleeper——"

"Well!" I interrupted sharply, having added ill-temper to my impatience.

"I only wished to make a little observation to Monsieur. If his guests would go a little earlier—that's all. The bell rings close to my ears when I am in bed. The nights are beginning to be cold."

"Do I understand," I answered icily, "that you wish me to get up in my *salon* and say, 'ladies and gentlemen, it is past eleven o'clock, and my concierge begs that you will go, for he is a light sleeper?'"

"Hold your tongue!" Madame exclaimed, escaping once more from the lodge. But her husband, without noticing, backed once more towards her, and drove her out of sight.

"Monsieur," he said, "will excuse my little observation."

The concierge took his revenge. I received daily complaints. The second-floor had been disturbed by our piano, the boys had stamped up the stairs, the maid had laughed in the face of the concierge's wife; Madame Buisson, the oyster woman or *écaillère* (of the powerful thumbs) recruited on the side of the concierge. It went up and down the street that our laundress had called four times in one day for her bill. I must do the *belle écaillère* the justice of at once allowing that she showed herself a mistress of scandal, in her conduct of this damaging fact. There could not be the least doubt about it, four times had the laundress called for her bill in one day. Hadn't we twenty francs among us? of what were we made? this poor woman wanted her money! We should take a cheaper lodging. The concierge called the *écaillère* to witness that he had never had a high opinion of us. So much was established to our detriment. Clemence, the cook, affected despair, and vowed vengeance against the bad tongues that had maligned us, but the case as it stood damaged us only. This mild mischief did not satisfy the *écaillère*,

—she must have it artistically complete. When she condescended to wield a sword, she would have the world know it was a two-edged one. So she turned upon the laundress. The laundress was in a hurry for her money, because her lover had broken off all relations with her that morning; and she was determined to solace herself abundantly at the wine-shop. With this finishing touch given to the story, it pleased all the street. I believe our servant, in the innocence of her heart, explained that the laundress called twice before the family was stirring; once when breakfast was in progress; and once when everybody was out; and that she had her money in the afternoon. But the explanation threw the *écaille* into fits of laughter: she shook her head, and would not have her ingenious scandal destroyed.

If I fared badly, the *entresol* and the second-floor fared worse. Stung to the quick one morning with the hourly spying of the concierge, the *entresol* rushed out, took other rooms, and was in his new quarters before nightfall; while the second-floor—they were Poles, and, I grant, mysterious ones to boot—were, according to the concierge “turned out” by him, because Monsieur returned home late at night. It will be easily imagined that the Poles did not escape the talk of the street. The concierge told the *écaille*, who told the woman at the boot-stall in the Madeleine market, who told our cook, that the Polish lady in the second-floor, sat in her room, crying, all day long. The street knew that the Pole bought an umbrella; that he gave twenty francs for it, and that before it had been in the possession of his family twenty-four hours, his wife left it in an omnibus. I think the concierge must have celebrated the Pole’s misfortune with an extra *coup*.

We followed the example of the *entresol*. If that concierge was not a *mouchard*, he had missed his vocation. His nose was in every bag of roasted chestnuts that entered the house. In vain I cried *cordon, s’il vous plaît*, in a winning voice, as though I were calling a bird to its sugar: I must be surveyed before I could pass into the street. When I returned home and pulled the bell, a brown wrinkled face with no more shape nor complexion than a dried Normandy pippin, crowned with a cotton night-cap, was thrust out of a little window by the door, and I underwent another searching examination before the string was pulled. I have had experiences of many concierges; but my model of the toying, gossiping, quarrelsome, pretentious, and discontented concierge, who combines under that snuff-brown cap of his all the vices of his class, is he who, I have since been told, has a *tendresse* for the *écaille*.

My new concierge,—I watched him narrowly before I committed myself to a bargain for the rooms,—was a homely working-man; quiet, and always occupied with *his own* business. In the morning he envelopes himself in a blue apron that reaches from his chin to his toes; blacks boots, runs errands, delivers letters, and is in short, ready for any duty, and to put a bright face on it. I have met a few like him;—one or two in students’ hotels near the Panthéon, one in the Rue d’Angoulême St. Honoré (where people conceive that they are bound to give themselves airs), and two or three in bourgeois’ houses of unpretending aspect. But the concierge is a spy and a nuisance, whether amiable or angry, frank or prying; and full of scandal. He is the *bête noir* of the Parisians. They riddle him with small shot; he provides thousands of pleasantries for the cheap journals; there is a sneer all over the house when he raps at the doors of the various apartments on the morning of new year’s day, and with his good wishes, leaves his present of a few oranges. This is his way of announcing that he expects a solid pecuniary new year’s gift; and his gifts are many, for Fear gives them. It has long been agreed on all hands, that it is prudent to be on excellent terms with the man who guards the gate of your house, who receives your letters, and who knows many of your secrets. He is laughed at, but he remains strong. His tyranny is felt every hour in the day, but Paris must be rebuilt before it can be shaken off. He can be punished if he betrays his trust; a lodger can compel the landlord to dismiss him, if he misbehaves himself; but while he is merely a reckless gossip, a malicious brewer of mischief, or an eccentric who is crushed by an overweening estimate of the importance of his duties, he must be tolerated, and not only be tolerated, he must be petted. A Parisian’s house is not his castle—it is that of his concierge.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

PROSERPINE.

A CHAMPAIGN covered with eternal flowers—
In the first dawn of wakened summer time,
In the early dawn when all the hills and fields
Were white with silver dew, and violets drank
The sprinkled moisture, and through veils of
mist

The fair laburnum dropped its golden rain :
Then Proserpine, deep-circled with the light,
The purple light of youth,—and Cyanè
And all her choir of maids, with loosened zones,
Made garlands in the vales of Sicily,
And talked in voices like the whispering surge,
Chafing the pebbles of the barren shore.
So, till the climbing sun within its sphere
Grew highest; then a cold and sudden night,

And hideous, darkened all the pole ; the isle
Shivered with horses' hoofs and noise of wheels,
But none might see the driver—whether he
Were some death-bringing blight, or very death—
The brooks no longer babbled ; all the mead

Was dank with mildew, every herb distilled
Slow drops of lurid light ; the dying rose,
The paling broom, and drooping lily fell.
But when the sudden sound had died away,
And night had followed in its track, and all



The world was gladdened with returning day,
Persephonè was not, and Cyanè
Lay lifeless in the middle of the field,
With white and awful lips, and stony eyes,
Her neck still bound with fast, fast closing flowers,
And crowns of hawthorn withering on her brow.

Too late !—she may not tell to eager ears
The wonder of her eyes ; her marble limbs,
Touched by the silent poison, grow less firm ;
The moisture creeps upon her hair ; her feet,
Her hands distil in dew, and soon clear waves
Resmooth faint footsteps in the golden grayle !

NOTES ON DANDIES.

PART I.

A SLANG word is a sort of foundling; its origin veiled in obscurity, its position equivocal, its destiny defying prediction. It may never emerge from the gloom in which it first made itself heard, or it may rise in the world surely and steadily, becoming in process of time absorbed among the reputable classes of words: a wealthy *parvenu*, which has so enriched and benefited society, that it is convenient to forego all particularity concerning pedigree—may ultimately reach drawing-rooms, and parliament houses, and palaces, its right of entry everywhere thoroughly acknowledged. The philologists who constitute themselves heralds or pursuivants to inquire into the gentle birth and pure worth of words, and ascertain, as it were, which among them is entitled to bear coat-armour, have not an easy time of it. There is a fashion in language which seems to over-ride rule; and accident has to be taken into the account. The world of our language, like the world of society, is made up of English and alien, of old and new, of unquestionable and doubtful. "Words often ride very slackly at anchor on their etymologies," says Dean Trench. Under the manipulations of time, particular meanings are often altered almost to positive reversal. Old terms of compliment become methods of abuse. Phrases of accepted currency in the polite circles of Shakespeare's age are now regarded as wholly inadmissible in modern conversation. Words of respectable position enough in a colloquial way have emigrated to the colonies, and on their return home are refused recognition among the brethren they left behind them years before. Thus many terms which are now looked upon as pertaining absolutely to American slang are, in truth, of old English origin, parts of the language the Pilgrim Fathers took with them across the Atlantic; coming back to us again, they are as so many Rip Van Winkles; they have been asleep a hundred years and more; they are out of date, unknown, forgotten altogether; they have lost all footing in their native country; they have to begin over again, like the veriest of foundling or rogue and vagabond slang words, to try and work their way and re-establish themselves in the language. Other words again, mostly slang by birth, have a sort of short-lived popularity: only an ephemeral existence. They are lifted out of obscurity, freely used, made much of for a period, and then are suffered to sink gradually back again into oblivion.

Among these last we may count the word *Dandy*. It is now falling into desuetude, as though it had served a particular purpose, and

there were therefore no further occasion for it. Also it may be noted, that the sort of creature it was presumed to describe no longer exists among us: the Dandies have disappeared. But the word was quite a modern one, and of course slang in its origin. It is not easy, however, to discover with exactness when it came first into general use. By-and-by it will be some one's duty to inquire when the present favourite word, *Swell*, was promoted from the street to the salon. Let us see a little about the elder term, *Dandy*.

Mr. Pierce Egan, the author of "*Life in London*," who is generally regarded as a writer of some authority upon questions of slang, says the word was first used in the year 1820. Another author of the same class, John Badcock, who, under the name of "*John Bee*," wrote a "*Dictionary of the Turf, the Ring, the Chase, the Pit, the Bon Ton, and the Varieties of Life*," fixes 1816 as the date. The word was in use some time before, however. In 1817 Lord Byron was at Venice, writing "*Beppo*;" in that poem occur the lines:—

But I am but a nameless sort of person—
A broken dandy, lately on my travels, &c.

In 1822, Lord Glenbervie published a translation of Forteguerri's "*Ricciardetto*," and in his preface considered it necessary to make some apology for his use of the words *blue-stocking* and *dandy*, which he thought might furnish matter for the learning of a commentator at some future period, though every English reader of that date would understand them. "Our present ephemeral *dandy*," he writes, "is akin to the *maccaroni* of my earlier days." For *blue-stocking* he claims classicity by reason of Mrs. Hannah More's poem of "*Bas Bleu*;" his apology for *dandy* consists in the previous use of the word by Lord Byron, as above, in "*Beppo*." As to both words, he suggests that "their day may not be long."

Cadentque

Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula.

There is an entry, moreover, in Byron's diary, under date of February, 1814;—"I wonder how the deuce anybody could make such a world: for what purpose *dandies*, for instance, were ordained,—and kings, and fellows of colleges, and women of a certain age, and many men of any age, and myself most of all," &c.

De Quincey (born in 1785), in his "*Autobiographical Recollections*," relates pleasantly how, when quite a lad he was walking with his elder brother in the neighbourhood of Greenhays, the paternal mansion on the out-

skirts of Manchester, a boy issued from a factory, and called out insultingly after them, "Halloa, bucks!" adding derisive shouts of "Boots, boots!" in allusion to the fact that the young gentlemen wore Hessian boots, "a crime that could not be forgiven in the Lancashire of that day, because it expressed the double offence of being aristocratic and being outlandish." As to the term *bucks*, "the reader," writes De Quincey, "may fail to perceive any atrocious insult. . . . But the reader is wrong. The word *dandies*, which was what the villain meant, had not then been born, so that he could not have called us by that name, unless through the spirit of prophecy. *Buck* was the nearest word at hand in his Manchester vocabulary; he gave us all he could, and let us dream the rest." For the punishment inflicted upon "the villain," and the story of the subsequent feud between the young gentlemen and the factory "hands" of the neighbourhood, the curious must be referred to the original author. In a note upon the word *dandies*, De Quincey says, "This word, however, exists in *Jack-a-dandy*, a very old English word. But what does *that* mean?"

Jack-a-dandy is certainly old enough. In "Wit and Drollery," 1682, appears the verse :

My love is blithe and bucksome,
And sweet and fine as can be,
Fresh and gay as the flowers in May,
And looks like *Jack-a-Dandy*.

And in Mr. Thomas Brown's works (more remarkable for their humour than their delicacy, by the way), in "An Epitaph upon the Charming Peggy," appear the lines :

To tell the truth as short as can be,
She killed herself with drinking brandy,
And all for her dear *Jack-a-Dandy*.

As a curious instance of the confusion to which slang words and phrases are liable, I may add, by way of note, that in the Glossary of Rhyming Slang—a secret tongue or cant speech in vogue amongst the costermongers, and consisting of the substitution of words and sentences which rhyme for other words intended to be kept secret—attached to the "Slang Dictionary" published by Mr. Hotten in 1859, the words *Jack-dandy* are understood to signify *brandy*,—clearly a departure from the original meaning of the former word.

Captain Grose, the antiquary, published the first edition of his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" in 1785. He makes no mention of the word *dandy* in its modern sense, though he gives *dandy grey russet* "a dirty brown," and mentions that a cry of "*That's the dandy, i.e., the ton, the clever thing,*" and "*That's the barber,*" were favourite

phrases in the mouths of the common people of that day and earlier, "signifying their approbation of any action, measure, or thing." We may trace this phrase in the slang cry of "*That's the ticket*" of later years. Grose also gives the word *Dandy-prat*, "an insignificant or trifling fellow." This, Archdeacon Nares tells us in his "Glossary," is "probably from *dandle*; whether *prat* is formed from *brat* may be doubted; but from the same source comes *Jack-a-Dandy*, and the very modern abbreviation of *dandy*." In Henry the Seventh's reign a small coin was issued, called a *dandy-prat*: and in Massinger's play of the "*Virgin Martyr*" is to be found the line :

The smug *dandy-prat* smells us out whatever we are doing.

The prefix *Jack* seems to have a sort of sportive significance, as in *Jack Fool*, *Jack Ketch*, *Jack Pudding*, *Jack-a-napes*, &c. Webster, in his "Dictionary," derives *dandy* from the French *dandin*, "a noddy, a ninny." But there would seem to be little connection between the dandy of the Regency period, and such a character as the George Dandin of Molière.

From consideration of the word we will now turn to the thing it was supposed to describe.

Captain Gronow, in the second series of his "Recollections" (1862) writes: "How unspeakably odious—with a few brilliant exceptions, such as *Alvanley* and others—were the dandies of forty years ago! They were a motley crew, with nothing remarkable about them but their insolence. They were generally not high-born, nor rich, nor very good-looking, nor clever, nor agreeable; and why they arrogated to themselves the right of setting up their own fancied superiority on a self-raised pedestal, and despising their betters, Heaven only knows. They were generally middle-aged, some even elderly men, had large appetites and weak digestions, gambled freely and had no luck. They hated everybody, and abused everybody, and would sit together in White's bay window, or the pit boxes at the opera, weaving 'tremendous crammers.' They swore a good deal, never laughed, had their own particular slang, looked hazy after dinner, and had most of them been patronised at one time or other by *Brummell* and the *Prince Regent*." This is not a very favourable account; but it is by "one of themselves." The Captain was of the dandy world forty years ago.

The *Prince Regent* at the dandy epoch was already an old man, though he did not wish to have it generally known. He had flung away his manhood after his youth. He had neither nerves nor stomach now to play his old part of

Buck and Blood. The swaggering muscular gracelessness of his younger days could not be acted over again. He was left with a shattered constitution, a ruined figure, an unlovely fame, to hide beneath an auburn wig the grey hairs which no one respected. He owed some favour to the set of men surrounding him, who for his sake made debility the vogue, and unmanliness *de rigueur*. The dandies were for some time successful in their worthless endeavours. They established quite an apotheosis of effeminacy. The world of fashion bowed low in adoration of the clothes-horse.

A dandy, according to Mr. Carlyle, is a man born with a "divine idea of cloth." Undoubtedly a prominent notion in connection with the dandies arises from the value they attached to all matters of wardrobe and attire. But there were beaux before Brummell; there were men devoted to a "divine idea of cloth" a long time preceding the dandies of the Georgian era. Hotspur had acquaintance with a fop; Hamlet gave audience to Osric; and are not the doings of "Orlando" Fielding, and Beau Edgeworth, "prince of puppies," chronicled duly by Sir Richard Steele in the "Tatler?"—to mention no others of the "dandiacal body," whose splendid clothes and fatuous conduct have given them fame. But Brummell's name is closely associated with all consideration of modern dress. The Brummellian swallow-tailed coat and the stiff cravat are comparatively of our own day. He may properly be regarded as a founder of the dandy race, though he did not remain in England to witness the zenith of glory and folly at which they afterwards arrived. He had left London for ever early in 1816. He was then only thirty-eight; but was utterly ruined and disgraced. He had quarrelled with and, it was alleged, defrauded a Mr. Meyler, his partner at play. Byron writes of his flight and exile, "When Brummell was obliged (by that affair of poor Meyler, who thence acquired the name of 'Dick the Dandy-Killer'—it was about money, and debt, and all that) to return to France, he knew no French; and having acquired a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French, he responded, 'That Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the elements.'" So the poor expatriated king of clothes was laughed at after his abdication!

It is strange what power this man of obscure birth and small fortune had arrived at in the world of dress. Before his day, the neckcloth had been large and full, compared to "a towel tied under the chin." This muffling was said to be necessary in order to conceal the

scars left by an operation upon certain scrofulous swellings in the Prince's neck. Brummell invented the stiffly-starched white cambric cravat, "a foot in height." "Standing before his dressing-glass, and with his chin poked up to the ceiling, he would, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw, crease the cravat to reasonable dimensions," or dimensions that passed for reasonable in those days. The starched cravats came to be among the necessities of a gentleman's life. Brummell, it is stated, did not carry the starching to excess. It was the dandies who came after him who were wont to test the fitness of their cravats for use, by trying if they could be raised by one corner three parts of their length without bending. He was the first to appear at the cover-side in boots with white tops, which soon superseded the old "mahogany tops." His tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson, in Erle Street, and Meyer, in Conduit Street. A baronet, "following Brummell's dress at a humble distance," asked Schweitzer what cloth he recommended for coats. The tailor answers, "Well, sir, the Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John, you must be right. Suppose we say Bath coating. I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference." The trousers opening at the bottom of the leg and closing over the boot with buttons and loops were invented by Brummell, and were quite the rage for some years. Trousers began to be worn in evening dress about 1816. Captain Gronow, who patronised a French tailor (Staub, of the Rue Richelieu), relates that he was invited to Manchester House by Lady Hertford, "to have the honour of meeting the Prince." He went to the ball dressed à la Française, and correctly, as he fancied, "with white neckcloth and waistcoat, black trousers, shoes, and silk stockings." He was informed in the course of the evening that the Prince was much surprised at any one venturing to appear in his presence without knee-breeches, and that he considered it a want of proper respect to him. In less than a month, however, the Prince was to be seen at a ball at Lady Cholmondeley's wearing the objectionable articles of attire, which have thenceforth become a recognised part of strict evening dress.

Of course, it became a fashion to exaggerate the Beau's fastidiousness concerning his toilet. He is said to have employed at least two glovers to make his gloves,—the first being entrusted exclusively with the making of the thumbs, the second with the finger and the rest of the hand; to have made his blacking with champagne; to have had the ties of his cravats designed for him by an eminent portrait-

painter ; to have engaged three hairdressers to arrange his hair,—one being entrusted with his temples, one with the front, and the third with his occiput. But these stories are manifestly fanciful, and unworthy of sober belief. He was very curious in canes and snuff-boxes, and had a collection of great value. It was noticed that he had a way of opening his box gracefully with one hand only, the left ; and in this, as in other matters, he was scrupulously imitated by his admirers and disciples. The dandies did not smoke, holding pipes in abomination ; and cigars were only just being introduced in a small way by the army from the Peninsula. But they were great snuff-takers, as indeed were many ladies and gentlemen of that day. Queen Charlotte was never seen without her gold box, and a good deal of snuff powdering her royal countenance. A critic, writing about a performance of the "Inconstant," in 1811, notes that Mrs. Jordan, who played Bizarre, in one point acted differently to Miss Farren, a former representative of the character. "Miss Farren had a book in her hand, which she affected to have been reading before she spoke. Mrs. Jordan had no book. She affected to be lost in thought, and took a pinch of snuff before she spoke !" George the Fourth always carried a box, but he is said to have only taken snuff for fashion's sake. He never really liked it ; and although he often appeared to be conveying snuff to his nose, he never suffered any to enter that organ, but let it escape from his finger and thumb. A man manifested his friendship for you by the offer of his box, withholding it from those with whom he was not intimately acquainted. After dinner a snuff-box of large size went round with the decanters at dessert. Men prided themselves upon their snuff, taking great pains with special mixtures. Lord Petersham possessed a *cellar of snuff*, arranged in jars, and said to have been worth three thousand pounds. He had the finest collection of boxes in England, and had a box for every day in the year. On a beautiful old light-blue Sevres box being particularly admired, he would lisp out affectedly, "Yes, it's a nice summer box ; but it doesn't do for winter wear."

Brummell was not handsome, a fall from his charger while he was in the 10th Hussars having spoilt the outline of his nose ; but his figure was very good. Captain Jesse, his biographer, states that the Beau might have earned his livelihood as a model for artists, or by perambulating France from fair to fair, personating the statuary of the ancients, the proportions of his figure were so faultless. He did not need, therefore, the stays and padding

which afterwards became indispensable to a dandy's dress. There can be no doubt, indeed, that just as the large cravat resulted from defects in the royal neck, so the stays in later years became necessary to restrain the unwieldy proportions of the royal waist, and were assumed by the dandies as an act of compliment to their patron. The caricatures of the day exhibit an Illustrious Personage lifted up and struggling to insert his legs into a pair of "leathers" of a size he was anxious to appear in—which are securely lashed to the bed-posts, to give a sort of "purchase" in furtherance of his efforts—just as, in 1784, stories were told of Monseigneur d'Artois, the brother of Louis XVI. of France, needing the aid of four tall lacqueys to put on and off, without creasing, his small-clothes of a special make and kind. Brummell had quitted the army early in 1798,—a proper time for a soldier to leave his post !—because the Tenth had been ordered to Manchester, to which remote unfashionable town it was, of course, not possible for a gentleman to go. It may be that he was also in part induced to resign his commission, from the fact that the army were still compelled to wear hair-powder, the use of which was in course of abandonment in fashionable circles. Pitt had laid a tax upon the article in 1795. Various efforts were made to find a substitute for flour in the manufacture of the powder, Lord William Murray, a son of the Duke of Atholl, having taken out a patent in 1796 "for making starch from horse-chestnuts." Then the Whig party took the question up. The Duke of Bedford and his friends entered into engagements with each other to forfeit large sums of money if any of them were to be found wearing powder or pigtails after a certain date, the object being to disappoint the Premier in the amount he expected to realise by his tax. There was a general cropping, docking, washing, and combing at Woburn Abbey. But for long years afterwards the army continued to wear powder. Captain Gronow relates that when he entered the Guards, in 1813, great annoyance and inconvenience ensued from the absolute necessity for a "coiffeur" on all dress occasions. When on guard, he was once severely reprimanded by the late Duke of Cambridge for being insufficiently powdered, and the consequent "piebald appearance" of his head. His Royal Highness even threatened to place the offender under arrest if he ever ventured to appear on guard again "in so slovenly and disgraceful a condition." At the time of the imposition of the tax a calculation was made as to the amount of flour consumed by the army in its use of hair-powder. The service for Great Britain and the colonies, including

foot, horse, militia, and fencibles, amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand men, each consuming a pound of flour per week in hair-powder. This made six thousand five hundred tons weight of flour a year, or sufficient to make three millions fifty-nine thousand three hundred and fifty-three quartern loaves, which, it was said, would supply fifty thousand persons with bread for a twelvemonth. In 1800, a year of great scarcity, the consumption of flour for pastry was prohibited in the royal household, rice being used instead. The distillers left off malting, the fares of hackney-coaches were raised twenty-five per cent., and Wedgewood manufactured dishes with an earthenware edging in imitation of pie-crust. Yet it does not seem that any change was made in the hair-dressing of the army.

The dandies were by no means witty. Even Brummell's "good things" have little to recommend them beyond their impudence,—there being a sort of humour about cool and consummate impudence. Certain of his speeches have an amusing air of being a burlesque upon the fastidious pretensions of his associates, though it is not clear that he so intended them. It is difficult to believe that a man could have stated that "he once ate a pea," unless it was by way of extravaganza. Of the same kind must have been his statement that he had caught a severe cold by being inadvertently placed next "a damp stranger." His calling out for "more cider" at a house where the champagne was indifferent; his professed confusion between the names "Johnson and Thompson, Thompson and Johnson;" his accepting the offer of the City gentleman's carriage to go to a ball, with the inquiry, "But, pray, how do you propose to go yourself? you won't like to get up behind, and it will scarcely do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you," are so many pieces of gross impertinence which no man would venture upon in modern society. But an extraordinary licence appears to have been permitted to him. He asks one noble lord what he calls "those things" on his feet? "Why, shoes." "Shoes are they?" and Brummell doubtfully stoops down to examine them; "I thought they were slippers." The Duke of Bedford asks for an opinion on his new coat. Brummell examines him from head to foot, back and front; then, taking the lappel between his finger and thumb, inquires earnestly, "Bedford, do you really call this thing a coat?" The people who so humoured him really deserved all the impertinence they received. A group of loungers at White's ask why the Beau's brother William, whom they know to be in town, does not appear at the

club? "You will see him in a day or two," Brummell answers; "but I have recommended him to walk only in the back streets until his new clothes come home." Brummell's example was bettered by the dandy who gave the cut direct to his own father. A respectable-looking elderly man had nodded to him in the Park. "Who's your friend?" was the inquiry. "That?" and the dandy unblushingly pointed to his parent. "Oh! a very good sort of fellow; one of my Cheshire farmers." In his encounter with Lord Mayor Combe, the brewer, Mr. Brummell only came off second-best, however. They were playing hazard at Brookes's, and the Beau, who had been calling the brewer "*Mash-tub*" all the evening, after winning some three hundred guineas, pocketed the money with a low bow, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Alderman; in future I will never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," Combe answers sturdily, "that every other blackguard in London would do the same." Brummell was not a fighting man, or some giving and receiving of "satisfaction" might have followed this retort. "I am not naturally of an heroic turn," he confessed. He appeared once at Chalk Farm, where, to his intense relief, his opponent did not present himself at the appointed time. Brummell and his second waited an hour, the second evidently much disappointed. "I think we may go now, George," he said at length. "You have taken a load off my mind," Brummell exclaimed; "let us go *immediately*."

Brummell was a member of Brookes's Club, and also of Watier's, a new club which had been instituted but a few years. At a dinner-party at Carlton House, at which several members of White's and Brookes's were present, the Prince of Wales had made inquiry concerning the kind of dinners provided by the existing clubs. Sir Thomas Stepney explained that these were invariably the same. "The eternal joints or beef-steaks, the boiled fowl with apple-sauce, and an apple tart,—that's all we have, sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is." The Prince thereupon sent for his cook, Watier, and proposed to him to found a new club, which should make its dinners a speciality. Watier was not unwilling; took a house at the corner of Bolton Street, and appointed Madison, the Prince's page, manager, and Labourie, of the royal kitchen, cook. For a time Watier's was very successful. Byron speaks of it as "a superb club." There was the same objection to it, however, that applied to Mr. Toots's tailors, Messrs. Burgess & Co.,—though "fashionable, it was very dear." The dinners were exquisite. Labourie vied with the best Parisian cooks. The club was

very exclusive. Country gentlemen were rigidly black-balled, Brummell declaring that their boots smelt so strongly of horse-dung and bad blacking. But the play was terribly high—the favourite game being Macao—and this ruined Watier's at last. It was succeeded eventually, however, by as great a gambling club, known as Crockford's, built by Wyatt in 1827. After his quarrel with the Prince, Brummell appeared more frequently at the clubs, and became known as a high player. On one occasion he rose up the winner of twenty-six thousand pounds. If the poor fellow could have stopped then!—but it was all gone in a night or two. He was completely beggared at last. The “myrmidons of the law,” as some writers are fond of calling the sheriff's officers, were anxiously looking for him. He dined off a cold fowl and bottle of claret (from Watier's), showed himself at the Opera, left early, stepped into a post-chaise, travelled all night as fast as horses could take him, and was at Dover the next morning. Immediately on his arrival he hired a small vessel, placed his carriage on board, and in a few hours was safely landed at Calais.

For some years he had maintained his high position in society, notwithstanding the notorious fact that the Prince had withdrawn all favour from him. He bore up against his disgrace with great gallantry,—assuming a lofty air; giving out, indeed, that he had cut the Prince, and threatening to bring the old King into fashion again. To the last he maintained his friendship with the Duke and Duchess of York. He met the Prince on various occasions without betraying the slightest desire to remind him of their former intimacy, or to regain his favour by any servile sort of conciliation. At this time, indeed, the behaviour of the Beau was far more dignified than that of the Prince. The four chiefs of the dandy world were Lord Alvanley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Mr. Pierrepont, and Mr. Brummell. They had won a considerable sum at play, and, elated with their good fortune, determined to amaze their friends and the town in general by a magnificent fête and fancy ball at the Argyle Rooms in July, 1813. The Prince had quarrelled not only with Brummell, but also with Sir Henry Mildmay. Yet he did not hesitate to express a strong desire to be present at the ball. An invitation was accordingly forwarded to him in the names of the four gentlemen who were the providers of the entertainment. On his arrival he shook hands cordially with Lord Alvanley and Mr. Pierrepont, but took no notice whatever of the presence of Brummell and Mildmay—completely ignoring their existence, in fact—although they were equally his

hosts, and as much entitled to his courtesy as the others. Brummell expressed his sense of the Prince's breach of good manners by refusing to attend him to his carriage on his quitting the ball. Upon this, as upon various other occasions, the finest gentleman in Europe does not appear to much advantage. The fête altogether was a great success. “I liked the dandies,” Byron wrote in his diary; “they were always very civil to me, though in general they disliked literary people.” He had appeared at the masquerade in the character of a caloyer, or Eastern monk, and been the subject of much admiration. He congratulated himself upon being the only literary member of Watier's, with the exception of Moore and Spencer, “both men of the world,” as he says (“polished William Spencer, the Poet of Society,” as he was often called). “The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority; and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at five-and-twenty. I had gamed and drunk, and taken my degree in most dissipations; and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran quietly together.”

ROUND THE IRISH COAST.

PART IV. AND LAST.

WHEN Aran and Achill have been passed, there is a marked diminution in the number of islands all along the coast, which, however, still retains its stern and grand features, presenting for many miles a continuous barrier of precipice that bodes little good to any tempest-caught vessel.

The first island that is met with is scarcely more than a rock, standing a little off the cliffs below Kilkee, and, from its savage inaccessibility, was called in Irish, with a grim kind of humour, *Oiléan-an-Easpoig-gortaigh*,—the Island of the Hungry Bishop. Who this abstemious ecclesiastic was, tradition does not tell us; but the remains on the rock belong to a class that is the most interesting in Ireland, from their rarity and their extremely early date. The ruins are those known as a “Beehive Oratory.” There are only two or three of these buildings in Ireland, and, singularly enough, they are all found in the same corner of the country, and were considered by Dr. Petrie to be the first stone buildings erected for Christian purposes. The shape, as its name implies, is circular, the circumference 115 feet. The exterior face of the wall at four different heights recedes to the depth of a foot; and Mr. Wakeman considers that this peculiarity was introduced with the view of lessening the weight of the dome-shaped roof, which was not formed on the principle of

the arch, but by the gradual approximation of the stones as the wall ascended.

The asceticism of the inhabitants of this oratory must have been great indeed; and we cannot but wonder at the strange views of the holy saints, who, one would have thought, would have preferred preaching their doctrines where men were to be found gathered together, to living on such a wild and barren spot.

The carboniferous strata of these islands and the adjoining mainland show constant traces of the violent action of the sea, which has disrupted large masses of rock, and worn them down into the most fantastic shapes. The whole of the neighbourhood of Kilkee is famous for its curiosities in the way of caves, puffing holes, natural bridges, and all those wonderful effects by which the external features of a country become gradually altered.

Not far from Kilrush, but situated in the more sheltered estuary of the Shannon, which Spenser characterises as

The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,

is the little island of Inishscattery, on which are remains of ecclesiastical edifices founded by St. Senan, or Senanus, who, if the legend concerning him be true, could not have been a genuine Irishman, unless indeed his heart was steeled against temptation by an extra panoply of virtue. Influenced by the same feelings that prompted St. Kevin, St. Senanus sought a remote spot which he vowed woman's foot should never tread. St. Cannera, however, a lady saint, who had a strong inclination to join her fortunes with those of Senanus, found him out, and set sail from the shore to the island. The old legend states the words of a very abrupt refusal; but Moore, with the genius of a poet and the gallantry of an Irishman, softened the refusal with an implied compliment—

The lady's prayer Sennanus spurned,
The winds blew fresh, the bark returned;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delayed,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his holy isle.

However, it was so much the worse for the saint, and so much the better for Dr. Petrie, who would not otherwise, perhaps, have had the pleasure of examining the fine round tower and religious remains that are still to be seen on Scattery Island. The former is 22 feet in circumference and 120 in height, and possesses the very unusual feature of a doorway level with the ground; whereas almost every other round tower in Ireland is entered by a door elevated several feet above the ground, and approached generally by a ladder, confirming the view

taken by many antiquaries that the towers were used partly as a place of defence. Still steering south, we round the formidable coast of the Dingle Promontory, passing the group dignified with the name of the Seven Hogs, and giving rather a wide berth to the Blasket Islands, with the more satisfaction as there is nothing to see on them.

Mention was made in a former number that a ship belonging to the Spanish Armada is supposed to have gone ashore off the coast of Donegal; and there is no doubt but that the Great Blasket Island was the scene of the loss of another large vessel belonging to the same force in 1588. She was called "Our Lady of the Rosary," and when she struck had on board 500 people, amongst whom were the Prince of Ascule and 100 gentlemen of family. Their high birth, however, did not save them, for only the pilot escaped. There are a few families scattered about the surface of the Blaskets, which do not appear to be an inviting residence, though they possess the quality of conferring longevity, according to Smith, who, in his "History of Cork," states that neither man, woman, nor child had died there for forty-five years previous to his visit.

Within sight of the Blaskets is an island of very different description, whose reputation is founded on the discoveries of modern science, rather than the remains of antiquity. This is the island of Valentia, the head-quarters in Great Britain of the Atlantic Telegraph, which it is to be hoped will even yet become a *fait accompli*, notwithstanding its previous failure. So many visitors were attracted to Valentia during the operations that the island became quite fashionable, and tried to set up as a watering-place, which attempt, however, was nearly as great a failure as the telegraph. But Valentia is worth a visit on account of its slate works and quarries, which lie at the other end of the island, at the back of the Knight of Kerry's pretty little country-house. There is always a fine sea on the outer rocks, and the Atlantic is said to roll into Valentia in bigger waves than it does in any other part of Britain. Telegraphic communication still exists between Valentia and London—not a very paying line, one would imagine, as, but for the purposes of meteorological reports, nobody could ever want to send a message there, except the Knight of Kerry and the owners of the slate works, which, by the way, have lately stopped working. Nevertheless, the inhabitants are hoping, almost against hope, that the second attempt at bridging the Atlantic may still be made at Valentia; and more eager than any is the worthy landlady of the inn,

whose beds were at a premium during the reign of Mr. Cyrus Field. It must be confessed that the inn looks rather dreary now, and we were not sorry to get a good boat and sail southwards to the most singular of islets—the Skellig rocks—which stand in awful loneliness about ten miles from off the Kerry coast. According to the usual strict monastic rule, a religious establishment, called the Abbey of St. Fenian, was founded here in very early times; but, poor as it was, it was pounced upon by Danish pirates, who ate up all the provisions of the unfortunate monks, who soon perished of hunger.

This contingency was a little too much even for hermits, who were afraid to try the experiment again; and the island was consequently abandoned, until modern science, that fears nothing, again occupied it with two lighthouses, which we venture to say have done more good and saved more lives than fifty monasteries would have done. The one is about 700 the other 173, feet above high-water mark, and can be distinctly seen for twenty-five miles in clear weather. A good zigzag road leads to the upper lighthouse, and above it the rock lifts its wall-like head for at least 700 feet more. As the island is dedicated to St. Michael, it of course follows that his patron day invariably brings with it a large number of credulous devotees, who risk their lives in ascending to the very summit to perform their devotions. The commencement of the dangerous portion is by squeezing and wriggling themselves through the Needle's Eye—a funnel in the rock of about thirteen feet—the passing up which can only be likened to the ascent up a chimney. Once through this, the pilgrim has to creep carefully on hands and feet up the Stone of Pain, which is so smooth that indentations are made to allow of the passage, otherwise inaccessible. One false step would be sufficient to put an end to the pilgrimage there and then; but we believe there is no record of any accident having happened, which is of course to be attributed solely to the protecting powers of St. Michael. One would have thought that when on the summit the difficulties are all over; but it is not so, for the Skellig rejoices in a projecting rock which sticks out horizontally for about ten feet, and is called the Spindle. The unfortunate believer is obliged to get astride,

And ride a cock horse
To St. Michael's cross,

which is engraved at the end. A paternoster then has to be said, and a very cautious reverse movement to be executed, before the pilgrim is out of danger; and a position of great

danger it must be to sit dangling one's legs over the Atlantic, at a height of 1500 feet, with scarce anything to catch hold of. The Little Skellig is devoted solely to gannets and sea-fowl, which, curiously enough, will only breed on that particular rock all along the coast, to the exclusion of every other. This fact is of course accounted for by fishermen, who say that the island possesses a charm by which birds are attracted, and that in reality no bird ever flew over the Little Skellig, but invariably landed on one side, walked over the rock, and then flew away from the other side,—i.e., if it did not stop to breed.

The south coast of Ireland, although very rocky and precipitous, is remarkably free from islands, the only two of any size along the southern seaboard being Berehaven Island and that of Cape Clear, the latter being of more interest to the homeward-bound sailor than any one else, as Cape Clear is usually the first land that is sighted from America. The singular freedom from islands on the south is a significant fact in the geological history of Ireland. We have seen that the great bulk of the islands lie on the west coast, and that there are even more than are at present visible, according to the poetical belief in Hy Brisail, or the Island of the Blest. Tradition, too, is rife that the Aran islands formed an integral portion of the mainland, that Galway Bay was once a freshwater lake, called Lough Lurgan, and that it became what it now is from a sudden irruption of the sea, owing to the sinking of a portion of the external barrier. Both tradition, therefore, and geological inference point out that the islands which we have been visiting were at one time mainland, forming a part of that great continent which it is believed connected Ireland with Spain. This theory is borne out by a very curious circumstance, viz., the resemblance of the Flora of Ireland, especially in the west and south-west, to that of Spain and the Mediterranean, forming what Professor Forbes called the Iberian type. However this land may have been originally constituted, there is little doubt that it has been submerged, and very gradually, since the surveyings of the sea-bottom undertaken when the Atlantic cable was laid, prove that there is a gradual and uninterrupted plateau, with a very gentle inclination, for several hundred miles from the present coast. An analogous state of things is pointed out by Hugh Miller, in the "Cruise of the Betsy," as existing on the coast of Scotland, where he says, "That the disposition of land and water suggests the idea that the Western Highlands, from the line in the interior whence the rivers descend to the Atlantic, with the island beyond to the

outer Hebrides, are all parts of one great mountainous plain, inclined slantwise into the sea."

To follow out the causes and conditions of this early land would be foreign to the subject

of this paper, which, I trust, may have been of sufficient interest to some to induce them to extend their next summer wanderings to the "Ultima Thules" of Great Britain.

G. P. BEVAN.

BEPP0, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXV. THE TWO OUTLAWS.

THE "one from Piobico," who took Giulia's letter to Beppo, had also taken back with him one from the priest in answer to the communication he had brought from the fugitive. The purpose of Beppo's letter to the priest was to inquire whether any and what measures were being taken by the authorities to obtain possession of the contumacious men; and to ask when it was possible that he would be able to return to Bella Luce. And the answer to this application to the priest contained statements directly opposed by those of Giulia's letter. She assured him that there would be no coming back save after making submission, and undergoing the appointed time of service; that there was no alternative between this and the indefinitely prolonged life of an outlaw and bandit. The priest, on the contrary, repeated his former assertions, that shortly,—not quite yet, but very soon,—the soldiers would have left the country, the whole matter would have blown over, and he would be able to return freely.

Of these so diametrically opposed accounts, Beppo was not unnaturally disposed to credit that of the priest. He spoke with authority; it was to be supposed that he must know what he was talking about,—he was the priest. Nothing was more likely, on the other hand, than that Giulia should have been mistaken, and especially, if it was to be supposed, as too probably he must suppose, that her information on the subject was obtained from the military. Why, of course they would say that every kind of infamy and destruction would fall on those who declined to enter their ranks. The perusal of her letter, therefore, did not accomplish anything towards the object Giulia had so earnestly in view when writing it. It did not, in any degree, succeed in persuading Beppo to return and put himself on good terms with the law.

But it did produce a great effect upon him. He questioned and cross-questioned the messenger respecting every particular of his interview with Giulia, and was very much

affected by the account of the expenditure of her entire moneyed means upon the despatch of the letter. This involved an argument of earnestness and sincerity which very speakingly appealed to the *contadino* mind. Then the messenger related to him, how the lady had, though very shy and modest about it, admitted to him that she was a particular friend of his, and how, when he (the messenger) had cautioned her about not revealing to any one the place of Beppo's retreat, she had said, "she would not do him any injury for all the world."

Beppo insisted again and again on having the very words she had used repeated to him, and meditated on the exact and precise signification of every word with a patience and minuteness of examination which would have done honour to a learned German commentator. He was moved to tears by the relation of how she had declared that the reserved half of the sum of *la Dossi's* wages was "all the money she had in the world," and how she had been willing to risk putting that all into a hole in a wall, whence it might with the greatest ease have been stolen, for the sake of having a letter from him. These were proofs of interest which it was impossible to doubt.

But then his mind went back to that last horrible time of seeing her in the street of Fano with Lisa, when he had accused her to her face of her falseness and faithlessness, and she had stood by uttering no word in her justification, and to all appearance caring nothing about either him or his accusations. And then again, that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten day in the Palazzo Bollandini at Fano, when he had seen her and that infamous man together, when they had paraded their intimacy before him, and joined in throwing ridicule upon him,—her relative and life-long friend, at least, if nothing else.

What was he to think! what to believe! Amid these distracting and insoluble doubts, one thing only was clear to him, that he would give anything in the world to see her once

more. It seemed to him, as if he would then be able at once to blow aside all these contradictions and obscurities, and ascertain the truth, if he could but see her.

So he had written the words which we know that Giulia had duly though so unfortunately found in the appointed hiding-place, and had determined at all hazards to have a meeting with her. His purpose was to start on the Saturday morning, follow the same route across the mountain, which he had travelled in coming to his place of refuge, and so arrive at the ruined tower behind the churchyard on the Sunday evening.

But a circumstance occurred which had the effect of changing his plans.

It has been mentioned that one other man from Santa Lucia besides himself had drawn a bad number, and that Don Evandro had succeeded in inducing him also to take to the hills; though he had not seen fit to join him to Beppo in the arrangements he had made for the safety of the latter.

This man, who had no very evident or assured means of subsistence, except such as he could obtain from his own family, or from the charity of the inhabitants of his own village, had, though absenting himself from his home, been lurking in the neighbourhood of Santa Lucia; and continued to do so, till the arrival of Corporal Tenda and his men at Bella Luce made it too dangerous for him to remain so near at hand any longer. Don Evandro, however, in insisting on the man's departure from a district where he would be sure to be captured, found it impossible to send him into one where, as he said, he should be sure to be starved, without some assurance that such a fate should not happen to him. He had accordingly given him a letter to a brother priest, who held a small benefice in an out-of-the-way part of the country above the little hill town of Cagli, which is situated near the eastern extremity of that wild district called Monte Nerone, under the northern slopes of which stood the obscure little monastery in which Beppo had found an asylum.

The correspondent to whom Don Evandro had written was requested by him not to give an asylum to the poor fugitive; for it has been stated, that he was not a man on whom much dependence could be placed in any way, but simply not to let him starve. Being thus supplied with the means of keeping body and soul together, and at the same time warned that he must not remain in the village, nor among the neighbouring farms, he wandered up to the solitary moorlands of Monte Nerone, and, intending to descend in the direction of Cagli, missed his way and came down upon

the valley in which the monastery of Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso is ensconced.

It so happened that Beppo, dreadfully hard pressed to get through the days of enforced idleness in the society of the half-dozen friars his hosts, had rambled up the hill to the ruined castle which has been mentioned when the reader was first introduced to the singularly sombre little Valle di Abisso; and there he and his fellow fugitive from Santa Lucia fell in with each other on the Friday before the Saturday on which he was to start for Santa Lucia.

This man had never been even an acquaintance of Beppo at home, further than as the members of such little communities are all known to each other. But, on the same principle as that by virtue of which misfortune is said to make a man accustomed to strange bed-fellows, the two Santa Lucia fugitives met as fellows.

"These old stones would make a famous hiding-place," said the stranger, after the two men had expressed their surprise at the unexpected meeting, and detailed their separate histories of their flight; "and for what I can see, it is like to come to that before long!"

"Before long I hope to be at home again at Bella Luce!" said Beppo.

"What, by paying?" said the other; "yes, that's all very well for the like of you!"

"No! my father does not think it right to pay for a substitute"—(the Santa Lucia man, who knew old farmer Paolo, grinned)—"but the search for the missing men will soon be over."

"Soon be over! Who told you that?"

"Why, his reverence the *Curato*, to be sure! Did he not tell you the same?"

"Ay! but one thing is certain: either he knew nothing about it, or else he chose to say one thing when he knew another. No! Signor Beppo, you won't go home again by reason of the search being over!"

"Why, what do you know about it, I should like to know!—you to know better than his reverence!"

"Not I only! Any man may know better now, who can read. There are the papers stuck up all over the country!"

"What papers? What do you mean, Niccoló?"

That was the stranger's name.

"What do I mean? Why, haven't you seen any of them—the proclamation papers! Why, you can't go into a village, nor to a house scarcely, where they are not stuck up. The men who have gone out are to be just the same as bandits and brigands. They lose all civil rights. They are to be hunted through the country till found. And there is a certain

time allowed for giving themselves up. No, no ! Signor Beppo, there's no going home again ! ”

A cold perspiration settled on Beppo's brow as he heard him. He had never supposed that he was making himself a criminal and infamous in the eye of the civil law, or that the consequences of his escape would be other than temporary. Giulia's information was correct, then ! There was abundant reason in all she had said to urge him to return. Let her information come from what source it might, it seemed evidently to be given him with a view to his advantage. And yet the last communication from Don Evandro, brought back by the messenger who had carried Giulia's letter, had still urged him to remain in concealment at Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso, and had still represented his exile from home as merely temporary. Yet, surely, if he had no other means of knowing the truth, the priest must have seen these proclamations !

“ If these papers are stuck up everywhere,” said Beppo, as these thoughts passed through his mind, “ I suppose there must be some at Santa Lucia, as well as everywhere else ? ”

“ *Altro !* There's more than one of them there ! They were stuck up before the soldiers came. I saw 'em myself, for I was there after they came ; till his reverence told me that, if I showed my face at Santa Lucia again, as long as the soldiers were there, he would give me up.”

“ Soldiers at Santa Lucia ! ” said Beppo, in consternation.

“ What, don't you know ? Is it possible ! No, the soldiers are not at Santa Lucia ;—not in the village at least ;—for they are at Bella Luce ! ”

“ What ! ” cried Beppo, looking as if the speaker had given him a violent blow. “ What do you say ! Soldiers at Bella Luce ! Soldiers in my father's house ! You must be dreaming,—or joking ! ”

“ Not a bit one more than the other, Signor Beppo,” returned Niccoló ; “ and it's no matter for joking either. Yes, in your father's house ! A corporal and four men, to lodge and feed ! They say old Signor Paolo is half out of his mind about it, and no wonder ! ”

“ In the house ! ” exclaimed Beppo, to whom the idea seemed yet too monstrous to be realisable or credible.

“ Yes, living and sleeping in the house ! that's one of the ways they've got to drive the men to come in and give themselves up, you see. If you don't come, says they, we put so many soldiers on you to eat your family out of house and home till you do, says they. That's their dodge.”

“ How many men did you say there are at Bella Luce ? ” asked Beppo.

“ There's a corporal of Bersaglieri and four men,” said Niccoló ; “ I saw 'em. They little thought, as they were going up the hill to Bella Luce, that one of the men they wanted was looking at 'em, not three yards off, from behind your father's barn.”

“ A corporal of Bersaglieri ! ” said Beppo ; while a vague idea of the possibility that it might be *the* Corporal, sent all the blood in his body to his head.

“ Yes ; a corporal of Bersaglieri, a smart, active-looking little chap ! They are most of them little bits of men, I marked,” said the large-limbed Romagnole. “ I heard his name in the village afterwards. They called him Corporal Tenda.”

Beppo was struck absolutely speechless. He stood staring at the man with distended eyes, and open mouth, struggling for breath to speak.

“ That man at Bella Luce ! ” he said, in a voice so changed, that Niccoló stared at him with surprise. “ Living in the house ! Corporal Tenda living in my father's house ! And Giu—Not Corporal Tenda ! ”

“ Yes, Corporal Tenda ! I remember the queer, outlandish-sounding name well enough. Why not Corporal Tenda ? What matters one more than another ? He don't eat more than another man.”

But Beppo had thrown himself on the ground, and was sitting, holding his forehead in his hands, and swaying his body to and fro as if he was in violent bodily pain.

“ Ah ! I see,” said Niccoló, after staring at him in much surprise for a while ; “ I see where it is, now. Yes, I remember. I did hear some talk in the village, that that corporal chap was the man that had been making up to the Signora Giulia, and that she was so sweet upon down in the city. Yes, yes ! I understand it all now. Yes ; that's a very nasty pinch, it must be owned. They've got the halter on your throttle there, Signor Beppo, sure enough ! ”

But Beppo could only answer by groaning aloud, as he still sat swaying himself in the intensity of his agony.

An Italian does not conceive that there is anything ridiculous in suffering caused by unfortunate or unrequited love, or that it becomes him in any way to disavow or conceal the fact. Niccoló was not a particularly sympathetic individual, nor had he any special regard or liking for Beppo Vanni ; but he pitied him for the pain he was undergoing as naturally as he would have pitied him if he had been suffering from the toothache. One agony seemed to him just as real and pitiable as the other.

"It is a very hard case ; a veritable *maledizione del cielo*, Signor Beppo ! that must be admitted," he said, in a sympathising voice. "What shall you do? I think that such a chance would drive me home at all hazards."

"It will do just the contrary to me," said Beppo, getting up, and looking as if the blow he had suffered had done the work of a long illness on his features. "I had meant to go to Santa Lucia to-morrow ; but there is nothing there now that I care to see, or ever shall care to see again."

"What shall you do then, Signor Beppo?" said Niccolò.

"I don't know ; I don't care. I don't care what becomes of me ! Give myself up, perhaps. Good-bye, Niccolò ! I'm glad I chanced to meet you. I'm glad to have learned the truth. Good-bye."

And so saying he turned on his heel, and began going down among the woods towards the monastery, leaving Niccolò gazing after him.

And that was how it came to pass that Beppo did not start for Bella Luce as he had intended on the Saturday morning.

(To be continued.)

MERLIN AND THE WHITE DEATH.

I.

DARKLY I sought, in shade and sun,
Fair Union, pale Union !
Long days I journeyed, fearing not,
Through forests dark, by waters dire ;
And far behind me Camelot
Sank to its topmost spire.
Ay, winged as the summer wind,
I left the haunts of men behind :
By waters dire, through forests dark,
Under the white moon's silver arc ;
O'er hill, down valley, far away,
Toward the sunset gathering gray.

I, Merlin, fled, —

With aged limbs and hoary hair,
Arm'd with strange amulets to snare
The peerless Water-Witch, whose head
With lilies of sleep is garlanded,
Under the earth and air, —
And all the viewless lures to break
Of that pale Lady of the Lake.

II.

Swiftly I near'd her region dun,
Fair Union, pale Union !
Till, lastly, trees of hugest height,
Below them, flowers of poppy red,
And weird deep whisperings of the night,
And breezes dropping dead,
Closed round my path ; while in the sky
The moon shone like a great white eye
That watched me through a belt of cloud, —
What time, with head and shoulders bowed,
And lips that mutter'd unaware,
I gained the haunted region where
White Union dwells ;
And far away, through forest trees,
I caught a gleam like moonlit seas —

A glassy gleam of silver swells, —
The lake rimm'd round with lily-bells,
Unstirr'd by rain or breeze ; —
And trembled on, my own to make
The matchless Lady of the Lake.

III.

Nor safely wooed, nor lightly won,
Fair Union, pale Union !
She dwells within her weed-hung cave,
Deep in the green moon-lighted water,
She glimmers in the whispering wave —
A demon's awful daughter !
White, white as snow her oozy dress,
White as her face's loveliness ;
Supple her boneless limbs as snakes,
And full of radiance, such as breaks
Around the cæstus of a star,
And strange as eyes of serpents are
Her haunting eyes ;
And she had power, as stars aver,
To make the wight who conquered her
More young, and beautiful, and wise,
For good and ill, and great emprise,
Than all men else that stir ;
Wherefore I sought to win and take
This matchless Lady of the Lake !

IV.

Colder than ice her blood doth run,
Fair Union, pale Union !
Pitiless to all things that range
Below her, near her, or above,
Till, by some marvel dark and strange,
She learn at last to love ;
Knight after knight had thither gone,
Led by fierce impulse plunging on
To something that he loved with dread,
And each in turn been conquered ;
Yea, each in turn been held and snared
By the pale syren, silver-bair'd,
Whom all men fear !
And side by side they lay at rest,
With folded hands upon the breast,
On beds of weed and darnel drear,
And foam-bells hung in every ear,
And all in white were drest,
And all were watch'd till they should wake
By the pale Lady of the Lake.

V.

Potent her spells in shade or sun,
Fair Union, pale Union !
Wherefore I, Merlin, old but strong,
Sweeping my breast with hoary beard,
Skill'd in deep signs and magic song,
Much honour'd and revered,
Vow'd, with a wise man's purpose stern,
To face the Water-Witch, and learn
What wondrous arts, unknown to me,
What superhuman witchery,
She used, those sleepers to enslave
That rested in her ocean cave,
Nor felt, nor heard ;
Nay, vowed by her strange love to free
My soul for immortality,
To woo her darkly, till I heard
The sigh of love, the whisper'd word
That proved her love for me !
And then for aye her spells to break,
The wondrous Lady of the Lake.

VI.

Thus arm'd, I near'd her region dun,
Fair Union, pale Union !

I passed from out the forests old,
 And, 'tween two faintly purple hills,
 Saw the smooth waters glitter cold,
 And thro' with silvery thrills :
 Under a heaven glassy gray,
 Bare to the ghastly moon they lay.
 And on their marge great lilies heaved,
 Slimed with the water-snakes, huge-leaved
 And monstrous, floating scores on scores,
 With fire-sparks burning in their cores—
 Like eyes of flame ;
 Afar across the lake there passed
 Great shadows, multiform and vast,
 That with low murmurs went and came ;
 And crawling things, stingless and tame,
 Came creeping thick and fast
 Upon me, as I silence brake
 With, " Rise, white Phantom of the Lake !

VII.

" The time has come, thy spells are spun,
 Fair Union, pale Union !
 And, lo ! with hands uplifted thus,
 I weave a spell of strange device,
 To awe thine eyes soul-perilous,
 And thaw thy blood of ice !"
 Then, like a hum of waterfalls,
 I heard a voice, " Who calls, who calls ?"
 And, standing on the water's brim,
 With heart stone-still and brain a-swim,
 I wove the spell of strange device,
 With whirling arms I wove it thrice,
 And audibly.
 From the deep silence of the flood,
 The answer smote me where I stood,—
 " Who summons me, who summons me ?"
 And, straining dizzy eyes to see,
 With fingers gushing blood,
 I shrieked aloud, " Awake ! awake !
 Thou white-faced Phantom of the Lake."

VIII.

The deep caves murmur'd, all and one,
 " Fair Union, pale Union !"
 And, from her wondrous weed-hung cave,
 Deep in the green moon-lighted water,
 She rose above the whispering wave—
 A demon's awful daughter !
 White, white as snow her oozy dress,
 White as her face's loveliness,
 Supple her boneless limbs as snakes,
 And full of radiance, such as breaks
 Around the cestus of a star,
 And strange as eyes of serpents are
 Her haunting eyes.
 What time I cried, " The fates decree,
 That he will grow, who conquers thee,
 More young, and beautiful, and wise,
 For good, and ill, and high emprise,
 Than all men else that be ;—
 Wherefore I seek thy spells to break,
 O wondrous Lady of the Lake !"

IX.

She rose erect, the peerless one,
 Fair Union, pale Union !
 She fixed her glassy eyes on mine,
 With gaze that swoon'd through soul and sense,
 And wholly robed in white moonshine,
 In vestal white intense,
 She rose before me to the waist,
 What time bright silver snakes embraced
 Her arms and neck, and lilies white
 Thrilled to her sides with veins of light ;
 The pale moon, trembling overhead,
 Slow widen'd like a flower, and shod

Peace on the place ;

And, one by one, peep stars that grew
 To silver leaf, and sparkled dew,
 Shedding a sweetness strange to trace
 Upon the Witch's bloodless face,
 Until I saw, and knew,
 The lovely lure I sought to break
 In the white Lady of the Lake !

X.

Fairer than aught that loves the sun
 Was Union, pale Union !
 But, weaving spells and waving arms,
 I gazed upon her unbeguiled,
 And gazed, and gazed, and mutter'd charms,
 Till, beauteously, she smiled !
 And at the smile,—O wondrous sight !—
 Her body gleamed and gathered light ;
 Next, silent as a fountain springs,
 From shining shoulders, golden wings
 Uncurl'd, and round about her feet
 The water murmured and grew sweet,
 And fair, so fair !
 The lady smiled upon me still,
 And tranced my fate to tears, until
 I, gazing on her, waiting there,
 Her gentle eyes, her yellow hair,
 Seemed lost to hope and will ;
 Then thus, in tones like music, spake
 That matchless Lady of the Lake :

XI.

" Not safely wooed, nor lightly won,
 Is Union, fair Union !
 Yet unto those who, by a power
 Greater than mine, are given to me,
 I grow in beauty hour by hour,
 And immortality !
 Haste, haste thee back to Camelot ;
 I seek not those who love me not ;
 Nor, till due time, can mortal gaze
 Behold how fair I am, and praise
 My matchless beauty at its worth ;
 And thou, compact of subtle earth,
 Hast yet to learn
 How fair I am, what peace I keep
 For hearts that ache and eyes that weep,
 And how, when humbled, men discern
 That mine are eyes more sweet than stern !"
 Whereat a darkness deep
 Oppressed my soul, and, as she spake,
 Sank the white Lady of the Lake !

XII.

O beautiful, and all unwon,
 Pale Union, pale Union !
 With wiser wonder in my brain,
 And will as weak as ocean foam,
 Stript of my pride, and pale with pain,
 I, Merlin, wander'd home.
 But, ever since, in moon and sun,
 Fair Union, pale Union,
 Has haunted me from place to place
 With the white glory of her face ;
 And I grow old, grow old, and long
 At last to join that white-robed throng,
 Who sweetly sleep,
 Watched ever by the peerless one,
 Who sweetens sleep when work is done
 For still, within her cavern deep,
 Where never eye may ope to weep,
 Watches pale Union,
 Till, at a call, the sleepers wake,
 And see the Angel of the Lake !

R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

A STORMY NIGHT.



"AWFULLY hot to-night! close and sultry as an oven. I suspect the monsoon will set in before six hours are over. Yes, thank you, captain, I'll take a little brandy-pawnee, and light one of those capital cheroots of yours. Beg your pardon, Mr. Travis; I didn't see you, sitting there in the shadow of the purdah. This tent-life is new to you, isn't it?"

And Dr. Bates, the surgeon attached to the frontier corps of Irregulars which I had then the honour to command, took his seat on the rude ottoman, made of basket-work, and covered with felt, which was the principal piece of furniture in my bell-shaped canvas abode. He lit his cigar very deftly, laid a folded paper on the table, and informed me,

officially, that he had come to make his report. Then he became conversational again.

"Not such a heavy sick-list, all things considered. I've put down two of the troopers as fit for duty. The havildar, Mummoo Khan, asks for his discharge. His right arm will never recover the effects of that gunshot wound; bone comes away in splinters, and the hurt is badly suppurated. Lall Singh and Motee Khan are worse. Errington, poor fellow—"

"Ah! doctor, what of him?" asked I, throwing down my newspaper.

"Won't live through the night. Quite rational, now, and the delirium cleared away, but sinking fast. I've left some cordial with his bearer, with orders for him to have some every half-hour; but all the College of Surgeons couldn't keep the lamp alight for another twenty-four hours. By the way, he would be glad, captain, if you could go and sit with him a bit. It would be a kindness, after all."

I got up at once, took my sabre, and sallied forth. The whole camp was bathed in a flood of the purest and whitest moonlight, in which the tents shimmered like silver. Close up to our encampment came the dark jungle, from which strange sounds, the cries of wild animals, the notes of night birds, and the hum and whirr of insects, came in weird chorus. In one open space a great watch-fire was burning, red and smoky, and around it sat a number of our Sewars, cooking, eating grapes and other Punjab fruit, or gravely puffing at their everlasting chillums. A little way off, around a smaller fire, were grouped a number of camp-followers, like figures of bronze, scantily attired in white cotton cloth, and beyond the fires the picqueted horses were feeding. I stood before Errington's tent, but I hesitated to enter, in spite of the distinct invitation I had received. Errington was a being apart from the rest of us, among whom good-fellowship and frankness were so much the rule that any exception was doubly notable. He was not what would usually be called a morose person, but he had constantly maintained a reserve and stiffness of bearing in all his dealings with his brother officers which repelled intimacy while avoiding actual offence. This was the more vexatious, because Lieutenant Errington was unmistakeably a gentleman, well bred, well read, and of something more than average abilities. I know of no man in the service who would have been more popular had he not shrunk from popularity, and when he became my subaltern I had done my best to be on friendly terms with him, but in vain. He did his duty perfectly,

even zealously, and was only too forward in the hour of danger, but nothing could thaw that icy reserve of his. He soon gave me to understand, by the cold politeness of every word and action, that our intercourse was to be limited to its official phase, and that intimacy was out of the question. Few commanding officers, perhaps, have had to put up with such a rebuff from a subordinate, and it speaks well for Errington's tact that he abstained from offending those whom he desired to keep at a distance. Offended, however, I was not, and the rather that I had long fancied that some overpowering sorrow, some memory that rankled in the heart, was the true cause of what appeared to many as unreasonable petulance.

And now the poor fellow was dying of wounds received in a skirmish with some rascally Afghan horse-robbers, aggravated by jungle fever, and I stood at the door of his tent, hesitating for a moment ere I entered. It was, as the doctor had said, unusually hot, even for that climate and season. The weight and sultriness of the atmosphere were oppressive and dispiriting, and I thought that the cries and Babel of nameless sounds that surged up from the dark forest had a peculiar accent of menace and boding. The fire-beetles and fire-flies, living jewels, flashed as they darted through the thickets near at hand. I saw the white turban and glittering carbine of the sentinel, now ruddy in the firelight, now wan and pale in the moonbeams, as he paced to and fro. Gently pushing aside the curtain, I entered the tent.

The dying man lay propped up with pillows in a half recumbent attitude. Beside the bed was a table, littered with medicine bottles and glasses, writing materials, and a bright lamp. The subaltern's sword and revolver lay there, too, and beside them was the poor fellow's watch, ticking as it marked off the fast waning moments of his ebbing life. The brown intelligent face, wiry moustache, and striped turban of the bearer were to be seen close at the bedhead. Quiet and attentive, he waited till the watch should mark the proper time for administering the cordial. Other faces were there none around that sad couch. The only Europeans with our little corps were the surgeon, myself, and the acting subaltern, Travis, who had been detailed from Peshawur to do duty in Errington's stead.

"Ah, captain, this is kind of you," said the sufferer, as his haggard eyes brightened at my appearance, and he held out his wasted hand, which was thin and burning hot. "I hardly hoped to see you, and my time is so short. Sit down, as close to the bed as you

can, for my voice is getting weak, and I have much to tell. Khoorshid Ali, the cordial."

He drank a few drops of the restorative, and then, cutting short my well-meant commonplaces about the propriety of his not exciting himself and the prospects of his recovery, said, earnestly :

"Excuse me ; I have too much on my mind to die easily, and I do not know at what moment the delirium may return. I thought to carry the story untold with me to my grave, but since the fire of the fever has cooled away from my brain, and death's ice-cold fingers have begun to tighten their clutch upon my heart, I have formed a new resolve. I will tell all. As sure as you are sitting by my bedside, when I lay tossing last night in the very fangs of the fell disorder, I saw *her*, yonder, by the tent-door."

His voice failed him, and he made an impatient sigh to his servant to give him some more of the cordial. To attempt to check him, under the circumstances, would, I felt, be cruel and useless, and I therefore patiently waited till he could muster fresh strength. I noticed that the poor fellow's eye, though glittering, was steady, and that his tone was that of intense, concentrated conviction. He spoke again :

"When first I joined the corps you were good enough to show me much kindness, and it is my own fault that we have not been friends. My churlishness appeared to you, I am sure, in the worst light, but, Thursby, I am equally sure that you are too good-hearted a fellow to harbour resentment against a dying man. Your presence here, after all my cold and haughty conduct, is a proof of that. And believe me that caprice has not been the true motive of my unsocial behaviour. When the blight fell upon my life, I turned away from human friendships for ever. Companionship, the frank intercourse of my equals, galled my morbid soreness of heart. Alone, I brooded over the miserable past. That I was wrong in my theory of life is very probable, but the mistake is not now to be set right. My breath will hardly last me, I fear, until the tale is told.

"Six years ago, at a small watering-place on the southern coast of England, I met *her*—the lady, I mean, whom I hoped to call my wife. Her name was Alicia Morgan. She was young—not quite twenty—an orphan, and residing with her aunt, a certain Lady Murray, who lived at a country house called the Heathlands, seven miles from B—. It was at a flower-show that we met, and I have never forgotten my first glimpse of that beautiful dark face, with its lustrous eyes and the profusion of

raven hair twisted around that small queenly head, as I saw it first through a screen of roses and blossomed shrubs. Two pretty girls, her cousins, were beside her, but their more common-place loveliness actually seemed to serve as a foil for the rare beauty of their young companion. And presently an older and matronly lady, evidently, by the strong likeness, the mother of the two girls last spoken of, rejoined them, and they all moved on.

"I had many friends, and without much difficulty I obtained an introduction to Lady Murray, her daughters, and her niece. It came out, by great good fortune, as I thought, that my father had been *aide-de-camp*, in the Peninsula, to old Sir Thomas, Lady Murray's husband. The general was now very aged and broken, and his rheumatism kept him a close prisoner at home ; but he remembered my name well, and I was received at Heathlands with all the warmth which characterises the reception of an old friend. I was a frequent visitor at the house, and was always made welcome. There were fêtes of various sorts going on in that hospitable countryside, in the pleasant summer weather ; and at archery meeting, cricket-match or race-ball, picnic or boating-party, I always joined the Murrays, and always found my way to Alicia's side.

"I have no wish, Thursby, to dwell upon what must seem to you the tame routine of mere commonplace love-making, and I see by your gesture of suppressed impatience, that you think I am wasting my scanty store of breath in recounting trifles. I will therefore hurry on. Let it suffice, that within two months of my first meeting with Alicia Morgan at the flower-show, I proposed for her hand, and was accepted. It all came about so suddenly that I could hardly believe that my suit had been successful, even when the congratulations of the friends to whom the news had been imparted, came pouring in upon me. To own the truth, I was half frightened by my own good fortune.

"That you may, in some degree, understand my feelings, I will give you a brief description of the family beneath whose roof, after so short an acquaintance, I had wooed and won a not unwilling bride. Sir Thomas, crippled by age and infirmities, testy of temper and impatient of contradiction, was managed with consummate tact by his clever and comely wife, who was very much his junior. Lady Murray was indeed what in common parlance is styled a "managing woman." She knew the world—the world of London society—very well, and played her own part with great skill. The two eldest of her four daughters—she had no son—were already well married, in the world's

esteem, and there was little doubt but that their younger sisters would also draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery. All these girls had good looks and some fortune, but in neither respect could even maternal partiality have described them as the equals of their cousin Alicia. She was well dowried, a fair estate in Wales having descended to her for lack of male heirs; but it was not until after I had made my proposals that I learned this fact. To do justice to my own motives, mercenary hopes had no share in drawing me on.

"I have said enough to show that Lady Murray was by no means the sort of relative likely to encourage what are called romantic notions, or to sympathise with a love-match, where the husband should be the poorer of the two. And that such was the case in the present instance I found, to my chagrin, there would be no doubt. As a bachelor and a Guardsman I was well enough off. By the Belgravian standard, on the other hand, I was too poor to marry, unless my choice should be a woman of property. And yet Lady Murray cordially gave her consent, and secured that of Sir Thomas, who, as the young lady's guardian, had the power of prohibiting her marriage until she should be of age.

"Nothing could exceed, I may say, the kindness of the family. My acquaintance with Alicia, and with themselves, had been so brief, that a term of probation might well have been imposed upon me. There would have been nothing harsh or unreasonable in such a stipulation. But no such stipulation was made. When I pressed, as lovers will, for an early day, Lady Murray good-humouredly remonstrated, but only on the score of the necessary preliminaries. 'Lawyers, milliners, confectioners, and coach-builders,' she said, 'must have time to play their part in a proper manner. At earliest, the wedding could not take place until the autumn.' But she never seemed to think that any opportunity ought to be afforded to Alicia and myself to become better versed in each other's dispositions, and to draw back, if need be, from the hasty engagement that had been plighted under such unusual circumstances.

"Even the legal arrangements went on with what I was assured was most unwonted smoothness. What Lady Murray, or the general, may have written to the family solicitor, I cannot tell; but my own man of business was almost rendered suspicious by the unprecedented straightforwardness with which every inquiry was met, and every alteration acceded to. The old lawyer, who had fought many a hard battle over marriage settlements, and with whom it was an article of faith to con-

sider the opposite party as a subtle antagonist bent on getting the best of the bargain, knew not what to think of the easy victory that now seemed to await him. And yet, as he said in professional dudgeon, the lady's solicitors were an eminent firm, and the titles to the property were as clear as titles could be. There was no doubt about the matter, but the pliancy of the Murrays and their legal advisers could not have been greater had I been a duke instead of an ensign. It was left for me to insist that Alicia's fortune should be strictly settled on herself. I felt that this precaution was due to my own sense of honour.

"Autumn came round, and the preparations were all complete. The wedding was to be a very quiet one, after all, it had been decided. The ostensible reason for this change in the programme was the health of old Sir Thomas, who could not undertake a journey to London, and whom Lady Murray was unwilling to leave alone at Heathlands. I cared little how matters of this kind were settled, and was quite content that Alicia and I should be married in the little village church of Hillingdon, the parish in which Heathlands was situated. The wedding, as I have said, was to be a very quiet affair, Julia and Fanny Murray being the only bridesmaids. There was to be a breakfast, but only those of the neighbouring county families whose members were intimate with the Murrays, had been invited to partake of it. The day was fixed. The settlements had been signed, duly witnessed, and returned to London. Milliners, lace-venders, jewellers, had executed their orders with more or less promptness, and stores of finery, which even Lady Murray admitted to suffice to the furnishing forth of the wardrobe of a young married lady—all were ready. The very spot where the honeymoon should be spent was settled, in what Fanny Murray called a 'committee of the whole house.' It was decided that no couple had ever been likely to start more smoothly and pleasantly on the voyage of matrimony.

"It was come, at last, the eve of the day on which Alicia and I were to plight our faith, come weal or woe, to one another; and I rode up, as usual, to the Manor House, followed by my servant. It was my custom to ride those seven miles of indifferent road, and to send back the horses, with Sam, to a small inn nearly three miles from Heathlands. The road, it so happened, was singularly wild and ill provided with houses of public entertainment; it led into a bleak hill country where the church towers were rare, and where a traveller might not be seen for miles among the treeless wastes. There was no shelter for man

or beast, short of the Three Horseshoes, which lay, as I have said, about three miles from the manor house, and some rods distant from a stream which foot-passengers crossed by a plank-bridge, but which horses were obliged to ford. At Heathlands, my horses would of course have been cared for, had there been the necessary accommodation. But the general's habits were peculiar. The stabling was old and ruinous, and there was only just room enough for the carriage-horses, and two pet ponies that belonged to the girls, under that part of the range that still kept a roof above it. I must tell you this, captain, that you may understand what followed.

"It was a dark day in early December, and the clouds hung threateningly about the bleak hill sides, fringed with black fir clumps, but the sun shone out, making the flooded meadows and wet roads glitter, as I rode up from B—, about noon. There had been a great deal of rain lately, for it was one of those mild, damp seasons of which we have had so many. The brook was nearly up to the girls as we forded it, and the mire was deep in the winding lane that led to the house.

"My heart was heavy, somehow, and I felt anything but the blithe gaiety of spirits that becomes a bridegroom starting joyously forth on a career of wedded happiness. I had never been a very thoughtful man. I was young, prosperous, and my own master, and my inducements to meditate had been few. But the great change that was impending, the trust of another's happiness, the responsibilities that I was on the morrow to accept, had made me ponder and reflect in a way to which I was wholly unused. And I reflected, as I passed through the deep lanes, where the scarlet berries of the holly flashed out from the dusky green of the leaves, and where the tall bare elms stood like skeleton giants overhead, how very, very little, I knew of Alicia's mind and heart,—what a stranger I was to the beautiful girl whom to-morrow I was to hail by the sacred name of wife.

"It was too true. Alicia and I were almost strangers. Our acquaintance was certainly very short, but that was not exactly the case in point. People, especially when they love, may learn to know each other's thoughts and feelings in less time than that which had elapsed since the day of the flower show. But, I realised it for the first time, I knew singularly little of her whom I had chosen to be the helpmeet of my life. As far as I could remember, Alicia and I had seldom or never been alone, *really* alone, together. Always, as it seemed to me, some of the family had been present when we met, and even in the garden at

Heathlands, on that evening when, in the deep shrubbery, I had poured out my heart in a few broken, passionate words, and had told my love to Alicia's half-averted ear, Julia Murray had been hovering near, and had joined us before any answer had been returned to my prayer. And it was from Lady Murray, after explanations had taken place, that I had first heard that my suit was viewed with favour.

"Even since our engagement, I had rarely been alone with Alicia, and I was almost startled to remember how few were the sentiments expressed by her that I could recollect, and how slight had been our interchange of ideas. She was always lovely, gracious, and calm, like a beautiful statue, but it was wonderful how little communion there had ever been between her spirit and my own. Even a lover's memory, which turns the veriest commonplace prattlings into daintiest music, could not treasure up many of Alicia's spoken words. I was forced to admit, not only that she was habitually silent, but that the Murrays had hardly ever, by pure accident as it would seem, given me an opportunity of being alone with their ward.

"Dim misgivings, too formless to make a permanent impression, crowded on my soul as I rode through the park, where the russet leaves, soaked with water, lay like a thick carpet beneath the bare trees. I was less hopeful, less exultingly sanguine, than formerly, and something like a chill ran through my veins as I caught sight of the steep gables and quaint red roof of the Elizabethan manor-house. These vague feelings, however, soon vanished as I received the warm greetings of my friends; and as Alicia half-shyly put her little hand into mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. Indeed, she was unusually animated. Her dark blue eyes—she had the rare beauty of blue eyes in conjunction with raven hair and a cheek whose bloom was as darkly rich as that of a peach—were more brilliant than was often the case; her smile was brighter, and her silver laughter more frequent. In general, she really did resemble a handsome statue, but now, though not talkative, she was at least lively and in high spirits. And yet, sometimes, a sudden change would come over her delicately moulded features, and she would seem as if listening to some sound inaudible to others, and forgetful of what was passing around her. Then the look of rapt abstraction would die away, and the fair, smiling face would resume its former aspect.

"I never spent a more pleasant afternoon and evening than on that day, the eve of the

wedding—the wedding that was never to be. Every member of the fireside group seemed to be disposed to contribute to the general joyousness. Even Sir Thomas, unusually exempt from rheumatic tortures, was in high good-humour, and told some campaigning stories that were new, at least to me, and by no means bad of their kind. Lady Murray and her daughters, clever and well-educated women, were very amusing companions, and if Alicia said less than the others, her beaming eyes and gay laugh had an eloquence of their own, and her royal beauty seemed to convert her in some manner into a privileged being, from whom less was to be expected than from others. As I have said, we were happy, and, as is often the case, our mirth seemed the blither because of the stormy weather without. For the storm had recommenced; the sheets of rain lashed the windows, the wind was loud, and there was thunder rolling afar off as the groaning trees bowed to the fury of the gale.”

So far in his story my poor comrade had proceeded with a strength that surprised me, and that was evidently due to a concentrated effort of will, but once or twice he had paused to beckon to the watchful native servant for a fresh portion of the cordial. But at this point he stopped, gasping and pressing his thin hand to his breast, as he sank back among the pillows. The bearer, who had nursed many a sick sahib on his deathbed, glided actively to his side, and supported his languid head. Just then the cries of the wild animals in the jungle, which had been more and more harsh and fretful, ceased, and there was an abrupt hush, a solemn stillness when the very ticking of the watch on the table seemed to jar upon the ear. This silence lasted for a few minutes, perhaps three or four, and then came a low muttering sound, like that of a rising tide.

In a weak, but a resolute voice, poor Errington went on:—

“My usual custom was to leave Heathlands at ten o'clock. On this particular night, the hour had passed unheeded, in the merry flow of conversation, when the old butler, a soldier once, like his master, came in to tell with military brevity what had occurred. The rain, falling furiously on the bleak downs, had swollen every stream and runnel; the brook, already deepened by much wet weather, was now two yards in depth, and had damaged the foot bridge; while, as for fording, no horse in England could breast the torrent. A countryman had come across from the Three Horse-shoes to ask what my servant was to do. He had but the alternative of stopping, with the

horses, where he was, and of riding round to Ashton Poplars, where there was a bridge, four miles off, and with every prospect of losing his way in the storm and the darkness.

“‘Pooh! pooh! nonsense!’ said Sir Thomas, awaking from his nap. ‘You must take up your quarters with us for the night. Can’t stumble through those muddy lanes in weather like this, can he, Eleanor? No, no, my boy, stop and sleep, and at your time of life you’ll be early enough afoot to get down to B——, dress, and be back before old Mr. Maples puts on his surplice in the vestry of Hillingdon Church, I warrant you.’

“So it was settled. Lady Murray went to bid the housekeeper get a room ready for me, and there was much laughter among the damsels of the Murray family as to my being ‘trapped,’ and immured in a Heathlands dungeon for the night. In such laughter and merriment Alicia took no share. On the contrary, one of her odd, silent moods came over her, and, for a moment, her beautiful face seemed to stiffen into stone, her eyes looked coldly forth at vacancy, and her lips worked, as if she were about to speak. Then she started, as Lady Murray entered, and bent over a book of engravings, and during the rest of the evening I could not find an opportunity of exchanging word or look with her who was to-morrow to be my wife. And when I bade her good-night, Alicia’s hand was deathly cold; it lay passive in mine. She smiled and spoke, but it was evidently with an effort, and in a minute more I was alone.

“Alone in a great wainscoted bedroom, where the fire and the candles were scarcely able to light up the dark green curtains and the sombre hangings and oaken scantling of the walls. Sir Thomas’s man came and went, bringing, with his master’s compliments, razors, brushes, linen, and so forth, and presently asked respectfully if I wanted anything more, bowed, and departed. I sat for an hour or more, gazing at the fiery caverns between the burning coals, and moodily thinking of Alicia’s strange manner. Did it imply girlish fickleness, aversion, change of purpose? And if so, ought I, as a man of honour, to hold her to her word? Ought I to wed her if she loved me no more? And then rose up the stinging doubt, had she *ever* loved me? Was her acceptance of my suit the mere result of surprise, perhaps of the persuasion of her relatives, who were evidently my friends. Long I brooded thus, and coming to no satisfactory conclusion, flung myself into bed, and tried to sleep. I woke on a sudden, trembling violently, and with big cold drops standing thick

on my forehead : woke, not by degrees, but on a sudden, with the start from sleep, the hasty rallying of the faculties, which an abrupt alarm can alone inspire. It was as if the soul, awake while the body slumbered, had roused her slothful companion at the call of danger. Thursby, we have been in action together. I don't think you ever saw me flinch when death and life were trembling in the balance ; but I assure you that on that occasion I was completely unnerved. Instinctively I felt that peril was near, a shapeless, unknown peril that weighed upon my heart. Still I rose, relit my candle, and hurriedly dressed. My limbs shook, my breath came thick and short, and I was flurried and unsteady ; but I crushed down the tremors that beset me, threw on my clothes, and opened the door of my room. Then I knew what the danger was. The pungent smoke, eddying down the corridor, the smell of burning wood, and a sound as of hissing snakes blended with the well-known crackling sound produced by dry timber in a blaze, gave form and substance to my vague fears. Then I felt my courage revive. Heathlands was on fire—there was no doubt of that. But if the old house could not be saved, there must be ample time to preserve every life, and perhaps much property. The first thing to do was to ascertain the extent of the mischief ; the second would be to spread the alarm through the unconscious household. Led by the ominous sounds of crackling wood I hurried along the passage, the smoke growing thicker and half blinding me. My room was at the extremity of the east wing, at the end of a long passage, and the other doors belonged to rooms such as the Muniment Chamber, the so-called Oratory—which still retained its antique furniture, and was regarded as a curiosity—and two disused rooms, full of faded but costly upholstery, and which were known as “Lady Jane’s parlours,” in virtue of some obscure tradition. These two last rooms had their doors ajar, and were full of smoke, but I hardly heeded them, for now I was near enough to the central part of the rambling old house to see a great glow and glare of heat and light that proceeded from some of the chambers opening on the principal landing-place above the broad oak staircase, and where, as I knew, the Murrys and Alicia slept. I sprang forward with a cry of alarm. Yes, the fire was fiercest in that part. I saw the long tongues of ruddy flame go gliding along the dry wainscoting, licking the walls, climbing in spirals to the ceiling, hissing as it gave out volleys of suffocating smoke. Nor was I the only one aroused by the peril, for I heard the sound of distant

and alarmed voices, and the clapping of a door, and a shrill cry.

“Two, three, of the rooms on the left-hand side were pouring forth floods of smoke and flashes of light, mixed with clouds of sparks and scraps of half-consumed muslin or gauze. This was especially the case with the chamber nearest to the great window, from whose door a red glare, like that from a furnace-mouth, came angrily forth. But by what strange accident—ah ! there it is at last !

“‘Fire ! fire !’

“The single dreadful word that scares the boldest, and that none can hear without emotion at the dead of the night. A dozen voices seemed at once to spread the alarm, and I, too, echoed it, although a glance at the broad staircase convinced me that the way of escape was open, and that the fire was confined to the upper part of the house. The chief seat of the conflagration was evidently the passage to the left, where the very beams and joists were burning, and where the fire raged in the three rooms I have mentioned—empty rooms, no doubt.

“By this time the sleepers had been aroused, and Sir Thomas, his clever consort, who was the most courageous of the family, and supported the halting-steps of her crippled husband, Julia and Fanny Murray, the serving-men and women, were soon crowded on the oak staircase and the wide landing-place, hastily dressed in clothes tossed on under the spur of the sudden alarm, and vociferating questions, exclamations, suggestions. The fire was above, below, everywhere. It was the work of chance, of carelessness, of incendiaries ; but no one ventured on a practical hint until the alarm-bell was heard clanging forth from its turret, sturdily tolled by old Job, the soldier-butler, though the storm almost outroared the clang of the bell. My eyes ranged hastily over the assemblage. There was one form missing ; the dearest, the fairest.

“‘Alicia ! where is she ?’

“And I called her name aloud. Lady Murray, very much moved, started, and wrung her hands with a gesture of dismay and grief, doubly terrible in that trained, impassive woman of the world.

“‘Alicia !’ she cried. ‘Yes, this is her work. It is a judgment—a judgment on me. Yet I meant it for the best. Oh, Mr. Errington, that is her room—there, the blue room, at the end, where the fire—’

“I did not hear the rest. Breaking fiercely from those who in kindness sought to stop me, I rushed through fire and smoke—through burning splinters and eddying vapour—on to the door of the room at the end, which stood open. And there, in the very glow and reek

of the hell that yawned within—in the midst of the fiery gulf which the room had become, I saw—I saw——”

Here the dying man's voice sank into a husky whisper; and as the bearer sprang to support his head and put the cordial to his lips, there came a roar and a moan, and then a plashing sound of heavy rain,—rain of which we in Europe have no idea,—and the jungle trees bowed groaning, and the tents flapped, and the roaring deluge beat like shot upon the canvas; and the water bubbled through the purdah. The monsoon had begun. I dreaded its effect upon the sufferer; the recollections it might evoke, harmonising as it would with his own dark memories, might shake the hour-glass from which his last sands were falling, all too fast. His dulled ear, however, did not seem to hear the thunder of the tempest, for he seemed unconscious of the storm as he resumed, in a weaker voice:

“‘I saw Alicia—my own dear and loved Alicia—my betrothed, my bride—standing before the great mirror, in that fatal room. She was dressed in her snow-white bridal array, as if for the altar. Over her shoulders flowed the long wedding veil, its dainty lace unfolded to the fullest length, and on her small queenly head was the orange-blossom wreath, lightly placed on the raven hair that set off so well the spotless purity of the flowers. She wore jewels, too, that glistened and flashed in the baleful light of the fire. She was like some virgin victim decked for the sacrifice of old. Her face was averted, but she saw me in the mirror, and turned, and fronted me with a smile.

“But what a smile! I recoiled, horror-struck, while the poor girl waved and wreathed her white arms, bowing her flower-crowned head in greeting, then suddenly stretched out both her hands, crying with an eldritch laugh that froze my very marrow:—

“‘Say, have I not done it bravely! bravely! For the wedding! ha! ha! for the wedding! a fine—’

“The last word I did not hear, for I had darted forward, resolved to save her—to save her in spite of herself. Poor thing! her incoherent ravings, her wild gestures, the terrible deed she, with all the cunning of a mad-woman, had done, left no doubt behind. Still I loved her, and I sprang to save her. There was fire between us. She had piled up a barricade of light objects, and they, and the curtains of the bed, and the woodwork of the room, all blazed furiously. The floor had caught. There was a gulf of flame and smoke between Alicia and me; but the further end of the chamber was as yet free from fire, and

I hoped to reach her and bear her out in my arms to life and safety.

“The flames beat me back. I struggled hard, but pain and suffocation conquered, and I was driven back, mocked by Alicia's horrible vacant laugh, and I stumbled and fell, and should have died there, but for stout-hearted old Job and one of the farming men, who dragged me clear of the passage at no little risk to themselves. I did what I could. Indeed I tried to save her—see, Thursby, the deep scars on my arms, my neck, my breast, the dusky crimson stains of the burning. My clothes were on fire, my hair was on fire, when old Job tore me by main force from the spot.

“I recollect lying on the stone floor of the great entrance hall, in the midst of noise and confusion. Men were flinging water on the flames, tearing down woodwork with axe and pole, shouting, handing up buckets, fighting the fire stoutly and well. I lay, helpless, while one of the Murray girls, ashen pale, in her white wrapper and loose hair, helped Job to hold up my wounded head—I had been badly bruised, how I know not—and Lady Murray knelt beside me and prayed that God might forgive her, and that I would forgive her, for having plotted and striven to bring about my marriage with a maniac. For it was all confessed now. Poor Alicia, with all her beauty, with her pure, good heart, had the lurking taint of hereditary insanity in her veins. Her aunt and guardian had wished her married—married and out of their own daughters' way, whom her superior loveliness threw into shadow—that was the whole sad truth. No doubt the experiment, on the success of which Lady Murray had plumed herself, had failed, and Alicia, who had never loved me, but who was weak and used to obey, had succumbed to a paroxysm of the dread mental malady, and the fire—

“‘A ladder! a ladder to the window of the west room. A hundred pounds to the man that helps me!’

“I was strong then. I was on my feet, active, imperious, directing those about me. And very soon there was a ladder planted before the window of the fatal chamber, and I mounted, mounted steadily. The casement, broken by the heat, hung in shivers, and at it stood Alicia, waving her arms and singing, as it seemed, but showing no sign of fear. Her veil, her robe were on fire; the flames were closing around her, and suddenly she screamed and writhed like a lily scathed by fire; the cruel pain and anguish seemed to clear her clouded reason for a moment, and she called me by my name, and shrieked to me for help. Just then there was a crash—a dull, heavy

crash ; ceiling and wall came thundering down together, and as the side of the house opened outwards, the crouching figure with outstretched arms vanished in a yawning gulf of flame. As for me, the ladder was hurled down amid falling masonry and timber ; a heavy beam crushed me down, and I lay senseless and with a broken collar-bone beneath the ruin.

"Thursby, I have told all. The fire was got under at last, and the poor remains of her who was to have been my wife—of her who had been beautiful almost beyond woman's beauty—were recovered. But—they did not dare, in mercy, to let me see the confined form of what had once been Alicia Morgan. I was slow in recovering health ; I left the place as soon as I could travel. To Lady Murray I wrote my forgiveness—we are all great sinners ! Heaven knows I pardoned her—but I could never again bear to look on any of them. I left my holiday regiment. Weary of life, and hoping for some stirring occupation that should lull memory, I sought an appointment in this branch of the service. My interest was powerful, and I obtained it. Thursby, as I live, I saw *her* last night ; hist ! man, come nearer, I see *her* now."

His wasted hand grasped my arm with a grip that was absolutely painful, and his starting eyes seemed bent on some object, real or fancied, on the opposite side of the tent. Then the grip relaxed, and with a little moan and a long-drawn shiver, the poor fellow's head sunk back, and he stirred no more. I laid my hand on the heart. It was still. George Errington was dead, almost before his sad story was told.

TITLED AND UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY.—When Louis XVI. ordained that no one should be presented at Versailles unless he could prove four hundred years of "gentility," in other words, that his ancestors bore arms before the year 1400, many counts and marquises were rejected as unworthy, though many an untitled gentleman, as old as Hampden of Hampden, left his tower or chateau, and posted up to court to establish his right. Every gentleman, on his pedigree being certified, was invited to join the royal hunt ; and this privilege was entitled *le droit de monter dans le carrosse du Roi*. The plain squire to whom this right was allowed, was always held to be really superior even to the count or marquis whose claim was rejected. Were the same standard of "gentility" in vogue at St. James's, many an old English squire and highland chieftain would bear away the palm of ancestry, while many a noble peer would, as at a tournament, have to "ride the barriers."

VALENTINE'S DAY.

I.

Some young urchin, shamming lonely,
Writes on "gilt-edged superfine,"
To some unknown charmer, only—
"Be thou, Darling ! ever mine ;"
Draws a heart, with arrow-skewer, —
"So Love hath transfix'd me thine :"
Never recipe was truer
For a perfect Valentine.

II.

Birds are billing, birds are cooing ;
All things lovely go in pairs :
We are willing, why not wooing,
When sweet Spring comes unawares ?
Very cold, though, is this spring-time,
Snow on every tiny spray ;
Better wait some happier ring-time :
Valentine ! put off thy day.

III.

O Saint Valentine so simple,
Sadly simple Valentine,
All so earnest for a dimple,
And a smile that meets not thine !
Gentle Love ! do not deceive me :
Is thy heart quite thoroughly mine,
And the arrow barb'd ? Believe me
Thine own faithful Valentine.

L.

BODY-SNATCHING AND BURKING.

OF all the hideous atrocities recorded in criminal annals, the series of murders by the infamous wretches known as "Burkers," are surely the most strange and horrible. These scoundrels, by the invention of their horrible system, reversed all the received traditions of crime. In all ages men had pictured the murderer assailed by the remorse which would make his life one long agony, flying as before an avenging Fury, with eyes averted from his hideous work ; dreading more than death itself delay near the scene of his crime, or if he remained near the lifeless body, remaining only till he could hide it from the eyes of his fellow-men ; till he could bury it down in the lonely wood, or plunge it fathoms deep in the stream which would bear it for ever from his sight.

The satirist had ever been wont to point his dispraise of wealth by contrasting the anxiety of the rich man with the careless security of him who had no wealth to tempt the robber. But poverty, loneliness, wretchedness, were, of all others, the very qualities which recommended a wanderer to these wretches who preyed on their kind ; for who so poor but had at least a *body* ? And it was that, made marketable by the expulsion of the soul, that the Burkers wanted ; and when thus prepared, far from shunning it, they would fall

into a drunken sleep with it under their bed ; far from hiding it, they hawked it for sale about the streets of populous cities. For this hideous invention men had to find a word, they christened it by the name of its supposed inventor, and Burke from the scaffold bequeathed to the language a work that has now become classical.

Strange, however, as the crime appears to this generation, it was, in fact, only a necessary development of an everyday practice. Burking is the legitimate offspring of body-snatching; and to understand the conditions under which its hideous growth flourished, we must look a little at the latter.

The study of anatomy in England may be said to date from Harvey, and to have gradually progressed since his day. A modern professor would, however, be strangely dissatisfied with what was thought a sufficient supply of anatomical subjects even so late as the middle of the eighteenth century. Dr. Hunter describes the professors of the most celebrated schools of his day, both here and abroad, as employing in each course of lectures not more than one, or at most, two bodies. The labours of this great surgeon gave an immense impetus to the study of anatomy, and a larger supply of bodies became gradually necessary: the number of students likewise increased. But the only bodies legally available in this country for dissection were those of murderers; the law exacted such bloody retribution for comparatively small crimes, that when punishment had to be meted out to the murderer, nothing could be done to him that he would not have suffered for theft.

To remedy this absurd anomaly, the ingenious device was resorted to (as was the case with suicides in another way), of wreaking vengeance on the malefactor's body after death: it was given over to the surgeons for dissection, as a *surcroit* of punishment. Happily enough, murders were not committed with sufficient frequency to furnish an adequate supply to the surgeons; and, to make up the required number, means not recognised by the law were resorted to.

Exhumation was the plan usually adopted, and by this means the supply of bodies was, for a long time, adequate to the wants of the profession.

The well-known trade of "body-snatcher" or "resurrection-man" thus arose, a trade villainous enough, but for a long time carried on quietly, as, indeed, the interests of the men demanded. The churchyards in and around London and other great towns were ransacked by these men, who arrived at an extraordinary degree of skill in getting out bodies: their practice was to select the graves, which were

sometimes marked during the day, and at night to repair to the churchyard with a cart in which were placed sacks and the various implements required. They cleared away the earth at the head only of the coffins, then the lid was raised with a lever, and broke under the pressure of the earth above it. The body was then drawn out by the head, the clothes removed and put back in the coffin, and all covered up again. A body-snatcher could thus take a body from a coffin buried in a deep grave, and restore everything as it was at first, in three-quarters of an hour; in a quarter of an hour, if the grave were shallow and the soil favourable. If the ground was stoney they had a peculiar way of using the shovel without making a noise. The clothes, as we have seen, were replaced, as to take them made the offence greater in the eye of the law. The bodies were brought into London in the cart, concealed perhaps under vegetables, so that the horrible cargo looked like the freight of a market-gardener's cart. By some men the prize would be left till the following day inside of a half-built house.

Near every hospital was a house of call for the resurrectionists: the chief one on the north side of the river was the Fortune of War, at Pie Corner, near Smithfield; and the present host of the inn, which still bears the same name, points out the position of a room, round which ran benches, on which, duly labelled with the owners' names, remained the bodies, till the surgeons at St. Bartholomew's over the way could look at them. So long as the body-snatchers went to work quietly, little notice was taken of them by the public; so that, long after the judges had decided, in 1788, that disinterment was a misdemeanor, prosecutions were not common, and offenders, when taken, were usually liberated. But the number of students went on increasing; exhumations became more frequent; detection and exposure became likewise more common, and the public disgust and vigilance grew greater, with the effect of rendering the disinterment of bodies more difficult.

At the beginning of this century, the supply of the London anatomical schools was in the hands of a very few men; one of them, who was afterwards examined by a Parliamentary committee, stated that in two years (1809 and 1810) he had supplied to schools in England 305 bodies of adults at about 4 guineas each, and 44 bodies under 3 feet which were sold at so much *per inch*. A man named Murphy, probably the greatest artist in this line, asserted that in one evening he made a sum which, after deducting payment to assistants, reached £100. It is stated on good authority

that these early body-snatchers were comparatively decent men, but the increase in price, which had originally been as low as one or two guineas, tempted into the trade some of the worst scoundrels in London. "They are the lowest dregs of degradation," said Sir Astley Cooper: "there is no crime they would not commit; and if they imagined that I should make a good subject, they really would not have the smallest scruple, if they could do the thing undiscovered, to make a subject of me."

These men were always dragging themselves into public notice. They frequently quarrelled among themselves, when one party would inform against another. The anatomists were completely at their mercy; they could effectually oppose a lecturer, by refusing to let him have bodies; and there was no length to which their animosity would not go, if once aroused. Was one of them offended by the purchase of subjects off another man, he would either steal secretly, or break openly, into the place where the bodies were kept, and cut them to pieces, spoiling them for the purpose of dissection: or, perhaps, he would inform against the anatomist for receiving the bodies; and although the magistrates generally refused to take cognisance of such cases, unless there was strict evidence that the receiver had also taken part in the disinterment, yet teachers had been convicted and actually punished for receiving bodies, knowing them to have been unlawfully procured, and, as the law stood, it was at least doubtful whether every teacher and student was not indictable for a misdemeanor. Nor did the vengeance of the body-snatcher always stop here. On one occasion a lecturer had refused to give to a resurrectionist a *douceur* of five guineas at the beginning of the season. The man went away, but returned at dark with a cart in which were two subjects very much decomposed; these he threw down in the street near the lecturer's house, and two young ladies, not observing them, stumbled over them. The result was a popular commotion in the unhappy surgeon's quarter; the mob rushed to his house, which they threatened to tear down, and he was himself in very great danger.

As an illustration of the reckless way in which these men now carried on their trade, we may take another experience of the same gentleman. He once required the head of a person who had died of a particular disease: he employed a body-snatcher to get it, which the fellow did, cutting off the head and leaving the body thus mangled openly on the ground. It is not surprising that such scandals enraged the public. Graveyards were watched, spring-guns were set,

and, since sextons and keepers were not averse to bribes, the friends of deceased persons watched the graves by night, and fired upon intruders.

Exhumation, though the chief, was not the sole method of procuring bodies. Body-snatchers would personate the relatives of those who had died in workhouses, and would thus get their bodies given over to them. A case is recorded in which a body-snatcher saw a man stagger and fall in the street; he stepped forward, claimed relationship with the man, attended the inquest, and had the body delivered to him. Frequently these men would break into houses where they knew a body was lying, and steal it out of the coffin in which it was awaiting burial; sometimes, if a quarrel ensued, the body thus procured would be cut to pieces before the dissecting-room was reached. So common was this way of procuring bodies, that one London police officer alone had recovered between fifty and one hundred bodies thus stolen. Or perhaps a party of Irish would be "waking" a body; a number of resurrectionists would burst in, seize the corpse, and rush off with it, trailing it naked through the mud, with the pursuers in full cry. These cases will show the reader, that the absence in a body of all signs of its having been buried was by no means an unusual occurrence, or one that would necessarily awaken the least suspicion in the mind of a surgeon to whom such a body might be offered for sale.

The price of subjects became exorbitant as the town and suburban churchyards were closed to the body-snatchers by increased vigilance. From twelve to sixteen guineas was at last demanded, sometimes even as much as eighteen or twenty, with the possible prospect of almost immediately having the body taken away by the police, who would be secretly set on by the snatchers in order that prices might be kept up. If the snatchers were taken and punished, the penalty really fell on the surgeon, who, during their confinement in prison, had to support the men and their families also. A surgeon who did not promise beforehand to do this, could get no bodies.

Matters were perhaps worse in country towns, for there an anatomist's pupils had to procure their own subjects, with the risk of punishment hanging over them.

The position in which a body of highly-educated men were thus placed through the neglect of the Legislature, reflects the greatest disgrace on the country. It seemed, indeed, at one time, as if the study of anatomy would have altogether to be abandoned in the country which had given to it some of its most magnifi-

cent triumphs. The difficulty of getting bodies frequently stopped a class for a month or six weeks ; the professors lost money, and retired in disgust from their forced association with scoundrels who tyrannised over them. Attempts were made to dispense with the body-snatchers ; bodies were imported, but the custom-house officers charged what rate they thought fit, under the name of an *ad valorem* duty, or more frequently refused to forward the bodies, and had them buried. When the Secretary of State authorised their importation, it was found that they generally arrived in a condition which rendered them utterly unfit for the anatomist's purposes.

It was felt at last that something must be done : a course of anatomical study was twenty times as great in Edinburgh as in Paris ; students were compelled to go abroad to get that skill, the want of which was punishable by the law which refused the means of acquiring it. In 1823 there had been 1000 students in London, in 1828 there were only 800. Attention was at last paid to the complaints of the profession, and in April, 1828, the subject was brought before the House of Commons. Mr. Warburton, in asking for a committee, stated, that whereas, in the previous year, eleven bodies only were legally disposed of, eleven hundred were required, and nine hundred were actually obtained. The committee which was appointed began its sittings at the end of April, and it was before them that Sir Astley Cooper made use of the expressions we have quoted above. Read by their light, question 1186 is significant : "*Knowing the high price given for dead bodies, do you think that price is too high for the safety of the living ?*" Burke and Hare were at work in Edinburgh preparing their answer, which was published in the following October.

In the year 1828 there was living in the West Port, Edinburgh, an Irishman named William Burke, and with him a woman, Helen McDougall, his wife, possibly according to the Scotch law. The home of this pair, reached by a dark passage, showed every sign of squalid wretchedness and drunken poverty. In a corner, near a miserable bed, lay a heap of filthy straw ; scattered about the floor were heaps of wretched clothes and of boots and shoes (Burke was ostensibly a cobbler), patched and worn and telling of long and painful wanderings. To what poor wretches could these miserable *exuvia* have belonged ? The appearance of this wretched abode was not belied by the habits of its owners ; drunken rows, scuffling, and fighting, with cries of murder, were so common that they passed unnoticed by the neighbours.

It was from this horrible den that, on the morning of October 31st, 1828, Burke sallied forth. Entering the shop of a grocer for a dram—for the Scotch grocers sell whisky—he finds there a poor beggar-woman. He addresses her, and by his brogue the woman at once discovers him to be a countryman. She tells him her name is Docherty ; that she has come from Ireland in search of her son. Burke replies that his mother bore the same name ; all the Dochertys are his friends ; she must come home with him to breakfast. The poor wretch gladly accepts the invitation ; they go to Burke's home, and after breakfast Burke goes to his familiar, Hare—a wretch as squalid as himself. Him he tells, in their terrible jargon, that he has a "*shot*" in the house ; he has come to ascertain at what hour Hare will find it convenient to come over and "*see it done.*" But with Burke are lodging at this time a man and his wife, whom it may be unsafe to trust too far ; he accordingly tells them that they must lodge elsewhere that night, offers to pay for their lodging, and recommends Hare's as a convenient place. Mrs. Gray, the lodger, goes off with Hare's wife, but returning at nine o'clock, finds that the usual drunken orgies have begun ; the two men are drinking, their wives are dancing, and the old woman, far gone in drink, begins singing.

In the morning, Mrs. Gray again returns for something she has left behind her. The old woman is nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Burke says she was impudent, and was turned out. Burke is still drinking, and from time to time throws spirits about the floor ; Mrs. Gray goes to the heap of straw to look for the objects she is in search of, when Burke furiously drives her off. A second time, when she approaches it to get out some potatoes, does he renew this violence ; and, when he is obliged to go out, he charges another man to remain in his chair near the straw till his return. Mrs. Gray's suspicions are aroused, and when the coast is clear she turns over the straw with her husband. There, without a shred of clothing, and with blood on the face, they find the body of the poor old wretch whom they had last seen drinking with the infernal crew. They refuse to be parties to the concealment of the crime, though Burke's wife says it shall be worth ten pounds a week to them. Information is given to the police, who come down to search the house. The body has disappeared, but the next morning it is found in the cellar of a professor of anatomy, to whom it has been sold by Burke and Hare.

The inquiries to which this discovery gave rise showed good grounds for believing that mur-

der, with a view to the subsequent disposal of the bodies, had been adopted by these men as a regular trade. Fearful, however, whether the evidence that could be produced would ensure their conviction, Hare and his wife were admitted to give evidence. On the trial, which came off on December 24th, Burke and his wife were charged with three murders; but the last, that of Docherty, was alone gone into. Nothing can exceed in horror the revelations made on this trial. Hare, on being told that he was not compelled to answer questions, except such as had reference to the murder of an elderly woman, Docherty, is confused by the remembrance of multiplied villanies, and asks doubtfully, "T'ould woman, sir?"

According to this witness, the old woman was thrown down, and Burke then threw himself upon her—his breast being on her head, and placed one hand over her nose and mouth, and the other under her chin, and remained in this position for ten or fifteen minutes. The noise of the scuffling and screams had been heard at about half-past eleven by one witness, and at twelve o'clock, on his return home, the man through whom the sale of the body was effected found Burke at his door. He had actually called two hours earlier, before the murder was committed, evidently to negotiate the sale of the corpse that he was about to make.

Two medical men bore witness to the skill of these ruffians in scientific murder; all they could say was, that certain of the appearances would "justify a suspicion of death by suffocation." It is scarcely possible to imagine evidence more conclusive than that brought forward against both prisoners; the woman was, however, acquitted,—a verdict of "not proven" released her.

Awaiting in gaol the day of his execution, Burke made a detailed catalogue of his crimes. According to this, a man who owed Hare four pounds died, and Hare proposed that, to reimburse himself, the body of his debtor should be sold; the body was accordingly taken out of the coffin, which was then filled up with bark, the body was sold to a surgeon for 7*l.* 10*s.*, and no questions were asked, but the vendors were told that they would be welcomed when they had any other body to dispose of. This fatal facility in disposing of bodies seems to have suggested murder. In the early spring of 1828 the first victim fell at the house of Hare, who kept beds for lodgers; and between this time and the October of the same year, sixteen victims were murdered in the house of one or other of these miscreants, some being taken at a disadvantage when ill, but the majority being previously made drunk.

So great was the public amazement shown at the skill shown in thus committing numerous murders without leaving traces of violence, that it was loudly asserted that the system could not have originated with Burke and Hare—Irish labourers of the lowest class, and utterly destitute of any anatomical knowledge. It was only a step further to declare that the plan was suggested by some more intelligent mind, which gave the direction to these rude hands; and Burke had, in an after-confession, to claim for himself and his associate the invention of their infernal system.

After Burke's execution every means was tried by the public to have Hare brought to justice; the point was argued, and although it was contended that the protection given to Hare should extend to the case only which had been tried, the judges were firm, and on the 5th February, Hare was set at liberty and fled towards England. At Dumfries he was recognised, and only escaped being torn to pieces through the intervention of the law which he had so long outraged with impunity. His wife had to be smuggled off in men's clothes.

What was the subsequent career of these sanguinary monsters? We know not; but about the London streets there wanders at this day, led by a dog and asking alms, a white-haired, morose, sightless old man, who, when he breaks his habitual silence, mutters in a coarse Irish brogue. People say that this is the man who, in the winter of 1828, stood up in the Edinburgh Court, and with monstrous cynicism unflinchingly told a shuddering audience how, without moving a finger, he had sat still, calmly watching the death struggles of the poor wretch whose body he would presently sell! How many of those who have bestowed charity on this man knew that they were touching the hand of a wholesale murderer, or suspected that they were face to face with one of the real "Mysteries of London?" Are there many men who, shrouded like Hare, in the obscurity which only a vast city can give, walk among us with terrible recollections hanging about them, unknown to those who rub shoulders with them? What refuge so safe for the murderer as London? But few deeds of darkness hidden in its immensity can be so ghastly as that which, known dimly to the rest of us, that blind old man alone could fully reveal.

The fair prospect of immunity from the ordinary consequences of murder, enjoyed by men who at that time knew how to murder scientifically, and the temptations to make "subjects," force us to ask whether Burke and Hare were indeed the inventors or first practitioners of their art? At all events they were

not the last. In the Parliamentary session of 1829 an Anatomy Bill, based on the recommendations of the committee which had sat in the previous year, was brought forward and discussed. It passed the Commons, but was withdrawn in the Lords. Were the murders committed by the Edinburgh gang, and the scandals which disgraced the country, insufficient grounds for changing the law? If more crimes were waited for they were soon revealed. Three years later the existence of another association was discovered—in London this time.

In November, 1831, Bishop, Williams, and May, London body-snatchers, offered the body of a boy for sale at King's College. Mr. Partridge, the demonstrator of anatomy, suspected foul play. It was the habit of the body-snatchers to remove the teeth from subjects, so that if the body were seized by the police they might at least have something for their pains. In the present case the teeth had been removed a few hours after death. The case was investigated, and all three men were tried and found guilty; May, however, escaped hanging.

Bishop, the senior partner in this firm of malignants, revealed the mode of operation. They also used to make their victims drunk, mixing laudanum with the liquor. A cord was tied to the feet of the stupified wretch, who was then let down a well in Bishop's garden; the cord was attached to a stake, and the operators would then take a turn and a glass of liquor, "to occupy the time,"—the unfortunate wretch being left in the well longer than was necessary to produce suffocation, under the impression that the rum and laudanum would "run out of the body at the mouth." Three persons, according to Bishop, had been thus murdered; the "things," as the bodies were entitled, being sold for 8*l.* or 10*l.* a-piece.

Let the reader picture, if he can, the excitement which accompanied the disclosure of this second affair. Parents whose children were missing came weeping before the magistrates, fearing that of their dearest treasures "subjects" had also been made, to be sold at "per inch." Burking was evidently becoming an institution. Sixteen murders had not been enough to overcome the unwillingness of hereditary legislators "to change the laws of England," in order to remove a source of danger which men had long foreseen. The difficulty was, in fact, one of those which it is so difficult to get the ordinary English mind to meet steadfastly. The journals teemed with suggestions for rendering tolerable an evil which everybody knew could be easily removed.

A gallant colonel, thinking that the practice of giving up one's body for dissection required encouragement, led the way by publicly announcing that he had added a codicil to his will, by the provisions of which the surgeons would, at his death, have that body, against which the inventions of the enemies of his country had been in vain directed. Others followed; the idea gained ground, and threatened to become fashionable; it was even proposed that registers should be kept at the chief hospitals for the entry of the names of those who might desire to bequeath their bodies to science. There were, of course, rival plans; the most curious which we have discovered is perhaps that which proposed the sale, *by public auction*, of the bodies of executed felons, and of suicides (poor wretches!); all such bodies, as well as those of persons who had, while living, received a consideration for their corpses (it being proposed to legalise such sales), being *branded by the coroners on each part ordinarily used for dissection*.

In the next session of Parliament another bill was brought in. Honourable members seem to have voted it a bore, since the attendance at its various stages was very thin, and the House was at one time even counted out. This bill was opposed in every way by Orator Hunt. An amendment was suggested, to the effect that no person should be allowed to commence his medical education till he had given a written promise to leave his body for the purpose of dissection. The bill passed, however, by a small majority (without this provision), and this time the Lords gave way. The principal section empowered those having lawful possession of bodies of deceased persons, not being undertakers, to permit such bodies to undergo anatomical examination, unless a desire had been expressed by the deceased that no such examination should take place. Another section repealed a previous Act which directed that the bodies of murderers should be given up for dissection, as it was thought this would in a great measure remove the odium attaching to dissections generally.

Under this Act the supply from workhouses, hospitals, and elsewhere, of those who died friendless and unclaimed, proved for a long time sufficient. The number required has now, it is said, increased to an extent which renders these sources inadequate; and the importation of bodies is again proposed; now, owing to the greater speed and facility of transport, with greater chances of success than formerly. Of one thing we may happily be certain: body-snatching, leading almost necessarily to Burking, is, and must remain, a thing quite of the past.

THE MOON'S WANDERINGS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)



I.

"The keeper is gone to the feast to-night,"
Is the whispering poacher's call ;
His wife and his child are sleeping : bright
Shines the moon on the chamber wall.

II.

As she shone on the palely glimm'ring bed,
The child grasp'd his mother's warm hand, —
"O mother ! why tarries father so long ?
I fear, for 'tis lone o'er the land."

III.

"Oh ! look not into the moonlight, my child,
Oh ! close fast those little tired eyes ;
The moon is bright, but the night it is long,
Sleep on till to-morrow's sun rise."

IV.

Then the moon shone bright on the father's gun :
"Ah ! did you not hear that strange shot ?
I fear me, and tremble, and cannot rest,
For my father's gun it was not."

V.

"Child !" cried the mother, "it is but a dream,
Look not in the moonlight again ;
When father returns with the morning's beam,
You'll know that your dreams are all vain."

VI.

Then the moon shone clear on the father's head,
As his picture hung in the light ;
His child started up, with a sudden cry,
"Mother ! why is his face so white ?"

VII.

And ere the mother awoke from her sleep,
 Or ere she had left her lone bed,
 And while she was wond'ring why he had stay'd,
 They had brought him home to her dead.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

A BORDER WOOLING.

I HAD spent some very pleasant time at the Shaws' Hotel, Gilsland, famous in the north country for the virtues of its mineral spring, as well as for the romantic beauty of its wooded and precipitous banks, which overhang the waters of the river Irthing. But it was not as a votary of Esculapius that I had bent my steps, or rather, taken my second-class ticket by the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, to this temple of the northern Hygieia; the attraction being, indeed, the Roman station of Amboglanna, at Birdoswald, the finest upon the whole line of the justly celebrated Roman wall which traverses the isthmus that stretches across Northumberland and Cumberland, between the German Ocean on the east, and the Solway Firth on the opposite hand.

Having tarried long enough at my pleasant quarters at the Shaws, to make drawings of every portion of this noble relic; having, I say, completed my task at Amboglanna, I fell, according to my wont, under the influence of the erratic spirit which has ever governed my roving life; and after some little cogitation, I resolved that the next stage of my pilgrimage should be the out-of-the-way nook on the edge of the debatable land between England and Scotland, where Bewcastle, famous for its Runic cross, and the ancient stronghold of the Bueths, De Vallibus, Swenbaenes, and Grahames, is situated. Accordingly, having paid my foy, or parting glass, to my friends and comrades at the Shaws, I strapped on my knapsack, and with many kindly farewells, followed up by a hearty cheer from the whole of the male part of the company, I wended my way, a free rover, once more.

By the road my route ought to have covered not more than ten miles, but as I was desirous of taking up the Roman road called the Maiden Way, I took to the moors soon after leaving a small change-house, where I stopped for the common refreshment of oat-cake and peg-cheese, with a little whisky, well diluted with spring water, cool as if iced. This I have always found a good walking stuff in the absence of churn-milk, a most refreshing beverage; next to which I would

rank cold tea, naked, and without milk or sugar.*

Thus reinvigorated, I wended stoutly on my way, and leaving the road presently struck the Maiden Way, which here traverses the country to Bewcastle.† It is a broad road, showing in some parts quite distinctly for miles, in others concealed by heather and moss flows; it is well paved, with a compactly laid kerb on its borders. This lone track I pursued to a considerable length without seeing any living thing, except now and then a pack of muir-fowl, or a blackcock exhibiting his grotesque antics before an admiring bevy of grey hens. After a time the way became broken and confused among the undulations of the moorland, and after many times losing it and again taking it up, it became entirely swallowed up in a wide peat moss, on which I had to leap from hag to hag over black treacherous-looking pools, suggestive of the water-kelpie lurking below to snatch the unwary traveller to the sullen depths of his darksome abode. The sun was now getting low on the horizon, and I became very dubious of my way, all around being a dreary and darkening waste, where only the wild querulous scream of the curlew, or the deep guttural cry of the solitary bittern, could be heard, and my situation began to assume a critical aspect. However, there was nothing for it but to push on, which I did, with perspiration pouring from my brow, so as frequently to obscure my view. As there now appeared a rising ground a little way ahead, I made for it in a straight line, taking, under the spur of necessity, some extraordinary leaps over the gaping wells which obstructed my progress; until, completely exhausted, I passed the boundary of this dreary swamp, and sunk panting and breathless on the welcome hill-side.

After having rested for some quarter-of-an-hour, I made my way up the hill, and, looking down, saw, just below, the antique church and

* In reference to this beverage, I have been told by a keen sportsman that nothing sustained him so well, and its only fault lay in the artificial stimulus it imparted to muscular energy, which was liable to induce undue exertion. This property is probably due to the amount of azote and tannin contained in tea.

† The road called the Maiden Way branches from the Roman road at Kirby-Thore, passes between Cross Fell on the right, and Kirkland on the left. It is seen in the east part of Ousby, in Malmerby and Addingham parishes. In some parts it is eighteen feet in breadth. It crosses Blackburn, and running within about two miles of Aldston, enters Northumberland, bearing for Whitley Castle, a Roman station; thence to Caerboron, passes the Roman Wall at Dead Water, and re-enters Cumberland, and proceeds to the station at Bewcastle, which it leaves a little to the left; then under the name of Wheel Causeway, proceeds to Kirsop, and into Scotland at Lamyford. Here it crosses the Catrail, and is supposed to join Watling Street near the Roman station Ad Fines. This, which was originally a British road, appears to have been adopted by the Romans for a military way. The name, Maiden Way, is derived by Wharton from the Celtic word, *Madan-Fair*, probably made or constructed.

the famous Runic column standing among the mossy graves of centuries, where long had mouldered many a rieving Armstrong, many a lang-nebbit Elliot, and muckel-mou'd Scott; and where the wrath of many a fiery Fenwicke had long, long been quenched in dust and ashes, the whole transmuted into gold by the alchemy of the setting sun's last gleam, the dark mass of the castle glooming at the back. The Parsonage, and, below, the steep knoll on which the churchyard is situated on the opposite side of the stream called White Lyne, which is here crossed by a rustic bridge; the six cottages, and small change-house, which constitute the village, formed a picture quaint, old-world-like and secluded, such as our great master of landscape, Turner, would have delighted to look upon and depict; or "The genius that dwelt on the banks of the Tyne," my old friend and monitor, Thomas Bewick, would have compressed, with all its particulars, into a tail-piece of some two inches and a half of space. While gazing, absorbed in the enchanting influence of the view, the light gradually died away, and a bleak pallid hue gathered over the scene as the full moon gradually rose over the dark and shattered outline of the castle walls. I now looked about me for the shortest way to the small change-house at the foot of the hill on which I stood, where I proposed to rest for the night, well disposed thereto as I was after my rugged journey of some eighteen miles, when I was joined by a very comely peasant woman, who was going that way and undertook to be my guide. She presently took me into her confidence, and unfolded to me all her simple affairs and interests, the name and employment of her gude-man, and the number of her weans, with full particulars of sex, name, and age, all detailed with a simplicity and trustfulness, in the sweet Cumbrian tongue—for she did not originally spring on this border land, where the dialect is harsh and scarcely intelligible—that had a charm quite Wordsworthian. Arrived at the change-house, which was lit up by the fire of the smithy opposite, where the jolly hammerer was singing lustily to the bass accompaniment of his bellows, I entered, and to my dismay, tired as I was, I found the place contained only a but and a ben,* and but one bed, in a recess of the wall, which accommodated the hostess and her granddaughter, wee Girzie, a golden-haired, round-eyed lassie, who stared, half in fear and half in admiration, at the way-worn stranger bending under the weight of his knapsack. Finding there was no chance of a bed, I inquired if I could rest awhile and have some tea?

* An outer and inner apartment.

"Na, they had nae tea, nobut * whisky and barley scones, an a soup sma yill, unco sour; but there was a road-side public by the sign of the Risin' Sun, kept by ane Jock Armstrang, an honest man, considering he's a horse-couper, foreby, about a mile and a bittock nearer the Scotch border; I might mebbe get a pittin-up there." With this assurance I again took my way forth in the moonlight, over the little rustic bridge and along the bank of the White Lyne, which shone silvery bright under the moon, until, coming to another small bridge, by which, according to mine hostess's direction, I again crossed the water, past a water-mill, from whence issued a warm light that told of home and its comforts, sending a thrill to the heart of the travel-worn pilgrim. The way now led by the edge of a wood, which, intercepting the moonlight, left it in pitchy darkness; but groping on with protruded staff, a small glimmer of light became visible, like a star in the gloom, and in time I came up to the Rising Sun, where I knocked loud and long, before the latch was lifted, and I was confronted by a somewhat morose-looking woman and a young girl, whose staring black eyes and straggling elf locks gave her a peculiarly wild and striking appearance.

"What's your wull, canny man?" the elder dame inquired, keeping the door ajar.

I explained my requirements; but she seemed scarcely to comprehend my language.

"I dinna ken," she replied, "I dinna ken. This is a lone house, and the gude-man's awa' at Newcastleton fair; an we're shy o' strangers. Ye'll na belong to thir pairs, an we tak in nae tramps."

"My good woman," I remonstrated, "I am no tramp, but travelling for my pleasure. My first visit to-morrow will be to your minister, who will assure you of my respectability."

"Aye, aye, aiblins, aiblins," she muttered; "but that punco like a pack on the shouthers of ye,—awm dooting, freen, ye'll just hae to tak the road again."

I now inquired if she expected the good-man home that night?

"Aye, aye, the men folk wad be here sune, and I might just hirple into the chimney neuk, and she'd hear what they said til't."

Glad enough was I to obtain entrance on any terms, and having relieved my aching shoulders of my knapsack, I disposed myself on the lang settle† beside a large turf fire; and perceiving that my appearance in repose, having laid aside my hat, seemed to be held somewhat more satisfactory, I ventured to inquire if I might have tea, and anything they might have at hand—eggs, or what not?

* Nothing but.

† A wooden bench.

"Maggie," said mine hostess, "can ye make eot what the strange mon says?"

"Au dinna ken," responded Maggie.

Another essay towards an elucidation of my wants, at the same time pointing to the teapot on the dresser, "Awm thinkin he'll just be for wantin' the tae-watter and eggs," quoth the more intelligent damsel. And those viands, together with a goodly rasher, or, as it is called in those parts, collop of bacon, were presently set before me, and I fell to with the hearty appetite of a pedestrian; and having partaken of an abundant repast, I put a coal to the cutty of contentment, and enjoyed the luxury of repose after my somewhat toilsome day.

After a while, the clattering of hoofs on the stone pavement outside announced an arrival, and at a whistle from without mine hostess undid the door, and three men entered, wrapped up in long horsemen's coats. The apathetic hostess offered no kind of greeting, but went at once to the flitch of bacon and cut a quantity of huge collops, which the energetic Maggie soon had hissing and brawling in the frying-pan. Meanwhile one of the men, who turned out to be mine host, brought in a jar, or grey-hen, of whisky, which he set on a circular table; and he and his two companions having taken off their wraprascals, and stamped upon the sanded floor to reanimate their feet after the ride, sat down and took each a caulker, the landlord motioning me to do the same, which to have declined would, I knew, have amounted to Border treason. But it was not until "the sacred rage of hunger" had been fully appeased, that a word was spoken by either party.

The meal consisted of the aforesaid collops, and a quantity of potatoes boiled in their coats, with cheese (the accompaniment to every Cumbrrian meal), and bread made from a mixture of pease meal and barley. When this banquet had been bolted, rather than eaten, the men drew round the fire (the table, which the hostess speedily cleared of the fragments of the meal, being placed, with the grey-hen, within convenient reach of all), and the well-blackened pipes were drawn out, filled, and lighted by thrusting them among the burning turf.

It was now that, for the first time, I engaged the notice of these worthies; and the host saluted me in words which, though a Border man myself, I could only with difficulty make sense of, enjoining me not to spare the grey-hen, and inquiring what road I travelled. While replying, another whistle was heard at the door; and Maggie ushered in a man, younger than the others, wearing a grey plaid, and apparently a shepherd. He was accompanied by a colley dog,* which, after a few

preliminary snarls, made the customary gyration, turning round three times, and then stretched himself down along with three others which already occupied the hearth. The last comer tossed off a caulker, brought himself into "neebor raw" as invited, and betook himself to the pipe, while the landlord addressed him to the following purport:

"Aahowsaawycaabut Isemaingladtoseeyedyewant any gimmers coomben coomben pull in the-langsettleaabuta'smain glad toseeyedyewant any-lambs?"

This intelligible speech was responded to by another equally lucid:

"Noonooadinnawant any lambs but mebbiesawant tillsell some here gudewife help us off wi maspat-terdashesh for they're uncomucky."

Which speeches may be rendered into the more plain form of the Border tongue, thus:

"Eh! how's a' wi' ye? Eh! but I'se main glad to see ye. D'ye want any gimmers? Come ben, come ben,* pull in the lang settle. Eh! but aw's main glad to see ye. D'ye want any lambs?"

"Na, na, aw dinna want any lambs, but maybe aw want to sell some. Here, gude wife, help us off wi' ma leggins, for they're unco' clarty."†

Not greatly interested in this kind of dialogue, being tired and drowsy, I was meditating a further appeal to the hostess's hospitality with reference to some kind of sleeping accommodation—being resolved, in the absence of better means, to stretch myself for the night on the long settle—when a most uncouth and singular figure slouched across the floor, though whence it came I could not devise, for it seemed to have arisen from the sanded flagstones of the kitchen floor. It was a shambuling, slouching creature, with starting, blood-shot eyes, and twisted neck, the chin drooping upon the chest, and hands that worked and clutched like the hands of a drowning man, as he worked his way towards the grey-hen. His advent was hailed with shouts and laughter.

"Odds, here cooms auld Maartie! Hoy, auld ghaist, wake up an' hev a pull o' the grey-hen; say awa',‡ auld Maartie; steady, now, steady, auld cheat-the-woodie! Haribee hills! miles awa! Eh! there it goes doon his gizzern. My certes, whaten a wiley-waugh! Now settle thee doon, auld black sheep! an' gie's thy cracks."§

To all this the strange being only responded with a sort of chuckling guttural rattle in the

* Further in.

† Soiled with mire.

‡ To take say, or assay, of the liquor. It was the custom in the olden time for the mayor and corporation of Newcastle to go the round of the public-houses, in order to take assay of the ale, and ascertain if Boniface had provided a good and wholesome beverage for his guests.

§ Chat.

* Sheep dog.

throat, as he planted himself on the settle, and began fumbling at some pigtail tobacco to fill his pipe.

"Ye maun ken, sir," said the shepherd, in reply to my wondering look, "ye maun ken, that auld Maartie myad a mistake about a coow—kind o' lifted her; an' he was taken up afore Sir James, an' committed to Caarle gaol; an' they e'en sentenced him to be hangit on a tow on Haribee hill. Aw went, in coorse, to see auld Maartie dance at the woodie; * an' sae did Jock Heslop an' some ithers, just to see fair play like; but, sauve us, sir, he gat nae fair play ava. Gin a Border man be fairly streeckit on the woodie, nouthier him nor anybody else can hae ony reason to complain, ye ken; for it's like natural death ti a Border man ti dree the woodie. But, ye see, Maartie didna get nae fair play ava; for hangie† e'en boggled with the rape, an' contrived sae badly that when he loupit frae the cairt tail, the knot e'en slippit anunder the chin o' him; an' then he raxed and couldna settle til hang canny nor coomfortable ava; for ye maun ken he was born i' the silly how,‡ was Maartie, an' that gars aen unco kittle owther to hang or droon; till i' the lang run, the rape brack, and doon he came wi' a cloor to the grun'. Aweel, sir, our birse was a bit raised, because, ye see, he hadna gotten fair play; sae the lads an' me made in wi' our bits o' rungs, an' mounted the hows o' the puir auld doited constable bodies till they war fain to loup Rab Morris's sling; an' we weised Maartie ontill a spare powny, an ow'r the Border wi' him het foot; an' when we gat him safely housed, we gied him a canny soop o' the grey-hen, and he was sune hissel' agean; forbye, as ye'll obsaerve, he gat a bit twist o' the craig; an' he's been gay an' roudy in the thropple o' him sin' syne; forbie that his eyne tuik an unco' gleg an' uncanny glower. But ne'er fash,§ auld Maartie, ma mon; thou'lt live ti get fair play, an' croon thy death verse on Haribee hill wi' the bravest o' them. Teak anither soop o' the grey-hen, auld corbie, and ne'er cry craven."

The ancient Martin during this recital sat rolling his head, and chuckling, as if at the narration of something vastly pleasant and facetious, and joined in the general laugh which ensued with such a mixture of guggles and eldrich shrieks as were absolutely astounding to ears unaccustomed to his peculiarities.

For my own part, I easily perceived this to be a little fiction which the narrator was pleased to palm upon my presumed inexperience, but I refrained from the expression

of any misgivings on a point so delicate as Border death from natural causes; and I presently edged up to the taciturn hostess, who having consulted in a few whispered words with the good-man, said, "Aweel, an could hae a bed," and lit a rushlight, and ushered me into a room at the end of a long passage, on the first story of the house. Too weary to notice the appearance of my dormitory, I was soon huddled in among the blankets, and sound asleep. But it was not written in the book of my destiny that my rest should be uninterrupted; I know not how long I had slept, when I was aroused with a violent start, and rising up in bed, I became aware of a heavy tramping which seemed directly under the floor of my chamber, accompanied by a rattling and clanging of chains, suggesting the notion to my faculties, dazed as they were by being startled from heavy and profound slumber, that mine host must have some forlorn captive in the chamber below, who was bumping his head against the wall of his solitary dungeon, and clattering his chains in accompaniment to this desperate action. Immediately upon this there arose sundry frightful cries of murder, with guggles, and smothered cries, groans and panting sobs, like the utterance of some unhappy wight being at once strangled and having his throat cut. At length all this uproar subsided, and was succeeded by a frequent scuffling noise, and opening and shutting of doors, which went on from time to time, till, overcome by drowsiness, I again slept heavily. But I was destined to further disturbance. Again I was roused, this time by a crash against the window of my chamber; heavy rain was driving in sheets against the house, and the night was pitch dark. I concluded that the dash of rain against the panes must have awakened me, or perhaps the bough of a tree, swayed by the wind, might have struck the window. As I lay and listened to the sound of the storm, and the wild whooping of an owl that appeared to have taken refuge on the window-sill, I again dozed off, only, however, to be re-awakened by another crash louder than before. I immediately sprung up, and opening the casement, thrust forth my head as far as I could maintain my balance, and called out, "Who is there? Who and what are you, and what do you want? Speak, speak, or I'll fire, whom or whatever you be!" And while thus engaged I look far into the night, but so dark was it that I seemed to be built in by a wall of solid blackness. My conjurations brought no response, and I called again repeatedly, until at length there arose a most abominable howling and mowing, as if in mockery of my vociferation. I repeated my interrogation, and

* Gallows.

† The executioner.

‡ Born with the head enveloped in a caul.

§ Trouble.

at last a voice from the darkness replied with, "Gae yer ways ti bed, there's naeboddy wantin' ye." So having this gracious permission, and as I was shivering with cold, I groped round the room until I recovered my couch, and again turned in; and being now fully aroused, lay wondering what this nocturnal visitation might portend. There now commenced a series of knocking and shaking of window-shutters, of which all my cogitations could not furnish a solution. I could not suppose those noises to proceed from a burglar, for had anyone intended breaking into the premises, he would scarcely have announced that intention by rousing the

household with such a variety of unnecessary noises. These disturbances had continued, so far as I could guess, for about two hours, when there came another crash against my window-panes, and the voice cried, "Eh, Maggie—Maggie, ma woman, are ye waukin'?" I now began to smell a rat. In short, this was neither more nor less than a Cumberland courtship; for it is by no means uncommon for a young spinster to admit her enamoured swain after the family have retired for the night, and give him an opportunity of furthering his tender suit before the kitchen fire, which is never allowed to go out, but is packed



Bewcastle. See p. 268.

with the gathering coal, and well happed * on the top with damp peat.

Our swain now became vocal, and in the changes of the wind I could catch snatches of a rude serenade, running, or rather limping, somewhat as follows:

Oh! are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Oh! are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Loud's the linn the weary din
That's roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

The rain is fa'in heavy, Maggie,
The night is moonless, dark, and dreary;
The wind is blowing stour, Maggie,
The cry o' howlet maks me eerie.

* Covered up.

The lassie leugh ti hear his sang,
An' smoor'd among the blankets nearly,
But couldna gar him linger lang,
For, oh! she loo'd the laddie dearly.

Then up she rose an' let him in,
Aside he flung his drookit plaidie,
What care I for mirk an' din,
Now a'm wi' my bonny ledly?

From this he changed to the following strain, of a somewhat more melancholy cast than the above:

Lassie, but I'm weary, weary,
Lassie, but the night is eirey,
Let me in, an' a'll na' steir ye,
Let me in, my ain, ain dearie.

Gin I war at thine ingle neuk,
An' we twa war at our duffin',
I'd swear upon the printed beuk,
To be thy man for a' their laughin'.

Ca' mè in, ma bonny woman,
Ca' me in, ma lassie kind,
An' a'll change ma state wi' nae man,
Happy i' contented mind.

Ca' me in, ma ain kind dearie,
For, oh! the night is lour an' dreary,
An' wi' thy smile sae bright an' cheery,
Warm this heart that's could an' weary.

Ca' me in, ma denty dearie,
Ca' me in, an' steek the yett,
For 'tis heaven to be near the:
Ca' me in, my ain kind pet.

But Maggie, in the present instance, continued unmoved; whether, however, she relented at length, I am not in a condition to say,* for I fell into a sound sleep, and only woke about seven in the morning, the sun shining brightly in at the window, birds singing, and all nature wearing a bright and joyous aspect; in strong contrast to the darkness and disorder of the preceding night. I was soon up, and after a plentiful application of cold water, dressed quickly, and went forth to reconnoitre.

At the back of the house I found mine host, who invited me to view a fine horse he had brought from Newcastleton the preceding night; and led me accordingly to the stable

* I charged Maggie in the morning with this midnight flirtation, but she indignantly disowned having "changed words with the unsensy gonericil. Somegowk, she jaloused, that had gotten mair drink nor gumpion i' the head o' him, the gummerin' taed; and, like a sumph as he was, mann gae wiukin' folk up! that fashions way, an' the deil ding him, like Jock Wabster, for a pair doited couf, wi' his blathers an' rowtin', the fond blatherskate; if she wadna hae clawed the eyne out o' the ill-faured face a' him, deil be in her nieves, an' a plague tak' him for a tousy like!" And Maggie, after this emphatic exordium, flung herself out of the room; and I could hear, by the yelping of some ill-starred colly, that she had unorked the vials of her wrath at the expense of his unhappy hide.

below, where I was introduced to a great black stallion, which I at once perceived must have been the stamper and chain-clanker of last night. But I was still puzzled how to account for the hideous outeries which had accompanied these demonstrations, and appealed to the landlord for an explanation.

"Lor bless ye!" he replied, "that wad just be naebody but auld Maartie ye heard, gullerin' an' scumfishin' in's sleep. Od, man, but it's an ugsome thing to hear til him at unco times, and to see him feghtin', and warstiin', an' thrawin', wi' the een of him just startin' oot o' him. He hasna forgottin' Haribee Hill, I'se warrant ye."

This latter observation was accompanied by a roguish leer and a chuckle, as if my landlord enjoyed the remembrance of the little farce that had been played off upon me on the night previous; and this demonstration was echoed by the series of guggles, gasps, and wheezing, which constituted the ostler Martin's peculiar style of jocolation, from a dark corner of the stable, where that ancient retainer of the "Rising Sun" was smoking the pipe of repose.

And now the buxom Maggie appeared to inform me that my breakfast waited, and I was conducted into a little room apart from the kitchen, and there I found an abundance of collops, eggs, and tea; Maggie only remaining to express her regret that they were quite out of vinegar to sauce the bacon, but there was a goudy peg-cheese and some barley-meal bannocks. However, as I did not deem vinegar an indispensable accessory to fried bacon, I made a hearty meal, and presently found myself in condition for a rough ride, the chase of the long-legged hill fox, digging out a badger, spearing an otter, or any rude border sport which circumstances might suggest.

J. WYKEHAM ARCHER.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE FURLO PASS.

BEPPO made his way slowly down through the thick wood, towards the monastery, heedless of his steps, and heedless of everything save the dull dead sense of overwhelming misery, which made everything else indifferent to him. Thus descending the steep hill-side, mainly because it was mechanically easier than to ascend, he came to the top of the precipice, immediately overhanging the buildings of the monastery, and had nearly fallen over. But he saved himself with the instinct of self-

preservation, by catching hold of the slender stem of a young chestnut; and smiling bitterly the next moment at the thought that it would have been better for him to have fallen, he made his way down to the spot where the wall of rock, which hedged round the little territory of the friars, completing its semicircle, fell to the brink of the stream. There, at the extreme verge of the damp and mournful-looking meadow, he seated himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and set to work, if possible, to think.

Since receiving that letter from Giulia he had been suffering hope once more to grow up in his heart; fool, miserable fool that he was. Of course it was all arranged. They had procured, no doubt by the influence of that Captain Brilli, that the Corporal should be sent to Bella Luce. There was no talk of soldiers coming to Bella Luce till after Giulia had returned to it. And he—oh! threefold ass and dupe that he was—he had laboured and planned to procure her return thither. And this anxiety to induce him to give himself up? No doubt it was plotted between her and the military authorities;—he was to be the price, very likely, of permission for the Corporal to marry her. To be sure; the thing was clear. He had been told enough of the efforts that the officers who had the management of the conscription were making to get the men, especially the more desirable materials for soldiers, by hook or by crook. Yes, it was as clear as daylight. If you can induce him to deliver himself up there shall be a permission, very sparingly granted in the Italian army, for the Corporal of Bersaglieri to marry.

Give himself up! Perhaps it was the best thing he could do. Go for a soldier, and find a soldier's death. But he would not be the price paid for the success of her shameless, scandalous, inconstancy and falsehood. No! He would go direct to Fano; he would never return to Bella Luce again. He would go and make his submission to the superior authorities, and take care that it was known that his worthless cousin had nothing to do in the matter.

And then the evening breeze brought to his ears the sound of the friars in the neighbouring little chapel, bawling their vespers psalms. And he thought that he could find it in his heart to take his place among them, gird the cord around his loins, and never go out of this darksome valley more. They were racked by no pangs of unrequited love, of that most miserable and most hopeless of all loves, the love which has been given, alas! all too irrevocably, to a heartless and unworthy woman!

He dragged himself, when the shutting-up hour came, to the miserable little dilapidated cell which had been assigned to him, and the night passed in going again and again over the same round of wretchedness. Then came the necessity of meeting another day, of facing the sunlight, so gladdening and glorious for the light of heart, so floutingly garish and insulting to those that mourn.

But as the sun rose high into the heaven, and the strong fierce light was poured over all things, a certain change began to be operated in the tone of his feelings. A fierce and burn-

ing indignation at the wickedness of which he had been the victim, began to take the ascendant over the less self-asserting attitude of mind that, during the hours of darkness had prompted him to desire only annihilation of self-consciousness—only to slink away into some unseen corner like a stricken stag—to forget everything and be forgotten.

No! it was not just; it was not righteous! Infamy and falsehood should not have their triumph, at least, without having heard once the truth. The words of indignant reproof, of withering scorn, of most just denunciation, were burning on his tongue. He felt that he must speak them! Once, only once, before he should go away, his eyes never more to look on her, nor hers on him, once yet again he must speak! She could not fail to feel in some measure the infinite depth of infamy to which she had fallen, as he felt he could speak it to her. She could not but cower before his righteous scorn.

"Yes, he would go. He would speak those rightful words, and then——!"

But it was not quickly, as it has been related here, that his mind came to this point. Gradually, as he kept heaping coals of fire on his indignation, by feeding his imagination with fresh pictures of Giulia's falseness—of her hideous fickleness to him, and, yet more maddening, of her happy loves with another—gradually his fury came to that white heat at which speech became an imperious necessity to him.

But by that time the day was waning. Little more than twenty-four hours remained before the time he had named for the meeting at the foot of the ruined tower, by the churchyard; very little more than twenty-four hours; and in that time, let him make what speed he would, let hot indignation goad him as it might, he knew that it was impossible for him to reach the trysting place by the hour named, if he were to travel by the path over the mountains.

It was still possible, however, to do it, if he travelled by the direct road, through the Furlo pass, instead of making that large circuit. It was true that the priest had enjoined him by no means to use that route upon any occasion. But the desire that had come upon him of keeping the tryst he had made at the ruined tower, and there once for all pouring out all the pent-up grief and rage that were in his heart, was too strong to admit of being frustrated by such a difficulty. And, besides, as to the chances of capture by the patrolling parties of soldiers, he was quite reckless.

So it came to pass that Beppo was starting

from Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso a few hours only sooner than Giulia was setting out from Bella Luce; and that he also was intending to travel by the Furlo pass.

He had none of the difficulties to meet, and precautions to take, which had been necessary to Giulia in starting on her expedition. But he thought it due to his hosts to tell them that he should not be at the monastery that night, for that he purposed making an excursion to see how matters were going on—whether there were any parties of military in the neighbourhood, or any reason to fear that Santa Maria della Valle might be visited by them.

The Superior, when he mentioned his purpose, sought to deter him from it,—pointing out that it was incurring a risk for nothing,—that any such information as he required might be much more easily and safely obtained by one of the brotherhood than by him.

“Brother Simone is going on circuit to-morrow morning, my son,” said the Superior; “he is a discreet and prudent man, and not without intelligence in the affairs of the world. Let him make the inquiries you wish. He would be able to do it without incurring any suspicion. And I have very little doubt that he could obtain a copy of the proclamation you are so desirous of seeing, and bring it home with him.”

“I think, father, that I should prefer ascertaining the state of things myself. I will be very cautious. And something prompts me to go out to-night. I cannot rest in peace here till to-morrow morning.”

“Not till to-morrow morning, my son! Not one night! What would it be if you had to remain here, without prospect of change, every night and every morning till the sun set behind yon mountain for the last time that your eyes were ever to see it? The truth is, that the still convent life has in these few days been so heavy to you, that from sheer restlessness you must needs go forth into the world! Well, go, my son! Should any thing unfortunate occur, you will have the justice to let his reverence the curate of Santa Lucia know that we were not to blame in the matter!”

“Assuredly, father. Trust me, no blame shall rest upon you for my fault. But I do not think that I am going into any danger.”

“Nevertheless, my son, it is well to be prepared against it. And by a strange chance it so happens that I am able to give you the means of being so. We are men of peace here, and have no arms of offence, or even of defence. But I will give you a line, which you shall give in passing to a worthy man at

Piobico, who will furnish you with the means of keeping violence at a distance.”

The Superior stepped into his cell, and in a minute or two came out with a note, sealed, and addressed to a person in the adjacent little town.

“Take this, my son, and avail yourself of it. You may be thankful for the precaution before you get back to Santa Maria! And if you are determined to go, good night, and good luck to you!”

Beppo took the note, thanked the Superior for his kindness, and was punted across the stream by one of the brethren. The Superior, looking after him, muttered to himself, “A shot fired is useful to the right cause any way. If the soldier is killed, the heretic king loses a man, and is shown that the country is disaffected. If the peasant is shot, there is the outcry against the government, and the odium.”

Beppo went down the path by the side of the stream to the little town of Piobico, almost at a run; for the work that was before him at the end of his journey was in his mind, and his angry heart was eager for it. He presented the billet, as he had been bidden, at Piobico, more from the life-long habit of doing submissively what he was told to do by any member of the dominant caste in his native land, than for any other reason. Yet, it is as well, he thought to himself, to be on an equality with those who are out against me. The man to whom it was addressed, a quiet enough looking small shopkeeper, asked no questions, and made no remark; but having read the note, desired Beppo to pass into a back apartment for a minute, and there put into his hands a musket and a sufficient quantity of ammunition for its immediate use.

“Adieu, friend! I wish you luck!” was all he said as Beppo left his house.

“Adieu, and thanks!” said Beppo; and with the musket over his shoulder he strode off at a rapid pace through the darkness towards Aqualagna, at which point he would fall into the great high road which runs through the valley of the Cardigliano, and by the pass of Furlo. Nevertheless, it was nearly the morning Ave Maria before he came to that village, and by the time he was approaching the pass the day was breaking.

The pass of the Furlo consists of a tunnel, bored through the living limestone, at a point where the river Cardigliano, through whose valley the road has been previously running, enters a narrow passage between two precipitous walls of rock, which render all further progress impossible by any other means. The Roman legionary was a great roadmaker; but

he was a pigmy at his work compared to an English navy. And the greatest works of Roman road-making, which excited the wonder and admiration of the world for successive centuries, sink into absolute insignificance in comparison with the triumphs of modern science in preparing a way for the iron horse.

And the Furlo, celebrated for so many hundred years, is but a small and common-place tunnel after all. Nevertheless, the position and surroundings of it are picturesque and striking. The walls of rock, through which a road-maker yet more puissant than even the English navy, has riven a passage for the waters of the Cardigliano, are of a very respectable height, and of a good colour. The channel of the river is narrow, and yet the volume of water that rushes through it is at times very great; and the road, for some time before entering and after quitting the tunnel, is carried along a ledge of rock at a considerable height above it.

At the spot at which the road enters the tunnel on its way down the stream,—in the direction, therefore, in which Beppo was travelling,—there is a narrow ledge of rock on the face of the wall-like precipice, at nearly the same altitude as the road, and accessible from it. To a traveller coming from that side it seems as if this ledge of rock might have been made available for carrying the road, and the necessity for boring the tunnel avoided. But the traveller coming in the other direction, from the lower ground and the Adriatic side, sees no such ledge when he enters the tunnel at his end. It comes, in fact, to a sudden stop between the two extremities of the tunnel, and offered, therefore, to the first engineers, when they were seeking a passage for their road, merely a baulk and deception.

A subsequent generation, however, has utilised this fraudulent ledge as far as it goes, by building on it a little chapel, and what seems, by the remains of it, to have been a dwelling for an officiating priest. I do not know, by-the-by, that there is any good reason for attributing the happy idea of turning this queerly-placed fragment of soil to such a purpose, to the men of a subsequent generation to that of the original makers of the road, though the ruined buildings now visible are assuredly the work of mediæval and not of Roman architects. But the former were as fond of chapels as the latter,—as firmly persuaded of the desirability of erecting them on certain spots, and in certain localities; had the same ideas respecting the nature of the advantages to be derived from building them in such positions, and piety of a precisely similar calibre to prompt them to erect such buildings. There

is every probability, therefore, that a fane dedicated to some Pagan deity existed on this ledge of rock, before the now crumbling walls of the lodging for a Christian saint and his officiating priest had appropriated the spot.

As the ruins now stand, entirely filling the narrow space, and hiding all beyond them from the eye of one approaching them from up the stream, it looks on that side as if a way might be found by entering them without passing through the tunnel;—a mere delusion; as at the back of the ruins is the sheer precipice, with the torrent seething and roaring far down beneath them.

Beppo had walked on sturdily all night, had passed through the village of Aqualagna a little before the dawn, and was approaching the entrance of the Furlo tunnel just as the sun was peeping over the tops of the hills, sufficiently to shed a grey cold light down in the ravine of the Cardigliano. He had been carrying his loaded gun carelessly over his shoulder all night, but he now brought it in front of him, ready for use if need were; for the nature of the place, and the observations which the priest had made to him respecting the desirability of avoiding it, and the probability that soldiers would be on the look-out there for deserters if anywhere, occurred to him.

With ear and eye on the alert, therefore, he was on the point of entering the darkness of the tunnel, when he heard a voice that made him start, saluting the dawn by chanting the morning Ave Maria, as it was coming through the gallery in the opposite direction.

He started violently, held his breath, and bent his ear to listen. But though the voice as it came on could be heard plainly enough, the strange re-echoing of the vaulted arch, and the tricks played with the sounds by the unusual acoustic conditions of the tunnel, made it difficult to recognise it. Beppo sprang to the top of the low parapet wall which borders the road, and from that stepped on to the little space in front of the ruins of the chapel. As he so stood facing the ruins, the precipice and the river were on his right hand, and the road with the entrance to the tunnel on his left. And there, with his musket on his arm, he awaited till the owner of the voice should emerge from the darkness. The voice came on, plaintively chanting its morning song to the Virgin, and it became certain that it was the voice of a woman. But, although some note had, when he first heard it, thrilled him with a recognition, which his ear seemed to have made without the participation of his mind, it was still so changed by the tunnel that he could not with any certainty recognise it.

Presently it came near, still continuing its

chant, and, in the next minute, Giulia stepped into the grey light, plodding along with manifest weariness, but still pressing eagerly onward.

Beppo's surprise was so great that it nearly overmastered and replaced his indignation. What could be the meaning of it! She had evidently, like himself, been walking all the night; and it seemed impossible to doubt that her journey must, in some way or other, and for some purpose or other, have reference to himself. But for what conceivable object could she have chosen to have come thus far away from the spot where he had appointed to meet her? Not, as it seemed to him certain, with any view of falling in with him. That could scarcely be, inasmuch as his being there at all arose from circumstances which even he himself could not have foretold a few hours ago. If she had had any communication with the priest, he would have told her that there was no chance of meeting him just where, by the unexpected effect of circumstances, she *had* met him. And again, without communication with the priest, she could have had, he thought, no knowledge of his whereabouts whatsoever. Nor could he suppose that she had been directed by the priest to the monastery of Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso, and was on her way thither; for he had told her in his letter, sent by the messenger, that he would be at the ruined tower at Santa Lucia that Sunday evening; and she could not, therefore, expect to find him at Santa Maria.

She came along the road, emerging from the tunnel into the light of the dawn, intent only on pursuing her way, and did not see him. In fact, it was hardly possible that she should see him unless she had turned her head so as to look backwards as she came out from the dark passage. Standing on the bit of ground that has been described, he was in fact behind her when she stepped out from it. And she would have passed on without observing him if he had remained silent, for she was walking quickly, and manifestly anxious only to press onwards.

Beppo's first impulse was to fling himself into the light in front of her, and at her feet. But the thought of the next second reminded him that his present business with her was of a different kind; that he was there as an accuser and denouncer, and not as a lover.

"Giulia!" he cried, rather in the voice and tone of a judge arraigning a prisoner before him than in one of passion or tenderness.

She started so violently as almost to fall to the ground, yet her surprise was very far less than his had been; in fact, except the startling

suddenness of the call from behind her, and the strangeness of the manner in which he spoken to her, she had no cause for surprise at all. She was travelling in the hope and expectation of meeting him; and if she had known anything about the distances of the places in question, she would have been expecting to meet him much about then and there.

He added no word to the one he had so sternly uttered, but remained standing drawn up to his full height, with his gun on his arm, glaring down on her from the higher ground, about three feet above the level of the road on which he stood.

"Oh, Beppo! thank God I have found you! I have been walking all night in the hope of meeting you, to warn you—to warn you!"—she went on out of breath with eagerness and hurry—"not to come to the tower in the churchyard!—There are soldiers at Santa Lucia——"

"In what house?" demanded he, sternly.

"In our house, at Bella Luce."

"What soldiers?" he said in the same tone.

"Bersaglieri! an officer and four men."

"Who is the officer?" said Beppo, with a concentrated fury, increased by what appeared to him her attempt at subterfuge and evasion.

"I don't know how it came about"—she began, hesitating and greatly distressed, not because she had had the slightest intention of concealing the fact from him, but because she perceived that he had already conceived the suspicions which she would have given her life to disabuse him of; and because the information would have to reach him, if indeed it had not reached him already, in so unfortunate a manner, and one so calculated to confirm him in them.

"You *do* know!" he said, interrupting her with stern harshness. "Who is the officer living with you at Bella Luce?"

"Living with me!—oh, Heaven, Beppo!" she said, with a sob.

"Who is the officer?" he said for the third time, with increasing harshness and even ferocity of manner.

"It is Corporal Tenda, Beppo. I came here to——"

"Vile! shameless! perjured woman!" began he in a slow, grating voice, with a *crescendo* weight of scorn on each word; but she interrupted him with an energy that broke through the violence of his invective.

"Beppo! Beppo! I must speak! You shall say what you will to me afterwards! I will bear it all! But there is no time to lose. Beppo, I have walked all night,—all night as fast as I could, but I am sure I have had some-

body behind me all the time. I could see nobody when I stopped to listen, but from time to time I have heard steps, and I seemed to feel as if somebody was near me and following me. I am afraid the soldiers are on my track. Go back, Beppo! go back! make haste!"

"Feel as if he was near to you! Double—triple traitress! Yes, you have felt his nearness to you—his breath on your cheek. Faugh! loathsome creature! And now you are come to earn your reward and his by betraying me into his hands! Let him come on!"

"Oh, Beppo! oh, God! Beppo! For the holy Virgin's sake! don't say! don't think!—kill me! throw me into the river! I will jump in if you bid me!—but go back! don't lose time! Hark! there are steps in the tunnel! They are running! They have heard us! Beppo! run!"

"Run where? You have managed it very well! Let your lover come and earn your hand! Let him come! And unless you want to make the next world as well as this a hell to me—stand out of the way of this, yourself!" tapping the gun-barrel as he spoke the last words.

The steps coming rapidly through the tunnel were now heard close at hand, and Beppo retreated back across the little plot of ground in front of the ruined buildings on the ledge of rock, till he placed his back against the wall, and then examined the priming of his musket.

In the next instant the Corporal and one of his men emerged from the tunnel.

"We heard his voice," cried the former. "Let him surrender and all will be well. Signora Giulia, this has been the saddest night's work to me that I ever had to do. Signor Beppo," he called aloud, "I summon you to surrender!"

"And I tell you to take me, if you want me!" answered Beppo, whose voice made the two men first aware of his exact whereabouts. "Observe, I am armed!"

"I have had to do with armed men before now, Signor Beppo," returned the Corporal quietly; "but then I was not so loth to do them a mischief as I am to hurt you; and that makes a difference. But I am going to take you, because it is my duty, and I can't help it. We are two to one, see!"

"You are three to one, you mean!" said Beppo, with a fierce sneer.

"Oh, Signor Beppo!" replied Tenda, "I should have scorned to say such a word as that, if I had been you. *La Signora Giulia*—"

"If you mean to take me, come on!" shouted Beppo. "Here stands the prize you

are playing for. Surely you can't hesitate to come on and win it."

"What must be, must," said the Corporal, giving a glance as he spoke at the priming of his own weapon, and springing up on the parapet wall, and then confronting Beppo, who kept his ground with his back to the ruins, about some ten paces from him. It was possible to enter the ruined building, and it might be practicable for a man engaged in escaping from the pursuit of another to dodge about among the fragments of walls of the chapel, and the miniature dwelling that had been attached to it. But there was no possibility of escaping from the little bit of land which juts out in the manner that has been described; unless, indeed, the possibility—so desperate as hardly to be considered a possibility—of throwing oneself from the ledge of rock into the boiling stream beneath be deemed such.

The little bit of ground which separated Beppo from the Corporal, and on which the ruined walls behind the former are built, will be understood, if the description of the locality has been successfully made intelligible to the reader, to be on the outside of the rock, through which the tunnel was bored, in such sort that a very short passage might have been bored from the chapel into the tunnel, which passage would, in that case, have entered the tunnel at right angles.

"If you advance a step, I fire!" cried Beppo. "I have a right to fire in self-defence."

"Signor Beppo," said the Corporal, standing quite still, and holding the muzzle of his piece pointed upwards, while that of Beppo was levelled at him,—"*Signor Beppo*, I and my comrade are going to take you, because it is our bounden duty to do so;—not, God knows, because I have any wish or liking for the job, but I beg you to observe for your own sake, that if you shoot me, you will have to answer for murder done in resisting an officer in the execution of his duty, whereas, if I should have the misfortune to shoot you, I shall be held to have done no more than my duty under the circumstances. And having warned you how the matter stands, I must do my duty."

So saying, but without levelling his rifle, the Corporal made a stride forwards towards the deserter, and in the same instant Beppo fired, first one barrel, and in the next second the other barrel of his piece, both harmlessly, as was likely enough to be the case, even at ten paces distance, when the aim was that of a peasant, who had never fired a gun under such circumstances, or in a hurry before.

At the sound of the two shots, Giulia, who

was in the road at the entrance to the tunnel, screamed and put her hands before her eyes. And the Corporal, looking round at her for an instant, exclaimed, "No harm done yet; and there won't be any now, I hope."

Beppo heard the scream and the answer, and a bitter thought of her fear for the safety of her lover, and of his re-assuring reply to her, even then gave him an additional pang.

But as soon as ever he perceived the failure of his two shots, he dashed into the ruins, at the same moment that the Corporal—who was not aware of the impossibility of passing out at the back of them, and so rejoining the road below the tunnel—rushed forwards to secure him.

Beppo, however, who was acquainted with the locality, knew well that there were only two possibilities before him, either surrender, or the mad and desperate alternative of throwing himself down the precipice into the river. But, reckless, maddened by passion and despair as he was, and determined only that the man he detested should not have the triumph and the praise, and most of all, as he had fancied in his jealousy, the reward of taking him, he did not hesitate an instant. Throwing down his gun in the ruins, he rushed, while the Corporal was rapidly glancing round the chapel, which was the part of the building first entered from the little platform on which they had both been standing when the shots were fired, to a spot where a breach in the wall of what had been the priest's dwelling, opened sheer upon the top of the precipice.

Immediately beneath this, about half way down to the river, a depth of something more than twenty feet perhaps, the wall of rock jutted out over the stream, narrowing the distance across it by some eight or ten feet; and on the sort of promontory thus formed, where a deposit of soil had in the course of years accumulated, there had once grown a good-sized tree. Had it been there still, it would have very materially facilitated Beppo's enterprise. But it had long since decayed and fallen, and there was only a fragment of its rotting stump, nearly level with the rock from which it had sprung, remaining. Nevertheless, this stump supplied a certain amount of foot-hold on the promontory in question, making it possible for a human being to find a standing-place there. Possible, that is, if a man could have reached the spot in a quiet manner; but not such as that it should be possible for any man to jump perpendicularly down on it from a height of twenty feet, and there, in the utter absence of anything to catch hold of with the hands, remain stationary.

Nevertheless, without an instant's pause for

either examination or reflection, Beppo jumped from the base of the broken wall above down on to the rotting stump, probably without having at all considered whether it was possible for him to remain there, or what step he should next take. On the other side of the river the rock was nearly as precipitous; but in consequence of the set of the current being to the side of the tunnel and the road, there was a little alluvial soil at the foot of the rocks by the margin of the water on the opposite bank; and in this foot or two of soil there was a growth of dwarfed alders and cistus bushes.

When he lighted quite unhurt on the rotting tree-stump, half way down the precipice on the other side, his body felt, even more quickly than his brain could reach the conviction, that no effort could enable him to remain there. He must either fall or make a new instantaneous spring. The former was certain, the latter only probable destruction. So, gathering all the vast though seldom-used strength of his large bony limbs for one supreme and desperate effort, he sprang right towards the bushes, and, though the leap would have at any other time, and under any other circumstances, appeared to him wholly preposterous and out of the question, lighted among them but little the worse for the adventure.

Of course all this was done and accomplished in a few seconds; and when Corporal Tenda, blundering on in his search through the ruins, came to the broken place in the wall from which Beppo had jumped, he could hardly believe his eyes, when he saw him safe on the other side of the Cardigliano.

"I thought you were going to take me, Signor Caporale?" panted Beppo. "Go and tell those who sent you, and her who brought you, that it is not so easy to take a *Romagnole contadino* who does not chose to be taken."

Tenda, on catching sight of him, had, in an instant, instinctively raised his rifle to his shoulder, and had his finger on the trigger; but after a moment of hesitation, he threw the muzzle up.

"It would be my duty to shoot you dead where you stand; and mind, when you join us you'll have a deal to learn, for we Bersaglieri don't fire in the way you did just now. My duty, and nothing more nor less," he repeated; "but I can't do it. I *can't* do it, in the first place, for her sake, and in the second place, because it would be one part for duty and two parts for myself; and that would make murder of it. I shan't shoot you, let it be how it will."

"What! Won't that serve the turn with her as well as taking me? Fire away, Cor-

poral ; she will be just as much pleased, and I a deal better."

"Can't have the pleasure of serving you ; I'm not going to do it, I tell you. Though for speaking in the way you do, you deserve it a deal better than you do the love of the prettiest and best girl that ever breathed. So now I shall leave you to get out of that hole you have jumped into the best way you can ; and bid you good morning till the next time we meet, when I hope I may be able to knock a little sense into that hard head and jealous-mad heart of yours !"

So saying, the Corporal turned away, and going back into the road, told Giulia that Beppo had escaped safe and sound to the other side of the river by taking such a jump as no man ever took before ; and that they had nothing for it but to return by the way they had come, and hope for better luck another time.

He admitted that, fearing they might possibly miss their object by waiting till the time named in the note discovered by his comrade, he had determined on keeping watch at the ruined tower ; and that on seeing her start on her walk the previous evening, he had felt no doubt at all that her purpose was to warn Beppo that he was waited for, and that the only way to lay hands on him therefore was to follow her, without letting her know that she was watched.

"And now, what does he think of me ?" said Giulia, with a sob that seemed to burst her heart.

"And what will he think when he knows all, signora ? Think of that. He *shall* know all, trust me for that. I would not shoot him just now when I might have done it, and ought by rights to have done it, on purpose. If he don't think and feel that he is the happiest fellow in Christendom, and that no man was ever blessed by the love of such a girl before," said the Corporal, speaking with immense energy, "he must be a bad fellow,—and I don't think he is a bad fellow at bottom. Shall we have the honour of escorting you home, signora ?"

"No, please, Signor Caporale ; I must return alone as I came. I must indeed, please ! I must get some rest before I can walk home. I should like to sleep a little. They will be very angry with me at home. Perhaps you will have the goodness, Signor Caporale, to say that I am coming home ;—that you have seen me ; and—and—perhaps, if you don't mind, the best thing you could say, would be to tell them that I went away secretly to try to warn Beppo that you were after him."

"That shall be it, signora. I don't mind owning that I have been beaten by a lady. We leave you, then, to come home at your leisure by yourself."

So the two soldiers set off on their return to Bella Luce, and Giulia was left alone, sitting on the bank by the road-side at the mouth of the tunnel.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOWED QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen.—2ND SAMUEL, c. 1, v. 19.

I.

"SHE has had many sorrows ; spare her this !" (I cried in anguish,) but stern Azrael Shook his pale wings and vanished. "Is it well, (I asked,) to smite the smitten ?" "Yea, it is,"

II.

Spake the Death Angel as he fluttered on.—Oh ! breathe into his lips, poor Queen, thy breath, For love like thine is stronger far than Death ;—
"God's love is stronger yet. His will be done."

III.

So spake again the angel ; from his brow All sternness vanished ; with unfolded wing O'ershadowing the widow of our King, He said, "I am thy guardian angel now.

IV.

"Thy heart is pierced with arrows I have sped, Thy life is crushed and broken with the blows That I have stricken ; 'tis to me thy woes Are owing all—thy Son and Husband dead.

V.

"Yet thou wilt live to bless me. I can teach Such lore of love, such secrets of Thy God, As thou couldst never know, unless my rod Had smitten thee with torment beyond speech.

VI.

"And on that rod such glorious flowers shall grow, So sweet and full of healing, thou wilt yearn To kiss and press it to thy heart, and learn That Perfect Bliss is born of Perfect Woe:

VII.

"The babe, the husband thou hast lost Will love thee still in Paradise, If with meek wisdom thou art wise To learn the bliss of being crost.

VIII.

"Oh, taste ! oh, drink this precious balm, 'Twill dry the bitter tears thou'rt weeping ; And sure they're best in Christ's own keeping— Thou'lt gain at last a solemn calm,

IX.

"And joy, in finishing his husbandry And garnering in the golden ears From corn fields watered with his tears, Whose glorious ripening he might never see.

X.

"And when to heaven thou bearest the full sheaves The Royal Reaper had not time to gather, Thou'lt hear the loving welcome of the Father : Blessed is she who works, and prays, and grieves."

W. W. F. S.

HONOLULU, December 7, 1863.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



THE landlord of the Thorold Arms was one evening talking to his friend the station-master on the platform of the Beaglescombe station when the last train from Wolverhampton came in. Seldom more than two or three persons got out here, and most frequently none at all ; and if the landlord of the

Thorold Arms had depended on the customers which the railway brought him for support, his income would have been a very meagre one indeed. Rather to his surprise, on the evening in question, a well-dressed, good-looking young man got out of a carriage, dragging after him a portmanteau, and was left by the departing

train inquiring of one of the porters if he could get comfortable accommodation at the hotel opposite. On the porter answering in the affirmative, he was told to carry the port-manteau across.

On the return of the porter to the station, he told the station-master and his friend that the name of the stranger just arrived was Jesse Durand, he had seen the name engraved on a brass plate beneath the handle. When the landlord went over to his house, his guest had already been shown into a sitting-room, and had ordered his dinner. He did not see him again that evening, but he heard his bell ring repeatedly, and the waiter who answered it came to the bar for sundry things which were charged to Mr. Durand's account. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the house was closed for the night.

The next morning there was a rumour in Beaglescombe that Mr. Thorold of Laverstock Grange had been found dead in his bed. Later in the day everybody knew this was a fact, and that a London doctor had been telegraphed for by Mr. Balder, the family medical attendant, which at once gave rise to surmises that there was something suspicious in the manner of his death. After the two doctors had had a consultation, the constable at Beaglescombe, who had been directed to summon the jury for the inquest, was told by them to examine the doors and windows, and by degrees it became generally reported that Mr. Thorold had been murdered. But this was not all, his daughter, a well-grown woman though scarcely seventeen years of age, had disappeared, without leaving a trace to show where she had gone, and had taken nothing with her but the clothes she had worn on the preceding day; even the hat she was in the habit of wearing lay on the floor of the hall. The constable examined the doors and windows, but could not detect any signs of a violent entry having been made into the house. Notice was sent to the nearest county police station by the doctor, that he believed Mr. Thorold had been killed, and that his daughter was missing. The superintendent hastily called in the constables on duty, and made inquiries of them if they had seen anybody about the Grange or near it on the night in question. The only one among them who could answer in the affirmative was a man named Wright. He said that between five and six o'clock in the morning he had met a young gentleman about three miles from the Grange, who told him that he had come from Wolverhampton the day before, and had been to Sefton to stay the night with a friend who was in trouble, and that he intended going

back to Wolverhampton by the morning express from Beaglescombe. It was not daylight, but he had an opportunity of distinctly seeing his face by the light of the lantern he turned upon him. He also noticed that he seemed very much startled and frightened but he did not attach any importance to that, because people generally looked alarmed when the light was flashed upon them so unexpectedly. Besides, he had after this requested a light for a cigar, which he took from the lamp, the light of which shone over the greater part of his face while he was kindling it.

The description he gave of this individual was so minute as to prove that he had taken as perfect note of the appearance of the now suspected person as he represented. He was at once despatched to Beaglescombe, to ascertain if the man he spoke of had left that station. The station-master replied in the negative, as far as he could judge by the description; the only persons who had left the station that morning were two gentlemen who had come in from Lampeter Park, and a man who told the porter to carry their luggage to the van, and said he was their valet. The conversation then turned on the supposed murder of Mr. Thorold, and the mysterious disappearance of his daughter, without taking her jewellery or anything else belonging to her; and while they were talking over these matters, the porter who had carried Mr. Durand's port-manteau to the hotel, and who had been listening to what was said, suddenly interrupted the conversation by saying: "I should think, from the description the constable has given that the man he met must be very like the gentleman whose luggage I took over to the hotel yesterday."

The station-master agreed with him in this opinion, though he had not taken sufficient notice to be very positive; but this was quite enough for the constable, at such an exciting time; he went straight across to the hotel, and asked to see the gentleman who was staying there.

On being shown into Mr. Durand's sitting-room, he found that gentleman in the act of taking off his overcoat, having just returned from a walk he had taken to an inn, about two miles from the station, on the road leading to West Teynham, where it turned out he had merely called to drink a glass of ale, and had asked no questions, except one or two which had arisen incidentally out of the complaints made by the landlord respecting the want of custom. The instant he saw him, the constable said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but an unpleasant affair happened last night, not far from

where I met you, and I must ask you to come with me to the station."

"Where you met *me!*" exclaimed Mr. Durand. "Why, I never left this house from yesterday evening until less than two hours ago."

"Well, sir, I know better. But, if you didn't, you can easily get the landlord and the servants to come to the station and prove it. Will you order a fly? People won't see you then, and it will hold the landlord and the chambermaid too."

His prisoner became very much agitated, and was scarcely able to articulate the order that a fly should be got ready at once. The landlord consented to accompany his guest willingly enough, to depose that he had not left the hotel from the preceding night until the time he had stated; and all three were driven out to the station-house. Here in the meantime a young man and woman had come in to relate that a little before dusk the evening before, the young woman, while walking up and down a lane outside the rails which inclosed the grounds belonging to the Grange, was spoken to by a young gentleman, who asked her the name of the person who owned the house he could see through the trees, and if the family who occupied it were numerous. While he was speaking to her, her sweetheart joined them; and as the latter did not like to see a stranger speaking to the young woman, he had taken particular notice of him, so that he would know him again in an instant. Their names and addresses were written down, and a brief note of their statement; and they were in the act of leaving the station when the fly drove up, containing Mr. Durand, the landlord of the Thorold Arms, and the policeman. They stopped to see these get out of the fly, and, on seeing Mr. Durand, they simultaneously exclaimed that he was the man they met the evening before, near the Grange. This Durand denied; but they were so positive that their assertion, taken in conjunction with that of the policeman, was considered by the superintendent to justify him in retaining the prisoner in custody, notwithstanding his denials and the support they received from the landlord.

Not to repeat the same thing twice over, I may pass by the other circumstances which were discovered, which left no doubt that Mr. Thorold had been murdered, merely stating that the coroner's jury, after the numerous adjournments which is common with them when they get an exciting case, agreed to a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against Jesse Durand, and he was committed to take his trial at the assizes.

The statement made at the trial by the coun-

sel for the prosecution, and confirmed by the evidence, was substantially as follows:—

On the day previous to his death, Mr. Thorold had visited several of his tenants, as was his custom once every year previous to receiving their rents, to examine for himself what repairs were required; and among other places he used to visit on the same day was a hamlet on an estate he had about fifteen miles from the Grange. It had been his practice for several years, when visiting this hamlet, to spend the evening and night with an old clergyman there, who held the post of chaplain to the Thorold family, for which he received a yearly stipend of £100, though it was many years since he had been called upon to perform any duties in return. Instead of doing so on this occasion, Mr. Thorold returned home after calling on the tenants on the home estate, and told the bailiff, as he was leaving him, that he should put off his visit to the other estate till the weather was more settled. This was the last business he transacted. The next morning he was found, at the early hour at which his servant was accustomed to take him his water for shaving, lying on his bed, dead, but partly dressed; the appearance of his bed, however, showed that it had been lain in. The medical man who arrived shortly afterwards pronounced that his death had been caused by the inhalation of chloroform; but this was not till after the discovery, made by a housemaid, of a handkerchief belonging to Miss Thorold, which was still damp, and emitted a peculiar odour, which he at once recognised to be that of chloroform. This was lying beside an easy chair in Miss Thorold's bedroom; and no mention would have been made of it by the woman who picked it up, if it had not been for the fact that in trying to recognise the scent which issued from it she had fallen on the floor insensible. From the position of the bedclothes beneath the body, the medical man (who seems to have been unusually observant in his search for any little evidences which might assist him in forming an opinion as to the circumstances of the death) came to the conclusion that the deceased must have been placed on the edge of the bed by some person who had not strength to lay him completely on it, or whose strength had been exhausted on reaching it, and who had therefore been obliged to go round to the opposite side and drag the body on far enough to induce a careless observer to suppose that the deceased had sat upon it and then fallen backwards. That the deceased had not voluntarily inhaled the stupefying vapour was shown by the absence of any bottle containing it, or anything saturated with it in his bedroom; while the fact that it was the agent used in producing

his death was proved at the *post mortem* examination, the lungs, on slight pressure, giving forth a distinct smell of chloroform. Thus, it having been established that Mr. Thorold had been killed by means of chloroform, the next thing to be discovered was by whom it had been administered. There was another mystery in the case, too, which greatly intensified the interest felt in the trial, and this was the disappearance of Miss Thorold, no trace of whom had been discovered, though the most diligent inquiries and search had been made in every quarter where it was thought possible information could be got concerning her.

The evidence to prove Durand to be the murderer was very strong. There was the evidence of the policeman, who had an opportunity of scanning his features under circumstances when the image is imprinted on the memory in the most durable manner, that is to say, when the attention is thoroughly awakened to the contemplation of an object which is alone perceptible to the eye, from the surrounding objects being concealed by darkness. Not only that, but he declared, that if he had not seen his face, he could have sworn to his identity by the sound of his voice. This seemed to prove his presence in the vicinity of the Grange at a very early hour on the morning after the commission of the crime. Moreover, it was proved that no stranger had been seen in Sefton on the previous evening; and, from the smallness of that place, not even a dog could have traversed it without exciting remark. The evidence of the man and woman who met him at dusk the preceding evening near the Grange, and answered his questions concerning the family who occupied it, and who both swore unhesitatingly that he was the same individual, identifying him, like the policeman, by his features and his voice, was another link in the chain of identification. But the strongest proof of all against him at this stage of the case was supplied by one Stephen Heather, the bailiff's son. This witness clearly gave his evidence under the influence of conflicting emotions, the effect of which by the time the assizes were held had reduced him to a mere shadow of what he had been. He stated that, having been in the habit of doing little services for Miss Thorold from her childhood—such as rearing young birds for her, rabbits, and other animals she was accustomed to make pets of,—an intimacy had established itself between them, which had grown stronger as they grew older, until it came to pass that, after it was supposed she had retired for the night, he used occasionally, at her request, to come down to the house, and bring a short ladder from the garden,

which he placed beneath her window, and by means of which she descended into the park, he then concealing it among the shrubs till she was ready to return. When this had occurred several times he no longer waited for an invitation from her, but came as often as he dared, sometimes seeing her and sometimes not. Late on the evening preceding the murder he went down to the house with the determination of seeing Miss Thorold, if possible, who had only returned from Scarborough a few days previously, from a visit to some relatives, and who, he thought, had tried to avoid him since her return. He waited till he saw her enter her bedroom, and for a few minutes afterwards, to give time for any servant who might have entered with her to withdraw; he then informed her of his presence by the usual signal. Instantly the light was extinguished; and a moment afterwards she opened the window, and entreated him to go away for a time, but to leave the ladder under the Bell Fir (a tree to which that name was given on account of its shape), and not to come back unless he saw a light in her room. He took up the ladder and carried it to the tree, where he thrust it beneath the branches, and was walking away, when, just as he turned round the fir, he almost ran against a gentleman whose face he could see quite plainly in the moonlight, the place where they met being just outside the shadow cast by the house. Thinking from his appearance that he must be a visitor staying in the house, and knowing that he himself had no business there, he hastened away; "but if," he said, "I had not seen that person again for a dozen years, I should have remembered him: it was the prisoner who stands there." Heather retired some distance, and sat down under the shadow of a tree, where he waited three or four hours, watching for the light. At last he saw a light in a room which he would have thought was hers, but that it had one more window in it. The light disappeared after a minute or two, but almost directly it shone in Miss Thorold's room. He distinctly saw a shadow, which he believed to be that of a man, on the blind, which he supposed to be that of Mr. Thorold, and part of the shadow of a second figure, which he supposed was that of his daughter, which came behind the first, when the light was turned round and the shadows disappeared. Feeling sure that this could not be the signal which Miss Thorold had promised him, he hesitated to approach the house, although greatly tempted to do so; but he feared that, if seen by anybody, it might cause his father to be dismissed from his situation as bailiff, and be the ruin of his family. He

lingered, accordingly, but a few minutes after he had seen the light disappear from Miss Thorold's room and reappear in that from whence it had started, and then went home. The next morning he heard of Mr. Thorold's death and of his daughter's disappearance. The ladder he found under the tree where he had placed it, from whence he removed it to the garden. Had Heather made the whole of this statement at the inquest, it is presumable that he would have become an object of graver suspicion than Durand.

Among the articles found in Durand's portmanteau were several letters enclosed in an elastic band. The style indicated that they had been written by a woman, and one in the habit of expressing her feelings without reserve; but the handwriting was to all appearance that of a man. The envelopes in which they had been enclosed originally were missing, and there was no expression in either of them, with one exception, which could point to the writer; but this was thought significant. It ran thus:—"Beaglescombe is the nearest station, but it would be more prudent to go to the next beyond and return by way of Beaglescombe, where, if you love me as dearly as you affirm you do, I should think you might remain for a few days. There is a nice quiet inn I have often passed between the station and West Teynham, where I should think you could live a little while very comfortably." These letters were shown by the police superintendent to persons who knew Miss Thorold's writing, but these denied that they had ever seen such writing before. However, the post-mistress of Sefton, which was the nearest village to the Grange, identified the handwriting as being the same she had seen on one or two letters every day for some days before Mr. Thorold's murder. Some of them, she could remember, were addressed to Scarborough, and she thought she could remember the name of Wolverhampton also, but was not sure. She had several times wondered who it could be who wrote in such a curious hand, but had come to the conclusion at last that it must be some gentleman who was at the Grange. On Heather concluding his evidence, one of the letters was placed in his hands, and he was asked if he knew the writing. He looked as if he were about to faint when he first saw it; but, after reading a few lines, he became re-assured, and said, after a good deal of hesitation, that Miss Thorold sometimes wrote in that hand. Being asked if he had received any letters from her in similar handwriting, he admitted he had; and, being further pressed as to whether he had kept any of those letters, he at last answered in the negative. Being

asked if he knew where she wrote those letters, since none of the servants had ever seen her write in such an unladylike hand, he answered that he believed she wrote them in a summer-house in the shrubbery.

These letters told heavily against the prisoner, otherwise the evidence in his favour was almost equal to that against him. He denied in the most solemn manner that he had ever seen Miss Thorold, or heard her name before his apprehension on the charge of murdering her father. That his motive in coming to Beaglescombe had nothing to do with that family, though he declined to say what that motive was. He also refused to account for his possession of the letters, though he affirmed they had not been addressed to him. Neither would he then, or afterwards, give any information as to who he was, nor could anything be discovered respecting him. The evidence in his favour was that of the people at the hotel; all of whom swore that he never left the house from the time he entered it until about two hours before the policeman took him away. In the face of evidence so positive as this, the jury would not have hesitated to acquit him, in the belief that it was a remarkable case of mistaken identity, had it not been for the letters. At the conclusion of the examination of the witnesses it was so late that the judge announced his intention to defer the summing up till the following morning.

He had not begun the summing up, when the counsel for the prosecution rose and said that he had some additional evidence to offer which had come to light since the court rose the preceding evening. The evidence was that of a policeman, who, after Heather's examination, had been despatched to make a search in the summer-house where he had stated Miss Thorold wrote her letters. The search was not without result. On lowering one of the back shutters, two or three sheets of blotting-paper were found; and scattered among the mass of laurels and other shrubs some very small pieces of paper, which proved to be a part of an envelope. These bits of paper were arranged, and it was then seen that the handwriting on them was the same as that of the letters found among the prisoner's luggage; nor was this the most important part of the discovery, for it turned out that the letters written formed the greater part of the prisoner's name. Durand on hearing this showed great emotion, and every eye was turned upon him to see if he were going to make any observation; but he did not utter a word. The judge then proceeded to sum up; and it was evident that he, and the jury also, were much relieved by the discovery which had been made. The

verdict was given without even that hesitation which juries usually consider it decent to affect even when they have thoroughly made up their minds before the close of the trial, it was—*Guilt*; and he was sentenced to be executed in the usual form.

Immediately after his conviction he was visited by the most influential persons in the neighbourhood, all of whom urged him to reveal what had become of Miss Thorold; and promised, if he would do that, they would use their utmost endeavours to save his life. At first he received them with politeness, but he eventually became so weary of their importunities that he asked to be protected from them. There was one member of the bar,—he who had acted as his counsel,—who really believed that Durand had not intended to kill Mr. Thorold. His idea was, that having ascended by means of the ladder to Miss Thorold's room, he had been surprised there by her father; and that to prevent the latter from making a disturbance he had caught up the rag nearest at hand, which happened to be Miss Thorold's handkerchief, and emptied the bottle of chloroform into it, which she was in the habit of using to stifle moths, beetles, and other insects she collected and preserved; and that he had then pressed this on Mr. Thorold's face, thus causing his death. When he suggested this to the condemned man, the latter denied as persistently as he had done all along, that he had ever seen or heard of Mr. Thorold, and nothing could induce him to change his story. Difficult as it was to doubt of Durand's guilt, this persistency was not without its usual effect; and in the end there were not wanting those who petitioned that his life might be spared on the ground suggested by his counsel. His good mien was another recommendation in his favour; and it was generally felt among the circuit that if Miss Thorold had come forward and acknowledged that he had ascended to her room with her consent, the convicted man might have escaped with a comparatively light punishment. The sympathy which would have been felt for him was, however, checked by the suspicion that Miss Thorold had met with the same fate as her father. Nevertheless, some efforts were made in his behalf to procure a mitigation of punishment, on the ground that he had not intended to do more than reduce Mr. Thorold to insensibility while he made his escape with his daughter; the ultimate effect of which was, that his sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

It so happened, that in this particular instance a discovery was actually made a few months after the trial which established his

innocence as regarded Miss Thorold. The heir to Laverstock Grange did not come to live there until after he had made a long tour on the continent with his family; and in the meantime the place was shut up. Before his return, the junior partner of the firm who managed the estate was requested to go down and superintend the renovations, and to see that everything was put into proper order. Things were restored to their old footing; that is to say, men who had been sent to do other work, were brought back to work in the garden, the shrubberies, and so forth; and among them was one whose duty it had been to take charge of the ice-store. This was a cave in the thickest part of the shrubbery, excavated deep in the earth, the entrance to which was reached by descending a long ladder. Taking a lantern with him, the man entered the cave to ascertain what quantity of ice remained in it, and directly afterwards he began to cry out for help. Some men working in the shrubbery heard his cries, and hastened to the spot. They found him making frantic efforts to climb the ladder; but so great was his terror, that he had not strength to ascend it. To their inquiries of what was the matter, he kept repeating, "Miss Thorold! Miss Thorold!" The men being in sufficient number to give each other courage, went down to his assistance; and on entering the ice-house they saw Miss Thorold crouching on the ice in one corner, her eyes wide open, and her appearance so much that of a living being, that they called to her by name several times before they ventured to touch her. The medical man who saw her before she was removed from this place, was of opinion that her death was caused by excitement, or by the extreme cold of the ice-house, and not by starvation.

The supposition was, that in the frenzy of horror and terror she had lost her intellects, and had descended the ladder by which Durand had mounted to her room, and in trying to bury herself in the shrubbery she had taken the path which led to the ice-house, and had either fallen down the hole, or got down by the ladder, and, thinking only of concealing herself, had scrambled over the fern-covered ice to the furthest corner of the cave, where she had been frozen to death.

All this came to our knowledge the next time we travelled the circuit, but Durand was by that time as we supposed making his way in Australia, and nobody seemed to think it worth while to make any inquiries about him, with a view to procure a further mitigation of his punishment.

Very soon after this, conceiving that my success at the English bar was not in propor-

tion to my merits, I determined on going to practise in New South Wales, at that time not overstocked with workmen of our profession.

Having one day seen a paragraph in an English newspaper which related that Durand the murderer of Mr. Thorold had disappeared from the penal settlement to which he had been consigned in a perfectly unaccountable manner, I took it into my head one morning to ask an old convict who was employed about the court-house if he knew of the arrival of such a person in the colony. The question was asked without the remotest idea that he could answer it; in fact, it was asked from mere idleness at the moment, and almost involuntarily. To my utter surprise, before the old man had had time to ransack his memory for an answer, I saw a man rising from a seat near my right hand whom I recognised as Jesse Durand. His appearance was so much altered by the concealment of a great part of his face with a thick mass of hair, that if my mind had not been occupied at the moment with the recollection of him, I do not think I should have recognised him. I beckoned to him as he was leaving the court, and he stood still till I joined him. The thing was altogether so sudden in its occurrence that I had not time to think, and my first question was "Have you heard that Miss Thorold was discovered?"

He seemed to expect some such question, for he answered as readily as though he had been waiting for it, "Yes, but you must mistake me for my brother." The reply was scarcely uttered than he began to stammer out an unintelligible explanation, which was so contradictory that my inability to comprehend his meaning, which was the real cause of my silence, seemed to convince him that I must be acquainted with all the facts, which at that moment I certainly was not. By throwing out a remark calculated to strengthen this impression, he made other admissions which led me to the conclusion that Durand's counsel was right in his conjecture as to the partly accidental death of Mr. Thorold, but wrong as to the person who caused it.

This narrative has already extended to too great a length to allow of my giving a full statement of what I learned respecting this remarkable case of mistaken identification. Jesse Durand was the twin brother of James Durand, and the resemblance between them was so extraordinary, that even persons intimately acquainted with the family were unable to distinguish them apart. Their characters, however, bore little similarity with each other. Jesse was well-conducted, and altogether superior to the average of young men, including his brother James. The attachment of the

brothers was remarkably strong, but Jesse's love for his brother was of that manly self-sacrificing character, which would induce him to bear any amount of suffering to shield his brother from punishment.

Just previous to the occurrence of the event which had brought Jesse so near to a disgraceful end, James had been engaged in some transactions in shares with a person who, taking advantage of his inexperience in such matters, had made him legally responsible for what, in fact, he had derived no benefit from. It was to warn him that a lawyer was instructed to bring a criminal charge to bear upon him to extort this money, that Jesse had followed him to an obscure inn at Wolverhampton, where he had gone from Scarborough, in consequence of an intimation from another source as to what was impending. Having nothing to do at this place, he acted on an invitation he had received from Miss Thorold, with whom he had made acquaintance at Scarborough, and had afterwards carried on a secret correspondence. Leaving his bag at the inn (in which Jesse had found the packet of letters, from one of which he got the information as to the locality where his brother was to be found), he arranged to meet Miss Thorold on the night when the sad catastrophe I have described took place. While talking to Miss Thorold her father had suddenly entered the room, and the expression of his face was so threatening, that Durand, fearing what might happen to her if he left his daughter in his power, suddenly determined on taking her away with him, though he was far from desiring to encumber himself in such a way at such a time. The mode in which he acted, and his intention, was exactly imagined by his brother's counsel; and he was almost frightened to death when he saw the change that had come over the old man's face as he lowered him to the ground. After listening outside the door for an instant, he took the light and carried it into Mr. Thorold's room, which was the next but one, and then went back to fetch the body. He carried it in and laid it on the bed, and then crept back to Miss Thorold's room, but she had disappeared. Not believing that Mr. Thorold would remain insensible long, after waiting a few minutes, he went down the ladder and looked about for her, but not seeing her, he thought she might have gone to one of the servant's rooms for help. Taking the ladder, he ran to the tree where he had found it, and thrust it beneath the branches, and then hurried away. He had not the slightest suspicion that his brother Jesse was in the neighbourhood seeking him, and only thought of getting out of the way for a time. He made his way to

Bristol, thence to Wales, where he stayed some time, and finally crossed to America. From that country he wrote repeatedly to his brother without receiving an answer, and at last he ventured to write to an old friend of his family. She, however, being an old lady living in London, who never saw the newspapers, and being quite unknown to the acquaintances of the young men, could only reply that she had not seen his brother since she last saw him (James), and had been greatly troubled by their disappearance. He let the matter drop for a time, but at last he wrote in a feigned hand to a person who knew them, and requested him to tell him the present address of Jesse Durand. The only answer he received was a newspaper, giving an account of the trial, and another stating that the sentence had been commuted to transportation. He directly returned to England with the intention of giving himself up to procure his brother's release, but his heart failed him. Instead of sacrificing himself he thought he would try if he could not aid his brother to escape. In this he was successful, and at the time we met they were occupying a large sheep farm, about forty miles from Sydney.

NOTES ON DANDIES.

PART II.

MR. BRUMMELL having abdicated the throne of Dandyism, his friend Lord Alvanley seems to have been regarded as his legitimate successor, and to have reigned in his stead. Alvanley was a man of considerable ability, and very superior to the ordinary run of dandies. He had served with the Coldstream Guards at Copenhagen and in the Peninsula; had travelled in France and Russia; had a high reputation for wit and humour; and, although he wasted a splendid fortune in that most frivolous of occupations, "the pursuit of pleasure," he did not altogether abandon certain "country gentleman" characteristics—manifestations of nerve and muscle, of which his dandy associates were quite incapable. He excelled in all manly sports and exercises, and was a hard rider to hounds. In person he was plain: a strongly built, corpulent man, with round red cheeks, and a very little nose. It was a joke against Madame de Stiel, that she had praised him to his face for *his beauty*, upon the understanding that he was in possession of one hundred thousand a year,—some one having played upon the lady's credulity with a story to that effect. She was said to have planned to secure him for her daughter Albertine—or "Libertine," as Brummell was fond of calling her, without a shadow of reason for such a perversion of her name.

"Alvanley," says Moore, "just hits that difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly." But he was a dandy, nevertheless.

Captain Gronow has preserved a few notes concerning him. His dinners at his house in Park Street, and at Melton, had the fame of being the best in England. He never sat down with more than eight guests, and insisted upon having an apricot tart upon his sideboard all the year round—an expensive delicacy at some seasons of the year.

When Gunter, the pastrycook, mounted upon a runaway horse, excused himself for riding against Alvanley by saying, "O my Lord, I can't hold him, he's so hot;" "Ice him, Gunter, ice him," cried his lordship.

His method of putting out his light at night was rather alarming. He was fond of reading in bed, "and when he wanted to go to sleep, he either extinguished his candle by throwing it on the floor and taking a shot at it with the pillow, or else he quietly placed it, when still lighted, under his bolster." At Badminton and other houses, where his habits were known, it was thought advisable that a servant should sit up and keep watch, in the passage, over his proceedings.

At one time his affairs were very much embarrassed. His friend, Mr. Charles Greville, undertook to investigate his liabilities, and try to come to some arrangement with his creditors. Mr. Greville went through a long list of debts, and at last expressed his gratification at finding that matters were in a much less hopeless state than he had feared. Soon afterwards, however, he received a note from Alvanley, stating that he had quite forgotten to enter upon the list a debt of fifty-five thousand pounds!

Moore chronicles a story of Alvanley writing to a friend,—*"I have no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if you can put up with turtle and turbot I shall be glad to see you."*

In the House of Lords, Alvanley was known as an effective speaker. On one occasion he spoke of O'Connell in rather strong terms. O'Connell replied in the House of Commons, denouncing him as a "bloated buffoon." Alvanley challenged the Liberator, who declined to meet him, saying, in allusion to his fatal duel with D'Esterre, "There is blood already on this hand." Alvanley then threatened personal chastisement, upon which Mr. Morgan O'Connell offered to take his father's place. A meeting was arranged to take place on Wimbledon Common. Several shots were fired, but without effect, and ultimately the

seconds interfered and stopped the duel. "O'Connell must be a very clumsy fellow," said Alvanley, on his way home, "or he never would have missed such a fat fellow as I am. He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." He gave the hackney-coachman a sovereign. "It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon," said the coachman. "My good man," said Alvanley, "I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

Solomon was a well-known money-lender, who also went by the names of Goldsched and Slowman, &c. He had frequent dealings with Brummell and other dandies, who, while they found it convenient to resort to him, had a just dread of his shameless rapacity and avarice. When Brummell had fled the country, certain of his friends were saying that he had made a mistake; that if he had remained something might have been done to assist him. "No," said Alvanley, "he did quite right to be off. *It was Solomon's judgment.*" It should be noted that Alvanley did not forget his old friend in his misfortune and exile. He corresponded with Brummell with some regularity, and frequently assisted him with remittances of money. In a letter to Mr. Armstrong, the English factotum at Caen, who had taken a lively interest in Brummell's affairs, Alvanley wrote,—“I beg that you will protect and assist poor Brummell, and rely upon my making it good to you;” and he enclosed a cheque for a considerable amount, regard being had to his own pecuniary difficulties.

Another remarkable dandy was Lord Petersham, who invented a great-coat known for many years as a Petersham. His lordship also acquired some fame by a particular kind of blacking of his own manufacture, which, he maintained, would eventually supersede every other. Before the discovery of “patent leather” the dandies appear to have devoted great attention to the blacking question. As we have seen, Brummell was supposed to owe the brilliant polish of his boots to the use of champagne in the composition of his blacking. Other dandies were in favour of oil of lavender and maraschino. Colonel Kelly, of the Guards, a very vain, attenuated gentleman, had quite a reputation for the superb polish of his boots. He was quite unapproachable in this respect. His sister was housekeeper to the Custom House, and on its being destroyed by fire, the unhappy colonel was burnt with it: losing his life in a desperate attempt to save his precious collection of boots. The story told of Colonel Matthews offers a parallel to Kelly's story. Matthews, a great fop in his day, lost a front tooth, to his great distress. He resolved to

have it replaced by a tooth drawn from another person's jaw—trusting to what the doctors called “healing by a second intention.” The borrowed tooth was fitted in its place accordingly; but, strange to say, the operation ended in inoculating his system with some poisonous virus, which brought on cancer of the mouth. The unfortunate gentleman did not long survive the experiment. On the news of Kelly's cruel fate becoming known, there was great anxiety among the dandies to secure the services of his valet, who alone was in the secret of the wonderful blacking. The valet stated that his late master had paid him one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, but that he should now expect a greatly increased salary. Lord Yarmouth (popularly known as “Red Herrings,” from his red whiskers, hair, and face, and from the fish for which Yarmouth is famous) ultimately secured this invaluable valet for two hundred pounds a-year. Brummell always insisted upon the soles of his boots being polished as well as the upper leathers. “He knew,” says Captain Jesse, “the proneness of human nature to neglect its duties; and, as a consequence, he could never feel satisfied that the polish on the edge of the sole would be elaborated with the care that he thought indispensable, unless he adopted extreme measures; he endeavoured to secure his object by insisting that every part of his *chaussure* should be equally attended to.” Reduced almost to destitution, he could hardly be prevailed upon to abandon the expensive luxury of *Vernis de Guition*, ordered expressly for him from Paris, at five francs a bottle. At last a merciless bootmaker threatens to imprison him if a long overdue account for *vernis* be not paid. The poor beau writes to Armstrong, his kind agent, imploring assistance,—“I will enter into any promise with you on the subject of this d—d polish that you may demand, if you will instantly enable me to pay this scoundrel.” A month later he writes,—“I have never trespassed upon the rules of economy which you dictated to me, excepting in one instance, and that has been that d—d execrable blacking. I have now relinquished it for ever.” Next he foregoes his starched white cravats, appearing in that pet aversion of his life, a black silk neckerchief. Soon the poor creature has hardly clothes to his back, or shoes to his feet. Starch or blacking are very small matters to him now. Four years after the episode of “the scoundrel bootmaker,” poor Brummell, paralysed and imbecile, diseased and loathsome, is dying in the “Bon Sauveur,” Caen.

Lord Petersham was tall and handsome, and is said to have possessed a remarkably winning

smile. He flattered himself upon his resemblance to the portraits of Henry IV. of France. He was affected in manner, and spoke with a lisp. He had a passion for *brown*. His carriages were of that hue, as were also his horses, and harness, and liveries. This devotion was supposed to have had reference to a youthful affection of his lordship for a fair but fickle widow, whose name was Brown. He had also a passion for tea. His room looked like a grocer's shop, from the shelves against the walls supporting canisters of various teas, and also large jars of snuff, with the names of each description in large letters outside.

Sir Lumley Skeffington was a dandy of note in his day. He obtained mention in Byron's "Dunciad"—"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":—

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize:
And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to furnish Greenwood's gay designs,
Nor sleeps with "sleeping beauties" but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on.
While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud—a venal few—
Rather than sleep, John Bull applauds it too.

The "goose" alluded to is Dibdin's famous pantomime of Mother Goose, which had a run of nearly a hundred nights, and brought more than twenty thousand pounds to the treasury of Covent Garden Theatre. Sir Lumley had produced a grand fairy piece, "The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane, in which Mr. Matthews and Miss De Camp (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kemble) had sustained the chief characters, and Mr. Greenwood's scenery had been greatly praised. A comedy, called "Maids and Bachelors," was also attributed to the same author. It was probably an adaptation of some older play. Sir Lumley Skeffington, dressed à la Robespierre, painted his face, so that he looked "like a French doll," as Captain Gronow tells us, and was so profusely scented that an atmosphere as of a perfumery shop surrounded him. He was remarkable for the extreme courtliness of his manners, was received everywhere, and an especial favourite in ladies' society. In his more advanced days, Sir Lumley was much embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, and, indeed, disappeared for some years, the scene of his seclusion being, it was generally imagined, the King's Bench Prison. On his return to the world of fashion he was but coldly received, though his external appearance was more brilliant and highly coloured than ever. Alvanley called him "a second edition of the Sleeping Beauty, bound in calf, richly

gilt, and illustrated by many cuts." Moore, in his diary, mentions, "A good idea some one gave of poor Skeffington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c., that 'he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic.'"

Lord Yarmouth, as an intimate friend of the Prince Regent, claims a distinguished place in Dandy chronicles. There is frequent mention of him in Moore's humorous and satiric poems: never with much respect. In the "New Costume of the Ministers" the Regent is represented as asking himself "whom shall I dress next?"

He looks in the glass, but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts, all right to a hair;
Not a single ex-curl on his forehead he traces,
For curls are like ministers, strange as the case is—
The *false* they are, the more firm in their places.
His coat he next views; but the coat who could
doubt?
For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchified hand cut
it out!

The Prince determines upon re-dressing the ministers.

An excellent thought—call the tailors—be nimble;
Let Cum bring his eyeglass, and H—rtf—rd her
thimble;
While Y—rm—th shall give us, in spite of all
quizzers.
The last Paris cut, with his true Gallic scissors, &c.

In the "Odes of Horace done into English by several Persons of Fashion" a free translation of Ode ix. lib. ii. is put down to the Regent. It begins "Come Y—rm—th, my boy, never trouble your brains," &c., and goes on in the third stanza.

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that;
And a wig, I confess it, so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits:
Thy whiskers, too, Y—m—th: alas! even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for the whiskers)
to grey.

There appear to have been sub-divisions and distinctions among the dandies, some of them claiming to be *Exquisites* and *Ruffians*. It is not clear that these were very different, except in name, to their brethren of the dandiacal body. Afterwards the term "Tiger" came in use, although it has now become obsolete. A French dandy, however, still retains the name of "*lion*."

The Ruffian seems to have been an ordinary dandy, with certain sporting or "turfy" characteristics superadded. He was fond of driving, perched on a high many-cushioned seat, and clad in a drab overcoat, with number-

less collars, leaning forward with squared elbows, a glass in his eye, and a straw in his mouth. A brother Ruffian generally sat at his side, carrying a mail-coach horn. The superior Ruffian drove a four-in-hand, or a mail phaeton with a pair, looking down with contempt upon the inferior Ruffian, who was limited to a tilbury. Tandem-driving was much in vogue, and upsets and accidents were not uncommon: the disadvantage of the tandem being that the leader would often decline to submit to the control of the driver, sometimes turning round to stare him in the face, and otherwise discompose him. The tandem driver was generally accompanied by his groom and pet bulldog or terrier—some dandies affecting poodles, upon which enormous attention was lavished, their daily fare often consisting of veal cutlets and sweetbreads. Mr. Byng, a gentleman of fashion, possessed of pert features and closely curling hair, was fond of driving with his favourite French dog in his curriole. He was met in the park by Brummell. "Ah, Byng! how do you do? A family vehicle I see!" And Mr. Byng thenceforth obtained the sobriquet of "Poodle Byng." Brummell had done his best to keep down the "turfy" dandy. He reprobated all affection for stables, kennels, and coachmanship, and inserted in his album some severe lines against the "Whip Club." As we have shown, his power in the world of fashion was considerable. When Lady Hester Stanhope rebuked him for the presumption and insolence of his conduct, and exhorted him to bear himself more humbly, he answered, "My dear Lady Hester, if I were to do as you advise me, do you think I could stand in the middle of the pit of the opera"—in Brummell's day "Fops' Alley" was the fashion, and *stalls* were not—"and beckon to Lorne (sixth Duke of Argyll) on one side, and Villiers (Earl of Jersey) on the other, *and see them come to me?*" But Brummell's influence did not long survive his departure from England. The Ruffian, or sporting dandy, then lifted up his head and asserted himself. The rowdy noblemen and gentlemen, whose violent horse-play and brutal jocoseness often brought them to the police-court, belong to a post-Brummell period. The Beau would never have been guilty of wrenching off knockers or knocking down constables. His school of dandies were incapable of these coarse feats of humour. But, Brummell gone, street pranks and midnight ruffings were to be heard of again as of frequent occurrence.

From a little book published in 1821, called "The Hermit in London," with a second title of "Sketches of English Manners," we may derive much information concerning dandyism

in its latter days. The author claims to be too old to be a coxcomb or an exquisite, yet neither old enough nor wicked enough to sigh over or frown upon the past; professing to be able to enjoy the pleasures of memory while he sits calmly by contemplating the proceedings of his day, without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity. He is a bachelor who wears a wig: at least he is loud in his avowals as to "the utility of such men as Mr. Ross in Bishopsgate Street, and Mr. Bowman in New Bond Street;" his years have rolled on in drawing-rooms, but he has resigned the part of actor for that of looker-on; he has retired to the least draughty corner of the ball-rooms, and is often to be found in the quiet niche of a reading-room, or in the back seat of an operabox, sheltered by the plumes and presence of a sexagenary dowager; occasionally he is to be seen in the Park, but always away from the denser throngs of men, and shadowed by the trees. He quotes Cowper on his title-page:

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.

And altogether he appears to be a writer of much respectability, whose evidence touching the events passing around him in the world of society is entitled to a very considerable amount of credit.

We may note his mention of the word "swell"—he does so with a shudder—as "a phrase of fashionable vulgarity," which must have been then first coming into use: it would be difficult, perhaps, to find an earlier record of the term so current in our own day. It is evident, too, that smoking is becoming a fashionable foible, though as yet it seems to be confined to the army. He says, "Sometimes if the weather be cold, *and the Ruffian be a military one*, a lighted cigar is smoked by the coxcomb, and by the smoke which comes out of his mouth you may judge of the contents of his head," &c.; and he describes a young relation of his, "an *exquisite* cousin" he calls him, as going on guard for the first time, and instructing Hofman, his German valet-de-chambre. "I must have the cedar box of cigars, my gold cigar tube, my German bag, some scented tobacco, and my *écume de mer* pipe: 'twill pass an hour, and it looks so soldier-like to smoke on *gard*." The same officer is also made to request that two handkerchiefs may be put into his regimental jacket—a cambric one and one of his "Barcelonas," and desires that they may be well perfumed. He demands also his gold snuff-box with the Sleeping Beauty on it—"which

the Italian took me in so far—not the gold embossed one, nor the gold engine-turned, nor the gold antique, nor the silver-gilt, nor the one which I bought at the Palais Royal." The young gentleman goes down to the *gard* in his tilbury, in order that he may not get his boots dusty, nor be run against by some coal-porter or sweep, and have his "French scarlet cloth" soiled; besides, he does not care to look heated and flustered after a long walk from Harley Street to the Parade, "instead of coming cool into the field." He wears a twenty-guinea gold chain round his neck with his quizzing-glass, and desires his servant to bring him his violoncello, backgammon-board, and his writing-desk—that he "may write *billets doux* in order to soften the hardships of war"—his "poodle dog to play with," "a cambric *chemise*, with the collar highly starched, for dressing time;" his musical snuff-box for dinner time, with Prince's Mixture in it; his light morocco boots, razors, damask napkins, rose-water for his eyes, all his soaps, white wax for his nails, &c. Further on "the *exquisite* cousin" is made to narrate his adventures on guard. He walks up and down St. James's Street and Pall Mall forty-four times, and then sends his servant for his stop-watch, and makes a calculation of the time it takes to go "from Hoby's corner to the St. James's." He looks in at Parslow's and loses some money at billiards; his hand shakes so that he is obliged to drink some Curaçoa, and afterwards take three ices to cool himself. He speaks to two-and-twenty pretty women, and bows to fifty carriages, by which he complains that he gets a stiff neck. Among other pastimes he amuses himself for a whole hour in teaching his poodle to go through the military exercises, with a cane for musket, and to smoke a pipe; he reads the "Racing Calendar" and a table of odds at betting; he dines, loses his money at a gambling-house, meets two comrades in the custody of the watchmen, draws his sword and puts the ragganuffins to flight, sees "the sun rise in St. James's Park—beautiful, by Jove!"—bivouacks for an hour on three chairs, smokes a pipe which does not agree with him, and finally is relieved by the guard, and released from further active service for some four-and-twenty hours.

Our author manifests an intimate acquaintance with the niceties of dress in vogue in his day. He is quite *au fait* with the cuts of capes and the proper stiffening of cravats—the modes of hairdressing, and the difference between a Stanhope crop and a *tête à la guillotine*; and he is learned about Cumberland corsets and Drummell bodices, Osbaldeston ties, Petersham coats and trousers, and Wel-

lington pantaloons, though he greatly deprecates the importance the social world persists in attaching to such small matters. He presents the reader with extracts from the letter of an Exquisite to his servant, in which the following curious passages occur:—"I send by the carrier the last two pair of dress pantaloons: they must be altered. You know I am a little what is vulgarly called *baker-kneed*, which I explained to the German fool who made them: a pad would remove the defect. What an ass a tailor must be who can't fit a man well, be his deformities what they may! *Apropos*, I must have six new pair of stays by the time I return, and six pair of spurs from Vincent's," &c. The stays receive very frequent mention in the Hermit's pages. Another dandy he represents as taking four hours to dress for dinner, and breaking "three stay-laces and a buckle" during the operation, and in his hurry tearing "a pair of shoes, made so thin by O'Shaughnessy, of St. James's Street, that they were as light as brown paper. What a pity!" the dandy laments over the accident; "they were lined with pink satin, and were quite the go." The Hermit complains greatly of the manner in which the mankind of his day persist in trenching upon the peculiarities of feminine form and costume: and there would seem to have been ground sufficient for his censures. Trousers were worn as loose as petticoats; that is to say, as loose as the petticoats of 1820, which were tight garments compared to the profuse skirts of 1864. Waists were as taper and slim as stays could lace them; frilled shirt-fronts puffed out in front like the crops of pouting pigeons; the hair was crimped and frizzed over the forehead "like the feathers of a Friesland hen;" men peered with difficulty through their forelocks, like Skye terriers; painted faces looked with difficulty over high walls of starch and muslin, like donkeys over a gate; patches adorned the cheeks and the corners of the mouth; while heavy gold chains and quizzing-glasses dangled from necks long as ganders'. The perfumed dandy lisped, ogled, and drawled with a sort of timid affectation. Meanwhile, the gentler sex were accused of arrogating to themselves certain masculine privileges. They gambled largely, drove carriages, wearing men's great-coats and capes; rode, rising in their stirrups and revealing "manly boots and one spur;" promenaded "in kilts instead of petticoats;" talked stable talk, and worse—swore even upon occasion; and wore alternately a projecting pent-house sort of bonnet known as a "kiss me if you can," or a retreating head-dress that made full exposure of a highly-

coloured cheek, and was called a "kiss me if you dare." "Time was," laments our Hermit, "when it could be said of Old England that her men were valiant and her women fair; but now her women are gallant and her men are fair—fair, soft, and unmeaning." A dandy was so masqueraded by his tailor, that, "what with the long skirts of his great-coat, fur embroidery, tassels, olivet buttons, pigeon-breast, and pale face, you may mistake a decent young man for a very indecent young woman."

Of course the tailor was a very important person in the dandy days. The changes in fashion were incessant. There was alleged to be a junto of tailors who assembled frequently to consider variations in dress, and to create new temptations to expense in the way of their trade. The proceeds of the sale of George the Fourth's wardrobe amounted to fifteen thousand pounds. The original cost was far in excess of this sum. A cloak, purchased by Lord Chesterfield for two hundred guineas, was said to have cost in respect of its sable lining alone no less than eight hundred; and it was computed that the royal collection of clothes had been made at a prime outlay of one hundred thousand pounds or so. The committee of tailors found it to their advantage to encourage the most extravagant and expensive eccentricities in dress that were any way possible. But this was after Brummell's day, of whom Byron said, that he had nothing remarkable in his style of dress except "a certain exquisite propriety." Scott, writing in 1805 his first chapter of "Waverley," makes mention of the simple "blue frock and white dimity waistcoat" of that day. Twenty years later he found it necessary to add a note in explanation of an allusion which had become antiquated. Simplicity had gone. Blue frocks and dimity waistcoats were no longer tolerated. "The reader of fashion will please to fill up the costume with an embroidered waistcoat of purple velvet or silk, and a coat of whatever colour he pleases." The town was pigeon-breasted, or martin-tailed, just as the tailors chose to decree. Now a dandy's skirts touched the ground, now his coat shrunk to the limited proportions of a jacket; now his clothes, "like a lady's loose gown," hang about him—now he is prisoned in the closest of shells; and an illustrious personage exhibits himself in such tight and scanty attire that his corpulence protrudes in all directions, and his flying tails make strange revelation of the prominent proportions of the royal form, seen from the rear. The waist is one day high up between the shoulders, and the next low down at the extremity of the spine. Now the back is

broad as an Irish chairman's, and round shoulders *de rigueur*; now narrowness is the mode—flatness, and attenuation; and the leaders of fashion are laced and pinched to resemble earwigs. The gander-neck yields to the bull-throat: a coat must have a collar reaching half-way up the back of the head, and men go about muffled and disguised in "bang-up box-coats" with a dozen capes. The tailors recommending these extravagancies for adoption by their customers did not, of course, avow them to be their own invention. The new great-coats, walking-coats, driving-coats, tuniques, military cloaks, night cloaks, tartans, pelisses, and spencers, were all "as worn by" his royal highness, his lordship, his grace—as the case might be, who had given extensive orders for the new design. One great object, both of tradesmen and customers, seemed to be that the new introduction should be as costly as possible, in order that it might distance all attempts at imitation on the part of those whom the dandies were fond of designating "the vulgar herd," "the unwashed," the "lawyer's clerk breed," "the knights of the bags," "the squires of the counter," "the half-price crew," "Sunday bloods," &c.

"I cannot help acknowledging and lamenting," says our Hermit, "that we are more regarded by our coats than by our characters; and that if a man be not in the last fashion, he must content himself with holding the last place in the *beau monde*." And he tells a story of the late Colonel M——, who, when expiring of a wound received in a duel, expressed regret that his own insolence and arrogance had brought about the encounter; adding, that he had not appreciated until too late that his antagonist was a gentleman—he had been wearing "a coat of the last year's fashion!"

Of some of the earlier dandies, however, there is to be said—and our author does not forget to carry the fact to their credit—that they showed themselves to be brave soldiers at Waterloo and elsewhere; and, though they "take so much care of their pretty persons out of the field, they took no care of them in it."

Dandyism has had its day, and is now a thing of the past. We have fallen upon days in which the Divine Idea of Cloth is held at a less high valuation, and men are at liberty to dress pretty much as may seem right in their own eyes. The army which "prepares to receive" innovation with a stern opposition and resistance, as though it were so much cavalry, yet clings to the razor: insisting that chins shall be shaved, though in the matter of the upper lip there has been yielding to the

moustache. But laymen wear beards or not as they list, or the heavens permit. Necks have taken themselves out of the yoke of cravats and are free. Stays no longer cramp the ribs of men—hardly now-a-days even confine and spoil the curvilinear contours of women. Bear's grease and hair-oil are following papilottes and curling-irons to oblivion. Englishmen are comfortable in their loosely-fitting clothes, rejoice in simple, easy-going manners,

not the less, as I believe, really polished and chivalrous because they have about them a certain tinge of frank, straightforward homeliness. Let us then try and keep our comfortable clothes and ways. Let us make the tailors our servants—not our masters, and we are safe from dandyism for ever. For women—how I could commend their costumes if they would only abandon their crinolines!

D. C.

THE MERMAID.

(AN OLD GALLOWAY BALLAD RE-WITTEN.)

It is the warm night of a summer month,
When the young moon shone fair,
A mermaid sat on a sea-weed rock
Combing her golden hair.

Her comb was carven from the pearl,
Her hand was white as milk;
Gently the soft wind from the sea
Stirr'd her robe of pale green silk.

She comb'd her locks o'er her white, white breast,
A fleece so bonny and long,
And with every curl she shed from her brow,
She raised a lightsome song.

The first lilt of that magic voice,
The birds their young forsook,
And follow'd the old grey owl to come
And on that maiden look.

The second lilt of that lady's song,
It was so low and sweet,
The fox leap'd over the laird's fold-dyke,
The blood on his mouth and feet.

The third lilt of that wondrous song,
Blush'd red the rising moon,
And falling stars shot bright and fast,
Lured by that magic tune.

"I've dwelt on the Nith," a young knight said,
"These twenty years and three,
But the sweetest song that e'er broke from lip
Comes through the wood to me.

"Is it a voice from earth or air
That makes such melody?
It would lure the lark from the morning cloud,
And it may well lure me."

"Master, I dream'd a dreary dream,
And it happen'd in this wood;
I dream'd that you kiss'd a maiden's lips
That dripp'd with crimson blood.

"Kiss not the singer's lips, Sir Knight,
Kiss not the singer's chin,
Touch not her hand," said the frighten'd boy,
"She is born of Death and Sin.

"She comes from out the hollow wave,
So ghostly and so fair;
She is seen each first night of the moon
Combing her yellow hair.

"And those who listen to her voice,
If they're of mortal birth,
Ne'er hear the song of the lark again,
Or wake again on earth.

"Oh, who will ride your bonny bay?
Oh, who will tend your dove?
Oh, who will fold your morrow's bride
In the bridegroom's clasp of love?"

But he toss'd away his gold-rim'd hat,
With the silver knot and band,
And leap'd into the wood, the boughs
Parting with eager hand.

"The summer dew falls soft, fair maid,
And thou art far from home,
And lonely on that sea-weed rock,
Wash'd with the white sea foam."

So first he kissed her dimpl'd chin,
And her cheek, then, as 't was meet;
And, last of all, her willing lips,
Like heather-honey sweet.

He kiss'd her blue eyes twenty times,
And then her honey lip,
And spread her hanks of watery hair
In the moonbeams to drip.

"Come, and for water from the spring,
You shall have the rosy wine,
And, for the water-lily's flower,
These loving arms of mine."

"But what'll she say, your bonny bride,
With gold and jewels bright,
When the kisses you kept for her sweet lips
You squander on mine to-night?"

He took his lips from her red rose mouth,
His arm from her waist so small.

"Sweet maiden, I sin to linger here,
Yon shines my bridal hall.

"But first a token of love, sweet May,
A token give me now."
She pluck'd a lock of her golden hair,
And bound it round his brow.

"Oh, softer, softer, loop and bind
That love-knot my, sweet May;
My head is rent with a burning pain,
Loosen it quick, I pray."

She weaved o'er his brow the lily flower,
With witch-knots, nine and nine:

"If ye were bridegroom of a queen,
This night ye shall be mine."

And twice he faintly turn'd his head,
And twice rose from the ground,
And twice he feebly sought to lift
That garland, loop'd and bound.

"Arise, sweet knight, your young bride waits,
Upon the top tower-stone,
But day shall come, bright rise the sun,
And find her still alone."

Then she cast into the sea his robe,
With gold on every hem,
And she cast away his cloak and plume,
The jewels binding them.



She took the bride-ring from his hand,
And toss'd it in the sea :
"That hand shall wear no golden ring,
Unless it come from me."

She folded him in her lily arms,
To bear him to her home,
Her fleece of hair trail'd o'er the sand,
As she pass'd into the foam.

The stars were bright above the hills,
The moon rose golden high,
As the fairest maid in Galloway
Sang blythe and merrily.

The sun shone ruddy on the dew
That was thick on bank and bough,
The plough-boy whistled at his toil,
But *she* was weeping now.

Each breath of wind among the leaves
Seem'd like her bridegroom's song,
She heard his voice in every sound
That came the whole day long.

Then sang to her a blythe wee bird,
From off the hawthorn green,—
"Loose out the love-curls from your hair
Ye plaited yestere'en."

The speckled wood-lark from the clouds
Of heaven came singing down,—
"Take out the bride-knots from your hair,
Take off your bridal crown."

It was the mid-hour of the night,
Her silver bell did ring,
Sounding as if no earthly hand
Had touched the silken string.

There was a cheek that lady's press'd,
White as the marble-stone,
And a hand as cold as the drifting snow
Was laid on her breast-bone.

"Oh, cold is thy hand, my Willie dear,
Cold, cold thy frozen lip;
Oh, wring those locks of yellow hair,
From which the cold drops drip."

"Go seek another bridegroom, love,
To kiss thy bosom sweet;
My bride is the yellow water-lily,
Its leaves my bridal sheet!"

WALTER THORNEURY.

A SKATING RINK IN CANADA.

Am I living? awake? or dreaming? Entering from the darkness of a moonless night, I am dazzled and blinded by a blaze of radiance. Gas sparkles in a thousand burners; flashes against burnished reflectors, which glitter like pure silver; lies full upon draperies in blue, scarlet, and white lines; and loses itself in the intricacy of evergreen wreaths, garlands, and festoons. When my eye begins to accommodate itself to what I have to see, it ranges through a vast hall, rather rudely raised, in truth, upon a wooden framework, but brilliant, in effect, like a gala night of the Caliph Haroun. Except a raised platform all round the walls, the floor is spread with an immense mirror, upon whose surface the reflected lights quiver, and which shines, smooth, hard, and bright, like polished steel. It is crowded with figures of both sexes in fantastic dresses, who glide over the surface with a swimming, undulating motion, exquisitely graceful; while a mass of spectators, scarcely less gaily dressed, people

the platform. From somewhere overhead floats out a succession of the most brilliant and lively strains that music can produce.

Is it real? modern? and European? European it is not. It is an American skating rink, and this evening is a masquerade night. I gaze with a vivid and eager curiosity. To me, a stranger, it is infinitely novel, strange, and exciting. On the ice hundreds of young girls, every other one of whom is pretty, or certainly looks pretty to-night, and of whom many are strikingly handsome—all alike set off with every device that can aggravate their charms—sway and flit about through the mazes of the crowd, seldom singly, but holding the hand of either a laughing companion or of some favoured cavalier. Sometimes a chain of these young beauties, hand in hand, comes sailing forward in line; sometimes a doubly happy youth leads forth one on either side. The most intricate and graceful evolutions are accomplished with an ease of which it would be hard to say whether it excites the greater wonder or admiration. These coquettish damsels scorch their admirers with a general blaze of scarlet—which is the ruling colour—mercifully toned down, subdued, and harmonised by rich, soft, dark furs. There is fur everywhere—fur encircling the fair, round, rosy cheeks; fur coiled round the white neck; fur on the wrists, and a fringe of fur edging the neat little natty boot. Black eyes sparkle; blue eyes softly gleam: each cast wicked and exasperating glances. There are "affairs" without end. Cupid opens the door of admission, and Hymen closes that at which many a pair passes out.

Now and then a fall happens. A glance of an ankle, perhaps a momentary glimpse of an inch or two more, is lost in enviously voluminous folds of feminine knickerbockers of scarlet cashmere. Officious fair ones hasten to help up their unhappy sister, and ringing and joyous laughter proclaims and celebrates the event. When a gentleman tumbles, the merriment runs over. What fate could he desire better than to afford amusement to these lovely creatures?

All is beauty, grace, youth, life and happiness, joy and enjoyment. With a scene like this, care and gloom have nothing in common. Here nothing but what is gay has any place. It is a supreme moment, plucked from life's rosebush; a flowery spray without thorns.

A galloping polka is racing over the strings of the fiddles. The mirth waxes fast and furious. From where I stand I see the crowd gradually fall back and give place to a young lady, who advances alone down the whole length of the rink. She is tall and beautifully

formed ; but a shock thrills through the frame as one looks at her. She is dressed in the deepest mourning, not a particle of anything but what is black finds place about her. She comes slowly forward, while all, on either side, pause in silence and stillness with a hushed solemnity. The music, as though struck with the same instantaneous inaction, whether played out or not, comes to an end. A dead silence drops upon the spell-bound assembly. The originator of this extraordinary change skates on listlessly, languidly, carelessly. I can see that she stretches forth her arm, and that her fingers twitch convulsively, as if endeavouring to grasp some imaginary hand. As she approaches nearer, I discover that great beauty is fading away and leaving a sculptured face, paler than the palest marble, upon whose either cheek there glows one bright, burning, hectic spot, a round spot like the red sun showing through a white mist. She looks at nobody, seems to see nobody, and alas ! alas ! when my eyes seek to meet hers, they encounter only the stony glare of orbs from which the light of reason has been darkened and shut out. Her dress, too, betokens insanity. It hangs loosely upon her, manifestly uncared for—always a sad sight in woman—and is tagged over with shreds of crape, meaninglessly stuck on in one place and another, intermixed with bugles and other shabby scraps of ghastly ornament. Oh, what a melancholy spectacle was there ! Young—she looked no more than seventeen or eighteen—lovely, innocent ; and brought to so pitiable a pass ! And what a frightful contrast to the boisterous gaiety upon which she had intruded, and upon which she had stricken a chill, well-nigh as icy, cold, and joyless as herself. It was a lesson too harshly administered. It was like the warning corpse set up at an Egyptian feast.

Reaching the door at the lower end of the rink, near which, having succeeded in making one circuit of the building, I was again standing, the poor creature (having entered, I suppose, at the upper door), without taking the slightest notice of anybody or anything, nor speaking a word that I could hear, except muttering in a hushed, plaintive monotone, "All wet and cold ! all wet and cold ! all wet and cold !" sat down on the edge of the platform, took off her skates, hung them over her wrist with such an orderliness as if she did it daily, and slowly passed out like a phantom.

Do we not visit lunatic asylums and return to our dinner with undiminished appetite ? Was there not a time when fashionable parties were made up to Bedlam, to mock the wretched, ill-treated creatures there ? Do not very many more than a thousand persons die weekly in

London ? Is there not ceaselessly some one in the agonies of death ? Do the people who live on the road to a cemetery think any the more of the day when their own turn shall come to be the hero of a like mournful procession ? Does the man who makes the coffin ever take his own measure ? Does he not whistle, and tap in the nails to a tune ? Do we ever take any one of these warnings ? Surely we do not ; and surely it was never ordained that we should. If we were to take home to our own bosoms all the misery that is shared among the world at large, would our life be worth living ?

Whence has come the elastic capacity that we all have for enjoyment, which rebounds from the heaviest pressure ?

When that question shall have been answered in more than one way, we may begin to wonder that the masqueraders recovered, without much effort, from the momentary shock with which they had been stunned. The band struck up. Thoughtfulness, if any existed, was lost in noise and confusion. All fell back into its previous train.

Of course I could not fail to ask for information from the bystanders of what I had witnessed. The story may be easily anticipated. That it was a love story there could be little doubt.

Madeline Danvers had been beloved by a young M.D. without patients, and had returned his passion with all the more ardour that the match was extremely unacceptable to her parents, and was opposed by every obstacle that could be thrown in the way.

It is not very easy to keep lovers apart anywhere. In American society it is next to impossible. If there had not been the skating rink, there would have been some other rendezvous.

One evening, saddened by the difficulties they had to encounter and by the seeming hopelessness of Dr. More's position, the noise and gaiety of the rink, and the observation to which they were exposed, were disagreeable to them, so they exchanged the rink for the open ice in the harbour, where there was no glare of light, and the crowd of skaters was diffused over a large space. In the course of their pastime he was skating backwards, holding her hands in his, as she followed after him. He plunged into a hole from which a vessel had been cut out, and sank, dragging her after him before he thought to let go his hold.

She was saved ; but only to fall into a frenzy of agony and fright, while efforts were made to extricate him from under the ice. No persuasion could induce her to quit the spot ; and when any attempt at force was used, her

shrieks were so dreadful and so heartrending that she was suffered to remain, shivering from head to foot and her teeth chattering with cold, but in a burning fever of grief and terror. At length the body, drowned beyond a shadow of hope, was got out, laid on the ice, lifted on a plank, and carried away before her eyes.

Her earnest entreaties to be allowed to attend the funeral, which took place as usual on the second day, could not be denied; but when the dull sound of the earth falling on the coffin—a moment which I would not willingly know him who could resist—met her ears, she sank down, never to rise again other than I had seen her.

She was, they told me, perfectly harmless, tractable, and docile. Her desire to frequent the rink was humoured from a feeling of universal commiseration which her case aroused. Absence from the place had been tried, with an unfavourable result. An eye less practised than mine could have seen that her hard probation in this world would have a speedy ending. The winter when I saw her was the one succeeding the catastrophe. She had gained admittance that evening unnoticed. No one ever spoke to her, and she spoke to no one out of her own house. All she was ever heard to say was, "All wet and cold! all wet and cold! all wet and cold!"

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVII. ACROSS THE RIVER.

GIULIA was left, when the Corporal and his companion turned to go back to Bella Luce, sitting on the bank by the side of the road where it emerged from the tunnel of the Furlo, on the side farthest from the river. The Corporal had been rather unwilling to leave her there, not from any feeling that she had any need of protection, for there was nothing either strange or unusual or imprudent in a country girl such as Giulia traversing the country alone, although she was somewhat unusually far from home; but he thought she must be very tired with her night's journey, and might probably need some rest before she could set out on her return. But he had felt that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it might be better and more agreeable to her that any aid she might need should come from anybody rather than from him. He had felt that she spoke very genuinely her real wish when she asked him to go and leave her to follow alone. He guessed, too, that she would most likely try to have some communication with Beppo across the river; and he was very conscious that, if any good was to be done by any such conversation, it must not take place in his presence. He felt, too, that if it did become known to Beppo that he had returned to Bella Luce, leaving her there in his immediate neighbourhood, that fact alone would go far to mitigate Beppo's anger.

Nevertheless, if the Corporal had guessed how entirely poor Giulia's whole stock of strength and courage had been expended; and still more, if it had for an instant occurred to his mind that she had not a single *baiocco* in

her pocket, he assuredly, despite the good reasons given above, would not have left her by the road-side.

In truth, for the first few minutes after the Corporal and his subordinate had disappeared into the darkness of the tunnel, Giulia, sitting on the bank, felt as if she was going to die. The fact was, that she was very near fainting, and for a few minutes very genuinely thought that she was going to die. Her head swam round,—a cold perspiration covered her brow;—and she felt a horrible deadly sensation of sickness. In truth, the violent and painful emotion which she had undergone during the last quarter of an hour,—for the whole of the scene described in the last chapter could not have occupied a longer time,—coming after long fasting, and the great fatigue of her night's journey, had been too much for her.

She was still fasting; for though she had her loaf of bread still with her, she had not allowed herself time to eat any of it, or to rest; her only object during her forced night-march had been to press on, that she might be able to warn Beppo in time; and the steps behind her which she had heard from time to time throughout the night had kept her in a continued state of nervous anxiety, and had driven her to press onwards with all the speed she could make.

However, she did not faint. But for a short time all consideration of the circumstances of her present position gave way before the necessity of battling with the sensations of physical weakness.

Then after a little while she began to think, to recollect and realise all that she had seen

and heard during the last quarter of an hour. She put her hands up to her forehead, and pushing back all the abundance of raven-black hair, and resting her head on the palms of her hands, and her elbows on her knees, she went over all the train of circumstances, from her buying the secret of Beppo's hiding-place from the Piobico man, to the issue of her endeavours in their present total miscarriage. Then, as her mind gradually found its way down to the immediate present, passing by the horrible, horrible reminiscence of Beppo's last words to her with as slight and rapid a glance as possible, she was conducted to the consideration of his present position. She had heard the Corporal bawling out to him something about getting out of the hole he had jumped into as best he might. What hole could he have jumped into? Had he got out? Might not he need assistance to do so? Was he not perhaps still somewhere very near her?

With these thoughts in her head, she dragged herself to her feet, and found to her great surprise that her head turned and swam so that she could with difficulty stand. However, in a few minutes this got better, and she was able to begin her search for Beppo, if indeed it was to be supposed that he was still in the immediate neighbourhood.

She got up on the parapet wall, and thence on to the grass-grown bit of the ledge of the rock in front of the ruined chapel; then passed into the building, and looking round it, as the Corporal had done, saw Beppo's gun on the ground at the foot of one of the walls. Close by it was a door of communication with the part of the building which had been the priest's residence. Giulia passed through this, and wandering thence into a second little bit of a room, saw the breach in the wall which opened on the river, and the precipice at the bottom of which the river was raging along through its narrow channel.

She approached the edge of the rock, on which the lowest stones only of the wall which had been built there remained in that part of it, and looked out on to the stream below her, and the opposite wall of the rock on the other side of it. Her first impression was, that certainly no human being could have passed *that way*! But as she cast her eyes directly down towards the river, mentally measuring the distance that separated the spot where she stood from it, she saw that part of the precipice where the rock jutted out, and saw the rotten stump of the tree which had grown there. It seemed to her impossible that any man could have jumped from the top of the rock on to that small spot, twenty feet or more below it; and still more impossible that any one could

have passed from that spot by any means save falling into the river. Nevertheless, gazing down, she thought she could see the impression of feet on the soft matter of the decayed tree-stump. And carrying her eye thence across the ravine to the opposite margin of the stream, away down at the bottom she thought she saw a movement among the bushes there.

It was likely enough that some movement of her own on the edge of the precipice where she stood had caused a corresponding movement among the bushes below; for Beppo had been watching her from his covert among them ever since she had appeared at the breach in the wall.

In the next minute she caught a glimpse of his figure among the thick growth of alder and cistus bushes.

"Oh! Beppo!" she exclaimed, in an accent that ought to have carried to his mind unmistakable conviction of the nature of her sentiments towards him. "Are you safe? Are you hurt?"

But Beppo's mind was, as the Corporal had phrased it, "jealous mad!" And consequently, neither ear nor eye, nor any other sense, could bring true testimony to it. The virus was still rankling in his heart, and poisoning every sense and all his understanding.

"Ay!" he answered; but not until she had a second time called "Beppo! Beppo!"—"Ay! I am safe from you this time! Your friend must try again, if he means to make profit or credit out of catching me!"

"Beppo! Beppo! You cannot think what you say! You cannot; it is impossible!"

"It is wonderful!" he retorted; really feeling as he spoke that it was so. "It is very wonderful! And if I had not seen with my own eyes, I could not have believed the depth of baseness to which a worthless woman can fall. I knew you to be bad. I knew you to be false and heartless," he went on at the top of his voice, "when I left you that day of the drawing in the streets of Fano! What did I deserve other than fresh treachery and new falsehood, when I gave a thought to you after what I had seen—seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, in the Palazzo Bollandini? I deserved it, and I have received it in abundant measure. I knew that you were bad! But I did not think, even then, that you could have fallen so low as to make yourself a spy and a lure in the hands of these strangers for the delivering up into their hands of your own countryman and kinsman."

"Beppo! Beppo!" groaned the poor girl in a voice of agony.

But the jealous ear is deaf to the evidence of accent, as to all other.

"Do not suppose" he continued—having now, at least, an opportunity of doing to his heart's content what he had come from his retreat in the Valle di Abisso to do—"Do not suppose, that when I set out to meet you at the ruined tower after the Ave Maria this evening, I did not know of your falseness. My object in coming there was no other than once, before leaving Bella Luce for ever, to let you know my estimation of it, and of you. I knew that you had plotted to cause your lover to be quartered in my father's house. I knew that you were living under the same dishonoured roof with him! But I did *not* imagine that you were scheming to betray me into his hands! I do think and hope that another Romagnole woman could not be found who would do the like."

"Beppo, your words are killing me. They are stabbing my heart like sharp swords!" she said.

"Those who can do such things are not of the sort to be much hurt, worse luck! by the telling of them. Are not my words true?"

"They are false, Beppo; false from the beginning to the end; as false as you say I am! But I know," she added, after a moments pause, "that you believe them to be true; and it is that which is killing me!—killing me! for I cannot bear it. I could bear all else, if you believed me true!"

"True! You true! It makes me sick to hear such horrible hypocrisy. What have I said of you that you have not fully deserved? What have I said that was not strictly true?" he asked, with the lurking irrepressible longing that even yet, in some incomprehensible manner, she might be able to show that all the past was only a hideous and distorted dream. For short of this, he could imagine no means of getting rid of the damning facts.

"What have you said of me that was not strictly true, Beppo?" she repeated. "All, all, all you have said has been utterly false! It is false that I have been false to you! It is false that the Corporal is my lover! It is false that I had anything to do with bringing him to Bella Luce! I bring him to Bella Luce! The Holy Virgin help me! How could I cause him to be sent there? It is false, falsest and most cruel of all, to say that I thought to betray you into his hands! It is all false; and it is very, very, very cruel!"

"Not true that you have been false to me? Doubtless you have forgotten all that passed between you and me the night before you left Bella Luce to go to the cursed, cursed city, under the half-way tree in the path to Santa Lucia; of course, you have forgotten it?"

"Forgotten it! Great Heaven! Oh, Beppo,

Beppo! Do men forget such things? Believe me we others never forget them; no, not if we ever so much laboured and longed to do so—let alone when—when—when they are—" here her voice was interrupted and broken by sobbing,—“when they are all—all in the world—”

"I can't hear what you say! Do speak up, if you want me to hear you—not that it much matters," bawled Beppo, from the other side of the river; for it seemed very specially important to him not to lose a single word of that particular part of her discourse; and just at the most interesting point of it, her sobs interfered to make her utterance indistinct.

It was hard upon her to have to bawl the poor little hesitating confession of her beating heart at the top of her voice. However, she was happily a stout healthy-nerved *contadina*, and not trained to a just appreciation of the proprieties of declinate situations. So she resumed aloud:—

"I was saying, Beppo, that people don't easily forget the only happy moment they have in their lives to remember."

But as soon as the sentence thus succinctly and clearly enunciated stood out before her in high relief against the surrounding silence, she was startled at the distinctness of the import of it; and a bright blush, wasting its sweetness on the solitude,—for no eye was near enough to see it,—spread over her face. Ought she to have admitted that? Well! let the admission stand; it was true; she was miserable now, and reckless in her misery. She would rather—ah! how much rather—that Beppo should at least take away with him the belief that she had at all events once loved him. Let the admission stand. Let Beppo know, if he would so far believe her, that the moment when she had received the declaration of his love, and had permitted him to do that which she had declared no man whom she did not love should ever do, was the only really happy one she had ever known. She had said it. It was the truth. Let it stand.

But Beppo was too deeply incensed, had too long a bill of transgressions and damning proofs against her stored up in his mind, to allow himself to be mollified by such a confession, although despite his utmost endeavours to keep up his righteous indignation at a white heat, and to steel his heart against her, the admission he had heard was inexpressibly precious to him.

"Ah, Giulia, Giulia! such remembrances are neither for you nor for me. You have no right to them. If you have *not* forgotten, it were better for you if you had. If all you then said was false, great God! was there ever woman

so false before? If it was true, was there ever woman so light and fickle? If people do not forget the happy moments of their lives, neither can they forget those that have been the most miserable. Oh, Giulia! can I ever forget, do you think, what I saw in that infamous Palazzo Bollandini? Do you think that that is not stamped upon my heart for ever?"

"What did you see in the Palazzo Bollandini?" asked Giulia, in some slight degree encouraged to hope that possibly all might not yet be lost, by a scarcely perceptible change in Beppo's manner.

"What did I see? Oh, Giulia! can you ask me? Can you wish me to repeat what it withered my heart to look on? Did I not see enough to show me that that man was your accepted lover? What was your conduct to me? And what was your manner to him? Would not any stranger have seen, without any room for doubt, which was the acceptable, and which was the unacceptable to you of the two?"

"It is not true, it never was true, or likely to be true, that Corporal Tenda was my accepted lover. If a stranger had supposed so, you ought never to have supposed so, Beppo. But neither were you my accepted lover!" (It did occur to Beppo, for an instant, that he detected the shade of an emphasis upon the verb in the past tense, *were*; but he resolutely scouted the idea from his mind.) "And it was very difficult for me," she continued, "to know how to behave; I tried to do right, God help me if I did not. Corporal Tenda was only an acquaintance. I had no choice but to make acquaintance with him. I did not seek him!"

"Do you mean to assert that he did not make love to you?" asked Beppo, fiercely.

"It was not my fault if he did! I could not help it! I gave him no encouragement! He knows, and he will say that I did not! He will say so, for he is an honourable man."

"You admit, then, that he did make love to you?" blazed out Beppo.

"He asked me to be his wife; and I told him that that could never, never be! I should not say so," she added, feeling that some justification for making such a revelation was needed, "if I was not sure that he would be ready to say the same!"

"Asked you to marry him! How could he ask you to marry him, and he a Corporal in the army? A pretty marriage! You must know very well that a soldier on service is not allowed to marry."

"He wanted me to promise to marry him when he leaves the army. He is to inherit a farm of his own before long, and then he will leave the service."

"You seem to know all his affairs."

"How could I help knowing what he told me? Most girls," she could not refrain from adding, "would have thought it a great offer to a poor girl like me; but I—could not—marry him!"

"When did you refuse him? Was it at Fano, pray, or at home, at Bella Luce?"

"At Fano, Beppo!"

"Then what brought him up to Bella Luce?" asked Beppo quickly, in the tone of a man who thinks that he has caught his adversary in a manifest falsehood.

"How should I know, Beppo? What could I have to do with it? Of course, he could not come without being ordered by his officers. What could he have to do with it himself?"

"Shall I tell you what he had to do with it?" said Beppo, who, despite all his fury, began to feel that Giulia was getting the best of the argument, and at the same time, that it would be like pouring new life into him to find that he had not a word to say in justification of his suspicions. "Shall I tell you," he continued, devoutly hoping that he might be utterly confuted, "what he had to do with it? Soldiers are to be sent to the houses of those who have escaped from the conscription into the hills. Send me, says he to his officers, to Bella Luce. I think I know a way of finding out Beppo Vanni's hiding place! There's one there that will manage that for me! And perhaps, if I bring him in, the Colonel will recommend me, says he, for a permission to take a wife! Do you think I did not see it all?"

"But he did not want me to marry him till he was out of the army, Beppo!" said Giulia simply; "and besides, I told you that I had already refused him before I left Fano!"

"Oh, yes! Men do not always take a girl's 'no' for a 'no' for good and all. Is it likely that it was mere chance that brought him of all the men at Fano to my father's house? Do you suppose I can believe that?"

"I don't know, Beppo! I only know that I had nothing to do with bringing him there; and that I was very, very sorry to see him come, and never was more surprised in my life! And I don't believe that he had anything to do with being sent, or that he wanted to come."

"Oh, that is very likely, when you own that he was in love with you, and wanted you to marry him!"

"But I had refused him, Beppo, before; and all the time he has been there, he has hardly ever spoken to me; and then it was about you."

"Ay! about the way to hunt me out!"

"No Beppo. But about the way to persuade

you to give yourself up,—not for his sake, but for your own!”

“Oh! of course; all for my sake!”

“Why, he could get no good by your giving yourself up at Fano! You need not give yourself up to him,” urged Giulia.

“He seemed rather anxious that I should give myself up to him, just now, though,” retorted Beppo, bitterly.

“Of course, it is his duty to take you if he can. And if he can, he will. But you can put yourself out of his power by giving yourself up at Fano!”

“You seem very desirous that I should give myself up, Giulia, and be sent out of the country! All for my own good, of course, too; like your friend, the Corporal!”

“It is for your own good, Beppo. I was grieved enough when you drew the bad number. God knows whether it was grief to me! But I know that going out of the country to serve for a few years as a soldier, is better than going out into the mountain to live as a bandit for all your life!”

“But who ever thought of living as a bandit all my life? Ah, Giulia! if I only could have hoped for your love, all the rest would have mattered little—and without it, all the rest matters little! I should have come back to Bella Luce as soon as the look out for the men was over, and the soldiers gone; and all might have been well!”

“You could never have come back, Beppo.”

“It was the priest himself who told me so,” rejoined Beppo; “they may spread reports to frighten the men, but do you think the priest don’t know what he is talking about?”

“I believe,” answered Giulia, speaking as if she were saying what she hardly dared to utter, “that the priest knew a great deal better than he said, and that all he cared about was to prevent the men from going to the army. You think he cared about you and Signor Paolo? But what did he send off Niccoló Bossi into the hills for? Do you think he cared about him?”

“Anyway,” rejoined Beppo, rather startled at the force of this argument, “what should you know about the truth of the matter, Giulia?”

“I know from more than one down in the city who would not say one thing for another. But specially there is Signor Sandro, the lawyer. He knows all about it, and will tell you if you ask him. Why, what do you think he said to Signor Paolo, when he knew that you had gone off to the hills? He told him, that of course there could be no thought any more of anything between you and *la Signora Lisa*; that

she could never marry a man who had made a bandit of himself.”

“Did he say that? How do you know it?” asked Beppo with more of natural interest in his manner than he had shown before.

“I know it; because, when he came back from Fano in such a temper as I never knew him in before, he told *la padrona*, and *la padrona* let it out to me the next morning.”

“So, all that is over. Well, there is some good got out of taking to the hills anyway,” said Beppo, with a degree of approach to his natural manner, which Giulia hailed as a most blessed symptom of future possibilities. She made no reply, however, and after a pause he resumed, not in the bitterly indignant tone in which he had spoken at the beginning of the conversation, but still sombrely:—

“But even if I were to take all that you have been telling me for gospel; even if, despite what I saw in Fano, and what I heard at home, I were to believe it all, what is to be said about your decoying me here, and then bringing the soldiers to take me? You write me a letter. I send you one to tell you that I will come to a certain place, hoping to see there one person alone, and you meet me on the road bringing two soldiers with you. Ah, Giulia! what can be said to this?”

“Only the truth, Beppo; and I will tell you the truth. As the Holy Virgin and the Saints hear me, I will tell you nothing but the truth. And I am sure that the Corporal, ay, and his men too, will tell you the same. When I came to know the truth about the consequences of going away to the hills, and being sure that you looked upon it as a very different matter from what it really was, I determined to try all I possibly could to persuade you to come back. But the first thing was to find out where you were; and I went up one day to be with *la Nunziata* at the *Cura*, and there, by good fortune, I saw a man who was a stranger come to speak to the *Curato*; and the Holy Virgin put it into my head that he was come from you. So when he went away from the *Cura* I slipped out after him, and I came up with him just behind the ruined tower at the other end of the churchyard; and I said, ‘Young man, you have come from Beppo Vanni?’ Just so. And he was taken aback like, and said, Yes, he was. And then I persuaded him to tell me the name of the place where you were, and to take a letter to you for me. You had my letter, Beppo?”

“Yes; I had the letter,” said Beppo, beginning, with an infinite sense of relief, to believe that he had been guilty of very monstrous injustice.

“And I agreed that he should bring back a

letter, if you would give him one, and put it in a certain hole in the wall of the tower. But it was very difficult for me to know how to go to get the letter without being seen. And I got leave from the *padrona* to spend a day with *la Nunziata* at the *Cura*, on purpose to find an opportunity. But two of the soldiers came up to the church that day, and stayed all the day in the churchyard watching, so that I could not get an opportunity to go to the tower without being seen."

"Was the Corporal one of the two men, Giulia, who followed you up to the *Cura*?" asked Beppo.

"No, Beppo; they were two of the soldiers. If it had been the Corporal, I should have told you that it was he. So I found that there was no chance of getting the letter except in the night; and I stayed up, after all the others were gone to bed, and stole out of the house as quietly as I could, and ran all the way up to the churchyard, and got to the tower, and found the hole in the bricks, and got the letter, and I was so glad. And the moonlight was very strong, so I was able to read the letter directly; and just when I had read it, I looked up, and was going to run home as fast as I could, when I saw two of the soldiers who had heard me go out of the door, and had got up and followed me up the hill, on purpose to see whether I was not going to get a letter from you somewhere or other. And they had been quite close to me all the time without my knowing it, and had heard the letter, and so they knew that you were to come to the tower on Sunday evening; and they said they must report it to the Corporal, and that they should catch you when you came. And then I was in despair, and was all that night and all the next day thinking how I could prevent you from falling into the trap. And I thought that the only possible way was to go and meet you on the road and warn you myself. So I started when they were all in bed, and I did not know where Santa Maria della Valle di Abisso was; but the man who came to the *Cura* said that he came from Piobico, and I knew that this was the road to Piobico. So I determined to walk all night till I met you, that I might warn you to go back. But the soldiers were watching all the time in the tower, and saw me go by, and followed me all the way, all through the night, and when I met you they were close behind. And that is the whole truth, Beppo, as the Holy Virgin sees my heart."

The simplicity and evident candour with which Giulia had told her long story carried conviction with it at last to Beppo's mind. He felt that he had much for which to obtain pardon; a very long arrear of gratitude to

pay. Nevertheless, the truths that were being brought home to his mind carried with them so exquisite a delight, that he could not forbear from availing himself of the communicative mood in which Giulia appeared to be, to obtain some further pleasures of the same kind.

"And is it really true that you absolutely and altogether refused the Corporal's offer, Giulia?" said he, speaking as if he was really seeking for further information.

"Absolutely and altogether!" exclaimed Giulia. "Of course, it was absolutely and altogether. Oh, Beppo, don't you know that I could not marry him?"

"It is true," said he, hypocritically, "that I have been told that he is one of the worst characters in the service!"

"Oh, who can have said so great a falsehood?" said Giulia, very energetically. "I assure you, Beppo, that he bears a very good character, and is much thought of by his officers."

"It was the priest who said that he was notoriously one of the worst men in the army," replied Beppo; "he told Babbo so, at the same time that he told us, Giulia, that you had made yourself talked of all over Fano by flirting with him!"

"Oh, Beppo! Is it possible that the priest said that? Is it possible? Indeed, indeed, Beppo, it is very untrue! And I do think that the *Curato* cannot be a good man. Corporal Tenda is well known to be a very respectable man!"

"Why did you refuse him, then, Giulia?" said Beppo, reaching at last the point he had been driving at ever since he had brought the conversation back to the subject of the Corporal.

"Beppo, Beppo! can you still ask me why I refused him, or any other man in the world? Do you not know? Is it not for me rather to say that *you* have forgotten?"

"No, Giulia, I have not forgotten! I have forgotten nothing. I could repeat to you every word that you said to me, and every word that I said to you under the great half-way tree—every word! Would you let me repeat them to you now, Giulia? Can you forgive me?"

"Beppo! Oh, Beppo, Beppo! forgive you! Say it all again, repeat all that you said that night, and see if I can forgive you!"

"But it is so far off, Giulia, across the river! I wish I could come over to that side!" said Beppo, with a strong feeling that the conversation in question could not be advantageously rehearsed with a river rushing between the parties to the dialogue.

"And how ever are you to come over to this

side!" cried Giulia, recalled for the first time to the immediate practical difficulties of the situation; "how can you come here, or how can I come to you?"

"*Per Bacco!*" exclaimed Beppo, looking around him; "I don't very well see how I am to get out of this place without help. It is quite impossible to get back the way I came here! It is out of the question to climb the rocks on this side. It is not far down the stream to a place where I could get up the bank on that side,—just below the end of the tunnel. But the river is running at a terrible pace! With a rope to help me I could do it well enough! But——"

"Halloa!" interrupted a new comer on the scene, appearing behind Giulia, at the break in the wall on the top of the precipice; "you don't see how to get out of that, you say. But I don't understand how the devil you got there!"

(To be continued.)

EVERY INCH A KING.

By a common law of perspective, the size of an object is diminished by its distance from the place of the spectator. Mount Athos might be covered by a half-drachma, held close enough to the eye.

In presence of European events, which, from their nearer neighbourhood and their more immediate interest to ourselves, are highly important, it is half apologetically that we call attention to the death of a sovereign in the far-off regions of the North Pacific. Several of the papers in this country and the United States have mentioned the early demise of Kaméhaméha the Fourth, King of the Sandwich—or, more properly, the Hawaiian—Islands. From facilities we possess, we propose to describe in the present paper the career of that young and interesting sovereign, and to give a slight sketch of his character and acquirements.

The islands over which he ruled will be best identified by recalling that they are situated in the North Pacific, and that on their shores Captain Cook was killed in 1779. People often confound them with the Tahiti group, of which Queen Pomare was ruler, and which are forty degrees distant from Hawaii. They are of volcanic origin; and we have more than once described their very striking natural features, and the remarkable eruptions of the principal burning-mountain.

The eight islands of which the little kingdom consists are beautiful and productive. Their exports are rapidly increasing in amount and in value. Owing to the more accessible markets of California and British Columbia,

the sugar, rice, coffee, wool, &c., which are grown by the Hawaiians, do not reach this country; but specimen samples which have been received here show these products to be of fine quality.

The government of the country is a limited monarchy. Kaméhaméha III., under the wholesome influence of his political advisers, bestowed a constitution on his people. Thus he gave away the absolute power and the strictly feudal rights which he had inherited; but so generous was the man's nature, and so genuine the king's love of his country, that it is literally true he would as willingly have given his life as his absolutism, if it could have served "*Hawaii Nei*." Yet traders and visitors to the islands blindly saw in the king only the easy, affable, and uncaring free-liver. The government is, at the present day, regularly organised, having its House of Nobles and House of Representatives, its Departments of State, its Executive, Police, &c. From time to time, amendments have been carried out in the constitution; and some proposed alterations were announced by proclamation to be deliberated at the approaching session of the legislature.

The subject of the present remarks—ALEXANDER LIHOLIHO JOLANI, the fourth successive monarch who had assumed the name of KAMÉHAMÉHA,—came of a remarkable family. The first Kaméhaméha, who has been surnamed The Great, received by inheritance only one portion of one of the islands; but his bold yet politic ambition made him, ere he died, master of the whole group; and he welded the eight islands into one mass so effectually, that no part of his kingdom ever afterwards separated itself from the rest. After a long reign, he was succeeded by his son. In character the reverse of his father, Kaméhaméha II. was contented to repose himself on his parent's laurels; and, laying aside the spear, pleased himself and his facile countrymen in making songs in honour of those warriors whose deeds they all admired, but did not imitate. This is the king who came to England, and died here, together with his queen, in 1825, and in whose reign the destruction of the national idolatry took place. He was followed by a brother—the genial patriotic ruler we have mentioned as granting a constitution to his people. His failings were overbalanced by a noble nature; and he is remembered in the land he loved as Kaméhaméha the Good. Leaving no children, he appointed, before his death, a successor to his throne—the Hawaiians do really possess a modest throne—in the person of his nephew. Of the purest native blood, a finely grown man, upwards of six feet in height, with hands

and feet of aristocratic form and size, Kamehameha IV. commenced his reign in the year 1854, before he had quite attained the age of one-and-twenty. A gentleman in bearing, a prince in liberality, he was in heart essentially a scholar. The American missionaries charged with his education had done their part well. They had taught him all he could learn of them,—that is, all that themselves knew. From them he had no opportunity of exploring classical literature, or the modern languages of Europe, except English, which tongue he wrote and spoke with admirable precision and fluency. What, asks Dryasdust,—German or otherwise,—What could a man know worth knowing who was ignorant of Greek, Sanskrit, and German? Let us inquire. Well read in secular and ecclesiastical history, and in international law; thoroughly enjoying the writings of Thackeray, Dickens, and the most idiomatic of English authors; intimately acquainted with the traditions and poetry of his own land,—the late king was a swordsman, a horseman of remarkable elegance, an angler and sportsman generally, a musician, a dancer, and a sketcher. He was the promoter of every humane institution, of every kind endeavour; his taste was undeniable; his hospitality unbounded. Some private letters which we have seen of the king's would have been mistaken, both as to handwriting, ease, and humour, for those of a polished European, moving in intellectual society.

When about seventeen, the late king and his brother, now Kamehameha V., paid a visit to the old world. During the few months they were in Europe they imbibed impressions never afterwards to be eradicated. They received kind attentions from the lamented late Prince Consort, from the King of the Belgians, and the Prince President of the French, and from members of the higher social world, here and abroad. In returning to their country through the United States the young princes received a slight in public, which, if they had the magnanimity to forgive, they could not forget, and which produced in their hearts a considerable prejudice to Americans. The Hawaiians have received many substantial benefits from that nation, and it was unfortunate that an affront should have been received from some of their citizens, which had the effect of neutralising more genial impressions.

In June, 1856, the king married. The young, and now widowed, Queen Emma is of high Hawaiian blood, on her father's side; but her maternal grandfather was an Englishman, John Young, a seaman, who landed on the islands some seventy years ago, rendered

essential services there, and was raised to the rank of chiefdom by Kamehameha the Conqueror. Queen Emma had been adopted as a daughter by Dr. Rooke, an English physician, residing in the islands. The Queen is fair in complexion, and interesting in appearance. Her charities, her devotion to her late husband, and, in fact, the beauty of her whole character, make her the universally beloved of her people.

The fruit of this marriage was one son, born in May, 1858, a noble and forward boy, who, we regret to add, died in the autumn of 1862, at the age of four years and three months. From that great blow Kamehameha never recovered. One who has known the late king long and intimately thus writes:—"We have all read in history of an English king who, after his son's death, was never seen to smile again. Those who were most about him assert that after his son's death our late king thought of his child every hour of every day, and dreamed of him at night. It cannot be wrong to say that the death of the son hastened the death of the father. God grant that we may never see again so heart-broken a man!"

The king had been anxious to have a branch of the English Church established in Hawaii. A bishop and clergy were on their way to the islands at the time of the young prince's death. His public baptism was to have been the inaugurating act of the mission, Her Majesty Queen Victoria having graciously determined to be his sponsor. Bishop Staley's arrival at Honolulu was too late. The neophyte, who had been baptised, was lying in the dignity of death; and the queen's rich christening present stood at the head of the catafalque.

Two objects of great interest had occupied the king before the English clergy reached the newly-constituted See, and one of them had been already brought to a successful issue. The first of these objects was the erection and maintenance of a public hospital at Honolulu, open to every nation whose denizens found themselves in the Hawaiian archipelago. The effort to found this institution, which was properly named after the Queen, was great, because the islands are not yet possessed of much wealth, and the King and Queen personally solicited benefactions from their subjects wherewith to build and endow the hospital. The hospital was erected, and its salutary effects were soon felt among the sick and suffering.

The other subject which occupied Kamehameha's thoughts and time was a translation of the English Book of Common Prayer into Hawaiian. As he had decided that the English Church was the middle term between Romanism and the Nonconformist's religion,

so he concluded that forms of prayer and praise, and established services, were desirable in worshipping the Divine Being. He therefore commenced a native version of our Prayer Book, and a portion of it was completed and was being printed when the bishop and his clergy set foot in the islands. In the seclusion which the bereaved parents sought after the death of their much-loved child, the translation was completed, even to the rendering into Hawaiian the tables for finding Easter, &c.; and the king added a preface to the book, an apology for the use of forms of prayer, and a history of their use in the Church. It should be mentioned that, previous to this, the king had written, in a native newspaper, a series of letters containing a history of the Christian Church from its commencement.

But there is no complete panacea for a wounded spirit. The father might put by for a time his grief in the interest of his difficult task; and the mother might find relief whilst she administered to other sufferers, as the head and most active member of the Visiting Society, the consolation she was in need of herself; but the king's health was already broken. In the summer of 1863 he visited another island where he had a marine residence. The Bishop of Honolulu had accompanied him thither, but went forward on Saturday afternoon to hold Sunday services at a spot beyond. In his absence, the king chanced upon a box of his child's playthings. This was the last place where he and his boy had been together whilst the latter was in life and health; and he was much moved by the recollections which pressed upon him. The next day, Sunday, some circumstances connected with public worship also tended to agitate the king, and on that afternoon he was seized with incipient paralysis. The immediate danger was got over, but his health afterwards caused anxiety to those about him. On the 28th of last November, being the whitest day in the Hawaiian calendar, the anniversary of the restoration of independence to the islands by Admiral Thomas, after their temporary cession to Lord George Paulet, their Majesties determined to make the effort of putting aside their mourning and appearing again in public; but by the day, specific illness had supervened, and the king could not appear. The disease increased rapidly; and on the 30th he sank in death, literally without even a sigh. The officers of state were hastily summoned, but on their arrival their master was dead; and the faithful queen was hanging over him, breathing into his lips, with the vain hope of restoring life.

Thus closed a reign of nine years, with the life of a monarch who had not quite attained

the age of thirty. Had his lot been cast in Europe, instead of the sunny islands of the Pacific, his energies, talents, and amiability might have made him a name to be known and remembered among those of Kings.

By the last accounts received from the islands, the young, inconsolable Queen remains in the chamber of death night and day, and during a fortnight food had scarcely entered her lips. The corpse of the King was lying in state. Thousands of his subjects had passed through the room where the body, clad in a Field-Marshal's uniform, was outstretched on a couch. A sketch which we have seen shows the touching scene. Officers, bearing the lofty *kahilis*, or wands crowned with a cylinder of scarlet feathers, and reaching nearly to the ceiling of the chamber, keep watch, together with a military guard; whilst his subjects, with irrepressible grief, take their last look of their King, and, as they leave the room, break out into a pathetic wail for their beloved friend and master.

Kaméhaméha V., who has been proclaimed King, is two years older than his late brother, and is unmarried.

THE CARP.

THE well-known fish which forms the subject of this paper is one of the most important of those found in the fresh waters of Europe, and is abundant in almost every country of that continent, excepting only towards the extreme north.

The carp is a fish in high favour with anglers in ponds and lakes. It is plentiful in some rivers, but thrives better in pieces of still water than in a strong stream. It has also a partiality for thick muddy water, and on this account is often found to do best in those discoloured ponds wherein other fish can with difficulty exist. The Rhine, although much praised for its beauty by poets and sentimentals, is nevertheless an exceedingly muddy and thick-coloured river; but it is especially famous for its carp, which are renowned for their size and quality throughout Europe. "Rhine carp," indeed, are as celebrated as are "Calais soles," or "Severn salmon." The Danube and Dnieper also contain splendid carp, and occasionally some of extraordinary size are taken in the river Elbe. All things considered, the Danube is as famed for the excellence and abundance of its fish as any river in Europe. The pike and perch of the Danube are wonderful fish, the former sometimes weighing as much as forty, and the latter four or five pounds—a size which we should think super-excellent and extraordinary in England.

Carp are noble fish, and in waters where they can feed well, and are but little disturbed, grow to a great size. Fish of this species weighing from ten to twenty pounds are not uncommon in many European rivers and lakes. Even in England carp frequently run as high as to fourteen or sixteen pounds, and I have seen many over twelve pounds taken out of the "long water" in Kensington Gardens; a locality well suited to encourage the growth of carp,—firstly, because the water itself is still and muddy; and, secondly, because the fish grow fat on the superfluity of bread, biscuits, &c., thrown in by the public for the benefit of the water-fowl. There are also good bream in the same piece of water; but, I believe, angling therein is now forbidden. In speaking of the size of the carp in the "long water," I am referring to a period five or six years back. When the Serpentine was cleaned partially out, about the year 1858 or 1859, an enormous quantity of fish and of superb eels floated to the surface, and were carried away by the bystanders. Such eels indeed I have never seen, either before or since.

The carp is an intelligent, docile fish, and is, I really believe, when kept in ponds, capable of forming an attachment to those who feed it. Gesner and others relate instances of its docility which would, if true, go far to prove this. All, however, that has been said by Gesner, or any other of his class, concerning fresh-water fish, must be taken *cum grano salis*. Gesner was much given to gross exaggeration, which is the more to be regretted, as it is common for later writers on the same subjects to take for granted many of his incredible anecdotes, and hence errors are handed down as facts from one naturalist to another. Nothing but careful personal experience could justify anyone in writing on a subject so important to the community as everything connected with our fresh and salt-water fish; and whenever I record any fact which has not come under my own notice, I always do so with a reservation.

Several persons really worthy of credit have affirmed that the carp, when well domesticated—if I may use the word—will readily come to the surface of the water, at the sound of a small hand-bell, to be fed. This, however, implies that the fish must first have formed a sort of attachment to its keeper, and must, moreover, by some means have been taught to understand what the ringing of the bell was intended to signify. Carp, as I can testify, will take crumbs from the hand of an owner who has petted them, either in a small pond or in an "aquarium." I have witnessed this myself. The carp at Sans-Souci are celebrated for

their tameness and docility; and few travellers visit the neighbourhood without making a point of visiting the water in which they are kept, in order that they may have an opportunity of inspecting these wonderful fish. Some of these carp are grey with age. Many are believed to be a hundred years old; and it is said that some individuals amongst them weigh seventy or eighty pounds.

It is very certain that the carp is a long-lived fish, perhaps the most so of all those living in fresh water. The fact has been often proved by marking the fish, and periodically "drawing" the ponds in which they are kept. Instances have occurred of ponds only "drawn" once in a half century, yielding large carp which had been marked fifty or sixty years previously by the father or grandfather of the present owner of the ponds. Perhaps, after the carp, the pike lives the longest of fresh-water fish, and when waters have been dragged which originally contained several varieties of fish, it has not seldom been found that the carp and the pike were the two sole surviving species.

The carp, as I have said, thrives best in ponds and lakes; but it is found to a considerable extent in rivers. I have occasionally taken small carp of one or two pounds weight when fishing for roach and barbel. In the autumn of 1856, when I was fishing with one of my brothers at Walton-on-Thames, we saw a gentleman take a five-pound carp whilst roach-fishing. The bait used was a gentle. The captor of the fish informed us that he had caught a small carp previously, whilst gudgeon-fishing, with a red-worm. He was quite a stripling, and seemed very proud of his exploits.

The baits used for carp are a gentle, a blood worm (of the kind called Prussian), a paste of white bread, or the grubs of a wasp's nest. Occasionally a brandling will entice carp. In rivers where there are carp I think the most killing bait is the gentle; but in ponds a paste or blood worm takes best. The bait used in the Serpentine was almost invariably paste; but then, it must be remembered, that the carp in that water were being perpetually "ground-baited," as it were, with the bread thrown into it for the water-fowl. A fine tackle should be used, as bringing the skill of the angler more into play. Many persons use a hair line, and I have done so myself; but I am not a carp-fisher. The hook must be larger than that for roach, but not too coarse. It requires to be of well-tempered steel, as the carp is a sturdy fish, and a large carp will tax the powers of even a skilful angler to the uttermost. I advise that the hook should be

No. 8, and that the angler have a quill float, rather thicker than that used for roach and dace. In the months of July and August carp often lie beneath the broad leaves of water lilies on a pool, and not more than a foot from the surface. On such occasions, if the angler use a blood worm, and adjust his bait so as to sink it to the same depth at which the carp are lying listless, he will sometimes have good sport. If the fish will not look at the worm, the fisherman may try a fine paste made of the crumb of a French roll, and slightly sweetened with honey or sugar. Honey, if procurable, is best, as it holds the bait together. Of the two baits I prefer the blood worm, not only because it is far less trouble, but because if the pond contain other fish as well as carp, the angler may often add a fine tench or perch to his basket. In the cold months carp lie at the bottom amongst the mud, and do not stir much to feed, except in the middle of a warm bright day, when they will sometimes bite for an hour or so. The best bait then is a gentle. Carp will live in the most foul and muddy water, and in small ponds almost puddles. The small ponds on Streatham Common contain carp, and there are carp also in the ponds about Sydenham. I have seen them taken out of all the ponds in question, and sometimes good fish, much to my astonishment.

The carp when in season is of a beautiful guinea-gold colour, and, though coarse, is certainly a handsome fish, to my eye at least. There is considerable doubt as to the period of the spawning of carp; but I take it that, as in other fish, the time varies according to the season and the peculiarities of individual fish. Some writers fix the breeding time as late as July; but I am inclined to think that the majority of carp spawn about the second week in May. I have seen carp in spawn as late as the second week in June, but not later; and the season to which I refer had been a late one for all sorts of fish.

Germany, Prussia, and Austria furnish the best carp in Europe, perhaps in the world; and I believe they are finer than those of the other continents both in size and flavour. I have said that the Rhine is noted for its carp. Besides the rivers named by me above, many of the European lakes contain splendid fish. The Lake of Geneva affords excellent trout and carp. At the German "ordinaries," or rather at the ordinaries which may be termed "Franco-German," stewed carp form a favourite dish. The usual way of dressing them is to stew them; and they are seldom cooked in any other way, except in some of the continental monasteries and convents, where they are plainly boiled. Plain boiled carp, however, is

a far from inviting dish. I have often had occasion to advert to the use of wine in making the coarser kinds of fish palatable for the table. The carp is a notable example of this, as nine persons out of ten who eat carp stew them in wine, with a few sprigs of mace. Stuff the carp with sweet herbs or not, according to fancy, and note that in stewing this fish port or Rhenish are *always* the wines to be used, although some persons use Madeira. To my thinking, carp are, under any circumstances, coarse fish; but a carp not exceeding eight pounds in weight may be made a palatable dish with a little care in dressing it. I have tasted potted carp, which was excellent, quite as good as char or sea-trout; but I regret to say that I could not induce the lady in whose house I made the experiment to disclose her recipe for potting them, or I would willingly have added it to those which, through the kindness of its editor, I have already given to the readers of this periodical.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

I.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
Steel blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare:
Yet unto me the stillness
This burthen seems to bring,—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

II.

Strong ash, and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak, and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
Hath ceased her quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

III.

I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand,
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thrush, why dost not sing?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

IV.

O heart! thy days are darksome;
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them, be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

W. J. L.

THE UNINVITED.

THREE CHAPTERS OF DATAVIAN HISTORY.



It was nearly midnight. But there was neither darkness nor silence in the house of Mynheer Grootchedel, the Burgomaster of Nineguen. Servants in diverse liveries hurried hither and thither, in hall, staircase, and cor-

ridors, all of which were bright with lights and gay with flowers and foliage. The sound of music pervaded the entire mansion, whose massive timbers vibrated to the measured tread of scores and scores of dancers. The scene

displayed to the curious interlopers of inferior rank, who were peering inward from the outer doorway of the splendid first-floor suite, was one combining every charm of the fairest spectacles of nature—all imaginable variety of tenderer tint or richer colouring, of comely form and of gracefully undulating movement, under light too well diffused to admit of sombre shadows,—the whole instinct with life in that culmination of beauty which owes its short-lived reign to joy quickened by fluttering hope, and the soft lightning darted between pleasure-sparkling eyes, and setting cheeks aglow.

But amid every landscape there are spots of blight and desolation, none the less real for their not appearing in the general prospect. All was not mirth and hope within that festive scene.

There was one among the guests who stood moodily apart—a young man of some five-and-twenty years, more aristocratic in his bearing and the taste of his attire than most of those then present. This was Hendrick van Oorsveldt, a gallant and stanch adherent of the House of Orange; whereas his host of this evening was a believer even now (the year was 1590) in the vain and incompetent Earl of Leicester and his half-hearted counsellors and captains. Hendrick had seriously impaired his patrimony in his devotion to the cause which he deemed to be that of his country and his God. This helped with the circumstance of their differing politics to keep him low in the favour of the prudent burgomaster. But the plebeian magnate's favour, strange as it may sound, was no matter of indifference to this young noble. For the plebeian had a daughter, fair and graceful—wise also, but so gay and uniformly pleasant, both of speech and eye, that even brainless boobies approached her without fear; while many who piqued themselves on the abundance of their brains, failed to discern, through the scintillation of her playful wit, the depth of unobtrusive excellence which it at once adorned and veiled. Hendrick and she loved each other truly; and the burgomaster knew it. But, cautious every way, he had hitherto refrained from speech and action in the matter. This evening, however, Oorsveldt was aware of a change of tactics. Whithersoever Bertha Grootschedel might turn, a bevy of female cousins, aided by their attendant dangles, hemmed her assiduously round. As often as he approached, these ladies took turns in occupying his attention, with a skill and pertinacity which his politeness could not easily resist; while, of the gentlemen, one or other was on the watch to engage that of Bertha, in the brief intervals when she was relieved from the assiduities, not appa-

rently over-welcome to her, of a slender but shapely young gallant, who evinced by his demeanour his own sense of the honour he conferred upon the guests at large by mixing in their citizen festivities. This was the young Count Ulrich von Aldenhuyzen, formerly a pet and junior aide-de-camp of Leicester's. By one familiar with the Court of France, he would have been set down, from the effeminate extravagance of his dress, his scented curls, his affected accent, as one of the number of the notorious *mignons* of that miserable king in whom, on his assassination about a year before, the splendid line of Valois had so ingloriously ended. The burgomaster had made this count's acquaintance only two days before; and, for reasons of his own, had introduced him to his daughter, bidding him at the same time to the present entertainment. Count Ulrich, though a stranger to Nimeguen, had also his reasons for accepting the invitation; and now, much as he might look down on the assemblage of money-making citizens among whom he found himself, he had evidently made up his mind that the attractive daughter of one whose money was already made was not unworthy of his serious attention. Hendrick—whose mind had been crossed more than once by a suspicion that Bertha herself was a party, willing or unwilling, to the game so successfully carried on before her eyes—had desisted from his attempts to reach and to address her, and stood, as has been said, apart, in no comfortable or benevolent frame of mind and feeling.

Still, to the surreptitious lookers-on, all seemed alike joyous, bright, and enviably gay.

But a change came over the smiling aspect of the scene.

From the farthest chamber of the suite was heard suddenly a female shriek, followed instantaneously by many others in every variety of voice and intonation. The movements of the dance were arrested, there was a rush of guests towards the inner room, and the music died away in a few agitated chords. Then, after a moment's silence, the voice of the burgomaster was heard,—but barely heard,—for its tones were straightway overborne, absorbed, and silenced by those of another voice, deep as the first utterance of the thunder-cloud. Mute attention was evidently given to the new speaker's words, and ere these could have been very many, the whole listening crowd of revellers were seen to direct suddenly behind them a look of comfortless dismay towards that outer doorway, from whence the servants and their favoured friends were watching their proceedings. These hereupon looked also involuntarily round, and discovered themselves to be hemmed in by a file of shaggy steel-capped

troopers, who, fully armed with sword and arquebus, had silently taken post behind them in the corridor. At the same moment the first articulate sound reached them from the huddling mass of panic-stricken revellers within, by whom was repeated the name of "Martin Schenk!" in every accent of amazement, consternation, and despair.

"Yes," said one of the troopers to a gazing townsman, whom he clapped at the same time cheerfully upon the shoulder, "old Donnerblitz is in there, by the high dais, with some choice additions to the company. He is not going to interrupt the mirth, but share it. We, too, expect our portion of what good cheer is going."

Martin Schenk was one of the most formidable coadjutors of the Prince of Parma—the relentless governor, consummate general, and accomplished liar—who was drawing his toils around that portion of the revolted Netherlands which had baffled the craft and withstood the military power of Parma's uncle, the pale bigot of the Escorial, and so achieved its deliverance from the Spanish rule.

Martin, a captain of free companions, had long kept the Bishoprics of Cologne and Cleves in check by perpetual surprise of towns, and levying of black-mail, under the pleasant appellation of *Brandschätzung*, or price of exemption from being burnt out of house and home. He had recently extended his operations further to the west; but no one in Nimeguen, except perhaps the thoughtful and already experienced Van Oorsveldt, had ever dreamt of his paying their good town a predatory visit.

He had entered the mansion by a backway, and, mounting by a private staircase, had passed from thence to the inner reception-room, to which it adjoined; and all this so quietly, though accompanied by half-a-dozen of his officers, that already he himself stood near the middle of the chamber, and the officers within its private doorway, ere this addition to the company had been remarked by any one save the disengaged and observant Oorsveldt. When, however, a lady (turning, oppressed by heat, from the group that surrounded Bertha) caught sight of the six grisly troopers, and discovered their stern and weather-beaten captain at her elbow, all being drenched and dripping from the waistbelt that bore their pistols and confined their buff-coats downwards, she gave utterance to her surprise and terror in the cry which had startled all within hearing from their festivity.

"This house," said Martin, coolly disregarding Grootchedel's loud demand to be informed who they were who thus intruded, unbidden, on a scene of private festivity, and

on what pretext they did so—"this house, with the entire block in which it stands, two houses on the right, three on the left, and six behind, is inclosed by a double line of gentlemen like those you see. I will interrupt your mirth only so long as while you, Herr Burgomaster, countersign these modest requisitions," pulling herewith some papers from his pouch. "The first set are for meat and drink to be furnished to my companions—nay, sir, you need not stir," added he, as a gentleman moved from near him towards the principal entrance of the room; "look that way, and you will see that there is no passage from this suite;"—and then it was that all within sight of the doorway leading to the corridor looked in that direction, as above described. "The second set, my worthy host, are for one hundred thousand guilders, to be paid down, here where I stand, within three hours' time. Ah! 'impossible,' you were about to say," as he saw the burgomaster opening his lips to speak. "If it is, that matters little. My boys are very reasonable, and never kick against impossibilities. Where coin is scarce, they will compound cheerfully for gold, or even gems and jewels of sufficient price. Where requisitions fail, they can content themselves with a sack instead—but *always with fire to follow*," added he, in words which left no doubt, in the minds of those who heard, as to who it was with whom they had to do; and then the outer room resounded, as already said, with the dreaded captain's name.

"Nay," said he, with a grim smile, when the first shock of surprise and terror had subsided, "if it really appears to you that a properly-apportioned requisition might perhaps be attended with success, you have only, Mynheer Burgomaster, to fill in, with the assistance and advice of these worthy townsmen whom I have the pleasure of now meeting under your hospitable roof, this schedule, viz., in this column, with ten to twenty good and substantial names, and in this with the proportions of the proposed contribution for which each may, in your estimation, be equitably made answerable. Then, attach your signature. My lieutenant here, trusty Jan Voorst, will, under the guidance of some gentlemen familiar with the town, present the document to such of the assessed as are not here present; and some of my officers now in waiting below will accompany to their homes, or other repositories of their cash, such of your kind contributors who are. These preliminary matters once arranged, we will resume the festivities of the evening; and when supper shall be served, I hope, with my friends, to do it as ample justice as its excellence will unquestionably merit."

While the free captain spoke thus, Hendrick, who amid the confusion occasioned by his first appearance had easily made his way at last to Bertha's side, exchanged a few words with her, which must have had a quieting effect upon her nerves. She breathed after this conference more freely.

II.

Not long thereafter a cavalier issued from among the group of guests nearest to the outer doorway, and stepping, with a business-like air, up to one of the troopers there on guard, said to him:

"Follow me, to find pen and ink."

"Martin Schenk never is without them," answered the man, without moving a muscle that was not concerned in the utterance of this brief reply.

"Well and accurately stated," said the gentleman; "it is only ink we want; the water has spoiled his, so this way, if you please." And the trooper, suffering him to pass, followed without further parley. They soon returned, the gentleman bearing a silver standish. He re-entered the rooms, and disappeared among the still silent and closely crowded company.

After a brief interval the same gentleman again approached the trooper:

"The first instalment is wanted," said he; "you and I must fetch it;" and he showed a bunch of keys.

The trooper accompanied him to an upper floor. There, entering an apartment which had the appearance of a luxuriously furnished dressing room, having evidently a lady for its rightful occupant, he opened a cabinet, and counting the drawers inside till he came to one of which he was in search, unlocked this and took from it an elegant but strongly-constructed casket.

"This," said he, "I must convey to the presence of your captain, but not through the crowd outside; you must accompany me down the other stairs, and pass me inward by the private door."

With these words he put a gold piece in the trooper's hand.

"Lead on," said the fellow, with a surly smile of satisfaction.

They gained the private door; the gentleman was admitted, and his formidable attendant, ere he turned away, saw him deposit the casket on a table by which stood the fair mistress of the house, an act which the grim Martin honoured with an approving nod. The trooper had not long resumed his appointed post, when the servants and strangers, getting weary of their confinement in the narrow space around the doorway, began to struggle for greater liberty of locomotion, nor were the efforts of all the

guards on that station more than was required to control them without the use of deadly weapons. Ere these insubordinates had been fully reduced to submission, the cavalier already mentioned appeared a third time, with his bunch of keys, as before.

"You seem to have your hands full," said he to his former attendant; "but you can trust me, now. And, after all," he added, "I presume that it would be difficult in any case to run away."

"Pass," said the man, with a rigid smile.

The gentleman disappeared, ascending as before, but this time alone, the upward flight of stairs. Nearly three hours elapsed before he again descended. But his non-appearance in the interval did not disturb the trooper. Every known outlet of the house was guarded, and the soldier took for granted that the gentleman would, as before, re-enter the dancing rooms by the back entrance.

This, however, was by no means the purpose of the latter. No sooner had he reached the room whence he had fetched the casket, than, seizing a light which burnt there, and taking up an iron firehook from the stove, he made his way swiftly to the second range of the attics, which rose tier on tier within the high-pitched roof of the mansion. There in a spacious laundry or drying room he possessed himself of a coil of rope, strong enough, when doubled, to sustain his weight, and also of a handful of dry linen. Opening a window in the gable-wall, and carefully guarding his light from the rush of air which was thus admitted, he ignited the linen, and thrusting it through the opening, obtained, as the night-wind fanned it to a flaring flame, a momentary view of the relative arrangements, in these airy regions, of this and the contiguous house. He could perceive that the latter, in common with nearly all others in the town, but unlike the burgomaster's new and more pretentious dwelling, turned its gables to the street; and that, consequently, the slope of its tiled roof formed with the perpendicular wall, from one of whose apertures he viewed it, a valley (as the builders term it), and that the bottom of this hollow was occupied by a leaden gutter. This seemed to lie about twelve feet below his present position. Attaching therefore his doubled cord to a collar-beam overhead, he cast the other end through the window, clambered out and slid safely down upon the gutter. Great as was his haste, he thought a few moments might be well employed in reconnoitring the enemy. So, proceeding towards the front, he peered cautiously over into the dark gulf of the street below. It was a moonless October night. A link gleamed here and there, flickering and twinkling, as the wind

swept by, amid a narrow circle of uncertain light. But, observing such figures as came within these spots of scanty illumination, he could see that all traffic up and down the street was prevented, by the simple process of arresting and detaining every person who approached the cordon of armed men described by Schenk in his lucid explanatory speech. So profound was the silence enforced, that the inmates of the mansions overlooking this investing force, seemed as yet quite unconscious of its presence. He satisfied himself that the line of guards did actually continue its course down a narrow cross lane two houses off, and doubted no longer that all communication with the town forces and authorities, through ordinary channels, was effectually cut off. This confirmed him in his present purpose. By the aid of the iron hook he had secured, he raised some tiles, tore up the spars on which they rested, and effected an opening in the lath and plaster beneath, sufficient to admit him into the interior of whatever chamber it protected. He dropped boldly, at all hazards, in, lighted on what felt beneath his feet like a heap of clothes or other drapery, and, stumbling on the yielding and uneven surface, fell forward across a bed, and upon its occupant. A rough voice, as of one startled out of sleep, demanded, with an oath, who was there.

"Heer van Oorsveldt," answered the gentleman. "Up, knave, and bring me to your master."

"He's ill, and can't be seen," answered the other in a sulky tone.

"He *must*!" said Oorsveldt. "Do not give me the trouble of dragging you out of bed. Up, and do my bidding!"

The man obeyed, though grumbling, as he shivered down the stairs, bitter imprecations on young cavaliers, who pursued their revels till they did not know on which end sober people's houses stood, and mistook, in their cups, attic-windows for street-doors. They found the master of the house still up, too ill to join the party next door, but unable to hope for sleep, owing to the sounds of music, which had till within the last quarter of an hour reached him through the brick nogged walls, and of which he every moment anticipated the recommencement.

"All I want," said Hendrick, after he had briefly explained to him the critical position of affairs, "is a rope and a lantern. Be liberal of your drink, when called on, and do not yet despair."

He got what he required, and in due time, working his way rapidly from attic to attic, descended into the third house, being that whose side-walls flanked the narrow lane already

mentioned. In the upper portion of this tenement dwelt, as he knew, a worthy tradesman, the tailor whom he usually employed, Heer Zumpt by name. Finding him a-bed, he soon roused him out of all tendency to slumber by the intelligence he communicated; and received from him, on the instant, promises of unlimited assistance. A ladder was the first requisite, and hands enough to manage it, with noiseless ease, the second.

"There are repairs," said Zumpt, "going on upon the house behind; there must be ladders in the yard,—and this is a populous tenement. I'll find you hands."

Soon a ladder of moderate length was hoisted in by a back window of the attics, and an opening made through the roof on the side towards the lane, the tiles being carefully drawn inward. Hendrick was raised with his lantern half-way through it, to investigate the conditions of his projected enterprise. He saw that, owing to the narrowness of the lane, with which he was familiar (and whose houses, moreover, projecting story over story, decreased in mutual distance as they ascended), the roof of the house over the way was not more than nine feet distant from him where he stood. There was a sort of storm window in it, nearly on a level with his present position, and directly opposite. He re-descended; the ladder was cautiously thrust through, and with much care, and the use of some hastily-improvised tackling, adjusted as a bridge terminating on the other roof, close beneath the window, which seemed to be unglazed and closed only by a shutter. Bidding those within hold firm, Oorsveldt crept out upon the ladder. He was already over the lane, a mark only too clearly defined against the now starry sky for the bullet of any trooper who should happen at that juncture to look up, when he heard a loose tile, disengaged by some movement of his friends behind, slide downwards. There, thought he, goes a message to seal my fate, and that of Nimeguen. It was impossible to turn. He waited a second or two to hear the crash below—the alarm—and to receive the deadly volley. But all was still. It had pleased Providence, in its all-foreseeing wisdom, to endow good Heer Zumpt with an indomitable taste for gardening, a *penchant* which, in his lofty premises, he could no otherwise indulge than by the use of window-boxes filled with mould. In one of these the tile, that might have been so fatal, lay quietly arrested. Who knows with what weighty issues his most trivial acts are pregnant? Little thought the honest tailor, when he hung that unusually capacious box of his over the heads of his fellow-citizens, in what a mighty drama he was

acting an essential part!—the great drama of Dutch independence and, in it, that of English liberty, in which has further stood involved that of every country now free, or destined yet to be so, throughout the habitable world.

After that pause of awful expectation, Oorsveldt, with a beating heart and some faintness of the limbs, moved slowly on, and gained the storm window that rose from the steep slope of the opposite roof. The eaves concealed him from all eyes below; but, alas! he found the shutter to be fastened so securely on the inner side, as to resist every effort he could make to open it. Chagrined, but not disheartened, he slowly took his painful way backward along the ladder.

"Who," said he, "can find a carpenter with his centre-bit and keyhole saw?"

None responded, save the good Heer Zumpt.

"If my Jan were only here!" said he. "He is a schoolmaster and sexton now, but he can handle all sorts of tools; for Wilhelm Horst and he—"

"But Jan isn't here, so where's the use?" interrupted a more practical but, for the time, equally resourceless counsellor.

"Father," at last said a little girl, from the crowd which now filled the attic, "I saw Wilhelm Horst come up before I went to bed; I am sure it was he, though it was not quite like him neither."

"Nonsense, child!" said Madame Zumpt "Vrouw Horst had no thought at five o'clock this afternoon of her son's coming home."

"But," said Hendrick, catching at a chance, "if he is a carpenter, we can but see for ourselves whether your little girl is deceived or not. Lead the way, Heer Zumpt; let us pay Vrouw Horst a visit."

Zumpt instantly complying, they descended to the second floor below, where the tailor knocked at a dingy-looking door. It was opened instantly by a woman of some five-and-forty years, in her ordinary daylight dress. She did not appear to have retired to rest.

"Neighbour Horst," said Zumpt. "my kattkin tells me that Wilhelm is now with you. Is it so?"

"Yes, my good friend," replied she, with a sad voice and tearful eye; "but—"

"Let us see him instantly," interrupted the tailor: "he is wanted for a job that admits of no delay."

"Alas!" said the poor widow, "his last job, I fear, is done. He cannot help you. But see him, and then judge. He'll be pleased to greet you."

She made way for them to enter. Reclining on his bed, but not undressed, they found the artizan—a tall and handsome man, of that

intelligent look and kindly aspect in which one may recognise "the true widow's son." But his flushed and hollow cheek, and over brilliant eye told at a glance that he had come home to die. That stage of his fatal malady was not, however, apparently yet reached when strength and energy are utterly extinguished. Hendrick laid on a table by his bed three gold pieces.

"There," said he, "is your fee, if you will come instantly and help us."

"What is the job?" asked the carpenter; "and why can't it wait till I have had some sleep? I have come far, and am somewhat weary."

Zumpt explained the case. The carpenter sat up.

"It would be his death," cried his mother, in an indignant voice. "Away, sir, with your gold! Not but that you are very kind—but do you think I can let him sell what chance of life he yet may have for any sum of gold that you could name?"

"Friend," said Hendrick, "gold may improve his chance."

"Thanks to my boy himself, sir," said the woman, "I have wherewith to procure him all he can require while his complaint continues. Should the Lord see fit to take my son, I can trust Him to provide for my necessity. Take away that money," she resumed in terror, as she saw her Wilhelm extend his hand towards it. But the latter only pushed it towards Oorsveldt, rising, however, as he did so.

"Mother," he said, "you would that my life should be prolonged. There is but One who can prolong it. If I refuse his work while I can do it, dare you pray to Him that He would spare me? Do you know what threatens us? Have you lived through these years, and not learnt what is meant by the pillage of a town? And even if Schenk can be bought off this time, he will come again for more, and hold us with a garrison at last, like Arnheim—hold us for these demons of Spain; and the true Gospel, for which my father died, will be quenched in fire and blood and torture, as before. It will give worth indeed to my poor life to risk it in a cause like this. I thank God for the call: for I thought my days of usefulness were ended. Give me no gold," he continued, addressing Hendrick. "My mother will not want. I have provided for her better than she is aware."

He reached an old tool-box, a relic of his boyish days. The mother threw herself in silence into her elbow-chair, covered her face with her apron, and struggled with convulsive grief.

"Come," said the mechanic, "let no more time be lost."

The heart of Oorsveldt smote him as he marked the languid gait and the emaciated limbs of the artisan who ascended the steep attic-stairs before him. "Cruel necessity!" thought he, "that bids me tax, and perhaps drain the last remnant of his wasted strength. But necessity it is; and besides, who could turn him now? Heaven only grant he may be equal to the task!"

But he was not. Once out upon the ladder—a position which he did not attain without a visibly prodigious effort—his head swam, and he sunk flat upon that perilous and narrow bridge. It was well that so many were there to help; for it required the exertion of no small power to draw the ladder now so far backwards as to admit of its being disencumbered of its load. While Horst, prostrate on the attic floor, was slowly recovering consciousness, Hendrick had nearly made up his mind, though utterly unskilled in carpentry, to take the needful tools, and as a desperate resource, attempt himself to pierce the shutter. But time was now everything, and such work must in his hands be desperately slow, if performed at all.

In that moment a voice from the stairs, as of a young man, struck his ear, and immediately Heer Zumpt rushed out, exclaiming—

"My Jan! sent by Providence in the nick of time!"

"O yes!" cried Jan, in answer to his father's quick appeal, "give me the tools. You'll trust me with them, Wilhelm," added he, with a cheerful smile, as he stooped to select the implements required from the box which stood by the slowly reviving carpenter. The eyes of the latter beamed with delight and happy confidence.

"But, mother," said Jan, "you must be active too, and all you women, for that matter. Those rascals seized me at the corner. I was on my way home from Fried. Schmitt's wedding feast. But when they learned that I had relations here, they let me come in, to get them a supply of eatables and drinkables. So, collect at once all the meat, and, above all, the strongest drink you can find between roof and cellar floor, and let them have it instantly; the busier they are with that the better for us."

With these words, he scrambled nimbly upon the ladder, and returned in less than ten minutes, having successfully pierced and opened the obstructing window-shutter.

"Heer Baron," said he, "the time has not been lost which Providence has made you wait to find a workman. The shutter board was large; so the saw, fine as it is, made some noise, which must have been partly heard below there. But the sky has clouded over in the

last twenty minutes. The night is black as pitch; the ladder is now as invisible to them as nothing. But up, Freyheer, and I will follow you; for you may find bolted doors as well as windows on your way."

"And you, my good friends," said Hendrick, turning to the other men of serviceable age then present, "do you, too, follow; I shall want you all."

None hesitated, under the new security of total darkness.

Once in the street, a few doors beyond Schenk's outermost pickets, Hendrick and his party hastened with all speed to the house of the commandant of the town-guard (fortunately an old and experienced soldier). To explain all to this officer, to dispatch his own followers, each furnished with twenty addresses of the members of that force, and bid to summon them quietly to an immediate muster under arms—to array the first twenty who arrived in certain dresses, procured in the interval from various houses of his friends—to arrange with the commandant the combinations he had himself devised—these were tasks which, in the course of much less than the ninety minutes of respite from general military rapine that now remained, he executed with the unembarrassed promptitude which belongs only to minds of that order out of which events mould leading warriors, statesmen, and—when they are wanted—kings.

"I ascertained," said he to the captain, "by hazarding to a trooper a remark, which he did not contradict, that they came in across the river. You know, therefore, where the line of their communication must be broken. Press them hard around Grootchedel's by three o'clock. Now, good-night; and the Lord be our helper!"

III.

Supper had been served—the second sumptuous repast of that night's revel—in the mansion of the burgomaster. Even the terrible Martin had proved unable to induce his victims to renew the dance. Such a mockery of their own grief and indignation they refused to perpetrate. But supper had intrinsic recommendations of a kind less dependent upon temporary circumstances. Some sacrifice of dignity would not utterly destroy the savour of fricassees, of roasts, and confitures, nor deprive their host's rich wines of all their power to cheer and elevate. They were honest Hollanders—the guests. So the immense company sat now at several tables, in the many-pillared, low-ceiled hall, which occupied the chief part of the basement story of the building. At the head of the chief board sat

Schenk, his rough features arrayed in grotesque smiles of seeming jovial abandonment. Grootshedel, who appeared to have decided that utter subserviency was, under the circumstances, the wisest policy, not only was seated on his right, but had actually obliged his daughter to occupy a place upon the ruffian's left; where she sat, pale but untrembling, ready for such prompt speech or action as occasion might require. Troopers, in sufficient number to maintain complete control over the unarmed company, were stationed round the hall—a guard of honour, as Schenk facetiously termed them. These, notwithstanding their having had a liberal share of liquor, had lost no trace of their customary stern solidity of look and bearing. Their officers sat judiciously dispersed amid the guests. The servants were, apparently, more numerous than had attended at the earlier meal.

The additions to the number of these latter might be kitchen and office functionaries, at leisure from further commissariat duties to give their aid in the banquet-room. That their present occupation was, at all events, not their customary one, was a thought readily suggested by their awkwardness and embarrassment, which amused not a little those whose habits enabled them to detect such menial deficiencies.

"Can you make room for me?" said a well-known voice behind Frank Gronow, who sat at an angle of a table contiguous to that at which Schenk had his place, and nearest to that place of all the guests, except those seated right and left of the free-captain. "If good company has, as it seems, dulled your appetite, hard work has sharpened mine. Thank you," as Gronow edged away so as to admit Hendrick to the corner-place upon the bench. "Now, listen to what I have got to say."

While Gronow listened to Hendrick, stout old general Backhuys was thus addressed in a low voice, in like manner from behind.

"When Van Oorsveldt cries, '*Schenk for ever!*' seize with your neighbours that enemy beside you. The guards will not interfere. We are all armed, and will dispose of them."

He looked quietly round, and saw one of the awkward squad of servants standing, with a stolid look, ready to fill his glass with a rare wine; which was being then served exclusively, as he had remarked, by them. He saw this man, thereafter, stoop behind an officer of Schenk's, by whom he sat, and address him precisely at the same length; but, listening attentively (and he was sharper-eared than the trooper for his own native Guelder tongue), he could discover that a description of the wine formed for him the sole substance of the servant's communication.

There was a turn-table in the wall whereby the viands were introduced. Through this there had been passed, at an early period of the meal, some large panniers, filled apparently with flowers. These were received uniformly by the same less handy waiters, and were distributed on the various side-tables that lined the circuit of the hall.

Time wore rather anxiously on.

At length Schenk arose, with no trace of even affected hilarity remaining on his brow.

"Heer Burgomaster," said he, turning to his host, "not more than one-third of the stipulated ransom has come in. Time is now up; and we may wait no longer. Captain Voss, pass the second word, and let the sack begin; now, my brave boys, let each choose for his hostage the fair lady that best suits his fancy. Mine sits here by me."

With that he moved his right hand towards the pistols in his belt, and was extending the other to lay hold on the now dismayed and fainting Bertha, when a powerful blow struck down his upraised arm. He felt himself enclosed in an embrace so irresistible as pinned both his sinewy elbows helpless to his sides. In the same moment, "Schenk for ever!" was shouted in a voice of gay derision close behind his ear, and every officer of his at table was seized, overpowered, and disarmed by the civilians who sat round him.

"Guards, ho!" cried the free-captain, purple, and foaming with astonishment and fury.

But half of his guards were already shot down by the new-come servants, with pistols drawn promptly from beneath the ample skirts of the liveries they wore; the others, having made a wild discharge of their fire-arms with but slight effect, amid the surprise and confusion of that sudden *mêlée*, were endeavouring vainly to make head with their swords against the whole host of attendants, who had armed themselves from out the flower baskets with similar weapons.

None of their trooper comrades came to their reinforcement from without, for volleys now echoed from the street, mingled with shouts and yells, as of the fiercest combat.

Our worthy freebooter was foiled this time in both the chances of his double game.

By possessing himself of the persons of the leading citizens, their dames and daughters, as his manner was, he had meant to secure hostages for advantageous parley, in case of discovery and surprise from without; while a sack, once commenced, could secure to him, by stipulating to countermand it, escape from any overmatching move within.

"Forth, then, for your lives!" cried Martin, to his disarmed associates; and throwing off

with a sudden effort those townsmen who now held him, he rushed through the nearest doorway, and escaped into the street behind. One officer achieved a like escape; the rest were reserved for trial and punishment.

Schenk, as is well known, fought his way, with arms snatched probably from some dead or disabled combatant, through all opposition, to the river, and plunged once more amid its waters. But he never reached the further bank alive.

His flight once known, the survivors of his company surrendered.

Loud were the praises gratefully bestowed on Hendrick Van Oorsveldt for his ready wit, dauntless perseverance, skilful management, and bravely decided action,—praises which mingled with the shouts of victory and the hysteric tears in which even the strongest-nerved among the women now found relief from the terrible strain their feelings had endured. To Hendrick all felt that their deliverance was owing.

As he handed to Grootchedel, safe and untouched, the valuable casket of which Bertha had permitted him to make an occasion for training his surly trooper friend to give him free transit to the upper floors, the worthy burgomaster embraced him publicly—an act which caused Bertha's eyes to brighten, and her cheek to glow, in spite of the languor of exhaustion which had by this time overwhelmed her. This helped the tide of Grootchedel's own existing feelings to carry the good man one step further—but that step a most important and unexpected one. This youth, thought he, will make a fortune for himself; and if not I have enough. So, taking Bertha's hand, he placed it in Hendrick's, gave them both his blessing, and called all present to witness their betrothal.

Where, meanwhile, was the exquisite Van Aldenhuyssen, while he was being thus summarily superseded? Catching, as was his wont, the mood for the time being of the man he wished to win, and influenced possibly by a feeling, more or less vague, that it must be pleasanter anywhere than in the same room with Schenk, he had, when the burgomaster called for a guide to the lieutenants, promptly volunteered, though he scarcely knew as yet the leading thoroughfares of the town. It was not till after an hour's wandering that he and the exactors blundered upon the first mansion that was to be visited. By the time they found the second, the burgher guard had already secured it; the lieutenant and his men were made prisoners, and stopped from all further levy of *brandschützung*.

Hendrick seldom thereafter passed the corner-

house without looking in to inquire after the health of the generous and patriotic carpenter. The latter's conversation was extremely interesting to an adventurous man like Van Oorsveldt; for Horst had at one time been half round the globe, as carpenter on board an English vessel, and could describe not only the wonders of the deep, but the charms, the riches, and the dangers too, of the tropical emporia of trade. His clear religious faith, his patience under miserable sufferings, and his constant solicitude for the comfort of all around him, endeared him much to Hendrick, who was himself a sincere and thoughtful Christian. He died ere many months in perfect peace.

He had, as he told Hendrick on the occasion of their first meeting, provided comfortably for his mother, having clubbed his savings with those of a fellow journeyman, intelligent like himself, to commence in partnership an independent business. This already gave good promise of becoming large and profitable. He bequeathed his share to his mother by a formal testament, and for some years she had remittances from his surviving partner more than sufficient for all her simple wants. Seven years had already elapsed since the date of the events that have been related, when Oorsveldt, now a general of high repute in the service of the States, found, on a temporary return to his home, his lady, the still beautiful and brilliant Bertha, in some perplexity to supply the place of the *gouvernante* who had superintended the larger of their two sumptuous establishments, and who was about to make an advantageous marriage. The General had brought no register of such ladies from the field, and could not in this matter immediately assist his wife.

Next morning, however, he was summoned, as a member of a judicial commission, to hear an appeal in which a poor widow appeared as the complainant. The allegation made on her behalf was that her partner in a carpentry business, after having passed in her name and his own through the regular course of legal proceedings as a bankrupt, had recommenced business on his own account, under circumstances which suggested grave suspicions of fraud. Although the creditors had been paid so nearly in full as to indispose them to reopen inquiry, the stock with which he had resumed business was as large at least, if not identical with that which had been sold off; yet the widow's property was utterly gone. The plaintiff appeared in court. In her the General immediately recognised the mother of noble-hearted Wilhelm Horst.

The defendant and his lawyers were too clever, or the law too weak,—the poor widow

could have no redress. But she had not trusted in vain that God would care for her when her son was gone. She never begged her bread.

Years after this defeat of justice, she breathed her last in Bertha's arms—the long-loved, prized, and venerated échevine of her château of Rozenbergen.

LEARNT BY HEART.

ONE beguiling and one beguiled,
A bearded man by a mere slim child ;
Two blue eyes 'neath a scarlet hood,
Two forms under a tree in the wood :

Two blue eyes may beguile a king,
Golden hair is a dangerous thing.
And an artful glance oft seemeth shy,
Lure to attract a lover's eye :

Two names cut in the beech-tree deep,
Two young hearts in a flutter keep ;
Clasped hands lingering on the bark—
Was that a kiss or a whisper ? Hark !

Who speaks low, with an earnest breath,
Speaks of a love that shall last till death ?
Who looks down with a tearful eye,
Half with a smile, and half with a sigh ?

'Tis the old, old story, I suppose,
And the pupil at last the lesson knows ;
Ever 'twas thus, and 'twill ever be,
When the world has forgotten both you
and me ! ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

SWEETS FOR THE MILLION.

Good news for the little ones ! We can inform them on the highest medical authority that the grim interdict is taken off eating Sugar. When a child ourselves, we always suspected that the stern dietetic law forbidding free access to the sugar basin, and especially to "trash and messes," was dictated by a base design to economise, under the pretence of a care for our health. As far as sugar simple is concerned, we are now convinced that our suspicions were correct, but of old there really was some good sense in prohibiting a certain class of "sweets ;" for this was only another name for death potions. Not a dozen years ago "sweets" were made as much to take the eye as to please the palate, and consequently the brightest colours were used, regardless of the ingredients of which they were made. The vivid greens contained arsenite of copper, a deadly poison ; the yellows, chromate of lead, and sometimes gamboge ; the reds, vermillion. It is true that the sugar confectionary thus poisoned, as savages poison their arrows to make them more deadly, was generally sold at inferior shops ; but as the custom of using these deadly metallic and other pigments was a common one, we were never safe from inflicting a severe colic, if nothing worse, upon

our little ones, when we imagined we were giving them a treat. The confectionary department of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was conspicuous for the presence of this poisoned confectionary, whence the bad name heaped upon all kinds of sugar-plums. In most foreign countries, all poisonous colouring matter is interdicted in the manufacture of "sweets" by law, and in this country public opinion has supplied the place of direct enactment since Dr. Hassall published the result of his analyses, and since coroners' inquests have made known that many children have been killed by part-taking of these poisoned lollypops. At the present time vegetable colours alone are used in making comfits gay, and our little ones may therefore eat, suck, and be merry, for to-morrow they do not die. It is possible this knowledge on the part of the public that they can indulge their little ones with safety, has led to the enormous expansion of the manufacture of sugar-plums and sweets of all kinds within these last eight or ten years. In the days of our youth, sugar-plums could only be procured at the pastrycook's at an exorbitant price ; now, the trade has become a speciality, and the brightest and most enticing-looking shops are those dedicated to the sale of "sweets." There is a shop in the Strand that is calculated to take away the senses of all children, and what a picture is Fortnum and Mason's just about Christmas time !

Just as animals will go hundreds of miles in a wild country to get to a "salt lick," so will children dare anything to get at sugar, and we may be pretty sure that the instinct is as wisely implanted by nature in the one as the other. Therefore, please mamma not to tell that pious little fib again about sugar being unwholesome.

All this, we may be permitted to remark, is only a very necessary exordium to a little sketch we are about to give of a very interesting manufactory of sugar confectionary we inspected the other day at Bethnal Green. Sugar-plums look such simple things, that few people are aware of the ingenuity employed in their construction, or of the valuable nature of the plant and steam machinery used in their production in the larger manufactories. Messrs. Schooling's works, at the north side of the Green, are perhaps fitted with the most perfect and modern appliances, moved by steam-power, that we possess in this country, and, therefore, in the world ; for abroad, and especially in France, hand-labour is mostly employed.

What an atmosphere of dust meets us as we enter the manufactory. The shop we are in is powdered from rafter to floor with a fine, im-

palpable powder, that reminds us of the interior of a flour-mill, and the workmen are moving ghosts, even the fringes of their eye-lashes are whitened to their tips, just as the hoar-frost whitens every tiny filament it can lay hold of. This dust is that of fine starch, the substance used as a matrix for a certain class of cast-sugar goods. We are in that part of the factory now where those "sweets" are made which are demi-opaque—like snow-water frozen. The sugar is not boiled to a great heat, but is allowed gently to simmer on the fire, whilst the moulds in which it is to be cast are being prepared. This is done by spreading the fine starch over boards, quite evenly, and then inverting another board over it, studded with the forms it is intended to cast. The man we are looking at is about to make anulets, or sugar rings, and as he lifts the inverted board from the smooth starch, we see that it is covered with moulds of these indented rings, placed at regular intervals, and close together as they can go. Another workman now approaches with a tin receptacle filled with sugar, fitted with six spouts. With great skill and knack he pours out the sugar, and fills ring after ring indented in the starch, as fast as his arms can conveniently travel from left to right. Not a drop is spilt, the sugar standing in each ring with a slightly curved surface, just as a drop of water would do that had fallen upon dust. These starch moulds are used for all those sweetmeats which contain fluid or liqueur in their interior. The liqueur is mixed with the melted sugar indiscriminately, and both enter the mould together, but, curiously enough, the latter instantly crystallizes on the outside of the former, and thus, by a natural law, the liquid flavouring-essence becomes imprisoned. It was thought very foolish of George III. to ask how the apples got into the dumplings, but we have little doubt that the manner in which these liquors get inside the sugar-plums has puzzled many a wiser head than his. The casting of these liqueur sweets employs a large number of persons, and the most extraordinary moulds are obliged to be invented to meet the requirements of the trade. Balmoral boots, Tyrolese hats, scissors, knives, fish, and all kinds of things, animate and inanimate, are thus produced, the only limit to the design being the size and weight of each article. The retailers must have articles which run four, eight, or sixteen to the ounce, to suit the coppers of the little customers, and large objects that cannot be divided, are therefore not admissible. In the same apartment where these starch sugar castings go on, the making of French drops is conducted. The six-spouted can drops on a tin plate sufficient

sugar to make a lozenge, and it goes on doing this until the plate is completely covered. It struck us at the time as very singular that the public should thus diversely insist upon taking their sugar,—one liking the morsel cast, another dropped, a third moulded in metal, and a fourth cut out by a punch; but the ways of men and children are inscrutable, so we wondered and passed on. The moulded goods, as indeed all the sweets, are stoved, after manufacture, in rooms heated by hot-water pipes. These stoving-rooms must always be kept at a pretty high temperature, otherwise the damp would speedily become absorbed, and the whole stock would be spoiled. This is especially the case with what are called "boiled goods," which are made in the room we are about to enter.

The majority of the clear drops and sweets of all kinds are produced from sugar boiled over the fire in copper pans to a very high temperature. By this means most of the water in the sugar is thrown off by evaporation, and only pure sugar remains. The consequence is, that after their manufacture they are very liable to absorb moisture from the atmosphere, and therefore they are obliged to be kept in bottles, otherwise they would melt and run together. Barley-sugar, for instance, is the purest form in which sugar can be manufactured; hence it is soldered down in tins, otherwise it would deliquesce in a very short time after being exposed to the air, as most of us have experienced. After the sugar is boiled, it is emptied out of the copper pans on to marble slabs, and, the colouring matter being added, it is worked up until nearly cold, but yet ductile. It is now formed into any shape that may be required, by means of a little machine working two brass rollers, each roller or cylinder containing a number of sunken dies of various designs, the under and upper cylinder exactly corresponding, so as to make the mould complete. The plastic sugar is passed between these rollers as fast as the boy can work the handle, and the sheet of sweets issues out the other side, covered with hundreds of little designs, generally Prince of Wales' feathers, crosses, drops, stars, or some simple form, held together by a thin film of sugar, from which they are freed by simply breaking them up and working them together. They are then packed in bottles, and at once corked tightly, to keep out the atmosphere; and so they appear in the retailers' shops.

Mem. for Mothers!—Always buy these "boiled goods" in the form of acidulated drops, barley-sugar, or coloured drops, as it is almost impossible to adulterate them, either with inferior sugar or anything else, as such

admixtures will neither boil well nor will they allow of such transparent goods being made. "The sweets" that are most liable to be sophisticated with impure materials are peppermint-drops. These are simply made of finely-crushed sugar, kneaded into a paste with gum, and mixed cold. Any amount of plaster of Paris may be added, according to the dishonesty of the manufacturer; indeed there are some in the trade who are in the habit of adding at least two-thirds of plaster of Paris to one of sugar in their peppermint lozenges. Imagine a schoolboy buying an ounce of these lozenges, and filling his inside with two-thirds of that quantity of gypsum, under the fond delusion that he is enjoying a great treat. Can we wonder that the infantile stomach is now and then thrown off its balance?

The peppermint department of Messrs. Schooling's factory is not the least interesting one to the visitor. The loaves of fine white sugar being first broken into moderate-sized fragments by a hammer, are thrown on the granite bed of a crushing mill, on which a heavy granite roller works round and round upon its edge. The crushed sugar is then sifted in the very finest wire sieves by steam machinery, and the coarser particles are worked over again until the whole is reduced to the finest meal. In the process the whole atmosphere is loaded with fine sugar-dust, you taste it with every breath you take. In order to make a tenacious paste, about seven and a half per cent. of fine gum is added, and the whole is kneaded together in a steam kneading-machine, and when it has been sufficiently worked, it is rolled out upon slabs to the required thickness of a lozenge, and then the workman, with amazing rapidity, with a steel cutter or punch, cuts out the disks, taking his aim so nicely that the utmost possible number is punched out of the sheet, leaving very little to be worked up afresh. When the lozenges have been stoved a requisite time they are fit for sale. The manufacture of jujubes is another article which consumes a very large amount of fine gum, about one-third of that substance, with two-thirds of sugar, forming the proportions employed. The viscid liquid, after being coloured, is poured into shallow tins, stoved for several hours to dry, and, after being turned and stoved again, it is cut into the required diamond shapes by young girls; the first process being the slicing up of the sheets into long narrow slips by a machine like a chaff-cutter, and these slips again are further divided by hand with scissors.

But, to return for a while to the pure sugar department, we must not omit to mention the most interesting feature of the whole factory

—the machinery by which the comfits are constructed, which the Messrs. Schooling were the first to invent. The smooth almond comfit, which we are all familiar with, is built up in the following manner. The almonds, being washed, are coated with a little gum, in order to make the sugar stick; and, when thus prepared, they are thrown into a large deep copper pan or "steam jacket," revolving at an angle of forty-five degrees by means of steam power. Whilst the almonds are tumbling over one another and working about the pan with the utmost rapidity, the workman ladles some liquid white sugar amongst the mass; and by the constant friction of one upon another, this becomes distributed with the most perfect evenness; and in a certain specified time the brown coat of the almond becomes smoothly enveloped in its sugar coating. A little time is allowed for this coating to dry; then the same whirling motion goes on, a second supply of melted sugar is thrown into the pan; and so, by degrees, the comfit is built up, layer upon layer, until at last it is perfected. Before steam was applied to the manufacture, the pan had to be suspended by chains and shaken by hand over an open fire, a most tedious process, and a costly one. Indeed, the introduction of steam into the trade has completely revolutionised it in all its branches, and reduced the cost of production so greatly, that what was once an article of luxury for the use of the rich, has now become an article of necessity almost for the children of the very poor. A greater part of the lighter work of the establishment is carried on by young girls. We find this is the case now with most factories where strength is not required. Girls are more steady at their work, and pay more attention to it; and, moreover, their labour is cheaper. In one little room we came upon a little party of five, making what are known in the trade as Surprise Nuts. The head of the nut is drilled through by a rose-cutter, and the other girls rapidly clear out the kernel with a penknife. The empty shell is then filled with seed sweets, termed "hundreds of thousands," a motto is added, and the aperture is filled up with chocolate. Of course, the surprise is to crack the nut and find your mouth full of the seed sweets. The joke is a very mild one, but, as it is well sugared, it is sure to be acceptable. The refuse of the extracted kernel is sold to the cheap pastry-cooks for making almond paste; and we may here say, that that glory of our youth, the black bull's-eye lozenge, is made from the refuse brown sugar-sweepings, the boiling of old sugar bags, &c. ! The Messrs. Schooling alone make many tons of these Surprise Nuts

yearly. But perhaps the articles for which their names are the most famous, are the little transparent gelatine cases filled with comfits, and sold at a penny and a halfpenny each. A very clever friend of ours once said, that he believed ultimately all things would come to be sold at the fixed price of a penny, a shilling, and a pound; but even he did not anticipate the declension to a halfpenny, such as we now find we can get a good weekly journal for, and enough sweets to satisfy any reasonable child at one "sucking." Nothing could prove more forcibly the amazing fall that has taken place in the price of sugar-plums through the modern introduction of steam machinery, than this. We have left the French, the great continental sugar confectioners, far behind as regards cheapness. Many articles that they sell for one shilling and threepence a pound, we can make for eightpence; but then, it should be remembered, they make for the adult market and for a more artistic taste; we go in simply for children, in whom taste is everything, but it is simply the taste of the palate. Hence the abundance of sweets of all kinds, of a rather coarse design, now to be seen heaped in pell-mell in our sweet-shop windows, which contrast, as far as the sight goes, so unfavourably with the exquisite forms and colours of the sugar-work specially exhibited in the Parisian sweet-shops. The expansion of the English trade, however, is exceedingly remarkable; and we are now exporting many articles of confectionary to France; whilst at home, from having established a speciality, sweets have now run over into the Italian warehouses, the oil shops, and the grocers', where they are now sold in large quantities.

But we have not yet done with the Messrs. Schooling and their penny and halfpenny sweetmeat parcels, which are now to be seen everywhere. A very large room is devoted to the making of the little gelatine packets, and upwards of seventy young girls do nothing else but cut them out and gum them together; each girl making on the average five gross a day, or 720. The Messrs. Schooling have not forgotten that they have duties to perform towards, as well as rights to enforce against, these little ones, as we see they have fitted up a large room especially for their use, quite separate from the departments where the boys and men are employed: here a cooking apparatus for their meals is provided, and every other requisite for taking their meals in comfort; and we should not be surprised to find that ere long they establish schools for their little ones. The decorating of fancy sweets is entrusted to these young girls, and the delicacy and speed with

which they manipulate the colour is extraordinary. One girl was adding a magenta-coloured hatband to the scores of Tyrolese hats before her as we entered the shop, and really a hundred were thus adorned before we could say "Jack Robinson." Balmoral boots in another quarter were being dotted with buttons. Whilst we watched these trays full of sweets being handed about among so many young children, the question naturally occurred to us, do they eat them, or are they satiated by an early indulgence? We have heard so much about pastrycooks' boys soon getting sick of tarts, that we were rather surprised to hear that children by no means tire of sugar-plums. They get satiated with the particular kind it is their duty to prepare, but they are as eager as other children after other sorts which are not made in their department. The Messrs. Schooling informed us it is impossible to put a stop to these petty pilferings, therefore they annually debited the sweet tooth of the establishment with 200*l.*, a pretty heavy bill for lollypops. It is but fair to say that honourable mention was made by the Jurors of 1851 of the sweetmeats of Messrs. Schooling, whilst a medal was awarded to them by those of 1862 for the "purity and goodness of the quality" of their goods.

The Jurors' report of 1862 is full of curious information touching the progress made in the trade since the former International Exhibition. In the year 1855 the total amount of confectionary made in this country did not exceed 8000 tons per annum, whereas in 1862 the amount had risen to 25,000 tons per annum. The Messrs. Schooling alone consumed between 400 and 500 tons of sugar, and 200 tons of gum Arabic, and sent out 10,000 boxes containing sweetmeats last year. As the trade has increased, many houses have adopted certain specialities. Thus, one establishment makes hundreds of tons of jams and marmalades in the year, another makes 150 tons of lozenges and comfits, a third nothing but medicated lozenges, another acidulated drops, which are an entirely English manufacture, not being known abroad. Then again, gum goods are specially produced by one house, &c. The English manufacturers having fairly set their shoulders to the wheel, are fast distancing their foreign competitors. Hitherto the purity from noxious adulterations of sweets produced abroad has been in their favour, but now the English manufacturers are as free from these as those of their neighbours, whilst they do not, like them, use flour and other farina to bring up the colour of their comfits, a habit universally indulged in by continental manufacturers.

A. W.

THE OFFICER.

(FROM BÉRANGER.)



"SEE! down the street the soldiers come,
Before our door they'll pass, perchance:
My sister, do you hear the drum?
And see how gaily they advance?

What handsome, gallant men they are!
What loves in town they've left behind!
We country girls, though simpler far,
Amongst them, husbands perhaps may find."

Before sweet Rose, a bright brunette,
A Cornet passing in his place,
Cried out, "In faith, my fate is set,
I never saw a lovelier face.
I count her charms, I mark her well :
Yes, in a year, this very day
I will return, if shot and shell
Permit, and carry her away."

"Ah Rose ! that foolish speech you heard,
I know it, by your cheek's bright
bloom,
And now without another word
You backward turn into the room."

Since then, when'er alone, sweet Rose
Tells o'er the words she thought so dear,
While for the unknown Cornet flows,
A nightly prayer, a nightly tear.

A year of dreaming thus has past ;
With earliest dawn our Rose awakes—
The day *he* fix'd on shines at last,
For *him* her gayest dress she takes.
All day she waits, comes in, goes out,
"Oh hear you not the soldiers' tread ?"
Paces in tears her room about—
At midnight shrieks, "He's dead ! he's
dead!"

J. F. H.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVIII. SIGNOR STEFANO PRINATI, OF CAGLI.

GIULIA, on hearing these words uttered behind her, turned round with a great start, but was immediately reassured by perceiving at a glance that the new comer was of her own class and country,—a *contadino* of the Romagna. He was a jolly-looking middle-aged man, with a broad white hat, and a broad red face, and a broad buff-cloth waistcoat ; evidently a well-to-do farmer, or perhaps even a small proprietor of the hill-country.

"In the first place," said the stranger, "let us ask the young woman whether she wishes you to get away from where you are. For there are two different cases, you will observe, when a gentleman and a lady are on different sides of a river. There is one case when they are both agreed to wish themselves on the same side ; and there is another case when one of the two is devilish glad to have the river between them ; and *per Bacco* ! there's a third case," continued the speaker, striking his hands violently together as he spoke, and looking hard at Giulia ; "there's the case in which both parties are well pleased to remain on different sides of the stream. To think of my forgetting that now. To be sure," he continued, argumentatively, "our friend on the other side was manifesting a desire to get out of his present position, but it might be with the intention that you should change to his side, signorina ! Never take anything for granted, you know. I never do. Do you, signorina ?"

"No, sir !" said Giulia, hesitating and gazing at him, only because he had just told her not to do so.

"Yes, you do ! You have taken it for granted that I am a farmer ; but I am not. See the consequence of taking things for

granted. I am a lawyer, Stefano Prinati, of Cagli, signorina——"

"Why, you are taking things for granted, Signor Prinati, yourself !" said Giulia, with a laugh that indicated how very considerably matters were changed with her, and what a very different aspect the entire sublunary world wore to her eyes from what it did half an hour ago.

"The deuce I am ! and, pray, what am I taking for granted, and what do you know about the matter ?" said Signor Stefano Prinati, with an amount of surprise and interest that seemed altogether to take his attention off the state of things that had at first arrested it.

"Why, you never saw me before," said Giulia, "and you call me signorina ! How can you tell, pray, that I am not a *sposa* ?"

"*Per Dio* ! it's true !" said the lawyer, looking at her with an expression of the utmost contrition, and dropping his head in his bosom. "I've been and done it again. Signora, I will confess the truth. I have been taking things for granted all my life, and living in a perpetual condition of wrong-boxedness, if I may use the expression, in consequence. And when I said I never took things for granted, it was the enunciation of a future resolution rather than of a past fact. But, alas ! I've been and done it again !"

The man's repentance for this relapse appeared to be so sincerely genuine, that gentle Giulia felt quite sorry for her little joke. "But, Signor Prinati," she said, consolingly, "at all events this time you were not wrong, as I was in taking you for a farmer ! I am no *sposa* !"

"Still I had no business to take it for granted," said the lawyer, ruefully. "But to return to the previous question,—Do you,

signorina, desire that the gentleman on the other side of the river should get across to this side?"

"Certainly that is my wish," said Giulia.

"For better or worse?—which means, in the present circumstances and context, whether with dry skin or wet through?"

"Certainly if he cannot get over dry, he must come through the water!" returned Giulia.

"And you, friend, on the other side. Are you only on the other side of the river, or on the other side of the question also?"

"Of course I want to get out of this, if that is what you mean," said Beppo, who did not seem to enter into the stranger's humour so readily as Giulia.

"You are quite right, my friend, in not taking it for granted that that is what I mean. That, however, is my meaning. The next question is,—How do you mean to set about it?"

"Upon my word I don't see how to get away from this bit of bank without help,—not with the river as it is now!" said Beppo.

"And how can one give you any help? What sort of help do you want?" said the farmer-like lawyer.

"Well, if anybody could throw me a rope from the lower end of the tunnel, and make the other end of it fast to the rail by the road-side, I could manage it then!"

"If a rope would serve the turn, as it happens, I can help you to what you want; for I am carrying home a new rope for my well from Fossombrone in my *calessino*."

"Where is the *calessino*, signor?" said Giulia, eagerly.

"Here at the end of the tunnel. I was coming through, and hearing voices up here among the ruins, as I got to the mouth of it, I thought I would see what on earth anybody could be talking at the top of their voice up here about! If I go for the rope, Signor Beppo,—(I am not taking for granted, observe, that your name is Beppo; for I heard the signorina call you so),—if I get the rope and help you over to this side, will you promise to tell me how, in the name of all the *saltimbanchi* in Christendom, you got where you are? Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, signor, it is a bargain. You get a rope across to me, and I will tell you and show you how I got here. But I won't promise to do it again, mind."

So Signor Prinati went to his *calessino*, which he had left standing in the road,—taking it for granted that the little Marchesan pony would stand quiet while he satisfied his curiosity as to the talking he had heard going

on among the ruins,—and got out of the little box under the seat a coil of bran-new rope, and proceeded with it, accompanied by Giulia, to the lower end of the tunnel. At that point the rocks on the opposite side of the river are as high and precipitous as in the upper part of the pass; but on the side of the road just where it comes out at the lower end of the tunnel, there is only a high grassy bank, very steep indeed, but not so much so as to be impassable.

At this point there are some strong white timber posts and rails along the edge of the road, to which Beppo intended that the end of the rope should be fastened. Giulia and the lawyer stooped and passed under these, and scrambled down the turfy bank to the edge of the stream, where, when they had come as close as they could to the place where the bank ended and the precipitous rock began, they were about fifty feet lower down the stream than Beppo on the other side.

The lawyer was about to cast the rope, but Beppo called out to him—

"If you will take my advice, signor, you will fasten the end of the rope to the road-posts before casting it. Then, if you fail to throw it so that I can catch it, the rope will be safe; otherwise we might chance to lose it altogether."

"Right, friend; I was taking it for granted again, that I could throw you one end without fail!"

So Signor Stefano climbed the bank again, fastened the rope, and then once more came down to the edge of the water to attempt the feat of throwing the other end of it to Beppo, while Giulia stood looking on. The exertion of throwing it had to be made somewhat at a disadvantage, for the spot on which the lawyer had to stand while he did it, was not of the surest standing ground in the world. Gathering the rope into a coil, he flung it overhanded with all his force, and pitched it into the water little more than half way towards the spot on the opposite bank, which was the nearest that Beppo could get to in order to reach it.

"There would have been the loss of a good rope, if it had not been for your thought of fastening it first, Signor Beppo!" said the lawyer, proceeding to draw it up out of the river. "But if I don't do much better than that, it seems to be likely that you will stay where you are for the present!"

"Try again, signor; perhaps the rope was stiff," said Giulia.

"Oh, yes! I am going to try again. But I am very much afraid I am not going to do it. It's a trick rather out of my line, you see."

The second attempt succeeded no better than the first; and again the rope had to be drawn up out of the water.

"Let me try, signor!" said Giulia. "I don't take it for granted that I can do it, but I can but try!"

"What you'll most likely do will be to fall into the water yourself!" said the lawyer.

"Take care, Giulia! that might end the job the worst way of all," cried Beppo. "Oh, signor! you take a good hold of her gown behind while she throws."

"Ay, that will be the plan; and you may take it for granted, this once, that I won't let her go! Now for it."

Giulia took the coil of rope, not overhanded as Signor Stefano had done, but underhanded; and carefully leaving a sufficient length to reach Beppo slack and uncoiled, and first swinging the coil in her hand backwards and forwards three or four times, launched it towards Beppo with so true an aim that the coiled part of the rope fell around his head and shoulders. But the force she had used in throwing it made her foot slip; and if the lawyer had not been as good as his word, and held on firmly to her dress, she must have slipped into the stream; as it was she recovered her footing in an instant.

"*Brava, Signorina Giulia!* for I perceive that to be your name from what your friend said just now. *Brava, davvero!*"

"Thanks, Giulia! you see it is written, that it is you who are to be the saving of me!" cried Beppo.

"No, it is still you who must do that!" said Giulia; "I can but at best put into your hands the means of doing it!"

Beppo understood her perfectly well; but of course the surface meaning only of her words was intelligible to Signor Stefano.

"She speaks as well as she throws, Signor Beppo," said he. "You have got the rope you asked for,—quite enough to hang yourself with; but I confess I do not quite see what other use you are going to put it to."

"I shall manage my part, signor, never fear!" returned Beppo. "Now, if you will kindly draw up all the rope except what I keep here, and fix it well round the posts, so that I may have a tight pull upon it, I think I can get across. With the help of the rope and a good jump I think I can clear more than half the distance, and as soon as ever I fall into the water, you must haul up the rope as fast as you can and pull me out."

"You'll be sure to keep fast hold of your end," said the lawyer.

"That you may take for granted!" said Beppo; "I don't want to be drowned now,"

he added, after a little pause, in a significative manner, that was intended only for Giulia's ears—or at least only for her understanding.

The preparations were made as he directed! Giulia and the lawyer planted themselves one on each side of the rope ready to haul in as soon as ever Beppo should have made his plunge.

"Now then," cried he, twining the end of the rope firmly round his horny brown hands, "here goes!"

He sprung, giving a strong pull on the rope at the same moment, and in the next plunged into the eddying river, having cleared a good two thirds of the distance between him and his friends on the other side.

They lost not a second in pulling away with a will, and in less than a minute landed him on the bank dripping like a Newfoundland dog fresh from a swim, but no otherwise the worse for his adventure.

"Oh, Beppo! keep off! don't shake yourself near me!" cried Giulia, as he scrambled breathless up the bank to the road.

"And now then, you have to tell me how you got on to that bit of bank!" cried Signor Stefano.

But to make his promised information intelligible, it was necessary to return to the ruins on the ledge of rock on the outside of the tunnel. And to do this,—inasmuch as they were now standing in the road at the lower end of the tunnel, and the ledge of rock was only accessible from the road at the upper end of it, as has been previously explained,—it was necessary to pass through that dark passage. And although Beppo had carefully complied with Giulia's request that he would "keep off" and not "shake himself near her," up to the time when they all three entered it together, yet when they emerged into the sunshine, at the other end, Giulia's dress was so much wetted all down one side, that Signor Stefano could not help saying as he looked at her:

"Why! I declare, he has been shaking himself over you, signora! You look wet through!"

Giulia laughed and blushed; but she only said, "Now you are taking things for granted again, Signor Stefano!"

"If you want to know how I got across the river, Signor Stefano, you must come up to the place in the broken wall where you first found *la Signorina Giulia!* There," he continued, when they had reached the spot; "do you see that old stump of a tree down there, on the jutting part of the rock, exactly underneath us? Well! I jumped from here right down on to that; and when I got there, finding that it was not a good place for a permanent

residence, I concluded to take another jump right into the bushes on the other side! That was the way I got there."

"Well! but what, in the name of all the Saints in Paradise, made you dream of taking such a jump?" said Signor Stefano, staring at him.

"Ah!" said Beppo, looking at him with the genuine *contadino* shrewdness (more common, however, among the Tuscan than among the Romagnole peasantry)—"that is another matter! That did not enter into our contract! And your worship may take anything you please for granted on that subject."

"No! I suppose it was to escape from the signorina here; but I won't take it for granted. And I won't ask any questions. I never do; specially when there is reason to think that it may be unpleasant to answer them. But it might possibly be," continued the lawyer, looking hard at him, "that you might take an interest in a paper I have got in my pocket here; merely a matter of public news, you know; but you might like to hear it."

Giulia and Beppo looked at each other; and Giulia's breath began to come rather short, as Signor Stefano pulled out a huge pocket-book, and took from it a paper printed in large letters on one side only;—evidently one of the proclamations prepared for sticking up on the walls and public places, in the manner the Italian government uses as a means of communicating with its subjects.

"I got this at Fossombrone this morning. A score or so of them had been brought up from Fano in the night. They were only out yesterday evening!"

And then he proceeded to read a statement addressed to all those who had been led away by evil advice and persuasion to leave their homes, in order to avoid the conscription. It was recited, that it being the special wish of "Vittore Emmanuele, by the Grace of God, and by the National Will, King of Italy," to treat his new subjects of Romagna and the Marches with the utmost possible clemency and indulgence, and it being perfectly well known to the government that in the great majority of cases the deserters had been led into disobedience to the laws by those who ought to have been the first to urge on them the duty of obeying them, therefore it was the pleasure of his aforesaid Majesty, on the occasion of his coming into that part of his dominions for the first time, to offer a free pardon to all such deserters as should give themselves up to the military authorities on or before a day named.

"Oh, Beppo, can you hesitate now?" exclaimed Giulia, speaking aside to him, as the

lawyer was putting back the proclamation into his pocket-book.

"I told you just now, Giulia, that it was written that you were to be the saving of me, if I am to be saved!" he answered in the same tone. "Giulia, if you will say that you love me, and will be mine when I come back from serving my time, I will give myself up to-morrow. If not I go back to the hills! If it is to be 'yes,' cry *Viva l'Italia!*"

"*Viva l'Italia!*" cried Giulia aloud, without hesitation; but with a shake in her voice, and a tear in her eye, as she stole her hand timidly out from her side to seek for his.

"*Viva l'Italia!*" shouted Beppo in reply, in a voice that made the vault of the tunnel, at the mouth of which they were standing, ring again.

"Eh! well! yes, with all my heart, *Viva l'Italia!*" said Signor Stefano. "A very good end to the proclamation. There it is at the bottom, but I did not read it, because that is a matter of course!"

"Ah; you took it for granted, Signor Stefano. I did not!" said Beppo, speaking to one of his companions, but meaning his words for the other. "I do not mind owning to you, Signor Stefano," he continued, "though you are kind enough to abstain, as you say, from asking questions, that the proclamation you have shown us has a special interest for me. I have been out to escape a bad number drawn at Fano the other day. But that proclamation has decided me to surrender myself;—that, and one or two other things!" he added, with a look at Giulia.

"I am very glad to have helped to bring you to that decision, signor! very glad! What! turn bandit and outlaw, to avoid serving a few years! It is madness! A respectable-looking young fellow like you, too, to think of throwing your life away in that manner!"

"You see, Beppo, this gentleman says just the same as Signor Sandro said at Fano!"

"What, Signor Sandro at Fano?" asked the Cagli lawyer,—"not my good friend, Sandro Bartoldi?"

"Yes! Signor Sandro Bartoldi, the lawyer at Fano," said Beppo. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"*Altro!* I was dining with him the day before yesterday; and he was talking a great deal about the men who have left their homes and taken to the hills! It is a very bad job! A great many families ruined! He was telling me of one case—and upon my life, now I look at you, I should not wonder—upon my life!—but I won't take it for granted. Did you ever happen, signor, to hear of such a man

as Beppo Vanni, of Bella Luce, at Santa Lucia?"

"Why, that's the man you helped to pull out of the water at the Furlo Pass!" said Beppo.

"Well, now, that's an odd chance. Old Sandro Bartoldi was talking a deal about you, I can tell you! I am right glad, I assure you, Signor Vanni, in having contributed to your resolution to put yourself at one with the law. And this I presume, then, is the Signorina Giulia Vanni! I have heard of her, too, from my friend Lisa Bartoldi."

"Yes, signor! this is my cousin, Giulia Vanni," replied Beppo, rather in the tone of one who means to add,—“and I should like to hear what any one has to say against that!”

"Ah—h—h—h! Yes! yes! yes! yes! I see, I see, I see! There are one or two things then that I positively must take for granted, this once, just for the last time! And now, signorina, that you have found the gentleman, and induced him to cry, ‘Viva l’Italia!’ after you, how do you mean to take your prisoner home?"

"Really, to tell you the truth, I am very much at a loss how to take him home, Signor Stefano! For the fact is, that I walked all the way from Bella Luce here in the course of last night: and I hardly know how I shall get back again! One thing, however, is very certain, and you really may take it safely for granted, that now I have at last succeeded in apprehending him, I do not mean to let him go again."

And a commentary on this speech, too, was supplied by Giulia's eyes, for the special and exclusive benefit of her cousin Beppo.

"I see what it will have to be!" said Signor Stefano. "I shall have to lend you the *calessino* to go back to Bella Luce. That will be the best plan; and I can do no less for my friend Sandro's sake! It will be your best way too. You had better go to Bella Luce to-day, and go into town and give yourself up to-morrow."

"I shall stay very little time at home," said Beppo, bethinking himself that he would much rather, if possible, avoid meeting the priest. "If you are kind enough, Signor Stefano, to do as you say, we shall reach Bella Luce to-night; and I would be off to Fano the first thing in the morning."

Beppo was forgetting that this departure would be settled for him, without his having any voice in the matter, as soon as he should be in the hands of the corporal's party at Bella Luce. But in the upshot it came to the same thing.

"Well, I'll tell you how it must be," said

Signor Stefano. "You shall come on with me as far as Acqualagna. I shall be able to get a conveyance of some sort there, to take me to Cagli, without any difficulty. The pony shall have a feed; and then you shall start!"

"I do not know how to thank you for so much kindness, signor. I am afraid, too, that you will have to wait for any manifestation of my gratitude till I return from serving my time, if such a day shall ever arrive," said Beppo, rather ruefully.

"To be sure it will arrive, Signor Beppo; and I shall come and see you at Bella Luce. And in that case, I suppose I need not say farewell to *la Signorina Giulia* here, for ever! May I take that for granted, eh? Meantime, tell Sandro Bartoldi how I pulled you out of the river at the Furlo Pass, and sent you in to give yourself up in the custody of your captor."

"Addio, Signor Stefano! e tante grazie!" said Beppo.

"Ma grazie davvero, signore!" re-echoed Giulia; "for I don't know how I should ever have got home myself, let alone taking home my prisoner!" she added.

"Addio, cari miei, e a rivederci!" said the worthy lawyer. And so Giulia took home her Conscript.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MADemoiselle CLEMENCE, COOK.

It was impossible to find fault with Clemence. She was at once so humble, amiable, and ingenious. She wheedled the sword out of the enemy's grasp. She licked the hand just raised to pay her wages. Her sympathies were acute. She held in the utmost horror all the tricks of Paris tradesmen, and she had a profound contempt for the race of Paris cooks. She was a bright exception. Her life had been passed in the service of great families; so that she could not have the smallest idea of anything that was not correct. Her adventures, as she described them, were not without interest, as audacious essays on the credulity of foreigners. The aplomb of Clemence was superb. She had a fine faculty for flattery. This soothing salve was spread over everybody. She had experience enough to last three lifetimes, and to crowd each; yet had it never been her good fortune to come across a family half so agreeable, or one tenth part so distinguished, as ours. Our *bébé* was the most intelligent child she had ever approached; and she positively and repeatedly asserted her determination never to believe that he was only four years old. There must be some mistake. Clemence clasped her hands,

tared at Monsieur Bébé, and exclaimed : "Four years, there must be some mistake !" Then our parrot was the pearl of parrots, and although Clemence had a white rag round her forefinger many days on his account ; Monsieur Coco was pronounced as "sweet as an angel." Everybody was handsome, amiable, and clever ; and singularly unlike every other English family. This was held to be a very great compliment indeed.

Having, on her arrival, powdered us with compliments, Mademoiselle Clemence, our cook, considered that the time had come for setting forth her own perfections and impressing upon all of us, down to that wonderful Monsieur Bébé, the tremendous stroke of luck we had enjoyed in obtaining her services. We were requested to consider, just for a moment, that, had we come only two days later, Clemence would have been snapped up by another family. We had escaped perdition by just two days. However, we might now enjoy the singular good fortune that had befallen us ; and thank Heaven we had secured Mademoiselle Clemence to be our cook. By this one piece of good fortune we had freed ourselves from a world of trouble ; we had a cook who knew everything and everybody. We should have everything cheap ; why, the woman who brought the butter to the market twice in every week, had known her for twenty years. The butter-woman's husband worked in the commune where Mademoiselle Clemence's brother was *garde champêtre* ; a fact from which this lady endeavoured to convince us by rapid argument, which was conclusive to her mind, that we should have excellent butter and eggs for a mere nothing. And this accidental reference to her brother the *garde champêtre* naturally reminded Clemence of her own personal influence ; which, she would have us know, was great with the highest personage in the Empire. She had talked with the Emperor—and had found him very agreeable. We humble folk expressed our astonishment, and, stimulated by the round eyes of Monsieur Bébé (who was again turned over, like a bundle, and pronounced ten years old at the very least), Mademoiselle Clemence, cook, continued :

"Yes, I lived in a very great family, where one of the Emperor's favourite generals visited. I told him my father had served the great Emperor, and that he had no pension. The general said he would speak to the present Emperor. So, one day he came, told me to dress in my best, and then I was taken to the Tuileries. The Emperor was charming. He begged me to sit down ; and when he had talked to me a little time, and promised me a pension

for my father, he begged me to go and see him again."

The satisfaction manifested at this account of our cook's interview with the chief of the State, brought out the dominant peculiarity of Mademoiselle Clemence. She had a fine collection of stories, all of which tended to her advantage. She had been the object of marked attention on the part of many of the great personages of her time ; indeed, she had never lived with a family that was not remarkable in some way, and from which she had not received a studied and extraordinary compliment. She had lived with an English family who had been melted to tears when they were compelled to part with her. The name of the late Duke of Orleans was mentioned in her presence. This accident called an anecdote to her mind.

"I have spoken to the duke," she said. "I was in the service of a peer of France at the time. One day a gentleman called. He was struck with my height." Clemence was at least six foot high, and was proud of her inches. "'You are very tall,' the gentleman said, 'Are you a Parisian ?' I answered that I was not, but didn't tell him where I came from. When the gentleman had gone, my master came to me, and asked me whether I knew I had been talking to the eldest son of the king. I happened to put my hand in my apron pocket a few minutes afterwards, and felt that there was a piece of money in it. The duke had contrived to slip a louis there unawares."

Poor Mademoiselle Clemence believed, in her innocence, that she was dazzling a few benighted English folk. She was making herself an authority, a heroine. She had travelled also. She had been to England with a rich British family. "I have adventures always," she exclaimed gaily, "wherever I go. I have talked to the Queen of England." Perhaps a slight movement of incredulity on our part stimulated her inventive faculties, for she hastened to explain her assertion. "My master in England was a high court official. One day he and his wife were at St. James's Palace, when the Queen said, 'I have never seen a tall Frenchwoman.' My mistress replied that she had a French cook who was exceedingly tall. 'Indeed,' said the Queen, 'I should very much like to see her.' My mistress accordingly took me to the Palace, and I was introduced to the Queen. Her Majesty said that she was very glad to see me ; asked me questions about my *pays*, and when I was leaving, told me that whenever I came to England again, I was to be sure and let her know, and not to fail to call upon her. But that is not all. A few days afterwards a large parcel arrived from the Palace. I naturally thought it was for my mistress ; but, on exam-

ining the direction, I saw it was for 'Mademoiselle Clemence, Cook.' I opened it, and found a handsome present from the Queen, with a very kind letter."

Mademoiselle Clemence repeated again and again that the Queen of England was very *gracieuse*; and that, most certainly, if she visited London again, she should call. Mademoiselle was a very tall and horribly gaunt woman, whose sacrifices to the graces were as rare as they were superficial. She was an ill-preserved five-and-forty. Yet was she a great stickler for respect; and a formidable critic when the appearance of others was under discussion. Her airs of authority on all subjects, and the care she took to impress upon the people she served that she could not brook a word of censure, since she was never in the wrong—prevailed with the timid. She continued to convey to them a feeling that it would be the height of arrogance on their part to dismiss her for incompetency; she, who was so devoted to her employers; she, who took the part of the family against the concierge; she, who knew everybody in the neighbourhood—and had been cook to dozens of English and other families in these very apartments. No, cooks as a body might be dismissable, but she was not.

Having taken her family by storm, Mademoiselle Clemence ruled with a rod of iron. She appeared, smiling and confident, every morning; to take our orders. With a refinement of cruelty, she called her own amendments to any suggestions, "Madame's commands." She went to market: bought what she pleased, at her own price. She alone held relations with the butcher. Every dish that was suggested to her, was within her competence. No sauce came amiss to her. When a little *entrée* that required the nicest handling, and which the *gourmet* would not order at any restaurant, was hinted at; she laughed at it. It was a trifle to her. It was the easiest thing in the world. Any cook could manage a *suprême*. "We should have it"—but we never saw it. It had struck Mademoiselle Clemence just an hour before dinner, that we should like a nice wholesome dish of stewed veal for the children, much better. To begin with, Monsieur Bébé was so fond of it; and he had such coaxing, winning ways, it was a real delight to please him. Clemence had taken the entire family into her heart of hearts. She had a lively regard for our health, and had always considered (although, of course, it was for Madame to decide) that a plain diet was the most wholesome. A good soup; a nice *gigot*, or some cutlets, say with tomato sauce; and some good fruit, what could be better for health?

Old men wanted spiced dishes, and couldn't eat a sole unless it was *au gratin* or *à la Normande*. Poor fellows, their digestion was so impaired, their appetite was so enfeebled, a plain fried sole was not enough to tempt them; they must have strong wine also, to warm their poor stomachs before they could eat at all. But young people liked simple dishes because their digestion was good; and the people who were the simplest eaters had the longest lives. The Berrings, whom Clemence had accompanied to London, who were immensely rich people, were as remarkable for the simplicity of their table as they were for their extraordinary wealth. They always had plain fish, plain meat, and good fruit. When they had company, they went of course, to Chevet; and the place was inundated with cooks and pâtissiers. They received only ambassadors and court people. They had been known to pay two francs each for peaches. What could a few hundred francs more or less be to them? Even on these occasions Mr. and Madame Berrings hardly touched anything. They dined with the children beforehand! And such children. What a colour they had! They often reminded Clemence of ours, except that they hadn't one who could be compared for a single instant with Monsieur Bébé. To be sure, it was not every day such a child could be seen.

Clemence could cook a fowl over her little charcoal fire. She could arrange a *pot-au-feu*, she could stew veal with mushrooms, and she could accomplish a rough idea of beef *à la mode*—beef *à la mode* being, I may observe, as unlike that strange mixture of meat and vegetables for which so many British taverns are "celebrated," as Crécy is unlike Bisque. Clemence, however, could not make a fair *Julienne* soup. I suggested that her opaque fluid, charged with potatoes, was not my idea of the soup called *Julienne*. Clemence smiled. She was too powerful to rebuke me. It would be a strange thing indeed—it would be unaccountable—if she didn't know how to make *Julienne* soup. The Berrings were so delighted with it, that she had the very greatest difficulty in persuading them to have any other soup. The general, who introduced her to the Emperor, said he enjoyed it more than any dish he had touched since his return from the Crimea; and he had dined at the Tuileries day after day.

In an evil moment the family which Clemence deigned to serve, while waiting for another opportunity of calling on the Queen of England, and of speaking to the Emperor on the advisability of making her father a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, discovered a liking for tomatoes. From that moment they

almost lived on them. They appeared at table with every dish. Clemence enlarged upon their merits ; only people of good taste cared for them ; they were excellent for the health ; she knew we should like them. The Berrings were never tired of eating them. It did her heart good to see Mr. Berrings eat them :—he was so *distingué*. He was a perfect English gentleman. The French laughed at his red hair : but she always maintained that it gave him a noble appearance.

Mademoiselle Clemence had one aversion, and one only, and that aversion was the concierge. She always avoided him when she could. He told her that Monsieur came home at past one o'clock last night. She answered that it was no business of his when Monsieur chose to come home. It was his duty to pull the string, and hold his tongue. He was known all over the neighbourhood, and was quite capable of saying all kinds of things about us. We might, however, be quite easy, for she would let the neighbourhood know how he had behaved. He had a wicked tongue, and nobody knew it better than his wife—poor woman !

Mademoiselle Clemence, in short, was a very clever talker ; but a very bad cook. Matters came to a crisis over an omelette. It was a bad omelette—the worst ever put between mortal teeth. We were stern, and Clemence had the sagacity to see that her reign was at an end. She had worn out the Berrings ; she felt that she could not persuade us that the general who had introduced her to the Emperor preferred broken, greasy, and shapeless omelettes. She had speculated with all her stories, and had failed. But she had the neighbourhood still to her back. She had a standing of twenty years in her *quartier* ! When, at last, it was made known that we were going to leave the neighbourhood, Mademoiselle Clemence was equal to the occasion. She contained herself. She still brought an apple or a cake to that wonder of wonders, Monsieur Bébé. He was still an angel and a jewel. Mademoiselle Clemence was affable enough to talk about the generosity of the English, and of the room-full of valuables former families whom she had served had left her. Monsieur's luncheon was still to her an object of paramount importance. Her only anxiety was to know that we were not going to engage another cook in our new quarters.

Mademoiselle Clemence held out bravely up to the last moment, her gratitude (she had been preposterously overpaid) being a lively sense of favours to come.

It chanced that some valuables were left behind in the old lodgings. Some unfortunate creatures were sent to fetch them. Mademoi-

selle Clemence was seated in the box of the concierge, in close conversation with him. In company with the concierge, she burst forth. The torrent of her abuse was copious, for she was not satisfied with the gratifications she had received—in addition to her wages.

Mademoiselle Clemence is now telling her stories of her introduction to two crowned heads, to another English family—in the very rooms of the late English family that she execrates. If they be fond of amusing inventions and bad dinners, she will satisfy them. Clemence is a representative woman. There are many copies of her in the English quarter of Paris. She knows all the tradespeople of her quarter well, and she leads her families to their shops. I don't quarrel with her because she has her *remise* on every spoonful of jam the children eat ; but because she and her class flourish, by talking many of my countrymen and countrywomen into the belief that they are French cooks.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AT MOSCOW.

I WAS a slave to Herr Schnaps, my German valet-de-place. He led me where I did not wish to go to, he refused to take me where I did wish to go, he hurried me about, he left me in the cold while he took hot tumblers of tea with merchants in the bazaar, he despised me, he compelled me to buy ridiculous things, he dragged me to take cabbage soup at untimely hours, he teased me, chafed me, vexed me, fretted me, enraged me ; and for doing all this he actually only charged me two roubles (six shillings) a day, his day being about four hours long.

Now, being the bound serf of Herr Schnaps, that little podgy, slovenly, red-nosed, puffy-faced native of Riga, how could I disobey, when he said to me one morning, in his authoritative way :

“This morgen, Mein Herr, the Vospitatelnoi Dom. Be ready at ten, we must see the children go to chapel. Every foreign sir come to Moscow, go to see children at chapel.”

Now, to tell the truth, if my real inclinations had been the least consulted, I should have preferred, as it was Sunday morning, and I was tired with sight-seeing, going to our sober English service ; and then, after lunch, driving over to the Sparrow Hills, those wooded river banks whence Napoleon and his army obtained their first view of Moscow. I should like to have sat there, on my favourite spot among the silvery birch-trees, and have fancied I saw the crowding bayonets, and the little grave

man with the great white forehead, and the one dark tress of hair falling across it.

But Herr Schnaps was no dreamer, he said "Vospitatelni Dom" (the Foundling), and as Herr Schnaps might have sentimental reasons for wishing to see that enormous building and its world of happy children, I was bound to obey; so I called a droschky and went, Herr Schnaps accompanying me as a seedy—and to use an Homeric epithet—not ungrog-blossomed retainer.

And now that I was compelled to go, I began to feel glad that my stern task-master had forced me to that exertion, for I had heard much of the Foundling as the most magnificent charity in the world.

From every tower and terrace in Moscow the Greek façade of the Vospitatelni strikes the eye; amongst the gilt and azure domes, and the countless bell-towers of the Holy City, it stands out conspicuous as a block of buildings as large as two or three palaces.

A charitable institution that shelters under its wings some twenty-five thousand children, that expends nearly a million pounds sterling annually, and receives some seven thousand bantlings a year, is not seen every day. Everything in Russia is on a gigantic scale, except liberty; and I approached this great experiment of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with a kind of awe.

We approached the building by an avenue of lime trees. The saffron-coloured leaves crumpled under our horses' feet as we swept round the garden square, and pulled up at the great stone steps of the pillared entrance.

Herr Schnaps blundered out and helped me to alight, but still in a severe and reproving way. Half-a-dozen servants, headed by a beadle commander-in-chief in scarlet and cocked hat, received us, and relieved me of great-coat, cane, and hat. The chapel bell was already going, and every stroke of the bell seemed to hit me, and urged me to hasten, for Schnaps had described the children's procession as a scene not to be forgotten.

We ascended some steps, led by an official, and after a passage or two, reached an ante-room neatly but plainly furnished, where several people were standing as if on business. There was nothing to look at in the room, so I was glad when a military-looking, bald-faced man came out of an inner room, and was instantly grappled with by Schnaps and several other petitioners.

This was not the governor, but the "Ober-Polizei Meister," or police-director of the gigantic establishment; the dark blue sur-tout with white facings, those medals on the breast, and that steel-sheathed sword, are the

paraphernalia of his office, for he is of course in the army, as all officials in Russia seem to be. He came straight towards me, as if intending to put me under arrest, with Schnaps behind him, telegraphing to me with his hat to bear down on him full sail, as not a moment was to be lost; for, to tell the truth, the Ober police-master had brushed Schnaps aside much as a butcher would flap a persistent fly.

I at once advanced, and in French asked the police-master to have the complaisance, as I was an inquiring traveller particularly fond of children, and generally interested in the working of charitable institutions, to allow me to go over the building; and above all, to first visit the chapel and hear the service.

The police-master bowed very low, he had the complaisance, and with some polite remarks, begged me to follow him. I did so, and Schnaps slunk after us in a lurching, half-tolerated sort of way, staring hard at everything, and relapsing into the most serf-like subjection to my wishes, though well I knew the subjection was only temporary, and the result of his awe for the Ober-Polizei Meister.

I thought as I observed that rather worn blue uniform, that old head vibrating (let it not be thought uncharitable if I suggest with absinthe), that never-to-be-unsheathed weapon, what is in this man that I should consider him with the respect I might have felt for one of the Old Guard? He is really only a sort of military beadle and punishment inflicter, the bugbear and ogre of twenty-five thousand children. I felt like that eminent phrenologist who, once on visiting Oxford, and debasing himself in his own estimation by too abject civility to the heads of houses, was the next day seen walking down High Street beating himself on the top of his skull, and muttering, "Curse my veneration! Drat my veneration!" But the next moment I was disarmed by the terror of the twenty-five thousand stopping in his placid vibrating way, and chucking five children under the chin in a small side room that we entered, to listen to some request of one of the seven hundred wet-nurses. Indeed, terrible as that smooth pale face might appear to children, I could see nothing in it myself but justice and mercy, alloyed by perhaps a little too much absinthe.

And here I may as well premise, that of all the thousand children, babies, nurses, matrons, and governesses I beheld from the time I first ascended the steps of the Vospitatelni Dom, to the time Schnaps ordered me away and put me into the carriage, I never saw a sour, cross, or in any way unhappy face; all was radiant with content, innocent gaiety, and quiet cheerfulness; and this fact told me more of how the

vast charity was carried on than all the statistics in all the blue-books of the world would have done.

"You have a Foundling Hospital in your country, sir?" said the police-master, turning round to me.

I replied that we had, but that its funds did not amount to more than fifty thousand pounds a-year. "Ours is a parish," I said, "yours is a world."

Has my reader ever had one of those architectural nightmares when he has done nothing all night but ascend spiral stairs, run down corridors, enter room after room, and cross terrace after terrace? Such was my feeling as I followed that mildly severe man, and at last reached the ante-room of the chapel; Schnaps watching us afar off with a servile awe, mingled with the most gaping curiosity.

When you smell roast meat you are near the kitchen; when you smell incense you are near a chapel. Balmy wafts of it—bitter, sweet, and aromatic—floated around me. I could hear the deep bass voice of the priest repeating the prayers, and then came the voices as of bands of angels floating over Paradise, with the "Gospodi pomiloie." (Lord have mercy upon us.)

The angels I heard were the foundlings and orphans of Moscow, and the angels on high no doubt were listening to them with pity and love.

We passed on tip-toe along a marble-paved passage, stepping between kneeling matrons, nurses, and friends of the children, I and the police-master, leaving Schnaps in some back room, and we were in the chapel.

It was a noble chapel, with galleries all round it, and fittings as magnificent as they were pure in taste. The pillars and pilasters were of an exquisite rose-coloured marble, and the paintings and gilding were prodigal without being ostentatious. The floor of the chapel was paved with chequered stone. The dome rose above us with its pictured saints smiling down upon the children.

As usual in all Greek churches, the main body of the church was walled off from the altar and the sanctuary by an Ikonostas (or picture wall), the three doors of which open upon a raised platform, on which the priest stands to perform the greater part of the service.

This Ikonostas is like a vast illuminated missal leaf, covered with tiers of pictured saints, whose dark-brown heads are surrounded by halos of gilt metal and jewelled crowns of gilded silver.

The chapel was crowded with children, many thousands, and of all ages. Those children in

pale yellow gowns in the galleries, the rather plain, peasant-like children, were training for "sages femmes." The small children in green that crowded the side aisles in row after row, such simple innocent devoutness on every face, would probably become servants, the more intelligent of them nursery governesses, or shopwomen.

The elder classes stood in a long row, facing the altar. They wore dark-blue gowns, of a modest and simple pattern, and of reasonable dimensions, and had their eyes fixed intently on the priest, who, robed in cloth of gold and crimson, could be seen behind the pierced metal doors of the screen, through a thin blue vapour of incense, moving to and fro before the altar, his long light hair flowing down apostolically upon his shoulders.

The Roman Catholic service, picturesque as it is in its ceremonies, is far less effective than the Greek. The latter is far graver and more Oriental; there is less tinkling of bells, less blowing in and out of candles; there are no tedious moments in the Greek ritual, it flows on from beginning to end in one solemn gorgeous progress.

The sublimest moment of the Greek service approached; the gilt doors of the Ikonostas flew open, the priest sailed forth in his costly and glistening robes. Every motion of the body is studied by the ministrant of the Greek church, there is a flowing motion about the bows, and genuflexions, and crossings, that only a Russian can thoroughly imitate.

The priest bent a dozen times, as many times his swift and practised fingers marked the cross four times on brow and breast. At the sight of that august presence the thousands of children crossed themselves too, and thousands of little fingers made the holy sign upon spotless brows, and over pure hearts, with all the innocent reliance and undoubting faith of childhood. Another movement of the priest, as he moved up and down in ceaseless inflexions, and every little forehead touched the ground simultaneously, in that Mohammedan manner peculiar to the Greek church.

I glanced along the rows of pleasant faces, and made some remark, implying pity, to the police-master, which he resented.

"No," he said, "they are poor, but they are still noble. All those girls you see, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years old, in the front rows, are all orphans, children of noble parents. Do you not observe a certain dignity about them? They are educated, as becomes the children of noble parents."

It is so common for one in England to consider that poverty cancels all claims to education, that I had forgotten I was addressing

a Russian who looked on poverty from another point of view, and not necessarily as a punishable crime. I felt rather ashamed of myself, and to hide it, asked how many teachers they employed in the Vospitatelnoi. He replied more than five hundred, which covered my retreat.

The Russians, as a race, are not good-looking. The women, especially the lower classes, have bad figures and broad coarse faces, with complexions pallid and pasty from six months' stove heat, coarse indigestible food, and the too frequent use of the weakening vapour-bath. The boys generally look pale and delicate. I looked, therefore, down these long ranks of children, especially among the older ones, and observed the character of face, culling the beautiful, the expressive, and the characteristic.

I cannot in honour say that I was quite as well repaid for my investigation as I hoped to have been. The faces were generally chubby, round, healthy, and even rosy; the eyes shone with happiness, but the features were neither good nor regular, and of a commonplace type.

But here and there, especially among the daughters of the nobles, my eye fell on a beautiful face, that lay like a violet among dead leaves. Third in the first rank there was, *par exemple*, a face with all the mild beauty of one of Raphael's virgins, a face a perfect oval in contour, with features precious in refinement, and eyes of the most calm purity. Rapt in her devotions, this little orphan girl, the foster-child of the Vospitatelnoi Dom, seemed the very picture of Goethe's *Margaret*, as the poet sketches her praying in the cathedral.

But now a sudden thaw and dissolution seemed operating on the assembly, beginning at the corners of the chapel and gradually extending to the centre. The children were dispersing, the service was over. They were obeying some secret and traditional command, and retiring by divisions, battalions, and subdivisions of classes. With the mechanical regularity of soldiers, each rank right about faced, and glided off with an order and docility common to Russian children. There seemed no disposition to laugh or scuffle, or tread on each other's toes; but, on the contrary, a calmness, which was not, I am sure, assumed, but purely natural.

As the yellow, then the green, next the blue, then my first class and the little Raphael face, one by one turned and filed off, the Ober police-master, who, all the time of the service, between his bows and responses, had thrown me occasional statistics to stop my appetite till I went to the governor, now took my arm, and,

leading me back to the central bureau near the great hall, introduced me as if I was his bosom friend to that potentate.

The governor was a little, portly, bland, bald man, in official dress-coat and gilt buttons, with the air of a thriving banker, and a habit of rubbing his hands together, as if every fresh infant registered on the books was a positive gain to him. He had China-blue eyes, a smooth, frosty, red face, a kindly smile, and a slight lisp.

The governor, ruffling out some papers as if they were bank notes, instantly rose with the air of Virgil about to conduct Dante through the *Inferno*. He was one of those men whom nothing can ruffle; vexations evidently fell from him as rain does from a duck's back.

We went first to the suckling wards—large, well lit, handsome rooms—with forty or fifty beds in a room, and little rocking cradles, with gauze coverings, fit for little emperors. It is not unusual to have seven hundred babies and as many wet-nurses in the house at one time.

The moment we entered, the matrons of each room, well-dressed, pleasant looking women, met us at the door and curtsied; at the same moment every nurse stood at the end of her bed and shouldered her baby. The Russian nurses have no very good character. They are said to be stupid, often cruel, and they have been known to hold refractory children head downwards; still worse, they sometimes steal, change, or sell the children entrusted to them. But cruelty or neglect is impossible in the Vospitatelnoi Dom, for the women are here carefully chosen, well paid, and well watched.

They were short, "stodgy," ill-favoured bodies, with faces like the lower order of Irish peasant women; but they were all neatly dressed in red and pink cotton gowns, and wore the national handkerchief bound round their heads, Creole fashion. They did not smile; but they looked pleased and stolidly contented after their manner. The governor, stooping down to one cradle as if he was going to shovel some sovereigns out of a bin, removed the gauze canopy and looked in. There was a rosy black-eyed little girl, healthy and full of fun, rolling about in exuberant good humour and happiness. She instantly clutched the governor's hand as he pinched her arm, treating him evidently as a well-remembered old playfellow.

"I have been foster-father to some two hundred thousand children," said the governor, turning to me, as if I had suddenly presented him with a cheque and he wanted to know how I would take it.

Ceaseless rooms of nurses shouldering children, and then we came to a sadder sight—the

infirmary. Some poor pale children, their eyes supernaturally bright with fever, lay groaning or struggling with cruel pains. The nurses moved about quietly, and with a gentle care.

"We lose four or five a day of the poor things," said the governor, with a look as if he had just taken a dishonoured bill by mistake. "Altogether two or three thousand a year die in our hands. About one hundred or so, more or less, are now in the infirmary; but we must now, sir, go and see the children at their dinner."

In the infirmary I felt what I had often felt elsewhere—it is the great fault of all Russian public buildings, and Russian houses in general,—that, however large the rooms are, the air is very close and tepid. The Russians never seem to open windows; they do not care for, nor understand, ventilation. They do not worship oxygen, the sister of health. Their long winter imprisonments between treble doors and double windows, in rooms where the stove never goes out, deprives them of all care for fresh air. They cease to be even conscious of its absence, and do as well without it, it must be confessed, as a torpid dormouse does without food.

As we approached the dining-hall—the Ober police-master having now taken off Schnaps to some remote place of durance—stopping now and then to see more rooms full of nurses bow all at once, like so many bulrushes bending to the wind, we began to enter corridors full of sober-mannered children, walking in twos and twos, waiting for dinner, with much cheerful expectancy, but no romping or school-girl tumult.

The welcome signal of gong bell was given, and I and the governor followed the children into the long, low-roofed dining-hall as they streamed in, and, with perfect discipline, took their places at their special tables. It was delightful to see the governor as he took his stand alone at his own small central table, where on a tray stood a covered bowl of soup, some black bread, and, in fact, an epitome of the school dinner.

He wore a true bank-parlour air, seeming to look down upon seas of sovereigns and waving prairies of bank notes. The matrons were bustling up and down, busy as aide-de-camps, marshalling their respective classes.

All the innocent faces turned at once towards that little gilt shining picture of the Greek saint that was nailed up in the extreme right-hand corner of the room. And now rising up in their respective places, they poured forth a stream of song, which was their grace before meat. Then there was a shaking down into places, an ominous sound of jostling forks

and spoons, and the real business of the day commenced.

I examined the food: it was pure, good, excellently cooked, and served up with a religious neatness that gave you an appetite even to look at it. I observed that the children ate less vigorously than our English children. There was little hurry, and many left their plates uncleared. I am afraid there had been none of that hearty play in pure air before meals that makes English school-children such terrible trencher-clearers.

All this time the governor, with the air of a man expecting a run on his bank, and proudly indifferent to the fact, stood at his table talking to the head matron, or making believe to dine.

That form gone through, the governor laid aside his thunders, and, descending to earth, led me from table to table, pointing me out specially clever children, and evoking many a smile and blush by kind words of encouragement and recognition. I was specially pleased with the high-toned manner and self-respect of the elder girls, the young ladies of seventeen or eighteen, who were at the first-class table. They neither simpered nor were confused. They answered questions readily, with perfect ease and self-possession, gracefully and naturally; but neither servilely nor with the slightest *mauvaise honte*. No lady from the best circles of London, Paris, or Vienna, could have boasted a more refined and unaffected manner.

"Some of my children here," said the governor, "are good linguists, and speak and write French, German, and their own tongue perfectly. Many are excellent musicians and artists. We allow them to select their pursuits and studies according to their tastes and faculties. One or two know a little English and Italian."

I inquired why they did not all learn English: it would be so useful to the future governesses.

"But," said the governor, "we cannot afford it; as it is, each child is even now a great annual expense. French and German carry them through very well."

I asked what it was that every child we approached said to the governor.

The governor smiled, and straightway cashed invisible cheques to a large amount.

"They say," he replied, "Good day, papa, in one of their three languages: our poor Russians, sir, speak a polyglot jargon."

To fill up the time while the children completed their dinner, we went to see the kitchen, where the young, sturdy, buxom servants were all orphans and foundlings, and where everything was as clean and orderly as elsewhere.

The brazen stewpans were so clean that it gave one fresh appetite only to look at them. The bustle was cheerful and pleasant, everybody seeming to enjoy their work, and to be fond of their special duty. The governor smiled, as if he was about to declare a very large half-yearly dividend.

We got back to the dining-hall just as each little guest laid down her knife and fork and rose to sing grace. Again that beautiful chant rose to Heaven, and mingled with the praises of the angels.

"Now," said the governor, rubbing his hands, as if the rate of exchange was unusually in favour of Russia, "I must show my English visitor our school-rooms, especially those of the higher classes. You will soon begin to know some of the faces."

An English shepherd knows every face in his flock of a thousand sheep. Out of thousands of children the governor could at a glance, I found, select his favourites.

As we passed down a passage (passages in the *Vospitatelnoi Dom* are of enormous length) the pleasant rippling sound of piano-playing breaking forth from a side-room, the governor put on his dividend-declaring air, and slyly opened the door.

There, seated at her piano, in her own little study, sat my little Raphael-faced girl, practising with all the absorbed enthusiasm of a Saint Cecilia. The rose-colour kindled on her cheek as she got up and curtsied. The governor paid her some little compliment in Russian, and closed the door.

"The dear children are very happy here," he said. "Any child who has ever been at our *Vospitatelnoi*, and once passed beneath the shadow of the great stone pelican over the entrance, has a right to return here for aid if poverty, sickness, or misfortune overtake her."

How could I help repeating these divine words to myself: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"From what are your funds derived?" I asked. "The foundling at St. Petersburg, I hear, derives its revenues from the sale of playing-cards, and the profits of the Lombard loan office."

"We," said the governor, toying with an imaginary cheque-book, "have also a Lombard bank, and we have also had much money left us by the great Demidoff family. The government grants us, in addition, a tax of ten per cent. on all places of public amusement. Now, my dear sir, take a look out of this window at our gardens before we enter into the class-rooms.

I looked and saw a very large garden, large almost as an average London square, to use a

familiar comparison, with rows of wooden cabins on one side of it.

"Those cabins are where we sometimes lodge the children in the hot weather," said the governor; "they enjoy that pic-nic life marvellously. We have, of course, many other gardens, besides large establishments in the country, such as that where all our boys now are; we have also some five thousand infants nursing under inspection in the environs."

We entered the class-rooms, all alike, each with its ladylike and well-mannered matron, its rows of raised desks, and its unabashed ladylike girls. As we walked down each room between the desks I could not help again admiring the exquisite neatness of the uniform dress, and the grace and trimness of everything about the place.

The moment the governor entered, as if sunshine was diffused from his very face, a smile of welcome spread over every countenance. He was evidently more of the father than the despot.

At the end of the long suite of class-rooms we came to a large square empty apartment, surrounded by glass cases full of little dressed-up mannikins.

"This," said the governor, "is a room full of playthings for my twenty-five thousand children. We teach them from these things better than by books. Here are models of different nations, and of all the chief birds, beasts, and fishes. Dear children! they delight in this room. But now you must come to our chief matron's room, and take a tumbler of tea with a slice of lemon in it, in our Russian way; and you can note down anything you want to know that I can tell, for—I am only too glad to talk about the dear old *Vospitatelnoi*."

I accepted the governor's kind offer, and followed him. As we got nearer the hall we fell into a sort of gulf-stream of wet-nurses, each of whom wore that peculiar low flat-topped tiara (not unlike a flattened-out Glengarry), peculiar to Russian nurses. As we stopped for a moment to speak to one, a little rosy girl, her black eyes sparkling with fun and happiness, flew to the governor and seized his hand. It was the same little girl we had seen in bed, when we began our rounds, an hour and a half before.

When we reached the chief matron's room, a pleasant, well-furnished apartment, fit for any lady, we took our seats. The governor rang the bell and ordered tea.

I will not prolong matters by throwing our conversation into its natural dialogue, as the governor's answers imply the questions; but simply set down briefly, pell-mell, what he now

told me of the working of the Vospitatelnoi, promising that as he spoke he crossed one leg over another, and nibbled invisible pens, preparatory to the work of going through the annual accounts.

"We cannot strictly," he said, "call the Vospitatelnoi a Foundling, for we take any children brought to us, from anywhere or from anyone, without question or inquiry, provided it be not beyond a certain age. The entrance to our receiving-lodge is never shut, summer or winter, day or night. We receive about twenty infants a day. They are all numbered and registered. More come in the dark than any other time; more on fine days than bad; more in summer than winter. The parents give their names if they choose; but they are not compelled. They may pay for the child's support, or not, as they like. Those who pay four pounds ten shillings a year have a right to see that their child is not sent out to nurse, but is brought up entirely in the house. The boys who have two hundred and fifty roubles (a rouble is three shillings) left with them are educated as officers, chiefly engineers; the unpaid for become nearly all common soldiers. In St. Petersburg the boys are sent to the government paper, carpet, and looking-glass manufactories; others become merchants, artists, or priests. Our best lads are sent to the university, or are trained to get their livelihood as medical men.

"When a child has been registered and baptised, a ticket, with a name and number, is hung round its neck; a duplicate is at the same time given to the woman who brings it, so that it can be claimed when it reaches the age of twenty-one, or before. The country nurses get five roubles a week. We have had children sent from Bessarabia, and places a thousand miles off in Siberia. One-fourth, alas! die in the first six weeks, and more than one half in the first six years. More at St. Petersburg, too, where the peasants are poor, than here at Moscow, where the nurses are more robust. The St. Petersburg-Vospitatelnoi, near the Fontanka Canal, covers thirty thousand square toises of land, or thirty-eight English acres. I do not know the exact size of our establishment. Ours is rather a town than a house. I do not know exactly when we started; but the St. Petersburg branch was founded by the Empress Catherine in 1770. It then held only three hundred infants; it now receives about seven thousand a year, and supports some twenty-five thousand six hundred children. And now tell me, as you seem to care for these things, what number your London Foundling supports."

"Four hundred and fifty, poor children and

adults, only," I replied; "but it supports through life all those of its inmates who are unfitted, personally or mentally, for apprenticeship. It was founded in 1739 by Captain Coram, an old mariner, who had made money chiefly by trading to Georgia and Nova Scotia. The brave old fellow spent all his money on the charity, and became in his old age comparatively poor."

As I rose to go, the governor put on the air of one looking about for a bank safe to be sold on reasonable terms; and diving into his inner sanctum, re-appeared with a photograph of the Vospitatelnoi.

"Accept that, my dear sir," he said, handing it to me, "it may sometimes remind you of the Foundling at Moscow."

I thanked him warmly. He followed me, bowing, into the hall, and we parted with mutual expressions of good will. In the hall, Herr Schnaps pounced again upon his prey, and led me, like a prisoner on parole, to my carriage. On my expressing a wish to drive, after lunch, to the Great Simoneff Monastery, outside the walls, he announced to me the utter impracticability of the plan, upon which I paid him off in a pet, and drove alone to my hotel.

W. T.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

I.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its life-blood cold—its heart can beat no more,—
Its little eyes, 'erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er,—

Say, is this death?

No! it is only sleep.

II.

SAY, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hard-fought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"

Say, is this death?

No! it is only sleep.

III.

SAY, when, the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and loves decay,
Life's evening closes, and in Heaven awaits
A brighter day,—

Say, is this death?

No! it is only sleep.

IV.

SAY, when the heart is fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives,—

Say, what is this?

Ah! this is truly death!

E. H.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIX. WHY DIDN'T SHE MARRY THE CORPORAL?

THE journey from Aqualagna home to Bella Luce was a pleasanter one for Giulia than her last return had been, sitting by the side of old farmer Paolo, as she came back from Fano. There are sundry things in the world which depend altogether for their pleasantness or the reverse on the companions in conjunction with whom they may be performed or undergone. But a journey stands pre-eminent in this respect! And of all journeys, a journey in a *calessino*,—which is but a somewhat prettier and more classical name for a gig of a rather less comfortable and more picturesque form than the English respectability-vouching conveyance,—a journey in a *calessino* is the most striking manifestation of the truth of the proposition. There is no escape, no mitigation, no turning your back upon a man, no giving him the cold shoulder even, in the case. You may keep your distance in your corner, and maintain a dignified system of non-intercourse in a post-chaise. But in a gig it is not possible to do so.

It had been dreadful to sit by the side of that snarling and sneering old man, to be the helpless butt of his ill humour, and the compulsory sharer in every jolt, and victim of every jibe. Now the road back to Bella Luce seemed a very short one, though, in fact, it was somewhat longer than that which Giulia had traversed the previous night. For the way down from the village into the valley of the Metauro, passing by the old tower at the back of the churchyard, and thence plunging into the woods that for the most part cover the labyrinth of little valleys that lie between it and the main artery valley of the above-named river, is in many parts of it a mere bridle-path, impracticable even for such light vehicles as that lent by the lawyer of Cagli to Beppo and Giulia. They were obliged to pass through Fossombrone, and take a somewhat longer route, which brought them into the village at the foot or lower part of it—at the side of it, that is, nearer to Bella Luce,—instead of by the back or higher part of it, on the other side of the church, the churchyard, and the *cura*.

"*Viva l'Italia!* you know, Giulia!" said Beppo, as soon as they were through the darkness of the tunnel on their way homewards. "If you take me prisoner now, you know the terms of the bargain?"

"I have no wish to be off it, Beppo—as you know, signor, quite as well as I can tell you," answered Giulia.

"I know it! Oh, come now, Giulia! How was I to know it, when it's only within the last hour that I have got you to say a word of comfort to me; and I have been striving for it for the last three years—not to say more or less all your life? Perhaps if I had asked you before, when I was wet through, you would have listened to me. It's true I never tried that way before; but I think it's the only thing I have not tried."

"You never tried getting into trouble before, Beppa *mie*," said she; "not that, after all, to be quite honest," she continued, after a little pause of meditation,—“not that, after all, it was so much your trouble as my own that has made the difference.”

"Made what difference, Giulia?"

"Why, the difference you were speaking of, Beppo; the difference that you were saying must be because you are wet through now, and always had dry clothes on before when you asked me to marry you. But it was that my heart was dry with pride, and now that it has been wetted through and through with tears of sorrow and humility."

"I never thought that you were proud, Giulia," said Beppo, simply.

"Yes I was, Beppo," she said; "I was too proud to bear all that will be said of me on account of this love of ours. I was ready to break my heart in secret rather than let them say that I had schemed to catch a great match. Ah, Beppo! Beppo! if you had been as poor as I, or if I had been the rich one, and you poor as I, do you think I should have behaved as I did? Do you think I was not breaking my heart all the time? And that night when you stopped me under the half-way tree—the night before I was to go to Fano—oh, that night! that night! Could you not guess? could you not see that if your heart was sore to part, mine was sorer? that I was breaking my heart because I was going away and could not tell you that I loved you, and nobody else in all the wide, wide world, and never should or would or could love anybody else? Oh, Beppo, could you not feel it?"

"But why then did you always say quite the contrary?" remonstrated Beppo.

"I have told you, Beppo—because I was proud; because I could not bear the sneers and

jibes and reproaches of your father and of Carlo, and of everybody; that they should say I had schemed and laid myself out to catch you, to lure you,—not because I loved you, but because I wanted to be mistress one day of Bella Luce; and that I had stood in the way of your fortune, and prevented you making a rich marriage—I who was taken into your father's house for charity. I was too proud to bear all this. And so I was content, rather than bear it, to break my own heart and vex yours. And I know that they will say all this! I know they will!"

"If I hear a human tongue wag with any such cursed lie; if I see but an eye look a thought of the kind——" said Beppo, grinding his teeth.

"But you won't see or hear anything of the sort, Beppo *mio*! At least I hope not; and though I shall, I have learned to bear it. That is what I was saying just now. My proud heart has been wetted through and through with tears of real heart-break and humility. I won't be proud any more, Beppo. You know, Beppo, whether it is you yourself, or your money, or your father's money, that I love; and that shall be enough for me. I won't mind what anybody else says."

"But, Giulia dearest, you told me, you know, that you had refused the Corporal," said Beppo.

"To be sure I did. *Che!* What was he to me?"

"But didn't you tell me that he was very well off, or going to be, when his uncle dies?"

"Oh, yes; I know all about it," said Giulia, laughing. "Specially I know that it is all freehold land, and most of it pasture; for the poor little man told me so over and over again. You see you don't know how to make love, Beppo! That's where it is. You never told me anything about the money in Signor Paolo's coffers, nor about the goodness of the land at Bella Luce, nor anything of the kind. Corporal Tenda told me all about it. I shall never forget that his land, near Cuneo, is all freehold!"

"And I have got no freehold land, nor anything of the sort," cried Beppo; "and how can they say, then, that you wanted me for what I have got, when, if that was what you were after, you might have had so much better! I should like to have an answer to that!" said Beppo triumphantly. "Why did not you marry the Corporal? That is what I say! Why didn't she marry the Corporal?"

But the only answer Beppo got to this reiterated question interfered with his driving to that degree, that the little Marchesan pony, accustomed as he was to minute guns behind

him, discharged at regular intervals by Signor Stefano's whip, had long since, on missing those reminders, subsided into a very pleasantly sauntering walk. For Italian drivers do not take the same precaution for keeping their whip arm free that English coachmen do. They sit not on the right hand of a person sitting on the same seat with them, but on the left. And in this position, you see, when the space is small,—and Signor Stefano's *calessino* was a very little one—and when into the bargain your fare lays her head down on your shoulder, it very much interferes with that vigorous cracking of your whip which Italian coachmanship requires, and may be said to constitute a real case of driving under difficult circumstances. Finding his whip-arm thus disabled Beppo had given up that part of the business as a bad job altogether; and putting the whip out of his hand entirely, resting it on the seat beside his knee, with its butt end down by the side of his foot in the bottom of the little carriage, he had that arm free for any other purpose which the emergencies of the case might seem to require. And really there was another purpose, besides cracking the whip, that did seem to require some attention from the arm so placed at liberty. It must be understood that the little light *calessini* of this part of the Apennines are constructed without any back to them at all. The seat is a comfortably wide, but entirely open and backless cushion suspended between upright supporters at the two extremities. So that a person sitting thereon has nothing at his back at all; and if, under such circumstances, your fare will lay down her head upon your shoulder, it really does seem as if there were only one disposition of your right arm in any degree open to your choice.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantageous circumstances, the pony had made a quiet little shambling trot of it as long as the road was down hill,—which it is most part of the way from the tunnel of the Furlo Pass to Fossombrone. But before coming to that little town on the Metauro, there is a rather considerable ascent to the huge one-arched bridge by which that river is spanned, a little before the town is entered. And there the pony, unreminded of his duties by any manifestations from behind him, diminished his little trot to a lazy, zig-zagging walk up the hill, just as Beppo was triumphantly pushing the point of his argument.

"Why didn't she marry the Corporal? That is what I say! Why didn't she marry the Corporal?" said Beppo, raising his voice in the warmth of his eloquence, but not enforcing it with any gesticulation incompatible with the

occupation of his left hand by the reins, and of his right in the manner the reader wots of.

"Why didn't she marry the Corporal? That is the question!" urged Beppo.

"Ah! that is just what I wanted to know! But I found it out before you did, Signor Beppo! And, *per Bacco!* I think that anybody who happened to be here present, might find out the answer to the question for themselves!"

The voice proceeded from the side of the road at a spot which, though the *calessino* was in the act of passing before it, was almost hidden by an abrupt angle in the parapet wall of the approaches to the bridge. It was a voice perfectly well known to both the travellers in the *calessino*; and, in fact, proceeded from the very individual in question. The Corporal and his comrade, having marched all night on Giulia's traces from Bella Luce to the Furlo Pass, and having then turned unrested to march back again, had not made any great speed, and had availed themselves of a stone bench in the shade, erected against the parapet wall, to rest themselves. So that, moderate as the little trot of Signor Stefano's pony had been, and notwithstanding that Beppo and Giulia must have started on their way to Bella Luce nearly two hours after the Corporal, the pony overtook the latter at the bridge of Fossombrone.

At this sudden and most unexpected interposition, Giulia's head was very quickly raised from the shoulder on which it had been reposing; but the right arm, which should have been holding the whip, was only drawn the tighter around that which it was encircling. At the same time the other hand, whether purposely or not, drew in the rein sufficiently to cause the pony, who was disposed to take the very slightest hint of that kind, to come to a full stop.

"So you have been more fortunate than I was, signora!" continued the Corporal, coming up to the side of the little vehicle; "and have captured your man! You are taking him in to head-quarters, I see! That's all right! And it's a capital way, by-the-by, of securing a captive, that way I see you have of fixing his arm around your own body. He can't take it away, anyhow! I see you have been in the water, Signor Beppo! What a devil of a jump that was!"

"Corporal," said Beppo, "I owe you my life! And you owe me the attempt to take away yours! What can I say to you? And how can I look you in the face?"

"Why, by turning round this way you could! But it's difficult, I see, fixed as you are to your captor! Did you try to take my life?

Ah, yes; fired at me! So you did! I had forgotten all about it. We don't recollect such things long in our profession. And, besides, you could not have meant to hit me, and miss me twice running, at that distance,—impossible! So we will say no more about that! But what I say is," continued the Corporal, changing his tone, winking at Giulia, and imitating Beppo's manner, "what I say is, why didn't she marry the Corporal? Ah, Signor Beppo," he continued, again changing his manner, and speaking with earnestness, "why did not you find that out sooner? Why did you ever allow yourself to doubt why she did not marry the Corporal? Should you not have known right well why the Corporal never had the ghost of a chance, from first to last? Ah! all I wish is, that I may fall in with,—I won't say such another girl, for there is no hope of that,—but with some one that I can love, and who will love me half as well as your cousin loves you! Why would she not marry the Corporal? Why would she not marry the king, if he asked her? as no doubt he would, if he got the chance! Because there was only one man in all the world that she cared a straw for; and for him, she was ready to follow him in sorrow and disgrace to the end of the earth, and to play the Corporal any manner of trick to save him from falling into the Corporal's hands! That's why. And now, friend Beppo, I think it is very likely that she will marry the Corporal, after all!"

Giulia gave a little jump, and Beppo tightened his grasp of her waist, and glared at the man, whose face he had just professed he could not look on!

"Ah, yes! You may look as fierce about it as you please!" continued he; "depend upon it, she will marry the Corporal, after all—Corporal Beppo Vanni! He'll be the happy man!"

"Ah—h—h!" said Giulia.

Beppo stretched out his left hand, dropping the reins for the purpose, to the Corporal, saying, as he did so,—

"I am slow to understand, Corporal, as you have seen—*per troppo!* But I'm slow to forget, too; and I shall not forget you in a hurry!"

"And I have got some good news for you," said the Corporal; and then he told them of the proclamation that was just out, of which he had heard as he came along the road. The travellers told him how they had already heard of it from the new acquaintance who had lent them the means of getting back to Bella Luce.

"And now," said the Corporal, "of course you are going to Fano to give yourself up. I presume you will go in to-morrow morning?"

"That is my purpose," said Beppo.

"Because, you know, by rights I ought to arrest you now directly; but if I have your word that you mean to surrender to-morrow morning, why, I know I can trust you, and I am content. I shall march in to-morrow morning, and report that I have been informed that you had gone to surrender yourself. There will be no need for us to go up to Bella Luce; we can stay and rest ourselves here in Fossombrone, and go into the city in the morning. It would be well for you to be there first. What time can you be in Fano?"

"I'll be there a couple of hours after daylight," said Beppo; "that is," he added, "if your comrades there will let me come!"

"Ay, to be sure; that is well thought of. I must go up home with you, after all," said the Corporal. "Perhaps you can let me manage to stick myself on behind here, somehow?"

So Signor Stefano's pony had an extra load to climb the hill from Fossombrone to Bella Luce; but before entering the village the Corporal got down, and allowed his companions to go on and make their entry into Santa Lucia, and arrive at Bella Luce without his superintendence.

CHAPTER XXX. CONCLUSION.

So Giulia brought home her captive unaided! The route by which they entered the village did not take them past the door of the *cura*, as has been already explained; and they hoped, in consequence, that they would escape falling in with the priest. He was, however, just entering the lower end of the village, on his return from Bella Luce, where he had been in consultation with Signor Paolo respecting the disappearance of Giulia from home in the preceding night, and had been pointing out how thoroughly lost and abandoned she was, and how he had always said and thought so, when Beppo and she made their appearance in the village street in their *calessino*! He and they both caught sight of each other at the same moment; and the two fugitives made up their minds to a somewhat stormy quarter of an hour. But the priest judged the occasion to be one of those when discretion is the better part of valour, and suddenly turned into a doorway as they approached him. The reader will not be displeased to hear, however, that this tardy discretion in meddling with Beppo Vanni's affairs was too tardy to save his reverence from the consequences of his share in the events which have been narrated in these pages; for among the most recent news from the Romagna is that of the conviction and punishment of a number of parish priests for the crime of instigating their parishioners to

desertion; and in the list of these may be found the name of Don Evandro Baluffi,—or, at all events, of one who acted exactly as Don Evandro has been described to have acted.

A rose by any other name, we know, would smell as sweet; and the conviction of a priest, under any other name, let us hope, will prove as salutary!

Beppo told his father, in the most respectful manner, that he meant to give himself up to the military authorities at Fano on the morrow, and to marry his cousin Giulia as soon as his period of service should have expired. The old farmer scratched his head, and said he must speak to the priest about it to-morrow.

Eventually, however, the old man was persuaded, mainly by the eloquence of the Corporal, who arrived at Bella Luce on that memorable Sunday night about half-an-hour after Giulia and Beppo, to recede from any active opposition to his son's wishes. It was remarkable what an authority the Corporal became in the old farmer's eyes, as soon as the latter found out that he was heir to a snug little farm, and that it was all freehold land!

Signor Tenda turned out to be a good prophet, too, for Giulia *did* marry the Corporal. Beppo was sent, on joining his regiment, not against the Austrians, but to aid in putting down the brigandage in Naples; and in that specially dangerous and disagreeable service he was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of distinguishing himself by the capture of a noted chief, who had given great trouble to the administration for a long time, to such good purpose that he got his stripes at once, together with a year's leave, and permission to marry.

Of course Signor Sandro Bartoldi relented, and Lisa married Captain Brilli. Of course Giulia went to live with *la Dossi* during Beppo's absence. Of course her marriage has been, in all respects, a happy one.

It is not likely, however, that she will ever live at Bella Luce, as she had wished to do "always"; for, on an arrangement being come to that Beppo should be the heir to old Paolo's savings, and that Carlo should succeed him in the farm, Corporal Beppo declared that he should prefer sticking to the flag, and pushing his fortunes in the army.

(Concluded.)

PAWNS, PAWNERS, AND PAWN-BROKERS.

ONCE upon a time (according to rather a pretty old legend) there lived a certain nobleman who had three daughters. From being rich, he became poor,—so poor that there remained no means of obtaining food for his

daughters but by sacrificing them to a dishonourable life; and oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meanwhile the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When St. Nicholas heard of this he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land. Therefore one night, when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and, tying it up in a handkerchief, repaired to the dwelling of the nobleman. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and while he stood irresolute, the moon, coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open. So he threw in the gold, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it portioned his eldest daughter. A second time St. Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night, and with it the nobleman portioned his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch. When the good saint came for the third time and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, "O, Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" And he kissed his feet and his hands. But St. Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

This legend (given in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art") is accepted by an Edinburgh reviewer (No. 180, p. 400) as a proof that the *three gilt balls*, which form the pawnbroker's sign or symbol, had their origin in the old mediæval days:—"These three purses of gold, or, as they are more customarily figured, these three golden balls, disposed in exact pawnbroker fashion, one and two, are to this day the recognised special emblem of the charitable St. Nicholas." The three golden balls had long before been referred to the Lombard merchants, who were the first to open loan shops in England for the relief of temporary distress; but the Lombards had merely assumed an emblem which had already been appropriated by St. Nicholas as their charitable predecessor in that very line of business. Another learned pundit of our day, however, will not go so far as this. He says that the greatest of money lenders in the Lombard days were the celebrated, and eventually princely, house of the Medici; that they were gilded pills on their shield (their founder having been a mediciner); that their agents in England and other countries put that armorial bearing over

their doors as their sign; and that the reputation of that house induced others to adopt the same sign.

Whether we trace the pawnbroking trade to St. Nicholas or to the Medici, matters little to the poor, who pay a sadly heavy rate of interest for such small loans as their poverty or improvidence drives them to apply for. When the trade was not under legislative control, pawnbroking had become little other than a blind for various nefarious practices. Moralists and satirists, at any rate, thought so. There is a curious old pamphlet, published in the time of Queen Anne, entitled "A Comical Dialogue between a Pawnbroker and a Tallyman," in which each one chucklingly narrates to the other his exploits in pillaging the needy. The pawnbroker says:—"I never questioned anybody how they came by the things. I looked upon that as false heraldry. I usually lent but a third part, or half the value at most; and my chaps were such that I was sure had no intention to redeem 'em again. Them that had, I put the change upon them; and if they suspected it, I had oaths of my own coining, and a stock of impudence to face them out. Always out of two beds, pillows, and bolster I got feathers or down enough to fill a third for myself; and sometimes changed the whole for that of little value. Of an excellent and good-going watch I would take out the inside work and put in one which was worn out, but with the same name on the dial. As for gold rings, I often got the same posies put upon Prince's metal; and when once out of my hands, and the cash received, if they came again to charge me with it, I cried out 'a cheat!' and threaten'd them with a constable, which made them go away muttering a few hearty curses, which I so little valued that I blew them away like a feather. If I found a novice in the art of thieving come to offer to sell or pawn, first getting the things, I secured them in my counter, then took him or her into examination, whispering to my man so loud to fetch a constable, that being easily heard, away my chap ran, and the cargo fell to my share without paying a penny for it; for you must think I did not make an outcry of it, unless it was now and then a trifle for fashion sake, to keep up a seeming reputation for honesty. Then I had the thief-catcher my pensioner, so that my house was never searched. Once I had got about 1000*l.* in plate of a lady; I made a feign to break, and glad she was to compound and take 100*l.* more than I had lent. So then I got 400*l.* clear for being out of the way a little, and taking my pleasure in the country."

These rogueries, however, whether real or

imaginary, belong to a lapsed state of things. An Act was passed about the year 1800, which, with minor alterations since, has governed the pawnbroking trade, and in it there is a pretty plain statement of what the pawnbroker must *not* do. He must not lend money on pledges except between certain hours in the day; nor to children under a certain age; nor to persons in a state of intoxication; nor to persons whose honest acquisition of the pledged property seems doubtful; nor on unfinished articles (things partially made). And if the people and the pledges be sufficiently near the mark, then he is bound and limited as to the rate of interest to be charged—one halfpenny per month for a loan under half-a-crown, and in the same ratio up to forty shillings, after which the rate lowers. He must not charge anything for one week over the month, or definite number of months. A period from one to two weeks incurs a charge for half a month; but beyond this a whole month is charged for. He is, however, allowed to charge for certain little bits of paper, called *duplicates*, or *pawn-tickets*, at a minimum of one halfpenny for loans under ten shillings, up to a maximum of fourpence. Then, as to time or period, the contract is for one year or less, at the option of the borrower, at the expiration of which year the pawnbroker may sell the pledge under certain conditions; but the borrower can obtain another three months' respite by applying in good time. Then again, the time and mode of selling the unredeemed pledges by auction are defined; so likewise is the refunding to the borrower of part of the proceeds if the pledge brings more than the loan, interest, and expenses, the pawnbroker bearing the loss if the proceeds are less favourable. Therefore it will be seen that this class of money-lenders are under pretty close regulation; and speaking generally, on the whole, pawnbrokers are neither more nor less honest than other men; neither more nor less disposed to "drive a coach and four" through an Act of Parliament, or through any other well-meaning document.

The window of a pawnbroker's shop tells us something—a good deal, indeed—of the character of the neighbourhood. Impoverished gentility does not pledge the same kind of articles as vulgar poverty. The articles in the window, it is true, are not pledges, for they must not be ticketed for sale until they cease to be pledges altogether; but still they show on what sorts of articles money has been lent, at some time and in some way or other. The gold watches, good jewellery, articles of *luxure* and *virtu*, &c., tell of "monetary difficulties" which have befallen those who would dread to

be seen going into one of the little pigeon-hole boxes at a pawnbroker's. In the bettermost of these shops loans are extensively made on the more valuable kinds of property by special contract, irrespective of the pawn statute; and many of the beautiful things displayed in the windows have never had a pawn ticket attached. At the dingy shops in low neighbourhoods the case is different. Here every article on which a few pence can be borrowed may be found; for a penniless family, whether reckless or not, would pawn almost anything that is uneatable rather than go without food. And it has been observed as a fact, that when poor persons purchase cheap articles at these places, they very often cast an inquiring glance at the *pledgeable* quality of the thing purchased, as if making a mental calculation how much they could borrow on it if necessity arose. Within these establishments, and generally entered by a doorway distinct from that which opens into the shop proper, is an arrangement known to very few except those who are in the unpleasant predicament of requiring a loan. A number of boxes or recesses open from a dark passage to the front of a counter at the back of the shop. These recesses are a concession to pride, a homage to honest poverty, a recognition of the fact that persons do not wish their pawning to be known to the world. The customers quietly take their places, each in a recess or box, and wait their turn to be served. They bring with them the articles that are to be left in pledge for the money obtained on loan. What a medley it is! Almost everything portable (if not perishable) is regarded as fish to be caught in their net. The neat merino gown and the glossy hat that came forth in due form last Sunday; the little girl's hat and feather that will not be wanted till next Sunday; the umbrella that can be spared because there is just now no rain, or the parasol because there is just now no bright sunshine; the great coat or the thick shawl when the weather is warm; the silver watch (a chain may dangle over the waistcoat, even though there be no watch in the pocket); the tailor's goose, the carpenter's plane, the glazier's diamond, the picture over the mantel-piece, the blanket, the best teapot, the insignia of some Order of smart Fellows—nothing comes amiss. Many of the articles proffered to the pawnbroker are familiar acquaintances of his; he has had them often before in his care. Many are obviously made expressly for pawning, without any intention of redeeming them; and many look doubtful, or are offered by doubtful-looking persons. The lord of the domain is therefore called upon to exercise much judgment and

caution in his dealings. In most cases the borrower obtains as large a sum on a pledge as the pawnbroker is willing to lend; and the latter has to hold the balance even between two conflicting motives—the wish to get as much interest as he can by lending largely, and the wish to hold himself well secure by lending only a small ratio of the value. A bargain is made, and the pawnbroker enters certain particulars in a book, and also on two tickets or duplicates, one to be given to the pawnor and one to be kept by himself. Until 1860 nothing was charged for the ticket when the loan was less than five shillings; but in that year an Act of Parliament was passed, wholly and solely to authorise the pawnbroker to charge one halfpenny for the ticket for these small loans—so trifling is the work which our legislators sometimes employ themselves about. As the interest on half-a-crown is charged for any loan below that amount, and as the interest for one month is charged for any loan for a shorter period, the pawners who live on the hand-to-mouth system, pawning to-day what they will require again to-morrow, pay enormously for the accommodation. If an article is pawned for sixpence on Monday and redeemed on Tuesday, there is a halfpenny to pay for interest and a halfpenny for the ticket; these together amount to $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. on the money borrowed for one day; what the rate is *per annum* the reader may calculate for himself, and may well marvel at the result. And yet a penny does not seem too much to pay the pawnbroker for the trouble he takes in this transaction—writing out two tickets, warehousing the goods, and booking the entry.

A rare magazine of odds and ends is the warehouse at a pawnbroker's, and much tact does it need in its management. It may include several rooms, or even several stories of rooms, according to the extent of business. Bins, racks, and shelves divide the space into numerous compartments; and in these compartments the pledged articles are arranged on a three-fold system—the kind of article, the amount lent on it, and the date of the pawning. It is a system that has grown up by experience, and that enables the warehouseman to find any required pledge with quickness and accuracy. When a pawnor comes to redeem a pledge, the ticket, by some mysterious agency, is sent up to the warehouseman, who looks out the required article, and pushes it or lets it fall down a well, shoot, or spout, to the shop below, which “spout” has given rise to a colloquialism well known among pawners. The article is returned to the owner, who repays the loan with interest.

Such are the transactions which are going on all day long in our great towns. In three hundred and fifty establishments in the metropolis, and in fourteen hundred in the country, are these lendings and borrowings managed. A rough estimate has been made that sixty thousand loans are effected in a year at each metropolitan establishment, taking them one with another, and that probably six thousand pounds sterling is the average sunk capital of each.

The pawnbrokers of course, as tradesmen, can hardly be expected to make public the details of their trade, or the amount and profit of their business; but about the year 1840 the Rev. H. J. Porter, interesting himself in the welfare of the poor, adopted an ingenious mode of ascertaining, if possible, the actual rate of interest payable by borrowers of small sums in different parts of Ireland. He deposited an article of clothing at every pawnbroker's in Dublin, receiving a ticket bearing some particular number, whatever it may have been. One week afterwards he repeated this process. Then, comparing the numbers on the two sets of tickets, he ascertained how many pledges had been deposited at each shop in a week; and assuming that number to be a fair average, he deduced the yearly aggregate of pawnings. His observations and calculations led him to this result—that there were four million pledgings or pawnings within a year in Dublin; that the sum borrowed each time averaged four shillings; and that sixteen thousand pounds was paid for tickets or duplicates alone. But his data did not afford him the means of determining the actual average rate of interest paid. He did the same thing at Belfast, and throughout the whole of the county of Armagh, and found the average loan to be lessened to three shillings. At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association in 1840, Mr. Porter gave the following very curious details concerning the small borrowings made by the poor at Glasgow about that period:—“There exists in Glasgow a system of pawning quite new to me, and, I believe, wholly unknown in Ireland. These are called *wee* or *little pawns*. The supposed advantages or inducements to pawn at these brokers are as follows: they lend money on articles of lesser value than the licensed pawnbrokers will receive; they lend about 25 per cent. more upon the deposits; and they are open earlier and later than the usual pawnbrokers. The manifest disadvantages are: they give no tickets, and consequently there is no security; the time for redeeming these pawns is one month, instead of a year; and the interest charged is one penny per week for

one shilling, or at the rate of 433l. per cent. per annum!" He proceeded to state that, having made calculations based on the tickets issued by six of the licensed pawnbrokers in Glasgow, doing from 28,000 to 61,000 transactions in a year each, he arrived at a conclusion that about a million pawns were annually lodged at the licensed pawnbrokers in Glasgow; that three shillings was about an average of each loan; and that four thousand pounds a year were paid by the borrowers for the mere duplicates or tickets. The figures relating to the *vee-pawn* shops were much more extraordinary. There were seven hundred of such unlicensed places in and near Glasgow; they each took in nearly 60,000 pledges annually; the sums lent ranged from a halfpenny to a little more than a shilling, averaging fourpence; and thus nearly half a million was lent annually, some thirty years ago, to the most poor and improvident classes in Glasgow, at an interest of more than 400 per cent. per annum!

In Ireland, the pawnbroking system has at times been supplemented by that of *Monts de Piété*, a sort of loan-fund, in which benevolence rather than trade-profit is the leading motive. Such *monts*, or *monti*, have existed in Italy for many centuries. The popes were wont to encourage the collection of subscriptions from wealthy or benevolent persons, in order that small sums might be lent out of the fund to the deserving poor; and hence the establishments formed for this purpose received the name of *Banks of Piety*. But difficulties arose. If no interest was charged, there was nothing out of which to pay the working expenses; if it were charged, the managers were accused of taking advantage of the necessities of the poor by making them pay for what had been intended as a kindness. The Franciscans and the Dominicans had many a wordy war on this point; and the Sovereign Pontiff had much ado to keep peace between them. So, in effect, it has been in Ireland; the voluntary donations fell off as soon as the scheme assumed anything like a commercial character; and yet if such a basis were not maintained, the working expenses fell into arrear. In truth, the problem belongs to that very difficult class—how to combine trade with benevolence, so that each shall aid the other.

The pawnbrokers of our own day have their own "organ," their newspaper, their Gazette; a weekly sheet, for which threepence is charged. The reader may wonder why, and in what fashion, a paper can be maintained for this one trade alone. Somehow or other it is so; and a good deal of curious information is the result. Mr. Editor of course has his leading articles, in

which all matters affecting the trade are discussed. In 1860 the newspaper was in the highest pitch of excitement for six months, in respect to the Bill or Act for allowing a charge of one halfpenny for the duplicate on small loans; the language was as strong, the *esprit de corps* as intense, the controversies were as bitter, and the final triumph was as delightful, as if the struggle had related to a change of ministry, a new dynasty, or a great war. That particular correspondent must have been well pleased with himself and the success of his party, when he addressed his antagonist thus, through the columns of the pawnbrokers' newspaper: "My dear Dicky Sam, how do you feel? Shall I send you some gruel and a composing draught, and ring for Betty to put you to bed?" Sometimes a correspondent puts a query to Mr. Editor, which lets us into some of the peculiarities of the trade. One asks, "Are *boot-tops* considered a finished article in a court of law, and may they be taken in pledge with safety?" This refers to the law which forbids a pawnbroker to make loans on *unfinished* goods; a law which may have been intended to check a habit on the part of dishonest workmen of pawning their employers' materials. Mr. Editor was puzzled; he could not decide the question, but hoped that some of his correspondents would. One announces that a Birmingham manufacturer has been making mock wedding-rings for some scamp or other, the scamp and his confederates having no other object in view than that of pawning these rings for more than they are worth, though much less than the value of *real* articles under the same name. Notices are given of any suspicious person proffering, or any sham goods proffered, at pawnbrokers' establishments. A particular article is described, and the trade are cautioned against taking it in pledge. Police cases are carefully recorded, if they contain anything that affects the welfare or the good name of the trade. Pawnbrokers' businesses, "doing 20 per cent.," are advertised. One pawnbroker offers to dispose of his "low and medium goods" to any other who prefers that line of business, in monthly budgets—an offer that smacks a little of "gentility." Employers advertise for assistants, and assistants for places, in terms which show that warehouse qualities and counter qualities are different. Then the duplicate-ticket makers advertise, showing that we can obtain a thousand double tickets for half-a-crown, or consecutively numbered for sixpence extra, or perforated for easy separation. Even the pins for pinning the tickets to the pledges are thought worthy of being advertised. Then trade caution speaks out in the "Pawnbrokers' Protection Asso-

ciation," and trade kindness in the "Pawnbrokers' Benevolent Asylum," and trade provident habits in the "Mutual Benefit Society of Journeymen Pawnbrokers." These, and many other odds and ends of curious information not easily to be found elsewhere, form the staple of the pawnbrokers' newspaper.

As to the practice itself, the pledging of articles for the security of small loans, its advantages and disadvantages have been very warmly discussed. The probability is, in this as in many other social usages, that the evils lie in the abuse, not the moderate use, of the system.

THE BROTHERS MOGINIÉ.

PART I.

NEAR Moudon, the ancient Minidunum, a small town on the high-road between Freiburg and Lausanne, in the Canton de Vaud, lived, from time immemorial, a family named Moginié, in the old tumble-down Chateau of Chezales. At the time of which I am writing, this family was represented by five brothers, the eldest named Daniel, and the second, François. These two are the subject of the singular story I am about to narrate.

I derive my information from two Swiss newspapers of 1751, which contain ample details; not satisfied, however, in making public such a strange history without some further guarantee for its authenticity, I applied by letter to the authorities of Moudon, and have received the answer which will be found at the end of this paper.

Daniel Moginié left home early in life, to make his fortune in the wide world, as the family was reduced to poverty. He never returned.

In 1750, the second brother, François, also departed, bound for the East, furnished with a certificate from the Bailiff of Moudon, legalised by the Estates-General, in order to receive the wealthy inheritance of his elder brother, who had deceased in Asia.

The story will best be told by extracts from letters written at the time, by a M. Chollet, in London, to his father, the Commissary at Moudon, which were printed in the *Journal Helvétique* :—

Extract from a Letter, dated London, 22nd Nov., 1750, written to M. le Commissaire Chollet, à Moudon, by his son.

" . . . You will find, along with this, a letter from the Sieur François Moginié, the subject of which will astonish you; but, in order that you may be placed in a position to judge, with me, of the degree of reliance to be placed in it, I must give you, in the first

place, a translation of an advertisement which appeared in the London public journals, on the 18th of last October. Before doing so, however, it is right that I should inform you that these papers appear daily, and contain not news only, but all manner of advertisements, so that any one may give notice in them of his requirements—a great convenience, as you may imagine. One often sees in them men in want of wives, girls looking out for husbands, with studiously particularised qualities; sometimes money is demanded as a loan; at other times persons advertise for situations. Thus any one inserts mention of what he wants to get rid of, or wishes to obtain; and, in a word, one sees all kinds of subjects in these papers, often very droll, occasionally very satirical. That advertisement concerning Moginié was not in the best style of English. Here you have it :—

" "Advertisement.

" "This is to give notice to FRANÇOIS MOGINIÉ, of the Canton of Berne*, in Switzerland, should he be in England, that Daniel Moginié, his elder brother, called Prince Dido and Indus, was Lord Chamberlain and Generalissimo of the army of the Emperor of the Great Mogul Empire. He married a wealthy princess, who died without issue before her husband. It is calculated that his inheritance is worth more than 200,000 louis d'or.

" "The two brothers left Switzerland at the ages of seventeen and sixteen, and, two days before separating, they each severally dreamt that there was a family volume enclosed in the wall of their house. They went together, in the morning, to the spot, with hammers, and they found the book, which had been there 1000 years. By the writing in this book, of the last prince of the family (notwithstanding that it was much decayed, and that it is not right for poor people to possess titles), it was found that the genealogy of Moginié commenced with Armonigus, King of the Saccæ, who was taken prisoner by Cyrus, King of Persia, in the year 517 B.C. That battle was fought in the beginning of the reign of Cyrus. The army of the King Armonigus, which consisted of 30,000 men, was partly cut to pieces, partly made prisoners; and there only escaped the Prince Didon and Indus, the only son of the king, with a handful of men. These possessed themselves of Greater Georgia, of which they retained possession for many centuries.

" "The prince or khan had promised the General Moginié (Daniel Moginié) 100,000 men, in order that he might retake the throne of Georgia, promising to become a Christian,

* Moudon is in Canton de Vaud, not Berne.]

that being the creed of the prince. He was much loved by high and low, and was undoubtedly one of the brightest geniuses I have ever met with. Now his goods and titles descend to his brother François Moginié. I have seen his will. Having asked the prince why he left nothing to his three other brothers, he replied, that, before leaving their country, he and François had bound themselves to each other by oaths, signed with their own blood. Thus he was unable to change the disposal of his property: however, he had confidence in the right principles of his brothers, and had no doubt that they would do well. He told me, moreover, that his brother had been the maker of his fortune, having advised him to quit military service in Holland, where he had been for many years, and to go into the service of the great monarch of the Indies, and become a great man, and raise his family.

"I have brought with me his watch, which I shall deliver into the hands of his brother François, and of no one else. I shall be at Liège, at the sign of "The Lamb," or at Frankfort-on-Rhine, at "La Poste," till April next. He can inquire for Colonel du Perron, officer in the service of the Grand Mogul."

Continuation of M. Chollet's Letter.

"In this advertisement there are so many circumstances of no importance towards the discovery of François Moginié, and of so romantic a turn, that, on reading them, I had no doubt but that it was a spiteful joke played by some friend of his. What confirmed me in this supposition was the fact that I had noticed a considerable amount of pride above his rank in him, which it might have been the purpose of the individual who inserted this advertisement to ridicule.

"On this account, I considered that it would be doing a kindness, if I were to write and put him on his guard, by telling him that I suspected the whole thing was a hoax: whereupon he came to see me, and he assured me the advertisement bore the stamp of truth (!!) since the circumstances of the dream, and of the finding of the book, were quite true, and he said that he had not mentioned them to any one: he knew, also, that his brother had gone fortune-hunting to the East.

"Thereupon he wrote to Liège and to Frankfort. The reply has almost persuaded me, and I shall be quite convinced after having seen Colonel Du Perron, the watch, &c. You will observe from this letter, of which I enclose a copy, that it is far better written than the advertisement.

"Letter dated Liège, Nov. 6th, 1750, from Col. Du Perron to François Moginié in London.

"Sir,—I have received both your letters,

and have much pleasure in learning that you are still alive. From the bottom of my heart do I congratulate you on being heir to your elder brother, the late M. Daniel Moginié, called Prince Didon and Indus, who deceased in the month of May, 1749, General and Chamberlain of His Royal Highness the Emperor of the Moguls.

"All his property he has bequeathed to you by testament; and it amounts to more than 200,000 louis d'or, French money. The Emperor will only give it to yourself in person. He holds it as trustee. Your brother wrote frequently to you by command of the Emperor, entreating you to come to him. You may be well assured the Emperor will be delighted to receive you, and to give over your brother's property into your hands. All I have been able to bring with me, by permission of the Emperor, is his hunting or travelling watch; his best is mounted in jewels, and is worth upwards of 1000 louis d'or. I have, moreover, brought the 'Order of the Lion' which belongs to your family, as well as the book of your pedigree, which is still on board ship, along with some of my baggage.

"Before leaving Europe it will be necessary for you to be provided with an attestation on parchment, signed by persons of credit, that you are François Mogenié, brother of the late Daniel Moginié, called Prince Didon and Indus, and that you are heir to the goods and titles of the defunct.

"I trust to be in London in a month, when I shall be able to give you all necessary directions respecting your journey. Were you to bring with you some gold-mounted watches and cloth of gold as a present to the Emperor, they might stand you in good stead. I should have written to you in Switzerland, to obtain information about you, but, having met with a person who spoke English, he translated into that language an advertisement which I intended for insertion in the public papers. I put it into the hands of a courier who was going to London, paying him two gulden to defray the expenses of its insertion. Should my health not suffer me to go to London, I will inform you of the place where you may join me. I shall in all probability go to Lille, where I can give you what belongs to you.

"In the meantime, hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you, believe me to be, &c. &c."

Conclusion of M. Chollet's letter.

"You are now in possession of all that I know in connection with this affair, and I hope with all my heart that there may be some foundation of truth in it. Moginié has made up his mind to leave, and I have no

doubt but that he will be able to find people ready to advance him the money necessary to defray the expenses of his journey, and to support during his absence his family, consisting of a wife and two sons. I entreat you, my dear father, to have the kindness to see that his certificate of baptism be drawn out, taking care to have his name spelt as in the letter. This certificate must then be legalised by the grand seal of the Estates; this will be according to the form indicated by Colonel Du Perron.

"P.S. I have kept back this letter until the 29th of November, in hopes of having something positive to state on this affair of the Moginiés. The day before yesterday François wrote to me, telling me that he had received a letter from Colonel Du Perron, appointing a meeting at Lille, as he is unable, on account of his ill-health, to come here; and François adds, that he is off post-haste, and that he has no time to call on me now, but that he would do so on his return, which he expects will take place in about eight days."

After having received this epistle, the Commissary had the registry of the baptism of Daniel and François Moginié drawn out,—born at Chezales, near Moudon, the one in 1710, the other in 1712. They were obtained at Lucerne, and legalised both by the seal of the bailiff and that of the Estates-General, and were then transmitted to London.

Extract from a letter dated London, 27th Dec., 1750, and written by M. Chollet to his father at Moudon.

" . . . I had the pleasure of writing to you on the 29th last month, enclosing a note from M. Moginié; and I gave you an account of all I knew relative to the inheritance of his brother, who died in the East Indies. When I wrote last François was leaving for Flanders. He has returned, bringing with him a watch and a little lion of massive gold; also a scarlet mantle, with the Star of Honour which belonged to his brother. These articles Colonel Du Perron placed in his hands, assuring him that the Emperor would undoubtedly give him his inheritance on his arriving in Mongolia. The Colonel has, moreover, brought with him the old book of the pedigree, and a gold chain with a medal of some order which had belonged to the family. But these are with his luggage, which has not yet arrived. There remains, then, no doubt on the matter. M. Moginié will leave along with Colonel Du Perron, who is on his return to the East, in a few months. *The Colonel offers to defray all his*

expenses, which will be considerable, since they intend making the journey by land.

"Possibly, M. Moginié will run into Switzerland before leaving, especially if the Colonel does not come here, and if he appoints to meet him in Paris; but all this is as yet very uncertain."

In addition to these letters we have the testimony of M. le Commissaire Chollet of Moudon, that François Moginié arrived at Moudon in the early part of May, 1751, having left England in April. He had with him the gold watch of his brother, the lion of massive gold, and his seal of topaz with three faces, mounted in gold and bearing engraved on it the family arms, on a field gules, parted per pale; in the right a sceptre and crown, or; in the left a palm-tree with a dromedary couchant at the foot; the supporters, a lion and a bull; and for a crest, an antique royal crown of five points or.

M. Moginié, after having remained four or five days at Moudon, left to join Colonel Du Perron at Lyons, and the two continued their journey together. A letter arrived at Moudon from Moginié, written from Venice in June, stating that he and the colonel were on their way to Constantinople, in the ship of a Venetian nobleman who was on an embassy to the Porte; and that they were to be conveyed there free of all charge, through the kindness of the nobleman. The next that was heard of him was from Corfu, in a letter to London, expressing a hope to be in Constantinople toward the latter end of July, and in a year of being able to communicate with his family from Mongolia. That is the last that I have heard of François Moginié.

I can give a few additional details, however, though they throw little or no light on the puzzling question which continually recurs to one's thoughts: Was François Moginié the subject of a hoax, or the originator of one?

The account given by him of the discovery of the volume is evidently pure invention. His story was, that both he and his brother dreamed on the same night that an important MS. was hidden in the wall of their house. On the following morning both brothers met at the same spot with picks in their hands, ready to search for the mysterious volume. An understanding having been come to between them, they began their search, which soon resulted in the discovery of an ancient parchment roll inscribed with strange characters, which they vainly endeavoured to decypher. They then betook themselves to Lausanne, and showed it to several learned men, who were quite unable to make anything out

of it, with the exception of one, whose name François had conveniently enough forgotten, who with difficulty decyphered thus much : that it was written in an Oriental language, and contained the genealogy of an Asiatic family. The brothers told no one any particulars concerning the discovery of the volume, and it remained in the custody of Daniel the elder. Du Perron's story was, that Daniel had had the book examined in the East, and had been informed that it contained a complete genealogy from Armonigus, King of the Saccæ, to a descendant who migrated to Europe, and who, having eloped with a Roman lady of distinction, was obliged to live in retirement, a love-in-a-cottage sort of life, in Switzerland. This person, being without the means of supporting his rank, had concealed the splendour of his birth, and had resolved on burying the record of the illustrious origin of his family in the wall of his house, so as to prevent his descendants from indulging in ambitious dreams, till it pleased Providence at the proper time to withdraw the family from its low estate and discover to it the magnificence of its origin.

In constructing this "cock-and-bull" story, it is possible that François may have got hold of Ctesias ; though it is strange that he should have done so, as he was by no means an educated man ; and besides, if he did, it is remarkable that he did not make his story harmonise better with the account of the historian.

Herodotus and Zenophon make no mention of any king Armonigus, nor of a war with the Saccæ ; but Ctesias speaks of a king *Amorges*. Curiously enough, no one seems to have remembered the passage of the historian till long after François had left, and Moginié himself never alluded to it. Ctesias' account is as follows :—

"Cyrus, in his war against the Sacians, having made prisoner their king Amorges, their queen, Sparethra, raised an army of 300,000 men and 200,000 women, which she conducted against Cyrus, and, having defeated him, captured, amongst others of note, Parmyses, brother of Amytis, with three of his children. The princess nobly gave them their liberty, and Cyrus did the same to Amorges, the husband of Sparethra. These two princes thus became friends ; and Amorges subsequently assisted Cyrus in his war against Croesus, in the siege of Sardis, and in the war against the Derbices, who were supported by the Indians. Cyrus having been wounded mortally in a battle in this last war, Amorges, with 20,000 horsemen of the Sacians, flew to his aid, recommenced the battle, and defeated the Derbices and the Indians. Amoreus, king of the Derbices, and

two of his sons, were killed in the action, together with 30,000 men, and their countries fell into the power of the Persians. Cyrus, touched by the marks of kindness shown by king Amorges, wished his sons to make a similar alliance with him, praying that all blessing might be on those who persevered constantly in the reciprocal union, and devoting to the judgment of Heaven the first who should break it. This great prince, after having thus spoken, died, the wound he had received causing his death."

Instead of the Derbices, we have in Herodotus the Massagetæ, a nomad horde, which had driven the Scythians before it towards the west ; and Cyrus is said by him to have first gained a signal victory over them by stratagem, and then to have been defeated and slain. Zenophon makes Cyrus die of old age peacefully in his palace. Of these, Ctesias is, perhaps, the most to be relied upon, he having been a long while in Persia as a doctor.

It is singular that before the return of François to Switzerland, an old man of the Moginié family, who resided at Mézières, and who was in the enjoyment of a pension from the Crown of France for having saved the life of the Duke of Burgundy, father of Louis XV., told M. Chollet that "All he knew of his family was the tradition handed down from father to son,—that they came from a far distant land, the name of which he did not know." Yet it is historically certain that the Moginiés are one of the oldest families of Switzerland, having been settled at Chezales from time immemorial.

According to the description of M. Chollet, the lion d'or, which François had, weighed about ten or twelve pistoles, and was a representation, sufficiently rude, of a lion with its legs bound together, like a sheep when about to be shorn. At the back there was a tongue and eye, so that it could be fastened to the dress like a brooch. M. Chollet, from the character of the ornament, judged it to be of Oriental manufacture, and to be some Eastern badge of distinction. The MS. pedigree he never saw ; but François wrote to the effect that he had regained possession of it from Colonel Du Perron, and that he purposed having a translation made in Constantinople, if he could find any one there equal to the task.

With regard to Colonel Du Perron, it was ascertained that he was no mythical character, but belonged to a respectable French family which had settled in Berlin ; and he was known to have endeavoured, whilst in Europe, to obtain artisans and skilled workmen of different professions to follow him to the East, and he gave out that he had come from

the Mogul Emperor to Europe for that very purpose.

I had hoped to have obtained information from Switzerland which would have cleared up some of the great difficulties in this strange story ; but it seems that the solution has not been obtained yet, and that the authorities of Moudon are still as much in the dark as to the rights of the story as I am. The following is a translation of a letter I received the other day from M. Burnand, syndic at Moudon :—

“December 10, 1863.

“SIR,—I have the honour to reply to your letter of the 3rd inst., and to state that I have obtained for you all the information which it was in my power to procure. There are now no persons here of the name Moginié ; but it is certain that the two brothers, Daniel and François, did really exist at Chezales, a small village at three-fourths of a league from Moudon. They were well known in this town, and there are old men who remember their departure from the country.* They never returned. It seems that Daniel, the most enterprising of the brothers, did leave for the Indies, where he found means to push his way among the petty princes, and to occupy some military situations, playing, may be, a part founded on the superiority of his European acquirements. Consequently, in a relation of his life, printed at Lausanne in 1754, he gives himself the title of ‘Omrah of the 1st Class, Commandant of the 2nd Mogul Guard, Grand Porter of the Palace of the Emperor, and Governor of the Palngéab (Punjab).’

“It seems that none of the enormous fortune of which he speaks ever reached Switzerland ; and as for the title of Prince, which the brothers Moginié chose to give themselves, it has no other foundation than the incredible discovery of a roll of parchment found by them in a wall of their house at Chezales, and which carried back their ‘pedigree to the year 928 B.C., or thereabouts, which gave them an idea that their ancestors had occupied the Persian throne long before Cyrus.

“Allowing that there certainly is some truth in the adventures of the brothers Moginié, there is an excess of the marvellous, and there are too few guarantees for their reality.

“There, sir, this is all that I can tell you. I regret that I have been unable more completely to fulfil your wishes, but I have used my utmost endeavours.

“Believe me to remain, sir, yours, &c.,
“C. BURNAND (Syndic).”

* This is a mistake. François left in 1751, just 112 years ago. M. Burnand corrects it in a subsequent letter, and explains that he meant to say that old people of the neighbourhood are well acquainted with the details.

Now this letter, instead of clearing up the difficulties, leaves them as obscure as ever. It mentions a narrative of the life of Daniel, published in 1754.* This I have not seen, having been unable to procure it ; but I do not think that it can throw much new light on the story.

Whatever hypothesis we may adopt to account for the curious circumstances, serious difficulties stand in the way of our accepting it as a satisfactory solution.

At first sight, it seems as if Colonel Du Perron were a clever rogue, bent on duping François ; yet for what purpose, except that of securing some watches or cloth of gold, which he had recommended Moginié to bring with him, it is difficult to understand. Again, the Colonel was a man of a well-known and respectable family, he had in his possession articles which had undoubtedly belonged to Daniel, and he finally paid François’ travelling expenses, as the young man had not the means to undertake the journey. If, on the other hand, we suppose François to have fabricated the story, we are beset with difficulties still. The young man deserts wife and children, his profession, and his position as head of an ancient Swiss family, for no object whatever, and gets a man like Du Perron to become privy to a purposeless deception without having ever met him personally. On the whole, the solution offered by M. Burnand is the most probable, and yet the reader will see that even it is met by formidable difficulties.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

[Since this paper has been in the hands of the printers, new and unexpected light has been thrown on the whole story, by my having obtained some letters of François, and other letters relating to him, also the memoirs of Daniel ; so that I shall be able, in a subsequent number, to solve many of the difficulties which have perplexed me and my readers.—S. B.-G.]

HERO.

A NIGHT of winter ages long ago,
Of fitful icy gusts and flawblown sleet,
Fast pattering on a solitary tower,
Whence glimmered on the gloom one shuddering
spark—
The evening-star of love : no Cynthia smiled
A silver smile on her Eudymion ;
No patient stars beheld Leander strive,
Through the chill waves and brooding dark, to
gain

* The only copy which M. Burnand could hear of was in the possession of a lady at Moudon, whose maiden name was Moginié, and who could not be persuaded to part with the volume.

The beating bosom of his love, and faint
In her warm kisses and impassioned sighs.
But still the victim of her beauty strove
For love, not life, till all too far, alone

He ceased upon the dreary midnight sea.

The beacon-fire burnt dimly in the dawn,
And with the waxing morning waned and died.



But Hero, with a flood of pearly tears,
Had wept the long, long winter night away;
For, in the murmur of the ocean stream,
And in the clanking of the forest boughs,

And in the raving of the freezing wind,
She dreamed a dying voice had called her name,—
A dream which in the daylight was no dream,—
And Hero's heart was broken on the shore.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER I. THE ARRIVAL.

A SMALL country town in the heart of England was the scene some few years ago of a sad tragedy. I must ask my readers to bear with me while I relate it. These crimes, having their rise in the evil passions of our nature, are not the most pleasant for the pen to record; but it cannot be denied that they do undoubtedly bear for many of us an interest amounting well nigh to fascination. I think the following account of what took place will bear such an interest for you.

South Wenlock, the name of this place, was little more than a branch or offshoot of Great Wenlock, a town of some importance, situated at two miles' distance from it. The lines of rail from London and from other places, meeting at Great Wenlock, did not extend themselves to South Wenlock; consequently any railway travellers arriving at the large town, had to complete their journey by the omnibus if they wished to go on to the small one.

The two miles of road which the omnibus had to traverse were about the worst to be met with in a civilized country. When it, the omnibus, had jolted its way over this road, it made its entrance to South Wenlock in the very middle of the town. South Wenlock might be said to consist of one long, straggling street, called High Street. Much building had been recently added to both ends of this old street. At the one end the new buildings, chiefly terraces and semi-detached houses, had been named Palace Street, from the fact that the way led to the country palace of the bishop of the diocese. The new buildings at the other end of High Street were called the Rise, from the circumstance that the ground rose there gradually for a considerable distance; and these were mostly detached villas, some small, some large.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 10th of March, 1848, the railway omnibus, a cramped vehicle constructed to hold six, came jolting along its route as usual. South Wenlock lay stretched out in a line right across it in front, for the road was at a right angle with the town, and could the omnibus have dashed on without reference to houses and such-like slight obstructions, as a railway engine does, it would have cut the town in half, leaving part of High Street and the Rise to its right, the other part and Palace Street to its left.

The omnibus was not so fierce, however. It drove into High Street by the accustomed opening, turned short round to the left, and pulled up a few yards further at its usual place of stoppage, the Red Lion Inn. Mrs. Fitch, the landlady, an active, buxom dame with a fixed colour in her cheeks, and a bustling, genial manner, came hastening out to receive the guests it might have brought.

It had brought only a young lady and a trunk: and the moment Mrs. Fitch cast her eyes on the former's face, she thought it the most beautiful she had ever looked upon.

"Your servant, miss. Do you please to stay here?"

"For a short time, while you give me a glass of wine and a biscuit," was the reply of the traveller: and the tone, accent, and manner were unmistakably those of a gentlewoman. "I shall be glad of the refreshment, for I feel exhausted. The shaking of the omnibus has been terrible."

She was getting out as she spoke, and something in her appearance more particularly attracted the attention of Mrs. Fitch, as the landlady helped her down the high and awkward steps, and marshalled her in-doors.

"Dear ma'am, I beg your pardon! It does shake, that omnibus—and you not in a condition to bear it! And perhaps you have come far besides, too! You shall have something in a minute. I declare I took you for a young unmarried lady."

"If you happen to have any cold meat, I would prefer a sandwich to the biscuit," was all the reply given by the traveller.

She sat down in the landlady's cushioned chair, for it was to her own parlour Mrs. Fitch had conducted her, untied her bonnet, and threw back the strings. The bonnet was of straw, trimmed with white ribbons, and her dress and mantle were of dark silk. Never was bonnet thrown back from a more lovely face, with its delicate bloom and its exquisitely refined features.

"Can you tell me whether there are any lodgings to be had in South Wenlock?" she inquired, when the landlady came in again with the sandwiches and wine.

"Lodgings?" returned Mrs. Fitch. "Well, now, they are not over plentiful here; this is but a small place, you see, ma'am—not but what it's a deal larger than it used to be,"

continued the landlady, as she stroked her chin in deliberation. "There's Widow Gould's. I know her rooms were empty a week ago, for she was up here asking me if I couldn't hear of anybody wanting such. You'd be comfortable there, ma'am, if she's not let. She's a quiet, decent body. Shall I send and inquire?"

"No, I would rather go myself. I should not like to fix upon rooms without seeing them. Should these you speak of be engaged, I may see bills in other windows. Thank you, I cannot eat more: I seem to feel the jolting of the omnibus still; and the fright it put me into has taken away my appetite. You will take care of my trunk for the present."

"Certainly, ma'am. What name?"

"Mrs. Crane."

The landlady stepped outside to direct the stranger on her way. Widow Gould's house was situated in the first terrace in Palace Street, and a walk of six or seven minutes brought Mrs. Crane to it. It had a card in the window, indicating that its rooms were to let. Widow Gould herself, a shrinking little woman, with a pinched, red face, came to the door. The lady wanted a sitting-room and bed-room: could she be accommodated? Mrs. Gould replied that she could, mentioned a very moderate charge, and invited her in to see the rooms. They were on the first floor; not large, but clean and nice and convenient, the one room opening into the other. Mrs. Crane liked them very much.

"You perceive that I am expecting to be laid by," she said. "Would that be an objection?"

"N—o, I don't see that it need," replied the widow, after some consideration. "Of course you would have proper attendance, ma'am? I could not undertake that."

"Of course I should," said Mrs. Crane.

So the bargain was made. Mrs. Crane taking the rooms for a month certain, intimating that she preferred engaging them only from month to month, and the Widow Gould undertaking to supply all ordinary attendance. Mrs. Crane went back to the inn, to pay for the refreshment of which she had partaken, and to desire her trunk to be sent to her, having ordered tea to be ready against her return to Palace Street.

She found everything prepared for her, a nice fire burning in the sitting-room grate, the tea on the table, and Mrs. Gould in the adjoining room putting sheets upon the bed. The widow was in spirits at the prospect of her rooms being wanted for some months, as she believed they would be, and had placed the last weekly South Wennock newspaper on

the table beside the tea-tray, a little mark of extra attention to her new lodger.

In obedience to the ring when tea was over, Mrs. Gould came up to remove the things. Mrs. Crane was seated before them. A fair young girl she looked with her bonnet off, in her silk dress and her golden brown hair. The widow kept no servant, but waited on her lodgers herself. Her parlours were let to a permanent lodger, who was at that time absent from South Wennock.

"Be so good as take a seat," said Mrs. Crane to her, laying down the newspaper, which she appeared to have been reading. But Mrs. Gould preferred to stand, and began rubbing one shrivelled hand over the other, her habit when in waiting. "I have some information to ask of you. Never mind the tray; it can wait. First of all, what medical men have you at South Wennock?"

"There's the Greys," was Widow Gould's response.

A pause ensued, Mrs. Crane probably waiting to hear the list augmented. "The Greys?" she repeated, finding her informant did not continue.

"Mr. John and Mr. Stephen Grey, ma'am. There was another brother, Mr. Robert, but he died last year. Nice pleasant gentlemen all three, and they have had the whole of the practice here. Their father and their uncle had it before them."

"Do you mean to say there are no other medical men?" exclaimed the stranger, in some surprise. "I never heard of such a thing in a place as large as this appears to be."

"South Wennock has only got large lately, ma'am. The Greys were very much liked and respected in the place; and being three of them, they could get through the work, with an assistant. They always keep one. But there is another doctor here now, a gentleman of the name of Carlton."

"Who is he?"

"Well, I forget where it was said he came from; London, I think. A fine dashing gentleman as ever you saw, ma'am; not above thirty, at the most. He came suddenly among us a few months ago, took a house at the other end of the town, and set up against the Greys. He is getting on, I believe, especially with the people that live on the Rise, mostly fresh comers; and he keeps his cabrioiliy."

"Keeps his what?"

"His cabrioiliy—a dashing one-horse carriage with a head to it. It is more than the Greys have ever done, ma'am; they have had their plain gig, and nothing else. Some think that Mr. Carlton has private property, and

some think he is making a show to get into practice."

"Is he clever—Mr. Carlton?"

"There are those here who'll tell you he is cleverer than the two Greys put together; but, ma'am, I don't forget the old saying, New brooms sweep clean. Mr. Carlton, being new in the place, and having a practice to make, naturally puts out his best skill to make it."

The remark drew forth a laugh from Mrs. Crane. "But unless a doctor has the skill within him, he cannot put it out," she said.

"Well, of course there's something in that," returned the widow, reflectively. "Any ways, Mr. Carlton is getting into practice, and it's said he is liked. There's a family on the Rise where he attends constantly, and I've heard they think a great deal of him. It's a Captain Chesney, an old gentleman, who has the gout perpetual. They came strangers to the place from a distance, and settled here; very proud, exclusive people, it's said. There's three Miss Chesneys; one of them beautiful: t'other's older; and the little one, she's but a child. Mr. Carlton attends there a great deal, for the old gentleman—Good heart alive! what's the matter?"

Mrs. Gould might well cry out. The invalid—and an invalid she evidently was—had turned of a ghastly whiteness, and was sinking back motionless in her chair.

Mrs. Gould was timid by nature, nervous by habit. Very much frightened, she raised the lady's head, but it fell back unconscious. In the excitement induced by the moment's terror, she flew down the stairs, shrieking out in the empty house, burst out at her own back door, ran through the yard, and burst into the back door of the adjoining house. Two young women were in the kitchen; the one ironing, the other sitting by the fire and not doing anything.

"For the love of Heaven, come back with me, one of you!" called out the widow, in a tremor. "The new lady lodger I told you of this afternoon has gone and died right off in her chair."

Without waiting for assent or response, she flew back again. The young woman at the fire started from her seat, alarm depicted on her countenance. The other calmly continued her ironing.

"Don't be frightened, Judith," said she. "You are not so well used to Dame Gould as I am. If a blackbeetle falls on the floor, she'll cry out for aid. I used to think it was put on, but I have come at last to the belief that she can't help it. You may as well go in, however, and see what it is."

Judith hastened away. She was a sensible-looking young woman, pale, with black hair and eyes, and was dressed in new and good mourning. Mrs. Gould was already in her lodger's sitting-room. She had torn a feather from the small feather-duster hanging by the mantelpiece, had scorched the end, and was holding it to the unhappy lady's nose. Judith dashed the feather to the ground.

"Don't be so stupid, Mrs. Gould! What good do you suppose that will do? Get some water."

The water was procured, and Judith applied it to the face and hands, the widow looking timidly on. As the lady revived, Mrs. Gould burst into tears.

"It's my feelings that overcomes me, Judith," said she. "I can't abear the sight of illness."

"You need not have been alarmed," the invalid faintly said, as soon as she could speak. "For the last few months, since my health has been delicate, I have been subject to these attacks of faintness; they come on at any moment. I ought to have warned you."

When fully restored they left her to herself, Mrs. Gould carrying away the tea-things; having first of all unlocked the lady's trunk by her desire, and brought to her from it a small writing-case.

"Don't go away, Judith," the widow implored, when they reached the kitchen. "She may have another of those fits, for what we can tell—you heard her say she was subject to them—and you know what a one I am to be left with illness. It would be a charity to stop with me; and you are a lady at large just now."

"I'll go and get my work, then, and tell Margaret. But where's the sense of your calling it a fit, as if you were speaking of apoplexy?" added Judith.

When the girl came back—though, indeed, she was not much of a girl, being past thirty—Mrs. Gould had lighted a candle, for it was growing dark, and was washing the tea-things. Judith sat down to her sewing, her thoughts intent upon the lady upstairs.

"Who is she, I wonder?" she said aloud.

"Some stranger. Mrs. Fitch sent her down to me—I told Margaret about it this afternoon when you were out. I say, isn't she young?"

Judith nodded. "I wonder if she is married?"

"Married!" angrily retorted Mrs. Gould. "If the wedding-ring upon her finger had been a bear it would have bit you. Where were your eyes?"

"All wedding-rings have not been put on

in churches," was the composed answer of the girl. "Not but that I daresay she is married, for she seems a modest, good lady; it was her being so young, and coming here in this sudden manner, all unprotected, that set me on the other thought. Where is her husband?"

"Gone abroad," she said. "I made free to ask her."

"Why does she come here?"

"I can't tell. It does seem strange. She never was near the place in her life before this afternoon, she told me, and had no friends in it. She has been inquiring about the doctors——"

"That's her bell," interrupted Judith, as the bell hanging over Mrs. Gould's head began to sound. "Make haste. I dare say she wants lights."

"She has got them. The candles were on the mantelpiece, and she said she'd light them herself."

A sealed note lay on the table when Mrs. Gould entered the drawing room. The lady laid her hand upon it.

"Mrs. Gould, I must trouble you to send this note for me. I did not intend to see about a medical man until to-morrow; but I feel fatigued and sick, and I think I had better see one to-night. He may be able to give me something to calm me."

"Yes, ma'am. They live almost close by, the Greys. But, dear lady, I hope you don't feel as if you were going to be ill!"

Mrs. Crane smiled. Her nervous landlady was rubbing her hands together in an access of trembling.

"Not ill in the sense I conclude you mean it. I do not expect that for these two months. But I don't want to alarm you with a second fainting fit. I am in the habit of taking drops, which do me a great deal of good, and I unfortunately left them behind me, so I had better see a doctor. Was that your daughter who came up just now? She seemed a nice young woman."

The question offended Mrs. Gould's vanity beyond everything. She believed herself to be remarkably young-looking, and Judith was two-and-thirty if she was a day.

"No, indeed, ma'am, she's not; and I have neither chick nor child," was the resentful answer. "She's nothing but Judith Ford, sister to the servant at the next door; and being out of place, her sister's mistress said she might come there for a few days while she looked out. I'll get her to carry the note for me."

Mrs. Gould took the note from the table, and was carrying it away without looking at it, when the lady called her back.

"You see to whom it is addressed, Mrs. Gould?"

Mrs. Gould stopped, and brought the note close to her eyes. She had not her spectacles upstairs, and it was as much as she could do to see anything without them.

"Why—ma'am! It—it—it's to Mr. Carlton."

The lady looked surprised in her turn. "Why should it not be to Mr. Carlton?" she demanded.

"But the Greys are sure and safe, ma'am. Such a thing has never been known as for them to lose one of their lady patients."

Mrs. Crane paused, apparently in indecision. "Has Mr. Carlton lost them?"

"Well—no; I can't remember that he has. But, ma'am, he attends one where the Greys attend ten."

"When you were speaking this evening of the doctors, I nearly made up my mind to engage Mr. Carlton," observed Mrs. Crane. "I think men of skill struggling into practice should be encouraged. If you have anything really serious to urge against him, that is quite a different thing, and you should speak out."

"No, ma'am, no," was the widow's reply; "and I am sure it has been rude of me to object to him if your opinion lies that way. I don't know a thing against Mr. Carlton; people call him clever. I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the Greys, for Mr. John has attended me ever since he grew up, as his father did before him. I'll send this down to Mr. Carlton's."

"Let it go at once, if you please. I should like, if possible, to see him to-night."

Mrs. Gould descended to the kitchen. On the dresser, staring her in the face when she entered, lay her spectacles. She put them on and looked at the superscription on the note.

"Well, now, that's a curious thing, if ever there was one! 'Lewis Carlton, Esq.!' How did she know his name was Lewis? I never mentioned it. I couldn't mention it, for I did not know it myself. Is his name Lewis?"

"For all I can tell," responded Judith. "Yes," she added, more decisively, "of course it is Lewis; it is on his door-plate. Perhaps Mrs. Fitch told her."

"There! that's it!" exclaimed the widow, struck with sudden conviction. "Mrs. Fitch has been speaking up for him, and that's what has put her on to Mr. Carlton, and off the Greys. There was a traveller ill at the Red Lion in the winter, and he had Mr. Carlton. It's a shame of Mrs. Fitch to turn round on old friends."

"I can tell you where she got the name from, though perhaps Mrs. Fitch did speak

for him," cried Judith, suddenly. "There's his card—as they call it—in that newspaper you lent her, 'Mr. Lewis Carlton: Consulting Surgeon.' She couldn't fail to see it. Is she ill, that she is sending for him? She looks not unlikely to be."

"I say, Judy, don't go frightening a body like that," cried the woman, in tremor. "She won't be ill for these two months; but that nasty omnibus has shook her, and I suppose the faint finished it up. Oh, it rattles over the road without regard to folk's bones. You'll take this for me, won't you, Judith?"

"I daresay!" returned Judith.

"Come, do; there's a good woman! I can't go myself, for fear her bell should ring. It's a fine night, and the run will do you good."

Judith, not unaccommodating, rose from her seat. "There, now!" she exclaimed, in a tone of vexation, as she took the note, "how am I to get my things? Margaret's gone out, and she is sure to have bolted the back-door. I don't like to disturb old Mrs. Jenkinson; the night's coldish, or I'd go without my bonnet rather than do it."

"Put on mine," suggested Mrs. Gould. "You are welcome to it, and to my shawl too."

Judith laughed; and she laughed still more when arrayed in Mrs. Gould's things. The shawl did very well, but the bonnet was large, one of those called a "poke," and she looked like an old woman in it. "Nobody will fall in love with me to-night, that's certain," said she, as she sped off.

Mr. Carlton's house was situated at the other end of the town, just before the commencement of the Rise. It stood by itself, on the left; a handsome white house, with iron rails round it, and a pillared portico in front. Judith ascended the steps and rang at the bell.

The door was flung open by a young man in livery. "Can I see Mr. Carlton?" she asked.

The man superciliously threw back his head, Judith's large old bonnet did not tell in her favour. "Is it on perffessional business?" he questioned.

"Yes, it is."

"Then perhaps, mem, you'll have the obblegance to walk round to the perffessional entrance; and that's on that there side."

He waved his hand condescendingly to the side of the house. Judith complied, but she gave him a word at parting.

"Pray how much wages do you earn?"

"If ever I heered such a question put to a gentleman!" cried the man in astonishment.

"What is it to you?"

"Because I should judge that you get so much paid you for clothes, and so much for airs."

Passing down the steps, and out of reach of sundry compliments he honoured her with in return, she went to the side, and found herself in front of a door with "Surgery" written on it. It opened to a passage, and thence to a small square room, whose walls were lined with bottles. A boy in buttons was lying at full length on the counter, whistling a shrill note, and kicking his heels in the air. The entrance startled him, and he tumbled off feet foremost.

It was but twilight yet, and not at first did he gather in Judith's appearance; but soon the poke bonnet disclosed itself to view.

"Hulloa!" cried he. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I want Mr. Carlton. Is he at home?"

"No, he isn't."

"Then you must go out and find him. This note must be instantly given to him. A lady wants to see him to-night."

"Then I'm afeard want must be the lady's master," returned the impudent boy. "Perhaps we might get this note tied on to the telegraph wires, and send it to him that fashion; there ain't no other way of doing it. Mr. Carlton went off to London this morning."

"To London!" repeated Judith, surprise checking her inclination to box the young gentleman's ears. "When is he coming home again?"

"When his legs brings him. There! He'll be home in a couple of days," added the boy, dodging out of Judith's reach, and deeming it as well to cease his banter. "His father, Dr. Carlton, was took ill, and sent for him. Now you know."

"Well," said Judith, after a pause of consideration, "you had better take charge of this note, and give it to him when he does come home. I don't know anything else that can be done. And I'd recommend you not to be quite so free with your tongue, unless you want to come to grief," was her parting salutation, as she quitted the boy and the house.

CHAPTER II. HAPPILY OVER.

As Judith Ford went back through the lighted streets, the landlady of the Red Lion was standing at her door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Fitch."

"Why, who—why, Judith, it's never you! What on earth have you been making yourself such a guy as that for?"

Judith laughed, and explained how it was that she happened to be out in Mrs. Gould's things, and where she had been to. "After

all, my visit has been a useless one," she remarked, "for Mr. Carlton is away. Gone to London, that impudent boy, of his, said."

"I could have told you so, and saved you the trouble of a walk, had I seen you passing," said Mrs. Fitch. "His groom drove him to the Great Wrennock station this morning, and called here as he came back for a glass of ale. Is the lady ill?"

"She does not seem well; she had a fainting-fit just after tea, and thought she had better see a doctor at once."

"And Dame Gould could send for Mr. Carlton! What have the Greys done to her?"

"Dame Gould thought you recommended Mr. Carlton to the lady."

"I!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitch, "well, that's good! I never opened my lips to the lady about any doctor at all."

"It was her own doing to send for Mr. Carlton, and Mrs. Gould thought you must have spoken for him."

"Not I. If I had spoken for any it would have been for the Greys, who are our old fellow townspeople; not but what Mr. Carlton is a nice pleasant gentleman, skilful too. Look here, Judith, you tell Dame Gould that when the time comes for the young lady to be ill, if there's currant jelly wanted for her, or any little matter of that sort, she can send to me for it, and welcome. I don't know when I have seen such a sweet young lady."

Judith gave a word of thanks, and sped on towards Palace Street. She had barely rung the bell when she heard Mrs. Gould floundering down-stairs in hot haste. She flung open the door, and seized hold of Judith.

"Oh, Judith, thank Heaven you are come! What on earth's to be done? She is taken ill!"

"Taken ill!" repeated Judith.

"She is, she is, really ill; it's as true as that you are alive. Where's Mr. Carlton?"

Judith made no reply. Shaking off the timorous woman, and the shawl and bonnet at the same time, which she thrust into her hands, she sped up to the sitting-room. Mrs. Crane was clasping the arm of the easy-chair in evident pain; the combs were out of her hair, which now fell in wavy curls on her neck, and she moaned aloud in what looked like terror, as she cast her fair girlish face up to Judith. Never, Judith thought, had she seen eyes so wondrously beautiful; they were large tender brown eyes, soft and mournful, and they and their peculiarly sweet expression became fixed from that hour in Judith's memory.

"Don't be cast down, poor child," she said,

forgetting ceremony in her compassion. "Lean on me, it will be all right."

She laid her head on Judith's shoulder. "Will Mr. Carlton be long?" she moaned. "Cannot some one go and hurry him?"

"Mr. Carlton can't come, ma'am," was Judith's answer. "He went to London this morning."

A moment's lifting of the head, a sharp cry of disappointment, and the poor head fell again and the face was hidden. Judith strove to impart comfort.

"They are all strangers to you, ma'am, so what can it matter? I know you cannot fail to like the Greys as well as you would Mr. Carlton. Nay, dear young lady, don't take on so. Everybody likes Mr. John and Mr. Stephen Grey. Why should you have set your mind on Mr. Carlton?"

She lifted her eyes, wet with tears, whispering into Judith's ear.

"I cannot afford to pay both, and it is Mr. Carlton I have written to."

"Pay both! of course not!" responded Judith in a warm tone. "If Mr. Carlton can't come because he is away and Mr. Grey attends for him, there'll be only one of them to pay. Doctors understand all that, ma'am. Mr. Carlton might take Mr. Grey's place with you as soon as he is back again, if you particularly wish for him."

"I did wish for him, I do wish for him. Some friends of mine know Mr. Carlton well, and they speak highly of his skill. They recommended him to me."

That explains it, thought Judith, but she was interrupted by a quaking, quivering voice beside her.

"What in the world will be done?"

It was Widow Gould's, of course; Judith scarcely condescended to answer; strong in sense herself, she had no sympathy with that sort of weakness.

"The first thing for you to do is to leave off being an idiot; the second, is to go and fetch one of the Mr. Greys."

"I will not have the Mr. Greys," spoke the young lady peremptorily, lifting her head from the cushion of the easy-chair, where she had now laid it. "I don't like the Mr. Greys, and I will not have them."

"Then, ma'am, you must have been prejudiced against them!" exclaimed Judith.

"True," said Mrs. Crane; "so far as that I have heard they are not clever."

Judith could only look her utter astonishment. The Greys not clever! But Mrs. Crane interposed against further discussion.

"I may not want either of them, after all," she said; "I am feeling easy again now. Per-

haps if you leave me alone I shall get a bit of sleep."

They arranged the cushions about her comfortably, and went down-stairs, where a half dispute ensued. Judith reproached Mrs. Gould for her childish cowardice, and that lady retorted that if folks were born timid they couldn't help themselves. In the midst of it, a great cry came from above, and Judith flew up. Mrs. Gould followed, taking her leisure over it, and met the girl, who had come quickly down again, making for the front door.

"One of the Mr. Greys must be got here, whether or not," she said in passing; "she's a great deal worse."

"But, Judy, look here," were the arresting words of the widow. "Who'll be at the responsibility? She says she won't have the Greys, and I might have to pay them out of my own pocket."

"Nonsense!" retorted Judith. "I'd not bring up pockets, if I were you, when a fellow-creature's life is at stake. You go up to her; perhaps you can do that."

Judith hastened into the street. The two brothers lived in houses contiguous to each other, situated about midway between Mrs. Gould's and the Red Lion inn. Mr. John, generally called Mr. Grey, occupied the larger house, which contained the surgery and laboratory; Mr. Stephen the smaller one adjoining. Mr. Stephen, the younger, had married when he was only twenty-one, and he now wanted a year or two of forty; Mr. John had more recently married, and had a troop of very young children.

The hall door of Mr. John's house stood open, and Judith went in, guided by the bright lamp in the fanlight. Too hurried to stand upon ceremony, she crossed the hall and pushed open the surgery door. A handsome, gentlemanly lad of sixteen stood there, pounding drugs with a pestle and mortar. Not perhaps that the face was so handsome in itself, but the exceeding intelligence pervading it, the broad, intellectual forehead, and the honest expression of the large, earnest blue eyes, would have made the beauty of any countenance. He was the son and only child of Mr. Stephen Grey.

"What, is it you, Judith?" he exclaimed, turning his head quickly as she entered. "You come gliding in like a ghost."

"Because I am in haste, Master Frederick. Are the gentlemen at home?"

"Papa is. Uncle John's not."

"I want to see one of them, if you please, sir."

The boy vaulted off, and returned with Mr. Stephen: a merry-hearted man with a merry

and benevolent countenance, who never suffered the spirits of his patients to go down while he could keep them up. A valuable secret in medical treatment.

"Well, Judith? and what's the demand for you?" he jokingly asked. "Another tooth to be drawn?"

"I'll tell my errand to yourself, sir, if you please."

Without waiting to be sent, Frederick Grey retired from the surgery and closed the door. Judith gave an outline of the case she had come upon to Mr. Stephen Grey.

He looked grave; grave for him; and paused a moment when she had ceased.

"Judith, girl, we would prefer not to interfere with Mr. Carlton's patients. It might appear, look you, as though we grudged him the few he had got together, and would wrest them from him. We wish nothing of the sort; the place is large enough for us all."

"And what is the poor young lady to do, sir? To die?"

"To die!" echoed Stephen Grey. "Goodness forbid."

"But she may die, sir, unless you or Mr. Grey can come to her aid. Mr. Carlton can be of no use to her, he is in London."

Mr. Stephen Grey felt the force of the argument. While Mr. Carlton was in London, the best part of a hundred miles off, he could not be of much use to anybody in South Wenlock.

"True, true," said he, nodding his head. "I'll go back with you, Judith. Very young, you say? Where's her husband?"

"Gone travelling abroad, sir," replied Judith, somewhat improving upon the information supplied by Mrs. Gould. "Is there no nurse that can be got in, sir?" she continued. "I never saw such a stupid woman as that Mrs. Gould is in illness."

"Nurse? To be sure. Time enough for that. Frederick," Mr. Stephen called out to his son, as he crossed the hall, "if your uncle comes in before I am back, tell him I am at Widow Gould's. A lady who has come to lodge there is taken ill."

Judith ran on first, and got back before Mr. Stephen. Somewhat to her surprise, she found Mrs. Crane seated at the table, writing.

"You are better, ma'am!"

"No, I am worse. This has come upon me unexpectedly, and I must write to apprise a friend."

The perspiration induced by pain was running off her as she spoke. She appeared to have written but two or three lines, and was thrusting the letter into an envelope. Mrs. Gould stood by, helplessly rubbing her hands,

her head shaking with a tremulous motion, as though she had St. Vitus's dance.

"Will you post it for me?"

"Yes, sure I will, ma'am" replied Judith, taking the note which she held out. "But I fear it is too late to go to-night."

"It cannot be helped: put it in the post at all risks. And you had better call on one of the medical gentlemen you spoke of, and ask him to come and see me."

"I have been, ma'am," replied Judith, in a glow of triumph. "He is following me down. And that's his ring," she added, as the bell was heard. "It is Mr. Stephen Grey, ma'am; Mr. Grey was not at home. Of the two brothers Mr. Stephen is the pleasantest, but they are both nice gentlemen. You can't fail to like Mr. Stephen."

She went out with the letter, glancing at the superscription. It was addressed to London, to Mrs. Smith. On the stairs she encountered Mr. Stephen Grey.

"I suppose I am too late for the post to-night, sir?" she asked. "It is a letter from the lady."

Mr. Stephen took out his watch. "Not if you make a run for it, Judith. It wants four minutes to the time of closing."

Judith ran off. She was light and active, one of those to whom running is easy; and she saved the post by half a minute. Mr. Stephen Grey meanwhile, putting the widow Gould aside with a merry nod, entered the room alone. Mrs. Crane was standing near the table, one hand lay on it, the other was pressed on her side, and her anxious, beautiful eyes were strained on the door. As they fell on the doctor an expression of relief came into her face. Mr. Stephen went up to her, wondering at her youth. He took one of her hands in his, and looked down with his reassuring smile.

"And now tell me all about what's the matter?"

She kept his hand, as if there were protection in it, and the tears came into her eyes as she raised them to him, speaking in a whisper.

"I am in great pain: such pain! Do you think I shall die?"

"Die!" cheerily echoed Mr. Stephen. "Not you. You may talk about dying in some fifty or sixty years to come, perhaps; but not now. Come, sit down, and let us have a little quiet chat together."

"You seem very kind, and I thank you," she said; "but before going further, I ought to tell you that I am Mr. Carlton's patient, for I had written to engage him before I knew he was away. I am come an entire stranger to

South Wennoek, and I had heard of Mr. Carlton's skill from some friends."

"Well, we will do the best we can for you until Mr. Carlton's return, and then leave you in his hands. Are you quite alone?"

"It happens unfortunately that I am. I have just sent a note to the post to summon a friend. You see I never expected to be ill for the next two months."

"And very likely you will not be," returned Mr. Stephen. "When you shall have got half-a-dozen children about you, young lady, you will know what importance to attach to false alarms. Your husband is abroad, I hear?"

And she inclined her head in the affirmative.

But it was no false alarm. The lady got worse with every minute; and when Judith came back Mr. Stephen met her, coming forth from the bedroom.

"You must help me, Judith," he said. "Dame Gould is utterly useless. First of all, look in the lady's travelling trunk. She says there are baby's clothes and other things there. Make haste over it."

"I'll do anything and everything I can, sir," replied Judith; "but I'd make her useful. I have no patience with her."

"I'll make her useful in one way if I don't in another. Where is she now?"

"Sitting on the stairs outside, sir, with her hands to her ears."

"Oh!" said Mr. Stephen, and he went out to the widow.

"Mrs. Gould, you know Grote's Buildings?"

"In course, sir, I do," was the whimpered answer, as she rose. "Oh, sir, I'm shook!"

"Go there without delay: you can shake as you go along, you know. Ask for Mrs. Hutton, and desire her to come here to me immediately. Tell her the nature of the case."

Mrs. Gould lost no time in starting, glad to be out of the house. She returned with a short, stout barrel of a woman, with grizzled hair and black eyes. She was attired in a light-coloured print gown, and went simpering into the room, carrying a bundle, and dropping curtsies to Mr. Stephen Grey. Mr. Stephen stared at the woman for a full minute, as if in disbelief of his own eyes, and his face turned to severity.

"Who sent for you, Mrs. Pepperly?"

"Well, sir; please, sir, I came," was the response, the curtsies dropping all the while. "You sent for Hutton, sir; but she were called out this afternoon; and I was a stopping at number three, and thought I might come in her place."

"Hutton was called out this afternoon?"

"This very blessed afternoon what's gone,

sir, just as four o'clock was a striking from St. Mark's church. Mrs. Gilbert on the Rise is took with her fever again, sir, and she won't have nobody but Hutton to nurse her."

Mr. Stephen Grey ran over the sisterhood in his mind, but could think of none available just then. He beckoned the woman from the room.

"Hark ye, Mother Pepperfly," he said, in a stern tone. "You know your failing; now if you dare to give way to it this time, as you have done before, you shall never again nurse a patient of mine or my brother's. You can do your duty—none better—if you choose to keep in a fit state to do it. Take care you do so."

Mrs. Pepperfly squeezed out a tear. She'd be upon her Bible oath, if Mr. Stephen chose to put her to it, not to touch nothing no stronger than table beer. Mr. Stephen, however, did not put her to the ordeal.

There was sufficient bustle in the house that night; but by the morning quiet and peace had supervened; and Nurse Pepperfly, on her best behaviour, was carrying about, wrapped in flannel, a wee wee infant.

Judith had not left Mrs. Crane's side during the night, and the latter appeared to be drawn to her by some attraction, to find comfort in her genuine sympathy.

"You have been a good girl, Judith," Mr. Stephen said to her as he was leaving in the morning, and she went down to open the door for him.

"Will she do well, sir?" asked Judith.

"Famously," answered Mr. Stephen. "Never had a safer case in my life. Give a look to Mother Pepperfly, Judith. I trust her as far as I can see her. I shall be back in a couple of hours."

Things went on well during the day. Mrs. Pepperfly busied herself chiefly with the baby, nursing it by the fire in the sitting-room; Judith attended on the sick lady. In the afternoon, Mrs. Crane, who was lying awake, suddenly addressed her.

"Judith, how is it you are able to be with me? I thought the landlady told me you were in service."

"Not just now, ma'am. I have been in service, but have left my place, and am stopping with my sister, at the next door, while I look out for another."

"Does your sister let lodgings, as Mrs. Gould does?"

"A lady lives at the next door, a Mrs. Jeskinson," was Judith's reply, "and my sister is her servant. Margaret has lived with her going on for eleven years."

"So that just now you are at liberty?"

"Quite so, ma'am."

"See now how merciful God is!" spoke Mrs. Crane, placing her hands together in an attitude of reverence. "Last night when I began to feel ill, and thought I should have nobody about me but that timid Mrs. Gould, I turned sick with perplexity,—with fear, I may say,—at the prospect of being left with her. And then you seemed to be raised up for me, as it were on purpose, and can be with me without let or hindrance. None but those who have stood in need of it," she added after a pause, "can know the full extent of God's mercy."

A glow, partly of pleasure partly of shame, came over Judith's face as she listened. In a little corner of her inmost heart there had lurked a doubt whether it was all as straight as it ought to be with the young lady who had come there in so strange a manner—whether that plain gold ring on her finger had been a genuine wedding-ring, or but a false bauble placed there to deceive. The above reverential words of trust convinced Judith that the lady, whoever she might be, and whatever might be the mystery, was as honest as she was, and she took shame to herself for doubting her. No girl, living a life of sin, could so speak with unaffected simplicity of the goodness of God. At least, so felt Judith.

"I think, Judith, you must have been accustomed to attend on the sick?"

"Pretty well, ma'am. In my last place, where I lived four years, my mistress's sister was bed-ridden, and I waited on her. She was a great sufferer. She died just three weeks ago, and they did not want me any more: that's why I am changing places."

"The mourning you wear is for her?"

"Yes it is, ma'am. Mr. Stephen Grey was her doctor, and never failed to come every day all those four years; so that I feel quite at home with him, if that is a proper expression for a servant to use when speaking of a gentleman."

"What was the matter with her?"

"It was an inward complaint, causing her distressing pain. We were always trying fresh remedies to give her ease, but they did not do much good. I don't fancy Mr. Stephen ever thought they would; but she would have them tried. Ah, ma'am! we talk about suffering, and pity it, when people are laid up for a week or two; but only think what it must be to lie by for years, and be in acute pain night and day!"

The tears had come into Judith's eyes at the remembrance. Mrs. Crane looked at her. She had a large, full forehead, strongly marked. One, gifted with phrenological lore, would have

pronounced her largely gifted with concentration and reticence. Good qualities when joined to an honest heart.

"Judith, where was my workbox put?"

"It is here, ma'am, on the drawers."

"Unlock it, will you. You will find my keys somewhere about. Inside the little compartment that lifts up, you will see a locket set round with pearls."

Judith did as she was bid, and brought forth the locket. It was a charming little trinket of blue enamel, the gold ring round it studded with pearls, and a place for hair in the front. A very fine gold chain about two inches long was attached, so that it could be worn to a necklace, or pendant to a bracelet.

"Take it, Judith. It is for you."

"Oh, ma'am!"

"That is my own hair inside; but you can take it out if you like, and put in your sweetheart's. I daresay you have one."

"A costly toy like this is not fit for me, ma'am. I could not think of taking it."

"But it is fit for you, and I am glad to give it you; and I owe you a great deal more than that, for what I should have done without you I don't know," reiterated the invalid. "Put it up in your treasure-box, Judith."

"I'm sure I don't know how to say enough thanks," spoke Judith in her gratitude. "I shall keep it to my dying day, dear lady, and store up the hair in it for ever."

To be continued

THE OLD HOUSE AT POUND'S BRIDGE.



ALTHOUGH so much has been said of the neighbourhood of London and the various spots of interest that may be well visited and enjoyed within a day's trip, yet the ramifications of railway network are always opening

new localities, and bringing fresh objects within our grasp. Kent and Sussex, when named in the same breath, rather bring to mind recollections of county matches with Mynns, Boxes and Pilches, in the cricket-field; but to the

antiquarian and artist they are very tempting, as being a rich field for enjoyment. Both counties abound in historical associations. Kent, with its old timber-built houses of the sixteenth century; and Sussex, as the mother iron county, with the remains of forges, cinder heaps and traditions of great guns, its proof mounds, and iron tombs cast on the spot. These would be of much general interest; but one place especially took my attention, and to that I would take my readers. Looking over a sketch-book after a ramble in Sussex, a friend, who had called, was much struck with an outline of an old gable house. He recollected it as the first drawing Prout had given him to copy when he commenced working under his tuition, and Prout would never say where it was situated. Perhaps he did not know. However, my friend never learnt its whereabouts; and he was now told, after nearly forty years, that the house in question was known as Pound's Bridge, in Kent.

He immediately proposed that we should make a day down, so that we might both sketch it together. To his proposition I most readily agreed; and I dare say our reader would have enjoyed the day too when he is told that my friend was the late Mr. J. D. Harding, whose name is so well known to all art-lovers; and so we arranged the following Saturday to leave London Bridge, hoping for fine weather. Our hopes were fully realised, and the early morn was delightful. Leaving home about eight o'clock we found the white mist rising from the streams, so indicative of a bright day, and soon found ourselves at Tunbridge Wells, for it's surprising how the time flies when a cheerful chat and lively conversation flow on uninterruptedly. Whilst the horse was being put to at Tunbridge Wells we availed ourselves of a good breakfast, as we had a long day before us, and, like good thorough Englishmen, with due foresight, arranged also for dinner.

An hour's ride along the ridge, which is south of the South-Eastern line, brought us to the crest of the hill, which dips down to Pound's Bridge, our present destination; and when we arrived there we had the brightest of days, with such a balmy soft air that even the autumn morning was agreeable for outdoor sketching. When I had visited the house previously all my endeavours to learn anything of its antecedents were fruitless, until at last I fell back upon a neighbouring church, with the hope of finding some clue. Fortunately in this I was successful. The monogram, W. D., which is placed in front of the house in wood-work, I found in a corner of the chancel on a small brass, with the addition of the skull in

the centre and the bones crossed above. It runs thus:—

Here lyeth William Darkenoll Parson of this Place
Endynge his ministeri even this yeare of grace (1596).

His father and mother, and wyves, two by name
John Joan and two Margarites, lyved in good fame.

Their severall ages who lyketh to knowe

Over each of their names the figures doe shewe.

The sonnes and daughters now spronge of this race
Are fyve score & odd in every place.

Deceased. IULII THII. anno. supra d.co.

As Christ is life to me
so death my gain shall
be



Blessed are they truly
man in the Lord doe
die.

The date of 1593 being still upon the house, at once identified it with the parson of the place; and his death taking place in 1596, three years after, tallied well as being the residence of William Darkenoll. Mr. Harding having made his sketch of the house in that charming way which was his specialty, joined me to explore its interior, hoping to find large fireplaces, old wainscoting to all the rooms, huge fire-dogs, inscriptions carved over the fireplace, and snug chimney-corners. In this we were doomed to disappointment, however. The house was now an unfrequented public in a cross-road, the beer not drinkable, hardly any fire in a small Carron grate, the old wood-work all cleared away and replaced by two or three strata of paper-hangings of a pattern which could only be found in the most remote parts of the provinces. So, externally we had a great treat; but internally we found all deserted, and Ichabod, and 1863 stamped on everything in the house.

The old house shown in the sketch is in the parish of Penshurst and about two miles from Penshurst Castle, a place full of association with the great names of the Pulteneys, Robert Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney—whom Camden eulogises "as the glory of his family, the hope of mankind, the most lively pattern of virtue, and darling of the learned world,"—and Algernon Sidney. In going to the church in quest of information about the monogram of W. D., we came upon one of the most picturesque entrances to a churchyard that I have ever seen in my rambles. Instead of the usual Lych Gate—a good specimen of which remains still at Beckenham—we have an entrance under some houses, on the crosspiece of which is the following inscription:—

MY FLESH SHALL REST IN HOPE.

So interesting was the group altogether that both sides had to be sketched, as each was so interesting in its way, so picturesque, so quaint.

The church abounds with fine monuments, in good preservation; but, sad to say, so much care is taken that one good brass had become highly polished, and was ordered to be kept bright, an attention which could be very well dispensed with.

Should the visitor have time, Penshurst Castle is well worth seeing, the old hall with its open roof instead of modern chimney furniture as used by Queen Elizabeth, good

specimens of matchlocks and calivers, and much of interest to the public generally, and

of course, it is a special treat to an antiquarian. Altogether the village and neighbourhood of Penshurst offer much to induce those enjoying a quiet day in the country to consult the timetable, and start early for a long day there.

This paper should not, however, be closed without mentioning that the dinner, ordered at Tunbridge, was ready on our return; and my friend Mr. Harding often referred

to the happy and pleasurable day we spent going down to the Old House at Pound's Bridge.



Entrance to Churchyard.

OBSOLETE CARD-GAMES.

THERE is no authentic record of card-playing in Europe earlier than the end of the fourteenth century, though it is probable that cards were known to some few persons as early as 1350. It seems strange that it has never been satisfactorily ascertained when the most fascinating species of gambling ever invented was first introduced; strange, that it should still be doubtful whether card-playing was engrafted from some other quarter of the world, or whether it was a European invention. It is true that there are traditions of the existence of playing-cards from time immemorial in Hindostan, where the Brahmins claim to have invented them. There is also a legend that playing-cards were invented in China, for the amusement of Seun-ho's numerous concubines, in the year 1120. There is a third hypothesis, which delivers over to the gipsies the invention of cards at a remote epoch. But, granting that there is some foundation for all these theories, still the fact remains that, even if cards did exist earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century, the mode of playing with them has not survived.

The game of *primero*, *prime*, or *primavista*, is allowed by most authorities to be the oldest

known card game. Sir John Harrington, in his punning epigram "On the games that have been in request at the Court," has the following:—

The first game was the best, when free from crime
The courtly gamesters all were in their prime.

According to Nares, *primero* resembled a more modern game called *l'ambigu*; but Seymour, in The "Court Gamester," published early in the eighteenth century, gives a different version. Speaking of *ombre* (*quadrille*), he says, "It is an improvement of a game called *primero*, formerly in great vogue among the Spaniards. *Primero* is played with six cards, *ombre* with nine,—that being the material difference. As to the terms, they are mostly the same.* He who holds *cinquo primero* (which is a sequence of five of the best cards and a good trump) is sure to be successful over his adversary. Hence the game takes its denomination." Minshew, in his "Guide into Tongues," says that *primero* means first, and *primavista* first seen; and that the game is so called "because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins."

It can hardly be doubted that *primero* was

* Seymour is mistaken on this point.

a game of Spanish origin. It is said to have been introduced into this country by Catherine of Arragon, or at all events by her followers. Shakspeare makes out that King Henry VIII. played at *primero*. Gardiner says that he left the king "at *primero* with the Duke of Suffolk." The game was certainly fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth. Lord Burleigh seems to have occasionally indulged in a hand at *primero*. A picture by Zuccaro, from Lord Falkland's collection, represents the grave Lord Treasurer playing at cards with three other persons, who from their dress appear to be of distinction, each having two rings on the same finger of both hands. The cards are marked on the face as now, but they differ from our present cards in being longer and narrower; antiquaries are of opinion that the game represented in the picture is the game of *primero*.

A passage in an old play, Greene's "Tu Quoque," has been quoted by several writers as evidence that *primero* was a gambling game: "Primero, why I thought thou hadst not been so much gamester as play at it." But a person who objects to cards might make such a remark with respect to any card-game, whether a gambling game or not. Judging from the partial descriptions of the game which remain to us, it would seem that *primero* might be played either for large or small stakes, as agreed on. In Florio's "Second Frutes" (1591), a very scarce book, *primero* is played by two persons for "one shilling stake and three rest" (1 pool). In Minshew's "Spanish Dialogues" four play; the stake is two shillings and the rest, eight. The mode of play is but imperfectly known.

The earliest game of cards indigenous to England seems to have been the game of trump, the predecessor of our national game of whist. It was played at least as early as the time of Edward VI., for in the comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," said to have been first printed in 1551, old Dame Chat invites two of her acquaintances to a game at trump.

Come nere, ye be no stranger :

We be fast set at trump, man, hard by the fyre ;
Thou shalt set on the king if thou come a little nyer.
Come hither, Dol ; Dol, sit down and play this game,
And as thou sawest me do, see thou do even the same.
There is five trumps besides the queen, the hindmost
thou shalt find her.

In Decker's "Belman," published about the same period, we are told that "deceits [are] practised even in the fayrest and most civill companies, at *primero*, *sant*, *maw*, *trump*, and such like games."

Trump is supposed to have been very like whist. There was a group of games—trump, ruff, slam, ruff and honours, and, whisk and swabbers—which were closely allied, and out of

which modern whist has been born. All card-players are aware that ruff and trump are synonymous. In Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary" (1611), we find "*Triomphe*, the card game called ruffe or trump." Ruff and trump, however, were not identical. We find them distinguished from each other by Taylor, the water poet (1630), in enumerating the games at which the prodigal squanders his money.

He flings his money free with carelesnesse
At novum, munchance, mischance, choose ye which,
At one-and-thirty, or at poor-and-rich ;
Ruffe, slam, trump, noddie, whisk, hole, sant, new-cut.

At primifisto, post-and-payre, primero,
Maw, whip-her-ginny, he's a liberal hero ;
At my-sow-pigged ;—but (reader, never doubt ye),
He's skilled in all games, except look-about-ye.

Ruff and honours, and slam, and whist, are also kept distinct from each other by Cotton, in the "Compleat Gamester" (1680). He says: "Ruff and honours (*alias* slam), and whist, are games so commonly known in England in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years old hath a competent knowledge in that recreation; and therefore I am unwilling to speak anything more of them than this, that there may be a great deal of art used in dealing and playing at these games, which differ very little one from the other." According to Seymour, trump is a corruption of the word triumph, "for where they [trumps] are, they are attended with conquest."

In the reign of James I., the fashionable game was maw. James I. was himself a card-player. A pamphlet preserved in the British Museum, entitled, "Tom Tell-Troath; or, a Free Discourse touching the Manners of the Time" (~1622), thus alludes to the King's taste for cards. "In the very gaming ordinaries, where men have scarce leisure to say grace, yet they take a time to censure your Majestie's actions. They say you have lost the fairest game at maw that ever King had, for want of making the best advantage of the five-finger [five of trumps] and playing the other helps in time. That your owne card holders play bootie, and give the signe out of your owne hande."

The game of maw differed but little from that subsequently called five-cards; and five-cards again is substantially the same as the modern Irish game of spoil-five. It is probable that the game of five-cards was carried to Ireland by Oliver Cromwell's army.

Gleeck was reckoned a genteel game in Ben Jonson's time. It was played by three persons. It is described at great length in a book entitled "Wit's Interpreter," published in 1670.

The other principal card-games of the period were lodam, noddly, bankerout, saunt, lanterloo, knave-out-of-doors, and post-and-pair. Sir John Harrington mentions lodam as succeeding maw in court patronage. It is not known how it was played.

Noddly is supposed by some to have been the original of cribbage, because the knave was called noddly. But it would seem that the game of noddly was played for counters, and that it was fifteen or twenty-one up. In Salton's tales, a young heir is likened to "a gamester at noddly; one-and-twenty makes him out." Nares says that noddly was not played with a board; but Gayton (*Festivous Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654*) speaks of noddly boards.

Saunt and sant are merely corruptions of cent, or cientos, a Spanish game. It was named cientos because the game was a hundred. It is supposed to have been the same as piquet.

Lanterloo was very similar to loo. The first mention of lanterloo occurs in a Dutch pamphlet (*circa 1648*).

Knave-out-of-doors was probably the same game as poore-and-rich, or as beggar-my-neighbour.

Post-and-pair is said to have resembled the game of commerce. It was played with three cards each; and much depended on vying, or betting, on the goodness of your own hand. A pair-royal of aces was the best hand, and next, a pair-royal of any three cards according to their value. If no one had a pair-royal, the highest pair won, and next to this, the hand that held the highest cards. This description seems to apply more nearly to brag than to commerce.

In Cotton's "Compleat Gamester," we find, in addition to the games already mentioned, the following which are obsolete—ombre, French-ruff, costly-colours, bone-ace, wit-and-reason, the art of memory, plain-dealing, Queen Nazareen, penneech, bankafalet, and beast. Most of these defunct games were very babyish contrivances. Boneace, for instance, was admitted by Cotton to be "trivial and very inconsiderable, by reason of the little variety therein contained; but," added the author, "because I have seen ladies and persons of quality have plaid at it for their diversion, I will briefly describe it, and the rather, because it is a licking game for money." The whole game consisted in this, the dealer dealt three cards to each player, the first two being dealt face downwards and the third being turned up. The biggest card turned up carried the bone, that is, half the pool, and the nearest to thirty-one in hand won the other half.

The games mentioned by Cotton, which

are still practised, are all superior games; games of variety, and games into which skill largely enters. They are piquet, cribbage, all-fours, and whist. Of these whist is the king. It has been the game for some hundred and twenty years; and its never-ending variety, and its well adjusted complements of skill and chance, seem likely to continue it in undisturbed possession of modern card-rooms.

THE BATTLE PAINTER.

I.

Wild horsemen billowing round a planted flag,
Pistols red flashing, sabres reaping fast,
Whirlpools of pikes, maim'd men trod under foot,
The sulphur smoke of cannon rolling past;
And in the midst a proud, white, tossing plume,—
The chiefs, who, wrestling with a stalwart Croat,
Or Pole, or Turk, yells out his battle-ery,
While hewing madly at the other's throat.

II.

You know such pictures; Wouvermans has done
Some not unlike, with ever a white horse
Focussing out a light amid the gloom,
Giving the masses unity and force.
Always a standard, while sore wounded men
Grapple upon the ground with armour strewn,
And shattered drum and banners wet with gore,
And helmets beaten in and bucklers hewn.

III.

Don Rinaldo de Montalba, battle painter,—
He who left us many score such things,—
Was wont to rouse his genius, we are told,
Not by deep draughts from the Castalian springs,
By beating charges on a Turkish drum,
Nor clashing cymbals; no, by no device
So tame as these, but by a daring stroke,
A vigorous and a chivalrous artifice.

IV.

He clothed a figure in a coat of mail,
Helmet and cuirass, breastplate, target too,
Tassets and pauldrons buckled sure and firm,
Each plate of armour fitting close and true;
Then, with a giant's huge two-handed sword,
In a feigned fury he drove at the steel,
Slashing it into shreds, with sturdy blows
That might have made the proudest Paynim reel.

V.

Having well smitten, hewn, and stabbed, and struck,
He calmly placed his sword upon its rack,
And seized his brushes, his strained canvas set,
His easel planted, and with bended back,
And steadfast head bent down, portrayed the scenes
His fancy now was teeming with, and fierce
With furious pencil pictured storms of horse,
And clouds of Pandours, hot at carte and tierce.

VI.

Don Rinaldo de Montalba, battle painter,
Rudely to us, poets, and painters, all
Did teach this simple lesson, still to work
With fiery ardour, turning this earth-ball,
And all in sea and sky, unto our use,
To help us onward up the arduous mount.
Where Phœbus sits enthroned, and sweet below
Ripples with music Aganippe's fount.

W. T.

"A CROWNING IN."

A STORY OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

To any one familiar with that part of the midland counties known as "The Black Country," the mere mention of its name will bring before the mind the whole dreary spectacle, the blackness of desolation by day, the burning waste by night; while to those unacquainted with the scene, no description, however vivid, would convey a correct idea of its peculiar features.

In these days of constant railway travelling, when a distant town is often practically nearer than a neighbouring village, many who have never visited the black country have obtained a general idea of its characteristics while passing through it; and should their train have been a slow one, probably the short journey between Birmingham and Wolverhampton has given them all the acquaintance they wish to have with a scene so gloomy in the daylight, so appalling in the darkness. The flat, black ground, intersected by canals, upon whose foul and muddy water slow barges laden with coal or iron are drawn by lean horses, and even in some cases by women with scarcely a trace of their sex visible in dress or feature,—the short wide chimneys pouring forth smoke and flame, the machinery for working coal pits, and the *débris* from them and from the furnaces, all go to make one of the dreariest pictures conceivable. Perhaps the huts or hovels—built sometimes of mud, sometimes of mud and brick, and always more or less fallen or falling into decay—inhabited by the pitmen and other workmen of the place, are the saddest sight of all. By the doors of these desolate and ruinous dwellings little children are seen, looking like little savages, even to the colour of their skin, playing their dreary play among the cinders which cover the roads.

These pages are not the place for discussing the question; but it might well be asked if it is not possible that a country so blasted and disfigured, retaining no element of beauty, and in the very nature of its employments tending to brutalise rather than to elevate its population, may not by its influence be in some measure conducive to those crimes of diabolical atrocity which seem almost peculiar to this region, and which from time to time startle even those most accustomed to the details of crime into active indignation?

But the sights to which I have alluded are not the only things that render the black country terrible. It is liable to a peculiar

danger of an appalling nature; and the circumstances under which I first heard of it, being in themselves not uninteresting, I make no apology for repeating them.

About five years ago I accepted an invitation to spend Christmas with a friend living in South Staffordshire. He was an iron master of considerable position, and, finding it necessary to live in the neighbourhood of his business, had built a house near to his works, and taken thither his young wife, who was a cousin of mine, in the early part of the year. I had never even passed through the county, and had no idea of its aspect, and only looked forward to a pleasant week with my friends.

Professional engagements kept me in London till late in the afternoon of the 24th of December, and in the early twilight of that winter day I began my journey. There was a bitter hard frost, the clouds gathering blackly seemed to promise a heavy fall of snow before morning, and I was much annoyed to find that the only train I could take was a slow one, stopping at every station. However, it was no use to complain; and wrapping myself up as warmly as possible in my rug, I composed myself for sleep soon after we started, and was fortunate enough to have an undisturbed slumber of some length.

When I awoke it was to a novel sight. On either side were the huge furnace fires of the black country shedding a lurid light far into the darkness; and the heaps of refuse, which looked grey and dead in the daylight, were now so many glowing hillocks of red-hot embers. It was more like a dream than any waking sight I had ever had; and more like a vision of purgatory, or even a worse place, than like a dream. The train stopped, and upon inquiring the name of the station, I found that I had passed the station of —, where I ought to have left the train, and where my friend had arranged to meet me with a carriage. Considerably vexed, I took up my carpet-bag and asked if I could have a conveyance to take me to my friend's house; but the place was little more than a village, and nothing of the kind could be had. The station-master informed me, in answer to my impatient inquiries, that Mr. — lived about three miles off, and, giving me some directions as to the route, of which, being a stranger, I could make nothing, left me to take my chance.

I walked out of the station and then stood

still irresolutely, somewhat bewildered by the strangeness and peculiarity of all that I saw, and dazzled by the strong effect of light and shade, the glare from the huge fires contrasting so sharply with the blackness of the night. I looked at my watch and found that it was just eight o'clock.

At this moment a man passed, and I asked him if he could direct me to the house of Mr. ——. He turned at the sound of my voice, and, pointing vaguely into the darkness, said it "lay over there."

"But I don't know the country at all," I said. "I was never here before, and I cannot find my way unless you tell me something more."

"Oh, if you're a stranger," he answered somewhat roughly, "you won't find it easy. You're come to the wrong station for the nearest."

"I know that," I said; "I have made a mistake."

"If that's it," he replied, more good-humouredly, "come along with me. I'm goin' a good step o' the same way, and I'll show you as far as I can."

I accepted the offer of companionship gratefully, and we walked quickly on,—now in the glare, now in the darkness, till we came to a small gate, which opened upon the canal path. It looked so dismal and dreary as far as it could be seen, and was so impenetrably dark where it could not, that I shrank from walking along the towing-path with the contingency of walking into the water.

"Is there no other way than this?" I asked.

"Ay, there's another; but it's longer. Are you scared o' this?" was the reply.

"Well, no, not exactly," I said, hesitating; "but I was never in this neighbourhood before, and of course it does not look to me as it does to you, who have lived here all your life. But," I added, seeing that my companion had passed through the gate, and following his example, "if you say that this is the best way, we'll take it."

"I've not lived here all my life," he said, replying to the first part of my sentence, "and I wish to God I'd never come near it!"

I was startled by the earnestness and evident sincerity with which the words were uttered, and turned to look at the speaker; we were in the glare now, and he could be seen quite plainly. A commonplace-looking man enough, about forty years of age, his insignificant features deeply marked by the small-pox, and begrimed with soot and coal dust. His dress was dirty fustian. There was nothing remarkable about him in any way; and I con-

cluded that he was disappointed in wages, or had given up something better for his present occupation, whatever that might be. He was silent now; and though I wished to know why he had spoken his regret so earnestly, I could not very well ask him, and so tried to draw him into conversation.

"Are wages good about here?" I asked.

"Ay, they're well enough if you work well," he said sullenly; "they're the same here as in most places; you earn what you get, and you get what you earn."

"Who do you work for?" I went on.

He named the friend whom I was going to visit.

"Is he a good master?"

"He's like th' rest, a hard 'un. Set his mind on makin' his fortun' sharp, I reckon, and gettin' out o' this cussed place."

"I suppose you'd do the same if you were he?" I suggested.

"Like enough," he assented.

By this time we had left the canal side, and were walking in a narrow lane, along which ran a single tramway, and by the side of which were some of the poorest cottages, or rather hovels, I had ever seen; most of them, however, were dimly lighted, and from some came rough sounds of merriment and holiday making.

My guide stopped before the door of one of the cottages which was in complete darkness, and turning to me, said:

"If you keep right on for half a mile, and then take th' road to th' left, you can't miss th' house."

"Are you not going any farther?" I asked, rather anxiously, for I greatly disliked the idea of walking on alone.

"No," he said, bluntly, taking a key from his jacket pocket, and putting it into the lock of the door; "I'm at home."

"If you will show me the rest of the way I shall be much obliged," I said, at the same time slipping half-a-crown into his left hand; "and no one seems to be waiting for you."

He would not take the coin, but replacing the key in his pocket, moved forward, saying:

"No, there's no one a waitin' for me."

The tone in which he echoed my words was one of such profound sadness, that I was much struck by it, and a moment after he continued:

"No, there's no one a waitin' for me; that there cottage is as empty as it is dark, there's no fire in it, and no welcome; there's no wife, nor no children; there's naught there to mak' a home of but th' four bare walls."

"You should marry," I said, cheerfully, "then you would have a wife to welcome you, and children in time, perhaps. At any rate you'd have a fire and a light."

"But I had 'em all once," he went on, not heeding my interruption, "a good wife, an' three childern, an' I lost 'em all this night a year sin'. It's Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Lost!" I repeated, much shocked; "what did they die of?"

"Ay, lost 'em; they didn't to call die."

"Will you tell me about it?" I asked, much interested.

"This day last 'ear it was like as it is now, on'y frostier, an' blacker, an' darker. I come home fro' work at five o'clock, and it was pitch dark by then. We lived i' that same cottage, an' my wife had made it as tidy as a palace—she was a rare clean 'un—all ready for Christmas Day, an' th' pudden was ready for boilin'; an' when we'd had tea she foun' out that candles was forgot and wanted, there was on'y the piece o' one that was burnin'. There's th' shop close by there," and he indicated the direction by pointing with his thumb over his shoulder—"an' she thought no harm o' sendin' th' youngest child—she was six 'ear old, and sharper nor any needle I ever saw—to fetch 'em. She didn't come back as soon as she might ha' done, and we sent th' next 'un—she was close upon eight—after her; for tho' it were as dark as a dog's mouth, we thought no harm, th' shop were close to, an' them knowing th' road so well.

"She didn't come back no more nor th' first, an' we said what we'd do when they did come, playin' away out i' the dark, and the night so cold; an' when it come that they'd been gone nigh upon half an hour, Jack—that was the eldest of all—said he'd go an' bring 'em in. He stopped away too, till we was tired o' waitin', an' th' wife says, 'Drat them childern; let 'em get a playin' an' they never think nothin' o' no errands; but I'll fetch 'em in, an' warm 'em too,' and she puts her shawl over her head an' off she goes. She didn't shut th' door fast, or th' wind bursted it open, and I goes to shut it, an' just then I thought I heerd a scream in her voice, and as she wasn't a screechy sort o' woman, it give me a kind o' turn. I clapt th' candle end into an old lantern as we had, and off I went to see if I reelly had heerd anything.

"It were hawful dark outside, not a moon nor a star, and I right searched along the ground, holdin' out th' lantern to show a light where I were goin', an' well I did. About twenty yard fro' th' cottage I found out all 'bout it. There'd been a crownin' in, and down they was all gone, wife, an' Jack, an' th' two other childern; an' there was me standin' on th' edge wi' th' lantern, lookin' for what wasn't to be seen, for th' crownin' in was deeper than anyone knows, an' I never

saw no more of all them that had been at tea wi' me—so happy an' pleasant."

I vaguely apprehended the catastrophe, and though my ignorance of the meaning of the words "crownin' in" prevented my understanding it fully, the man's voice and manner touched me to the heart.

"What is a 'crownin' in?'" I asked.

"Why," he explained, "this 'ere country's all undermindd wi' pits an' workin's, and sometimes the earth goes in atop, and makes a big hole; that's a 'crownin' in.'"

I comprehended the horror fully now. "Does such a thing happen often?" I asked at length.

"I've heerd on it many times. Sometimes it's under a 'ouse, an' it all goes down; but this o' mine was the worst I know."

"What did you do?" I questioned.

"There wasn't nothin' could be done, and I went back to th' cottage to think about it. The neighbours was all very good to me, an' some of 'em bided wi' me all the night; an' when daylight come we went to look once again, but day or night all was dark there; and the last I ever see of my wife, an' Jack, an' the other childern, was them goin' out for th' candles, one after another, an' her fetchin' 'em in."

His voice broke as he spoke the last words, and I saw him wipe his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket. I felt a rising in my own throat such as I had not known for long. A minute after he went on quietly:

"An' the next day were Christmas Day. A good woman as lives near had boiled the pudden, an' brought it an' set it afore me an' I tried to eat, but nothing never went nigher to chokin' a man nor what that did me. I thought so of 'em all—an' Jack, that was such a hand at a pudden—an' I got up, an' took it in to th' neighbour as had brought it, an' stood an' watched her childern eat it; an' then I went back to the empty cottage, an' cried out aloud, the biggest, bitterest tears, till I were as weak as a child; an' then I lighted up my pipe, an' smoked it all alone."

"And were the bodies never found?" I asked.

"No, they was never found: there was no buryin', nor nothing. P'raps there was water at th' bottom, an' their dead bodies was drowned; p'raps it was dry an' hard, an' they was dashed to bits. I've thought on it every way at one time or another, but nothing was seen no more. Take that turn, sir," he said, suddenly resuming his old tone, "an' it'll take you right to the 'ouse. Good night, sir," and before I could thank him, he was lost in the darkness.

A. M.

A SUPPRESSED ART.

THOSE of us who have occasion to consult the various practical and mechanical journals that from week to week record the multiplicity of schemes and appliances that spring from the active energy of man's inventive faculties, must have often remarked how very small a number of those apparently useful, and sometimes seemingly important, inventions ever come into such general use as to lead to the supposition that they can at any time fulfil the expectations of their sanguine projectors. How many of the rich fruits of the tree of practical knowledge seem to ripen only to wither and decay, and by their decay to enrich the soil from which a future generation is to reap the harvest of successful application!

It is not, however, our purpose to chronicle the vicissitudes of inventions and inventors, but to lay before our readers an episode in the history of invention and discovery that is, we think, almost without a parallel. We allude to the case of an important, useful, and beautiful art, wilfully suppressed, and its successful practice totally discontinued, by those whose best interest it was to pursue and to preserve it: not, however, so effectually annulled but that some relics of it, and some documentary and traditional evidence of the pursuit of it, have remained undestroyed, and have recently been brought to light, to the bewilderment of those who had believed the art, of which these relics are reputed specimens, to be one of comparatively recent discovery.

For exhuming and bringing to light what evidence we have concerning this art or process we are indebted to the far-sighted perseverance of Mr. F. P. Smith, the successful adapter of the screw propeller to the purposes of navigation, and the curator of the Patent Museum at South Kensington. In connection with this office Mr. Smith had occasion, about eighteen months ago, to visit the works of the late Matthew Boulton, at Soho, near Birmingham, for the purpose of securing for his museum the original steam-engine of Watt's construction. It will be remembered that upon the failure of Watt's partner, Dr. Roebuck, owing to some mining speculations, Boulton came forward and offered to purchase Roebuck's share in the patent that had been granted to them, and that Soho henceforward became the scene of Watt and Boulton's joint labours. Now Boulton was a man of a most generous and ardent mind, and of an enterprising spirit, that led him to grapple with great and difficult undertakings. He was a man of address, delighting in society, active, and mixing with people of all ranks with great

freedom and without ceremony. Watt said of him that "to his friendly encouragement, to his partiality for scientific improvements, and his ready application of them to the purposes of art, to his intimate knowledge of business and manufactures, and to his extended views and liberal spirit, may in a great measure be ascribed whatever success may have attended my exertions." After his death, in 1809, his remains were borne to the grave by the oldest of the Soho workmen, followed by five hundred operatives of the establishment, with scarcely a dry eye amongst them; and the funeral was attended by several thousand individuals, to whom medals were distributed recording the age and death of this enviable man.

It is not surprising, then, that during Boulton's lifetime his house was the rendezvous of savans and eminent men, as indeed it was; for on the night of every full moon a number of gentlemen, among whom were Watt, Dr. Priestley, Sir W. Herschel, Dr. Darwin, Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Wedgwood, Dr. Johnson, and many others equally illustrious, met there, and constituted what, by reason of the night of their meeting, was called the Lunar Society; its celebrated members being sometimes satirically denominated the lunatics. There is good reason to suppose that from these meetings originated many of the inventions and appliances that gave the Soho factory its world-wide reputation, for it is hardly possible to imagine so many great minds interchanging their ideas without beneficial advantage being taken of the practical application of those ideas.

At Soho, Mr. Smith had the good fortune to meet a Mr. Price, agent to Matthew Watt Boulton, Esq., a grandson of the celebrated gentleman before alluded to, who submitted to him two curious pictures, upon paper, copies of paintings, which bore a strong resemblance to photographs; and two other pictures on copper plated with silver, that were undoubtedly of a class precisely the same as those commonly known as daguerrotypes. Impressed with the significance of these various pictures, Mr. Smith sought to obtain possession of them for exhibition at the Kensington Museum. They were liberally placed at his disposal by Mr. Price, and several others were collected from other sources; and since that time Mr. Smith, Mr. Price, and others, have been using every means and pursuing every inquiry, to trace out their origin and history; with what result we shall now endeavour to explain.

First, with regard to the paper pictures, the antiquity of them is proved almost beyond a doubt, for the paper upon which they are taken bears the well-known water-mark of "What-

man," but no date. The present proprietors of Whatman's mills, Messrs. Hollingsworth & Co., are of opinion that the paper was made 100 years ago; that Whatman's earlier papers were marked only with the name, the date being added a few years after, for when they purchased the mills in 1794 the date was inserted, as well as the name J. Whatman, and has continued to be so ever since. From various letters and memoranda that have been found concerning them, they appear to have been produced about the year 1780. There is an order from a London firm, dated 1781, to supply about thirty of them, copies of several of which, identified by the list that accompanies the order, are in Mr. Smith's possession. Moreover, an old man who was Boulton's "cad" or handyman, and who died eight years ago at the age of ninety years, had often mentioned them to Mr. Price in connection with the Lunar Society, and described in his own rude way the process by which they were taken.

The age of the pictures being determined, the important question arises, "How were they obtained?" This is at present a mystery. From the resemblance they bear to photographs; from the fact of their being called, in some of the old letters, "sun pictures," and "produced by a chymical and mechanical process;" from the evidence of the old man, Boulton's cad; and from his description of the method of taking them, "that they were in a dark tent, and with nothing but the pictures on the tables (not the pictures themselves, but the *likenesses* of them), and by some means they secured this shadow," it has been concluded, not without reasonable grounds, that they were produced by photography. If such be the case, the honour of discovering and perfecting photography will be transferred from those who at present bear it—Wedgwood and Davy, Talbot, and others—to the Lunar Society, or some of its illustrious members. Considerable discussion has thus naturally arisen concerning them, but as yet the question is but partially solved. That they are produced by some process unknown to artists and *connoisseurs* in art productions there can be no doubt, for Mr. W. Smith, the Deputy-Chairman of the National Portrait Gallery, "a gentleman who perhaps knows more about art and pictures than any other man in England," says of them "that they are not produced either by engraving, drawing, or painting, or by any method of which he had any knowledge; they bear no trace of hand work whatever;" while Mr. Fairholt says: "That they are produced by mechanical means, and not by hand labour, is very certain. . . . There is no trace of any of the usual

modes adopted by engravers to produce such tinted copies of drawings as these are. Nor are there any traces of the ordinary modes of engraving in any of them, such as mezzotint, aquatint, &c.;" and further, he remarks that if some of them (the uncoloured ones, for some of them are tinted) "had been shown to him without their history being told, he should have said they were photographs."

But in opposition to this evidence of their being produced by photography, we have experienced photographers ready to assert that they are not so. No one, perhaps, is better acquainted with the history of photography, and the various processes and modifications of it, than Mr. Robert Hunt, and he states his conviction that they are not photographs, and gives unquestionable reasons in support of his convictions. But we can only reason from what we know, and if we cannot account for their production by any now known process of photography, it does not follow that they are not produced by some process that we have yet to learn; and this argument holds equally good, supposing them to be produced by some not yet discovered means distinct from photography, albeit the evidence is in favour of photographic argument. That the pictures were produced in such large numbers, and at such small cost, as to preclude the idea of their being done by hand, we have ample proof; for the highest charge mentioned for any one picture is twenty-five shillings, and some of them are of large size.*

How is it, it may well be asked, that the method of taking them has not been handed down to our time? even admitting it to have been a trade secret, as it undoubtedly was. This question is effectually answered from the testimony of the old man, who related the matter to Mr. Price. It appears that sometime previous to 1799, Mr., afterwards Sir William Beechy, visited Soho, and painted Boulton's portrait, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year. While there, Boulton explained the process to him, and it appears to have been the cause of some uneasiness or dissatisfaction, for we are told that Sir William went amongst his brother artists, and got up a petition or memorial to Boulton and the Lunar Society, praying them to discontinue reproducing the pictures; as, to use the old man's expression, "they found it would

* It is probable that some of our readers may be in possession of copies of some of these pictures. If they have any reason to think so, and are anxious to obtain further information concerning them, we would refer them to the *Photographic Journal* for November, 1864, where they will find the whole of the letters, correspondence, and discussions concerning them (from which our extracts are made), printed *in extenso*, with a list of a good number of the pictures that were copied and the sizes of the copies.

be the means of shutting up the painters' shops." It would seem, further, that the interference of the Government was sought; for a letter appears to have been written to the Secretary of the Treasury, to obtain a pension of 20*l.* per annum for one Eginton, who, it would seem, was either the inventor or the principal operator of the process. To this Boulton objected; for he wrote to the Earl of Dartmouth, requesting his influence with the Secretary of the Treasury "to have an entire stop put to the pension, because Mr. Eginton hath no claim or expectations . . . and as to an ampler reward for his secrecy, I know how to do that more effectually, and with more prudence than by giving him annually 20*l.*, which will only serve to keep up the remembrance of that business, and therefore 'tis impolitical." And in the same letter he says, "the obligation he is under to me, and his own natural caution and prudence, render me firmly persuaded that the scheme will die away in his memory, or, at least, will never be mentioned."

If these facts be well founded, and there is no present reason to doubt them, the artists of those days must have been very short-sighted in thus endeavouring to extinguish so admirable a means of disseminating their works. The process, as it was then practised, was merely a reproducing one, like engraving or lithography: it could not create or produce an original picture, and could not, therefore, interfere with the artist's vocation. Indeed, it was rather calculated to assist them; for as these sun pictures became popular, an increased demand for fresh subjects would have been the inevitable consequence, and the pictures themselves would have increased in value by being thus made known, for the more works of art are copied and published the more valuable the originals become. So, however much we may admire the generosity of Boulton and his associates, in submitting to the wishes of their petitioners, we cannot but regret that the misplaced jealousy of those petitioners should have hindered this process from being transmitted to posterity.

With regard to the other pictures to which we alluded, on silvered plates, there is not a shadow of a doubt about their being photographs: the contention concerning them is as to the date at which they were taken. One of them is said to be a view of Soho House before some alterations were made, in the year 1791, and the other a view of the same house after the alterations. In support of this assertion, the testimony of the old man (Boulton's card) is adduced; for he had told Mr. Price that the first-mentioned picture

"was taken by Mr. Boulton, Mr. Watt, Dr. Small, and Mr. Franklin in front of the *old house* at Soho." The evidence of this old man, on this and other points before cited, has been called in question, but, strangely enough, full corroboration of every part of it has come to hand from a perfectly independent witness. Dr. Lee, of Weatheroak, in Worcestershire, who was born near Birmingham in 1793, and resident at Birmingham from 1816 to 1823, writes to the *Illustrated News* and says, "In confirmation of the statement made by the old man in the employ of Matthew Boulton, I very well remember having heard, many years ago, from my mother, many of the particulars, which leave me no doubt of the truth of his statement. I have heard her say that a society used to make trials at Soho to produce visible representations of objects by means of sunlight, which they called sun-pictures; that Francis Eginton, who lived on Soho Hill, in the near neighbourhood of Mr. Boulton, was said to be the inventor of the process, or to be acquainted with it; that a camera was used, and that a silver plate was, at least sometimes, employed; that, when Mr. Boulton's house was to be repaired, a representation of the house was taken; that many representations by the sunlight process were made, and sold, and so dispersed; and that, from a fear of injury to living artists, the process was discontinued, being said to have not arrived at the perfection once hoped for." Those who have sought to refute the antiquity of these pictures, have suggested that they are some early specimens of the process of M. Niepce, brought over by him for submission to the Royal Society, about the year 1827, but which the Royal Society rejected and declined to report upon, because he refused to divulge the means by which they were obtained; and that, by some means, they got into possession of Boulton's successors.

After Niepce had been working at the process for some years he fell in with Daguerre, who was experimenting in the same direction, and with whom the daguerreotype process originated. Daguerre was originally a scene-painter, not a likely man, one would think, to pursue such experiments as those of his own accord; and it is a remarkable circumstance that one Daguerre was the Paris agent of Wedgwood, the potter, a member of the Lunar Society. As far as the metal pictures are concerned, everything depends upon the proof that they represent Soho House at the time of the alterations; but as yet no one has been found who recollects it before those alterations were made.

All the evidence that we at present possess tends to show that photography was practised

at Soho long before the acknowledged time of its discovery. At all events, if photography was not, some other art (of which the paper pictures are specimens) equally important, was. How much praise and honour must we then accord to Boulton and his colleagues, if it turns out that they were the real discoverers of photography. But how much more praise, how much greater honour will be their due, if it transpires that they were the inventors and perfectors of an art that a succeeding generation has not yet been able to re-discover.

J. CARPENTER.

THE BROTHERS MOGINIÉ.

PART II.

It is now eight years since I collected the information relative to the Brothers Moginié, communicated in my first paper,* and I have been constant in my research after the missing links of this strange story. It was only when I had become convinced that it was hopeless my expecting ever to obtain them, that I sent an account of what I knew to *ONCE A WEEK*. Since this account has been in the printers' hands, I have received some important documents which throw a new light on many of the events related in my first communication. It will be remembered that François left Europe in 1751, in company with Colonel du Perron, furnished with the baptismal registers of himself and brother, to entitle him to receive his brother's enormous fortune of 200,000 louis d'or. I furnished a copy of his letter from Venice, which was the last which I could obtain. He wrote again from Constantinople and from Surat, but neither of these letters have I seen or been able to recover; but I have before me one addressed to Mr. Richard Tomlinson, merchant, of King William Street, London, who had taken charge of François' family during his absence. The letter is from a Mr. Gogham, agent of E. I. Company at Surat, and carries on the story of François pretty much from where I left it off.

"SURAT, Oct. 26th, 1753.

"DEAR SIR,—According to your instructions, I have inquired into the case of the Swiss adventurer in whom you are interested, and who is now at the court of Agra. Indeed I forestalled them, by having previously gathered information concerning the General Moginié who has been presented to your notice as Prince Didon and Indus. I have been favoured by the sickness of your client, who has been at my house for eleven days, suffering severely from dysentery. I am not at

all surprised, sir, that you should doubt the reality of a fortune, in quest of which he has come so far. The manner in which Captain du Perron announced it to him was sufficient to make the most credulous persons doubt, and one must have been as generous as yourself to have advanced money upon hopes wearing such a dubious aspect. Captain du Perron dressed up his romance without skill. The title of prince which he has given to General Moginié is absolutely ignored here, where there are only princes of Mogul blood and sovereign rajahs. His titles of generalissimo and chamberlain are equally chimerical. The emperor is waited upon in the interior of the palace by women and eunuchs, and there is no other generalissimo of his armies than himself. So many powerful rajahs whose contingents form more than half the Mogul army, do not receive their orders from a soldier of fortune. Till the death of Chajehan they would not serve the prince or Aurungzeb, except as auxiliaries. Their forces equal those of the most powerful electors of Germany; and their nobility, scrupulously preserved from mixture, renders them quite as punctilious. They only obey the emperor in person. Possibly Du Perron wished to make out some resemblance between the titles of this country and those of Europe, but from want of knowledge he has made a preposterous fable out of an authentic story. Daniel Moginié passed from Persia into Hindostan in 1738. He presented himself the same year to the nabob or prime minister of the Mogul at Delhi, where the court then was, giving himself out to be an officer of distinction in quest of service. He proved that he had commanded 1000 men in the armies of Schah-Nadir, known in Europe as Thamas-kouli-khan. He was presented to the Mogul, who gave him a similar command in the second corps of his guards. During the war, which began next year, he displayed so much bravery and policy, that after the departure of the conqueror he was advanced to being commandant-in-chief of the corps, which consisted of 12,000 men. He disciplined them in the European manner, and this novelty acquired for him great consideration. The emperor desired to have this system carried out among all the imperial troops, and Daniel was sent into the provinces with the commission of inspector-general. But the difficulties which he encountered made him ask to be recalled, and the only fruit of his journey was that he pleased the sister of the reigning Mogul, widow of the Rajah of Deccan. This Princess asked her brother, the emperor, to permit the marriage. He gave his consent, and established the bridegroom as governor of the kingdom of Lahore.

* See page 345.

It was on the occasion of this marriage that Daniel produced his genealogical book, the obscurity of which tended towards establishing its importance. The princess was called Neidone-Begum; the name Begum is a title given to Mongolian princesses, as that of Infanta is given to the Princess of Spain and Portugal, or that of Madame to the daughters of France. As the palace, equipages, livery, &c., of the Omrah Daniel were called the palace, equipages, and livery of Neidone-Begum, M. du Perron, whom the assumed title of Colonel has not rendered much of a courtier, has bungled over the name Neidone-Begum, and rendered it Didon and Indus. The massive golden lion which the emperor committed to him to take to Europe, is the insignia of office or badge of the Grand Porter of the palace. This situation is the highest in the royal palace, and the omrah was given it on the occasion of his marriage, so as to give him free access to the imperial apartments. As for the will, that is another truth ill expressed by the Sieur du Perron, who has exposed himself to the chance of being regarded as an impostor by all those who have any knowledge of the empire and its laws: a private individual cannot dispose of his property without petitioning the Mogul, and he is not even suffered to retain a copy of his petition. The original is presented sealed to the nabob or prime minister, who hands it over in the same condition to the emperor, without knowing its contents, unless the monarch chooses to communicate them to him. The petition is cast into the fire if the prince rejects it, and if he purposes granting it, in whole or in part, the proper instrument is drawn up and placed in the hands of the nabob, who only gives a verbal account of its contents to the petitioner. The Omrah Moginié demanded in his that his brother François should inherit his goods after his decease, and the emperor accorded this request, subject to the condition, that François Moginié should come with his family and settle in Hindostan. The furniture belonging to the omrah, together with his palace at Agra, were sold by order of the emperor, after his death. They fetched about 200,000*l.* sterling, and this sum has been placed in the hands of brokers, who, like the London jewellers, are the usual bankers. They have put out his money to interest, and it has been accumulating for four years, without any of it finding its way into the imperial treasury; the sole public proof that the emperor granted the petition of the deceased omrah.

"M. François Moginié seems quite reconciled to his transplantation. Indeed, the effort is not considerable. But, as he has

neither the appearance, nor the manners, nor the talents of his brother, I doubt whether he will ever obtain the whole of his property, or, at all events, increase what he does obtain. He has been well received by the nabob, who was an intimate friend of the defunct omrah. Whilst waiting for his audience with the emperor, he is lodged in one of the finest houses of Agra, with a retinue of thirty persons, at the expense of the nabob. However his affairs may turn out, those who have advanced him money need suffer no apprehension of losing by him, for he is by no means ungrateful, and the presents which he will receive from the omrahs, after his audience, will place him in a situation to exhibit his gratitude. If he is not retained at Agra, he may return to Europe with more than 100,000 rupees. On the day of his audience with the nabob, this minister handed him over a considerable amount of MS., written in French, of which the deceased had made him the depository, under a promise of remitting it to his brother François, and if, five years after his death had been announced in Europe, his brother did not make his appearance, the omrah required that the original MS. should be sent to the French ambassador, at Constantinople, in order that it might be transmitted, through the Swiss ambassador, to his family, who live in the Pays de Vaud. This MS. is nothing else than the history or life of the omrah.

"As I had exhibited a strong desire to know by what train of adventures this illustrious man had worked his way to this pitch of fortune, M. François took the trouble to make a copy of the MS., which he sent to me in a casket of sandal-wood, garnished with silver gilt, and worth 150 rupees, together with a letter, of which I enclose a copy. I have added a copy of a second, which he has written to me, in which he accords me permission to publish the life of his brother. I believe that such a book, in order to retain its authenticity, should be put into the hands of a Swiss publisher, so as to be brought out under the eyes, so to speak, of those who knew the omrah and his family, and to give the public some guarantee that this story is not apocryphal. It wants a little retouching by a skilful pen. Truth is not the less pleasing, when presented under an agreeable form. However, I should recommend the editor to preserve the *naïveté* of the style. The omrah has not been quite grammatical in all his expressions and in the construction of his sentences. He was a man with extraordinary energy; and persons who have known him particularly have assured me, that few of the nobles at Agra could express themselves with more elegance than himself,

in Persian, which is the language of the court and palace.

"I have the honour to be,

"Yours, &c., &c., &c.,

"GOGHAM.

"*Letter from François Moginié to Mr. Gogham.*

"AGRA, July 17th, 1753.

"SIR,—Since I have been in this large town, I have seen a great many things deserving of attention, but nothing has been capable of banishing from my memory the services which you have been kind enough to render me, after my arrival at Suali. I thought that I could in no better way testify my gratitude to you, than by sending you the history of my brother's adventures, left in MS. of his own handwriting. I have just finished transcribing it, and I set to work upon it before having read it myself. There are many things in it which I cannot understand, and I may have made many *qui-pro-quos* (sic); but you are wiser than I am, and you will correct my mistakes. One must know this country before understanding what it is all about. My brother Daniel thought me wiser than I am. I beg, sir, that you will put me to rights, during your leisure moments. I should be glad to send information to my own country, where my relations and friends made fun of me and my brother, when I related to them Col. du Perron's story. I should like the good and generous Mr. Tomlinson to have an analysis of it. Mr. Robert, his eldest son, who has always been very kind to my wife, will, perhaps, read it to her, and to my two sons. They are the most interested in its contents, and it is well that they should be placed in a position to judge whether they had not better settle here than in London or in their own country. I kiss my hand to Mrs. Gogham and pretty little Miss Nancy. I hope to send them something which may prove that they are not forgotten, &c., &c., &c.

"*From the same to the same.*

"AGRA, Sept. 9, 1753.

"SIR,—The casket was not worth so many thanks. Would that the nabob, who sent it to me full of betel, had given me one of gold, I would have prayed you all the same to have accepted it. I reckon upon you as a sincere friend. I need one; for, notwithstanding all the lessons of M. du Perron, I am here like a man dropped out of the clouds. The emperor is ill: so am I—but with impatience to know my fate; for really time runs away without anything being done. The nabob tells me to keep up my spirits, and hope for the best. I am in despair at not understanding one of the languages which he knows, so as to speak with him. Would that he had given me, in place

of a herd of walking statues, who form my suite, the money which they waste. I would have sent it to my wife and sons. That would have sufficed to assure them that when I summon them it will be to a well-feathered nest . . ." &c., &c.

So much for François. None of his fortune made its way back to Switzerland. His wife and sons, as far as I can learn, followed him to Agra; and nothing more is known of their history.

The memoirs of Daniel were published at Lausanne in 1754, and are full of interest. There is much in them which it is impossible to believe; and Daniel must have coloured up the history of his life till it reads like a romance. At the same time, there must be a foundation of truth; and a poor lad, without a thaler in his pocket, must have passed through some surprising adventures before he succeeded in working his way to the position of brother-in-law of the emperor, and governor of the Punjab and Lahore, which he occupied at the time of his death. The story of his illustrious descent served his purpose admirably, in giving him a position in the east, which otherwise he could never have obtained; for it was only by proving himself to be the lineal descendant of an eastern prince to the satisfaction of the Mogul, that Daniel was able to persuade the emperor to consent to his marriage with his sister.

I confess that I am somewhat perplexed about the story of the MS. genealogy. That Daniel actually discovered an old record in the wall of his house is not improbable. I have a copy of one before me now which was found in a similar manner in a Norfolk mansion; and it is possible that he may have persuaded himself that it contained the pedigree of his family, a persuasion which was deepened by the foolish remark of an ignorant Swiss pastor. But I must give Daniel's story of the discovery in his own words, for I own to being quite unable to say where truth ends and fiction begins. The memoirs are addressed to François in the form of a letter.

" . . . Do you remember, my dear brother, that evening which we spent with our father at Uncle D'Oron's, together with our cousins, Villars-Mendras, Jean Dutoit, and our godfather Baptiste? It was an odd meeting, and I remember it distinctly now. One of our cousins, de Villars, who had been thrashed by a nobleman of the neighbourhood for hunting on his property, was lamenting bitterly the difference in rank which rendered it impossible for him to obtain satisfaction from this gentleman; and he recalled bygone

times, when the family of Moginié was as famous in the country for its opulence as for its antiquity. He affirmed that the lordship of Villars-Mendras had belonged to a Moginié who had been his great-grandfather. Our uncle supported this assertion, and gaffer Baptiste swore that there was not a more ancient house in Chezales than that belonging to our father; that it had been a château, and that, even though in ruins, it still showed its ancient dignity. Jean Dutoit, who had formerly studied for the ministry, and who was a natural wag, chafed us a good deal on our nobility, which, said he, was so venerable that it was quite out at the elbows. He predicted that we should one day find the title-deeds of our lordships in some nook of the house, like as did the sons of our Moudon neighbour; and that we should in the same way discover that we were fourth in descent from some royal house, or else that, as in the case of Mr. N—, it would be ascertained that some infant of Portugal had strayed up the Rhone to Seyssel, and had come ashore at Nion, to be our great-grandmother. The joking went on. Father declared that it was quite possible that some treasure was hidden in the house, as his father had on his death-bed entreated him never to sell the mansion, adding, that this had been also his own father's dying request. That night you and I went to bed full of these ideas of nobility, of titles, and of hidden treasure. The fumes of wine worked during the night, so that I awoke before day, and told you that I had dreamed of a treasure hid in the wall of the great hall, which served then as our granary. You replied that you had had the same dream. We waited with impatience for the dawn. Scarcely had father, who was at that time a corn-dealer, started for the fair at Vevay with his cart, when we hurried to the hall, armed with a hammer. We tapped the walls, and at one spot, which we had already often noticed, where there was a black stone of about eight inches long by four to five broad, we felt that the wall was hollow. We broke away the mortar and stonework with eagerness, released the block, and saw at the end of a hole a wrought-iron casket, about half the dimensions of the cavity. We were convinced that we had found a treasure. We broke in the lid of the box; but, instead of gold or diamonds, we found only a roll of parchment, which we could not decipher. Whilst I was at Lausanne I had often heard speak of a M. de Crouzas as the most learned man in Europe. I asked you to come with me and consult him relative to our discovery. You consented, and, profiting by the absence of our father, we presented ourselves at the savant's door. We

had to wait for more than half-an-hour, when M. le Professeur Reuchat appeared. Though I had never seen him elsewhere than in the pulpit, I went up to him with assurance, and, speaking in German, I entreated him to obtain for us from the oracle an audience of a quarter of an hour. He asked to see the book, and I showed it to him. 'Come,' said he, 'I will tell you more about it than you can learn from M. de Crouzas.' And at the same time, making us a sign to follow him, he took the direction of his own house, where he gave us breakfast whilst he retired to his study to look through our book. He was occupied about two hours; after which, he returned to us and made a host of inquiries as to how we had discovered it. You left me to answer, and I took care to throw him off the scent. When he found that we would not sell the volume, he restored it to us, saying, 'Ten new crowns are what I offer you for this parchment. They will do you more good than the book itself, which you will never understand. I only desire it out of curiosity, for I can hardly make anything out of it; but, to the best of my knowledge, it contains a genealogy written in Arabic, but written in a mongrel dialect, bearing as close a resemblance to pure Arabic as does your *patois* to French. You will only find a man capable of translating it at Leyden, in Holland; and if you do not find one there, you will search in vain through Europe.' I took the matter to heart more than you did. I was two years older than you, and I felt its importance more keenly. I told you resolutely that I was bent on going to Holland. Your remonstrances were in vain. Far from allowing my determination to be altered, I persuaded you to join me; and before our return to Chezales our part was taken, and we were decided on starting when we had the money. But that was just the difficulty; for our father hardly gave us a crown all the year round for pocket money. However, what I have once made up my mind to I carry through.* That very evening I declared to father that I was tired of the quiet of village life, and that I was bent on joining the army, and that I wished to enrol myself in the new regiment, 'Constant,' in the Dutch service. My declaration overwhelmed him with joy. He embraced me with transport, declaring that I was a fine fellow, and that in me he recognised a true chip of the old block, and that he would be only too happy to see all his children follow his own example and mine. . . . He flung four new crown-pieces on the table, which he gave me to pay

* This is perfectly true. Daniel's memoirs prove him to have been one of those intrepid, resolute fellows, who have only to choose to do a thing to be half-way towards its accomplishment.

for my going to Berne to be enrolled. Then he ordered in wine. We all drank to my success, and I received his benediction before I went to bed."

The memoir goes on to relate how Daniel and François vowed to each other to share the fortune they were seeking, and then how they worked their way to Rotterdam, where François engaged himself in the service of a Mr. Dillington. Daniel proceeds to relate how he and his brother set off from Rotterdam to Leyden, and how, having arrived there shortly after noon, they went in search of the wise man who was to interpret their MS. for them.

" . . . We hastened in quest of the professor of Oriental languages. I do not know whether he sets up to be one of those savants who are almost unapproachable; but never was soldier worse received by burgomaster than were we by M. d'Us. He snatched the parchment from our hands, ran his eyes scornfully over the first few lines, and, muttering between his teeth some words which I could not catch, said in coarse Dutch, without even looking at me, 'What do you want for this old rubbish?' I replied in German, and as civilly as possible, that I had no intention of selling it; on the contrary, that I intended preserving it, and that I had come all the way from Switzerland to Holland for the sole purpose of obtaining a translation from his Excellence, whom a learned man at Lausanne had assured me was the only person in Europe who could give it me. At this compliment M. d'Us softened a bit. He bade us be seated, took his spectacles, sat down and began to read with great attention. He was more than half-an-hour over one leaf. Finally he restored the book to me, saying, 'That is a fable after the Arabian taste; but it is not in Arabic. Go to Herr Kalb, in Amsterdam, on the Reigs-graat, late governor of Malacca, and member of the Batavian council. He is the only man I know who can assist you.' And so at last he bade us farewell.

"Herr Kalb, when we saw him, informed us that the book was a genealogy of an ancient Indian family, which had retired into the Taurus during the expedition of Alexander, and had settled in Persia in the 10th century, when the last caliph had been dethroned and the Arabs driven out by the Arsacidæ. In the year 1061, when Persia was invaded by the barbarians, the family was dispersed, and some of the members retired into the Caucasus. 'This is what I have read,' he added."

Daniel had a second interview with Herr

Kalb, when he heard the same story amplified to his heart's content; and the young man was thrown into a delirium of excitement and ambition to restore the Moginié family to its pristine dignity.

The reader will hesitate to pronounce the whole of this story to be a fabrication, when he remembers that it tallies very closely with the account given by François of the discovery of the volume, yet that of Daniel was written at Agra, twenty-one years after he had parted from his brother, and François's account was given in Europe before he had seen the memoir of his brother. Possibly, by one of those strange chances which do sometimes happen in this world, the brothers may have really found the MS. in the wall of the granary, and M. de Reuchat may have suggested, at hap-hazard, that it was a pedigree in Oriental characters. This was quite sufficient to fire the young man's brain. He at once judged it to be the genealogy of his own family, he remembered that his arms bore symbols of Eastern character, and he at once concluded that his family was of Oriental extraction. The crest, an antique crown, made him decide that it had been a kingly race. He at once formed the determination of pursuing his fortune in the lands whence he believed his ancestors had come.

I think that the interview with M. d'Us may also be authentic, but the account of that with Herr Kalb is open to question, for the following reason.

François was not with Daniel during the interview his brother had with the ex-governor of Malacca, so that Daniel might have invented for himself the interpretation of the MS., which he put into Herr Kalb's mouth.

Yet again, and this is by no means an improbable suggestion, M. Kalb may have learned from the young man what he had been told and had imagined about its contents, and have fallen in with the humour of Daniel, for the purpose of persuading the lad to leave his regiment, in which he had but just been enrolled, and start with him on his way for the East.

As a fact, Herr Kalb actually did take Daniel with him to Java, where he had extensive possessions, and where he wanted a steady European as overseer. No means of persuading the youth could have proved, as a matter of fact, more effectual than that of humouring his vanity and his delusion with regard to the MS.

But Daniel could not rest in Java. He was possessed with the idea that Persia had been the seat of his family in times of remote antiquity, and that Persia was the place where he

was to find the means of restoring his family to its ancient dignity and splendour. Consequently he worked his way with indomitable perseverance into Persia, where he succeeded in winning himself a name; and finally, when obliged to flee the country, he settled in Hindostan, as has been already mentioned. There the MS. stood him in good stead, as the stepping-stone to his elevation to the position of brother-in-law of the Mogul emperor. This is his own account,—

"I scarcely dared to aspire to the sister of the emperor. However, after having seen her, and after having had the honour of conversing with her several times, I felt that I would be unhappy were my birth to be regarded as the bar to our union. She saw my trouble and desired the reason. O! my dear brother! What satisfaction, what joy to me, to be questioned by her on the subject of my birth! My memory was faithful on the subject of the contents of our book. I saw that charming princess doubt, fear, desire to be convinced. I had not the book with me, she ordered me to send it to her on my return to Agra. With what eagerness did I comply with her demand. I sent her the original, together with a translation into Persian, which had been made at Ispahan." (It may be remembered here that Daniel was able to speak and write Persian himself, and might very well have invented the translation for himself.) "The emperor saw this venerable and precious monument of the ancient fortune of my ancestors, this irreproachable witness to our fallen greatness. He was ready to repair the injury fate had done us. The lineal descendant of the original monarchs of an Asiatic kingdom was no unworthy match for his sister. His imperial majesty placed me in a position to be his brother-in-law, conferring upon me repeated dignities. Made governor of the Punjaub, and of Lahore, grand porter of the palace, superintendent of the imperial household, omrah of the first-class,—the very highest order of nobility in the realm,—I retained the position of commander of the second guard. In this brilliant good fortune I have lived since February, 1742. After the loss of my illustrious spouse, in the third year of our marriage, the desire of having my dear brother near me has increased as my thirst for ambition has wanted wherewith to quench it. For four years I have desired that fate should grant me this favour. Now my health is failing day by day, and I know that I shall soon have to leave this world; all I care for now, my dear Jean François, is to let you know, if you are still alive, that you were in my heart and in my memory to the very last. Adieu."

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

TURBERVILLE, AND THE HEIRESS OF COITY.

In the reign of William Rufus, twelve knights, under Sir Robert FitzHamon, crossed the Severn, with a considerable body of forces, to the assistance of Jestyn, Lord of Glamorgan, against Rhys ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales. A battle was fought in which Rhys was slain; but the Normans afterwards, at the traitorous instigation of a friend of Jestyn, turning upon their former ally, obtained a second victory, and seized upon the lordship for themselves. FitzHamon distributed the lands of the Welshmen with an easy liberality, satisfactory to all the recipients, with one exception; this was a young knight, Sir Payne de Turberville, who, however, procured a contribution of men-at-arms from his knightly accomplices, and set out to help himself. His fortunes led him to Coity (not far from Bridgend), then held by an old Cambrian, who appears to have possessed valour in its better as well as its meaner part.

I.

- "Carve Glamorgan," cried FitzHamon,
To his peers in Cardiff town;
"Down the fat buck lies before us,
Cut, then, while the fat buck's down.
"Jestyn's sons are in the mountains,
Through the vales fresh lords appear;
By my faith, they ought to thrive on
Such fat morsels of the deer.
"Esterling is at St. Donat's,
And St. John is at Fonmon;
Beckrolles nestles in Fair-Orchard—
Still there's something to be done.—
"Will de Londres lies at Ogmore,
Grenville holds the vale of Neath;
Yet there's something to be garner'd
Ere the Norman sword we sheath.
"Strong St. Quentin holds Llanblethian,
Syward on Talavan springs,
Stout de Sully's Lord of Sully,
Humfreville to Penmark clings;
"St. George falls to John Le Fleming,
Peterton is thine, Le Soer,—
Much is won through wide Glamorgan,
Yet to win there's something more;—
"Something ere we roast our venison,
Something ere our lands we till;
Rise then, and to spear and saddle,
For the landless Turberville."

II.

- Grim and grizzly looks old Morgan,
From his tower on Coity-land;
Coity-land, so pleasant-looking,
O'er rich mead to distant strand;
On his right hand rests his forehead,
And his keen eye glances o'er
Warlike bands on all sides gathered—
Bands which Norman ensigns bore;—
And he muttered, "From my fathers,
These broad lands I call my own,
Doth my life-blood run so feebly,
Am I thus degenerate grown,
"That I yield my right to any?
No! though came a prouder shield,
And though England back his lances,
Not to them or theirs I yield:

"Come then, death, or come the Norman,
And what lies such choice between,
Ready here I stand to meet it,
Storms more dark have weathered been.

"Hither bring Sir Gaud and Glitter,—
Now, Sir Herald, promptly say,
Whence and who are thus approaching?
And what means their arm'd array?"

"Payne de Turberville, my master,
Greet you thus, and bids you yield,
Castle, lands, and honours to him,
Or look well to sword and shield;

"With him come FitzHamon's powers,
Led by many a stalwart knight,
While behind him lies, consenting,
William and great England's might.

"Not to William, or to England,
Will I lightly yield my own;
Therefore, he who comes to seek it,
Knows what seed for him is sown.

"Well I know how proud FitzHamon
Set his foot in Jestyn's hold;
Well I know the dastard traitor
Who his prince and country sold;

"Discord! discord! feast of devils,
Rends our heart and tears our brain;
When shall Cambria, foe to Cambria,
Join and be herself again?"

"'Tis once more the old, old story,
Of dissension ere defeat,
Brothers' strokes on brothers falling,
Forge fast gyves for their own feet.

"But, come hither, tell me, Herald,
Who is he who yonder rides,
With his chequered shield the foremost,
Goodlier knight none here abides,

"And no battle-field e'er showed me?"
"Glad am I such praise you yield:
'Tis young Turberville, our leader,
And no better treads the field."

Mused awhile the brave old Morgan,
Then a grim smile lit his face,
And, his grizzled beard caressing,
Spoke he thus with courtly grace:

"Go, and bear him this, my greeting,
Somewhat of his deeds I've known,
And myself will bring my answer,
Ere another hour be flown.

"Haste there, to my daughter's chamber,
Bid her deck herself with care,
Even as though our choicest feasting
Noblest guests were come to share;—

"On her brow her mother's chaplet,
On her breast—yet hold, 'twill be
Haply better high-born lady
Walk forth in simplicity."

III.

"Tell me, tell me, O my father!
What is this? and who are they,
That, from plain to upland stretching,
Hem us round with war's array?"

"I have done thy bidding, father,
But no festal train I see:
Wounds and death *their* looks prefigure;
Is not this, then, mockery?"

And her white arms high she lifted,
And tossed back her waving hair;
Clothed she was in gold and velvet,
Deck'd she was with jewels rare.

Nought he spoke, but, grimly smiling,
Seized her wrist, and from the wall
Down he took a ponderous weapon,
Long held sacred in his hall;

Then he strode forth through the gate-tower,
With his daughter in one hand,
In the other, nerved and bony,
Bore he low his naked brand.

Out upon the plain he led her,
With unquailing heart and eye,
Sire and daughter straight advancing
Towards the hostile chivalry.

Towards young Turberville, their leader,
Strode he on, and when so near
That scarce a spear's length lay between them,
Spoke in accents high and clear:—

"Norman, I have heard your praises,
As a brave and gentle knight,
Courteous in the hall to ladies,
Strong and daring in the fight.

"Not unknown am I in battle,
And to meet you here I stand;
Arm to arm, and sword to sword, then,
Fight we for my father's laud."

All amazed at that fair vision,
Thrice the knight assayed to speak,
And, still gazing on the lady,
Scarce his words the silence break.

"Be it so: but what fair witness
Bring you thus our strife to see?
Better she within thy stronghold
Safely wait for what may be."

"'Tis my only child, Sir Norman;
And, because I know your fame,
Hither have I brought my dear one,
Only heiress of my name.

"Here my sword and here my daughter:—
Choose, then; on your honour lies,
That she safe depart without me,
Of our strife all else be prize:

"Hand to hand, I'm here to meet you,
Or, if thou her bride-bed share
(For I hold you not unworthy),
Of my lands I make you heir.

"Long my line of noble fathers,
Through whose right my lands I trace,
This their daughter;" and he lightly
Half unveiled her blushing face.

Then the stout heart of the Norman
Melted when the maid he saw,
Bashfully yet proudly standing,
Fearing, longing to withdraw;

And he lightly stepped before her,
Bent his knee and took her hand,
Raised it to his lips, and held it,
Turning towards his warrior band,—

"Friends," he cried, "this noble Cambrian
Knows how love and honour blend
In the children of the Northman.
Worthy foe, we change to friend:

"Many a brother knight, full hardly,
Reached his lands through battle's tide,
Happier I, than lands more valued,
Win therewith a beauteous bride :

"She the victor, I the captive,
See my choice at once I make ;
Swords be sheathed, and all make merry,
For her own and dear love's sake.—

"Lady, as you trust my honour,
True and faithful will I prove ;
Never till this hour beheld I
One so worthy of my love.

"Gladly, too, I hail thee, father,
Glad to thee my sword I bring ;
I, a still unworthy debtor,
She, all-worthy of a king."



In the chapel soon behold them,
At the altar, side by side,
And brave Morgan's lovely daughter
Home return'd the Norman's bride ;

And, ere sunset, in the great hall,
Where a glorious feast was spread,
Men who look'd for blows were mingled,
Pledging mutual healths instead.

Turberville is Lord of Coity,
And a lengthen'd line shall trace
Back to him for love and valour,
Back to her for conquering grace.

Seldom from the blood-red ages
Flowers so pure as this we bring ;
Oh ! were such more thickly scattered,
'Twere a blither task to sing. C. H. W.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER III.—THE ENCOUNTER AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

"HARK! what hour can that be?"

The question came from Mrs. Crane. She had been dozing, and awoke with a start at the striking of the Widow Gould's kitchen clock.

"It is eight, ma'am," replied Judith from her seat near the bed.

"Eight! why, you told me the London train came in at seven."

"To Great Wennock it does, or, rather, a quarter before it. The omnibus gets here about half-past seven. It is in, I know, ma'am, for I saw it taking a passenger through the town."

"Then where can she be?—the—the person I sent for yesterday," returned Mrs. Crane in excitement; "she would get the letter this morning, and might have come off at once. You are sure you posted it in time last night, Judith?"

"Quite sure, ma'am; but there will be another train in late to-night."

Mrs. Crane lay for a little time in thought. Presently she spoke again: "Judith, do you think my baby will live?"

"I don't see why it should not, ma'am. It is certainly very little, but it seems quite healthy. I think it would have a better chance if you would nurse it, instead of letting it be brought up by hand."

"But I have told you I cannot," said Mrs. Crane, and the tone bore a peremptory sound. "It would not be convenient to me. Mrs. Smith will see all about it when she comes, and it is on his account, poor little fellow, that I am impatient for her. I am so pleased it's a boy."

"Ma'am, do you think you ought to talk so much?" asked Judith.

"Why should I not?" quickly returned the invalid. "I am as well as well can be: Mr. Stephen Grey said this afternoon he wished all his patients did as well as I am doing. Judith, I am glad I had Mr. Stephen Grey. What a kind man he is! He did nothing but cheer me up from first to last."

"I think that is the great secret why all Mr. Stephen's patients like him so much," observed Judith.

"I am sure I like him," was the lady's answer. "Mr. Carlton could not have done better for me than he has done."

The evening and night passed, bringing not

the expected visitor, and the invalid began to display symptoms of restlessness. On the following morning Mrs. Smith arrived, having evidently travelled by the night-train. This was Sunday; the baby having been born early on the Saturday morning. At least, some one arrived; a hard-featured, middle-aged woman, who was supposed by the household to be the Mrs. Smith expected. Mrs. Crane did not say, and caused herself to be shut up with the stranger.

The sitting-room and bed-room, it has been remarked, communicated with each other. Each had also a door opening on to rather a spacious landing, spacious in proportion to the size of the house. At one end of this landing was a large window that looked out on the street; at the other end, opposite, was a closet, and the doors of the two rooms were on one side; the railings of the balustrades were opposite the doors. It is as well to explain this, as you will find later.

Mrs. Pepperfly and Judith sat in the front room, the sitting-room, the stranger being shut up with the invalid. Their voices could be heard in conversation, it almost seemed in dispute. Mrs. Smith's tones were full of what sounded like a mixture of lamentation, complaint, persuasion, remonstrance; and the sick lady's were angry and retorting. The nurse was of a constitution to take things coolly, but Judith was apprehensive for the effect of the excitement on the invalid. Neither of them liked to interfere, Mrs. Crane having peremptorily ordered them not to disturb her with her friend. Suddenly the door between the two rooms was thrown open, and this friend appeared.

The nurse was lying back idly in her chair, joggling the infant on her lap with all the might of her two knees, after the approved nurse fashion; Judith sat at the window crimping a little cap border with a silver knife. Mrs. Smith, who had taken off neither bonnet nor shawl, caught up the child, and carrying it to the window, examined its face attentively.

"It is not like *her*," she remarked to Judith, jerking her head in the direction of the bed-room.

"How can you judge yet awhile?" asked Judith. "It's nothing but a poor little mite at present."

"Mite? I never saw such a mite! One

can hardly believe such an atom could be endowed with life."

"You can't expect a child born before its time to be a giant," remarked Mrs. Pepperfly as she passed into the next room.

"Before its time, indeed!" irascibly echoed the stranger; "what business had she to be exposing herself to railway jerks and shaking omnibuses? Nasty dangerous things! The jolts of that omnibus sent me flying up to its top, and what must they have done by a slight young thing such as she is? Now, a mile of ruts to get over; now, a mile of flint stones! I think the commissioners of roads here must be all abed and asleep."

"People are continually talking of the badness of the road between this and the Great Wenlock Station," observed Judith. "It is said that Mr. Carlton made a complaint to the authorities, telling them it was ruin to his horse and carriage to go over it. Then they had those flint stones laid down, and that has made it worse."

"Who's Mr. Carlton?"

"He is one of the medical gentlemen living down here."

"And why couldn't they attend to his complaint?"

"I suppose they did attend to it; they put the flint stones down in places afterwards, and they had done nothing to the road for years."

"What has this child been fed on?" demanded Mrs. Smith, abruptly quitting the unsatisfactory subject of the roads.

"Barley-water and milk, half and half," replied Judith. "It was a puzzle to Mrs. Pepperfly at first what to give it, as it's so small."

"I don't like the look of her," curtly returned the stranger, alluding to Mrs. Pepperfly.

"If we were all bought and sold by our looks, some of us would remain on hand, and she's one," said Judith. "But she has her wits about her; provided she keeps sober there's not a better nurse living, and when people know her failing they can guard against it."

"What are you? another nurse?"

"I am only a neighbour. But the lady took a fancy to me, and I said I would stop with her a few days. My home just now is at the next door, so I can run in and out. I am sure she is a lady," added Judith.

"She is a lady born and bred, but she took and married as—as I think she ought not to have married. But she won't hear a word said against him."

"Will he be coming here?" continued Judith.

"It's no business of mine whether he comes or not. They'll do as they please, I suppose. Where's this infant's things? They must be made into a bundle; and some food prepared for it."

"You are not going to take the baby away!" exclaimed Judith, looking all amazed.

"Indeed but I am. The trains don't run thick on a Sunday; but there's one leaves the station at seven, and I shall travel by it."

"And you are thinking to take this little mortal all the way to London?" said Judith, breathlessly.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't take it away, and there's a cause why I should," persisted Mrs. Smith; "whether it's to London, or whether it's elsewhere, is my affair. Wrapped in flannel and lying in my arms in a first-class carriage, it will take no more harm than in this room."

Judith felt that it was not her place to interfere with Mrs. Crane's arrangements, whatever they might be, or to put prying questions to the stranger before her, and she relapsed into silence.

"You were expected last night, ma'am," said Mrs. Pepperfly, returning to the room from the inner chamber.

"I dare say," was the curt answer, "but I couldn't come. I travelled all night to come as soon as I did."

"And you'll travel all night again to-night?" questioned the nurse.

"It won't kill me."

At that moment Mr. Stephen Grey's step was heard on the stairs. He went on at once to the bed-chamber by the direct door, not coming to the sitting-room. Mrs. Crane was flushed and feverish with excitement, and the surgeon saw it with surprise; he had left her so calm and well at his early visit that morning.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he exclaimed.

"I feel a little hot," was the answer, given in a half-contrite tone, "it is nothing; it will soon go off. The person I told you of is come, and she—she—" Mrs. Crane paused for a minute and then went on—"she lectured me upon being so imprudent as to travel, and I got angry with her."

Mr. Stephen Grey looked vexed. "So sure as I have a patient going on unusually well, so sure does she go herself and upset it by some nonsensical folly or other. I will send you a composing draught; and now, my dear, understand me: I positively interdict all talking and excitement whatever for a day or two to come."

"Very well," she answered in a tone of acquiescence. "But let me ask you one thing—can I have the baby baptised?"

"Baptised! why should you wish it baptised? It is not ill."

"It is going away to-day to be nursed."

"Have you heard of a fit person to undertake it?" he rejoined, never supposing but the baby was to be sent to some one in the vicinity.

"I wish you would nurse it yourself, better for you, and the child too."

"I told you that circumstances do not permit me to nurse it," was her answer; "and I am sure my husband would not be pleased if I did. I wish it to be baptised before it goes away; perhaps there is some clergyman or curate in the town who would kindly come in and do it."

"I can arrange that," said Mr. Stephen. "Only you keep quiet. What is the young giant's name to be?"

"I must think of that," said Mrs. Crane.

However, later in the morning, when church was over, and the Reverend William Lycett, curate of St. Mark's, called to perform the rite, Judith went down to him and said that the sick lady had changed her mind with regard to having it baptised so soon, and was sorry to have troubled him. So Mr. Lycett, with a kind hope that both the lady and baby were going on satisfactorily, went away again. The event had caused quite a commotion in the little town, and its particulars were known from one end of it to the other.

The omnibus, so often referred to, allowed itself half an hour to start and jolt over the unpromising two miles of road. When ordered to do so, it would call for any passengers in South Wenlock who might be going by it, and it was so ordered to call for Mrs. Smith. At a quarter past six,—for it liked to give itself plenty of time,—it drew up at Mrs. Gould's house in Palace Street, and Mrs. Smith stepped into it with two bundles: one bundle containing the baby, the other the baby's clothes.

It happened that she was the only passenger that Sunday evening; the omnibus therefore, not having a full load, tore and jolted along to its heart's content, pretty nearly shaking Mrs. Smith to pieces. In vain, when she dared free a hand for a moment, did she hammer at the windows and the roof; but her hands had full occupation, the one taking care of the breathing bundle, the other clasping hold of the cushions, the woodwork, any part to steady herself. In vain she shrieked out to the driver that her brains were being shaken out of her, herself battered to atoms; the driver was a phlegmatic man and rarely paid attention to these complaints of his passengers. He knew,

shaken or not, they must go by him, unless they had a private conveyance; and the knowledge made him independent. The consequence of all the speed and jolting on this particular evening was, that the omnibus arrived at the Great Wenlock station unusually early, twenty minutes before the up-train would start, and five minutes before the down-train was expected in.

Mrs. Smith, vowing vengeance against the driver and the omnibus, declared she would lay a complaint, and bounced out to do so. But the clerk at the station—and there was only one on duty that Sunday evening, and he a very young man—aggravatingly laughed in Mrs. Smith's face at the account she gave of her bruises, and said the omnibus had nothing to do with him. Mrs. Smith, overflowing with wrath, took herself and her bundles into the first-class waiting-room, and there sat down. The room opened on one side to the platform, and on the other to the road, lately the scene of Mrs. Smith's unpleasant journey.

Five minutes, and the down-train came steaming in. Some five or six passengers alighted, not more; the English as a nation do not prefer Sundays for making long journeys, and the train went steaming on again. The passengers all dispersed, save one; they belonged to Great Wenlock; that one crossed the line when it was clear and came into the waiting-room.

It was Mr. Carlton, the medical gentleman whom the sick lady had wished to employ. He was of middle height, slender, and looking younger than his years, which may have been seven or eight-and-twenty; his hair and complexion were fair, his eyes a light blue, his features regular. It was a well-looking face, but singularly impassive, and there was something in the expression of the thin and closely-compressed lips not pleasing to many an eye. Altogether his appearance was that of a gentleman in rather a remarkable degree.

Discerning some one sitting there in the dusky twilight,—for the station generally neglected to light up its waiting-rooms on a Sunday night,—he lifted his hat momentarily and walked straight across to the door of egress, where he stood gazing down the road. Nothing was to be seen save the omnibus drawn up close, its horses steaming still.

"Taylor," said Mr. Carlton, as the railway clerk came out whistling and took a general view outside, having probably nothing else to do, "do you know whether my groom has been here with the carriage?"

"No, sir, not that I have seen; but we only opened the station five minutes ago."

Mr. Carlton retraced his steps indoors,

glancing keenly at the middle-aged woman seated there. She paid no attention to him; she was allowing her anger to effervesce. It was too dark for either to discern the features of the other; a loss not felt, as they were strangers. He went again to the door, propped himself against its post, and stood peering down the South Wennock road, softly whistling.

"Dobson," he called out, as the driver of the omnibus came in sight to look after his patient horses, "did you see my servant anywhere as you came along? I sent him orders to be here to meet the train."

"Naw sir, I didn't see nothing on him," was Dobson's reply. "Like to take advantage of the 'bus, sir?—it be a-going back empty."

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Carlton, some sarcasm in his tone. "You had the chance of bumping me to a jelly once; I don't intend to give it you a second time."

"That was afore I knowed who you was, sir. I don't bump our gentry. I takes care of my driving when I've got any of them inside."

"They may trust you if they will. If my carriage is not here shortly, I shall walk."

Dobson, seeing no chance of a customer, ascended to his seat, whipped up his horses, and set off home; his hat bobbing upwards with his speed, and his omnibus flying behind him.

By this time it wanted ten minutes to seven: the period, as Mrs. Smith had been informed, when she could get her ticket. She deposited the live bundle at the very back of the wide sofa, and went to procure it. Mr. Carlton turned in at the door again, whistling still, when a faint, feeble cry was heard to proceed from the sofa.

It brought him and his whistling to a standstill. He stood looking at the sofa, wondering whether his ears had deceived him. The cry was repeated.

"Why, bless my heart, if I don't believe it is a child!" he exclaimed.

Approaching the sofa, he dived into the wrappings and flannels, and felt something warm and soft. He could not see; the obscurity was too great, although a distant lamp from the platform shed its rays partially in. Mr. Carlton drew some wax matches from his pocket; struck one, and held its light over the face of the child. He had rarely in his life seen so small a one, and the little thing began to cry as Mrs. Smith came in.

"So you have woke up, have you!" cried she. "It's an odd thing to me that you could sleep through the doings of that wicked omnibus. Come along, baby; five minutes yet before we get into the train."

"I thought magic must be at work, to hear

a human cry from what looked like a packet of clothes," said Mr. Carlton. "I lighted a match to make sure whether it was a child or a rabbit."

"It is as much like a rabbit as a child yet, poor little thing; I never saw such a baby born."

"It is not at its full time," observed Mr. Carlton.

"Full time!" repeated Mrs. Smith, who had by no means recovered the equanimity that had been shaken out of her, and resented the remark as an offence. "Who are you, young man, that you should offer your opinion to me? What do you know of infants, pray?"

"At least as much as you, my good lady," was the answer, given with unruffled equanimity. "I have brought plenty of them into the world."

"Oh, then, you are a doctor, I suppose," she said, somewhat mollified.

"Yes, I am a doctor; and, as a doctor, I will tell you that little specimen of humanity is not fit to travel."

"I don't say it is; but necessity has to do many things without reference to fitness."

"When was it born?"

"Yesterday morning. Sir, have you any influence in this neighbourhood?"

"Why do you ask?" returned Mr. Carlton.

"Because, if you have, I hope you will use it to put down that dangerous omnibus. The way it jolts and rattles over the road is enough to kill anybody who's inside of it. I went by it to South Wennock this morning, and that was bad enough, as the other passengers could testify; but in coming back by it this evening I did really think I should have lost my life. Jolting one's head up to the roof, taking one's feet off the floor, jolting one's body against the sides and seat! I shall be sore all over for a week to come; and the more I knocked and called, the faster the sinner drove. And I with this baby to protect all the while."

"It is a shame," replied Mr. Carlton. "What surprises me is, that South Wennock does not rise against it. There'll be some serious result one of these days, and then it will be altered."

"The serious result has come," wrathfully returned Mrs. Smith. "A young lady, hardly fit to travel in an easy carriage, went in the omnibus to South Wennock last Friday, and the consequence was the birth of this poor little infant."

"Indeed! And what of her?"

"Well, she is going on all right, as it happens; but it might have been just the other way, you know."

"Mr. Carlton nodded. "One of the Messrs. Grey's patients, I suppose? Was it young Mrs. Lipscome, of the Rise?"

"No, it was not, sir; and who it was don't matter. Whether it was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria or a poor peasant girl, the injury's the same. And much that rascally omnibus cares."

"Now then! Take seats for the up-train," cried a man, thrusting in his head.

Mrs. Smith gathered her two bundles together, and went out. And Mr. Carlton crossed to the other door, for his ear had caught the sound of carriage wheels in the distance.

CHAPTER IV. AN ACCIDENT.

DASHING up with the speed of the omnibus came an open carriage, driven by a servant in livery. The man was the same who had been so supercilious to Judith Ford at Mr. Carlton's residence; the carriage, a light, elegant vehicle, was the same spoken of by Mrs. Gould as the "cabrioily."

Mr. Carlton stepped out of the station as it stopped, and peered at his servant, as well as the dusky night would permit. The man had transgressed against the rules of sobriety once or twice, and his master suspected the delay might have had its rise in the same cause now. But he seemed sober enough as he jumped down.

"What were the orders you received, Evan?"

"I'm very sorry to be late, sir; I can't in the least make out how it was," was the deprecating answer. "When I met the omnibus a-coming back, sir, I'm sure you might have knocked me down with a feather. I know I started in time, and—"

"No lie, Evan," quietly interrupted Mr. Carlton. "You know you did *not* start in time."

He motioned the man round to the other side, ascending himself to the driver's seat. It was not often Mr. Carlton took the reins; perhaps he still doubted his servant's perfect sobriety on this night.

"You have not got the lamps lighted."

"No, sir, I thought they'd not be wanted. And they wouldn't be, neither, but for them clouds as is obscuring of the moon."

Mr. Carlton drove off. Not quite with the reckless speed that characterised the omnibus, but pretty fast. The light carriage had good springs; those of the omnibus had probably been gone long ago. There was one smooth bit of road about midway between the two towns, and they had reached this, and were bowling along quickly, when, without any warning, the horse started violently and fell.

Mr. Carlton and his man were both thrown out, and the shafts of the carriage were broken.

It was the work of an instant. One moment spinning along the road; the next, lying on it. Mr. Carlton was the first to rise. He was certainly shaken, and one of his legs seemed not quite free from pain; but there was no material damage. What had made the horse start he could not imagine; there was nothing to cause it, so far as he could see. Mr. Carlton went to his head and strove to raise him, but it was more than he could accomplish.

"Evan," he called out.

There was no reply. Mr. Carlton turned to look for his man, and found him lying without motion on the ground. Evan appeared to be senseless.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things!" cried the surgeon aloud.

"What's the to-do? What's up?" exclaimed a voice in the rear. It came from a peasant woman who was approaching a gate that led to a roadside field. And at that moment the moon came out from behind its obscuring clouds, and threw its light upon the scene.

"Are there any men about?" asked Mr. Carlton. "I must have help."

She shook her head. "There's nobody about but me: my husband"—pointing to a hut just inside the gate—"is down with fever. Did the horse fall? Why—goodness save us! There's a man a-lying there!"

"I must have help," repeated Mr. Carlton. "Neither man nor horse can lie here."

The woman stooped over the horse. "I don't think he's much hurt," she said, after touching the animal here and there. "Some of them horses be as obstinate as mules after a fall, and won't get up till it suits 'em to do it. May-be one of his legs be sprained. What caused it, sir?"

"That's more than I know," was the surgeon's answer. "He was always sure-footed until to-night. His falling is to me perfectly inexplicable."

The woman seemed to muse. She had left the horse, and was now regarding Evan. The man lay quite still, and she raised herself again.

"I don't like them unaccountable accidents," she observed in a dreamy tone: "them accidents that come; and nobody can tell why. They bode ill luck."

"They bring ill luck enough, without boding it," returned Mr. Carlton.

"They bode it too," said the woman, with a nod of the head. "Take care, sir, that no ill happens to you in the next few hours or few days."

"What ill should happen to me?" asked

Mr. Carlton, smiling inwardly at the woman's superstition.

"We can none of us tell beforehand, sir, what the ill hanging over us may be, or from what quarter it will come," was the answer. "Perhaps you were going a journey?—I don't know, sir, of course—or who you may be; but if you were, I should say halt in it, and turn aside from the road you were bound for."

"My good woman, I do think you must be out of your mind!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton.

"No, I am not, sir: but perhaps I have observed more and keener than most folks do. I'm certain—I'm convinced by experience, that many of these accidents, these hindrances, are only warnings—if we was but wise enough to take 'em as such. You now, sir, were on your road to some place—"

"To South Wennock, a mile off," interrupted Mr. Carlton, some satire in his tone.

"South Wennock; so be it, sir. Then what I'd say is, was I you I'd not go on to South Wennock: I'd rather turn myself round and go back whence I came. This may be sent as a warning to stop your journey there."

But for the untoward and vexatious circumstances around him, the surgeon would have laughed outright. "Why, I live at South Wennock," he exclaimed, raising his head from his man-servant, over whom it had been again bent. "But the question now is not what luck, good or ill, may be in store for me," he added, turning to the horse, "but where and how I can get assistance. Here's a helpless horse, and there's a helpless man. First of all, can you bring me a little water?"

She went away without a word, and brought a brown pitcher full of it, and a small cup. Mr. Carlton took them from her.

"And now can you go to the Red Lion at South Wennock, and tell them to send the necessary aid?"

"I'm willing, sir. My husband won't take no harm at being left: though it's mighty ill he is."

"Who attends him?"

"I've had nobody to him as yet. We poor folks can't afford a doctor till things come to the very worst with us, and life's a'most on the ebb."

"Which is unwise policy of you," remarked Mr. Carlton. "Well, my good woman, you do this little service for me, and I'll step in as soon as you bring assistance, and see what I can do for your husband."

"Are you a doctor, sir?"

"I am. Let Mrs. Fitch send an easy carriage: and a couple of men had better come with it. But, I think as you do, that my horse

is lying there in temper more than in real hurt."

"Is he hurt, sir, do you think?" she asked, pointing to the man.

"I think he is only stunned. Make the best of your way for this help, there's a good soul. Tell Mrs. Fitch it is for Mr. Carlton."

The woman, strong and sturdy, strode away with a will that Mr. Carlton himself could not have surpassed, and was back again with all requisite aid, in a short space of time. Mr. Carlton had got his horse up then. It appeared to have sprained its leg, but to have received no other damage. Evan was still unconscious. The surgeon snatched a moment to go in and look at the woman's husband, whom he found suffering from low fever. He told her, if she would come to his house the following morning, he would give her certain medicines suitable for him.

Great commotion the damaged procession caused when it made its entry into South Wennock; greater commotion still at the dwelling of Mr. Carlton. The horse was led round to the stable and a veterinary surgeon sent for, and Mr. Carlton himself attended to his man. Evan had recovered consciousness during the journey, and his master found his injuries were but slight.

Mr. Carlton had remembered the value of appearance when he took this house,—one of more pretension than a young surgeon need have entered upon. On either side the entrance was a sitting-room: a rather fine staircase led above to a handsome drawing-room, and to spacious bed-rooms. The drawing-room and some of the bed-rooms were not furnished; but there was plenty of time for that.

Evan attended to, Mr. Carlton went down to the hall, and turned into the sitting-room on his left hand, generally called the dining-room. It had two windows—the one looking to the front; the other, a large low, bay window, looking on the garden, at the side of the house. Both the windows had the blinds drawn now, and the room was only lighted by fire. Mr. Carlton gave it a vigorous poke to stir it into a blaze, and rang the bell.

It was answered by a maid-servant, a respectable woman of middle age. This woman, Evan the groom, and a boy, comprised the household. The boy's work was to carry out the medicines, and to stop in the surgery and answer callers at other times.

"I want Ben, Hannah."

"Yes, sir; I'll send him in. You'll take something to eat, won't you, sir?"

"I should like something; I have had nothing since breakfast this morning. What have you in the house?"

"There's cold beef, sir, and there's——"

"That will do," interrupted Mr. Carlton ;
"the cold beef. Send Ben here."

Ben made his appearance : the same young gentleman who had been insolent to Judith Ford on the Friday evening. He stood before his master the very picture of humility.

"Any messages or letters for me, Ben?"

"There haven't been any letters, sir," was Ben's answer. "Two or three folks have been in to see you, but they went away again when they found you were out. And there came a message yesterday from Captain Chesney, sir, and another from him this morning. He was worse, the black man said, and in a dreadful way at your being away; and he telled the man to say, that if you weren't with him to-day, he should call in Mr. Grey."

"He may call in the deuce if he likes," was Mr. Carlton's answer, spoken in momentary irritation. "Is that all, Ben?"

"It's all, sir."

Ben might have said with more correctness all that he remembered. He withdrew, and Mr. Carlton stood a moment in thought. Then he went to the hall and caught up his hat, just as Hannah was coming from the kitchen at the back with a tray in her hand. She looked surprised to see her master going out, thinking he was waiting to take the refreshment.

"When I come back," he said to her. "You can put it ready."

He took his way to the Rise, intending to pay a visit to the gentleman who had sent the irritable messages, Captain Chesney. Some doctors might not have been so ready to go off at an inconvenience to a patient, whom they knew perfectly well to be in no sort of danger: Mr. Carlton himself would certainly not, for his disposition was more of a haughty than a complaisant one; but he was swayed by a different motive from any connected with his profession.

About three months previously, Captain Chesney, a post-captain on half-pay, had settled at South Wennock, removing to it from the neighbourhood of Plymouth. The house he took was called Cedar Lodge, a small white villa, standing back from the high road amidst a wilderness of a garden. Not that it deserved the name, "wilderness," from being badly kept, but on account of the thick shrubs and trees that crowded it. It was excellently kept; for the old naval captain was a precise man, and would insist on things being neat and nice about him, however short the money might run that kept them so. Like many another captain in our navy, his means were at all times lamentably low.

The captain had three daughters, Jane, Laura, and Lucy. There was a wide difference in their ages: as is frequently the case when the father of a family serves his country, whether by sea or by land, and his absences from home are of long duration: but there's no time to notice these young ladies yet, and their turn will come.

Labouring under frequent attacks of gout, Captain Chesney's naturally hot temper had grown irritable and more irritable. The gout perhaps was the chief cause: certainly the irritability was much more marked when the gout was upon him. Accident had led to his calling in Mr. Carlton. When the captain first arrived at South Wennock, he was suffering, and he sent out his black servant, Pompey, an attached man who had been with him for years, to "bring back a doctor." Pompey, a stranger to the place, made his inquiries and arrived at the house of Mr. Grey. Mr. Grey and Mr. Stephen were both out; but their assistant promised Pompey that one of them should attend before the day closed; and it was then late in the afternoon. Pompey went back with the message, and it put the captain into one of his fits of irritation. A doctor he wanted at once, and a doctor he'd have: and Pompey was ordered out again to find another. He went direct to Mr. Carlton's, having noted the plate upon the door in returning from Mr. Grey's: "Mr. Lewis Carlton, Consulting Surgeon." Mr. Carlton was at home, and from that hour to this had attended Captain Chesney. The captain during the winter had had attack upon attack, and Mr. Carlton had been in the house most days; had become, so to say, intimate with the family.

Mr. Carlton proceeded up the Rise. Captain Chesney's house was on the right, about half-way up the hill. Opening the gate, a winding path between the thick trees took him to the house door; and it was only through that path that a glimpse of the road could be caught from the lower windows. Before those windows was a sloping green lawn, to which they opened; and a flower garden lay on the side of the house. It was a pretty place, though small; in every way, save for its size, fitted for the abode of a gentleman.

Mr. Carlton glanced at the sitting-room windows, and saw a faint glimmer of fire. But a bright light burnt in the room above, the chamber of Captain Chesney.

"Not home from church yet," murmured Mr. Carlton to himself, as he rang the bell. "Miss Chesney generally goes to that late one at the other end of the town. I wonder if—all—are gone?"

The honest black face of Pompey shone with

delight when he saw who was the visitor. "Massa had been talking, only then, of sending him off for the other doctor, Mr. Grey," he whispered; and Mr. Carlton with a haughty throw-back of his own head as he heard it,—for, somewhat curious to say, this irritation on the part of his patient tended to render *him* irritable,—stepped up-stairs to the captain's room.

The captain was in bed. Mr. Carlton had just brought him through one of his worst attacks of gout, and he was really progressing towards convalescence as fast as he possibly could. There was no need whatever for Mr. Carlton or any other doctor to visit him; but it was always during the period of recovery that Captain Chesney was most impatient and irritable. He was a short man, as are most sailors, with a pair of brilliant brown eyes, overhanging grey eyebrows, and grey hair. The daughter who was sitting with him, Laura Chesney, and whom he despatched from the room when he heard the step of the surgeon, had just such eyes, as brilliant and as beautiful.

Mr. Carlton took his seat between the bed and the fire, facing Captain Chesney, and waiting until that gentleman's explosive anger should be over, before he proceeded to question his patient professionally.

"I could not help myself, Captain Chesney," he quietly said when there was a lull in the storm; and it may be remarked that in the presence of the captain, Mr. Carlton retained his own personal suavity unruffled, however provoking the captain's tongue might be. "I received a telegraphic message from my father, desiring me to go to town without a moment's delay if I wished to see him alive. The hasty note I sent to you explained this."

"And I might have died!" growled the captain.

"Pardon me, sir. Far from dying, I knew you were not in the least danger. Had you been so in ever so slight a degree, I should have requested one of the Messrs. Grey to attend you for me."

"Had you not come in to-night I should have sent for them myself," retorted the captain. "It's monstrous to suppose I am to lie here in this pain with no doctor to come near me."

"But, Captain Chesney, I feel sure the pain is nothing like what it has been. Have you not been up to-day?"

"No, I have not been up. And I don't choose to get up," added the irritable captain.

"Well, we will have you up to-morrow, and you will be all the better for it," said the surgeon soothingly.

"Ugh!" grunted the captain. "Did you find your father dead?"

"No. I am glad to say I found him a trifle better than he had been when they telegraphed for me. But his life, I think, cannot be much prolonged. The obligation to attend his summons promptly; to see him, if possible, before death, lay urgently upon me, Captain Chesney; for he and I had been at variance," continued Mr. Carlton, vouchsafing a piece of confidence into which he was rarely betrayed.

It was nothing to Captain Chesney. His medical attendant was his medical attendant, and nothing else; none less likely than the haughty old man to make of him even a temporary friend.

"He has not been a good father to me," resumed the surgeon, looking dreamily into the fire. "Anything but that. And I lost my mother when I was an infant. But for that loss I might be different from what I am."

"Men in this life are mostly what their own actions make them, sir; without reference to their father and mother," returned the captain in a hard tone.

"Ah," said Mr. Carlton. "But I meant with regard to happiness. You don't know what my childhood and youth were—wanting my mother. Had she lived, it would have been so different."

"Is your father a poor man?" asked the captain, taking a momentary interest in the question.

"Oh dear no. He is a rich one. And I"—Mr. Carlton suddenly laid pointed emphasis on the words—"am his only son, his only child."

"I think that physic ought to be changed."

The remark recalled Mr. Carlton to the present. He stood up, reached the medicine bottle pointed to by Captain Chesney, and was the composed professional attendant again. A very few minutes, and the visit ceased.

As Mr. Carlton left the chamber, the captain caught hold of the silken ribbon tied to his bedstead, that communicated with the bell-rope, and rang a peal loud enough to awaken the seven sleepers. It was for Pompey to show the doctor out; and Pompey generally was favoured with this sort of peal.

Mr. Carlton closed the bed-room door, stepped along the corridor, and met a girl, young and beautiful, who appeared at the door of another room. It was Laura Chesney, and her luminous dark eyes were raised to Mr. Carlton as he took her hand, and then were dropped behind the dark lashes which closed on her hot cheek.

A hot cheek then; a cheek like a burning

rose. That *his* presence called those blushes up, none could doubt; and in Mr. Carlton's low tones, as he addressed her, there was a trembling tenderness which told its own tale. Never man loved woman more passionately than he, the surgeon, had learnt to love Laura Chesney.

"Oh, Laura! I did not expect this. I thought you were out."

"No. Jane and Lucy went to church, but I stayed with papa. When did you return?" she softly whispered.

"To-night only. Laura!" he continued, his tone one of wild fervour, "to meet you thus, unlooked-for, seems like a sudden glimpse of heaven."

One lingering pressure of the hands, and then Mr. Carlton was on his way down again, for Pompey had appeared on the scene. Laura listened for the closing of the hall door; for the last echoes of the footfalls on the gravel-path, footfalls that for her ear were as the very sweetest music; and when they had died away to silence, she heaved a sobbing sigh, born of intense emotion, and stepped on to her father's room.

Just as Mr. Carlton had gone through the gate, two ladies came up to it—or, rather, a lady and a little girl. He was passing them with merely a word of salutation, a lift of the hat, when the lady stopped, and addressed him in low and gentle tones.

"You are back then, Mr. Carlton. Have you seen papa?"

"I have been paying him a visit now, Miss Chesney. He is very considerably better. The pain has not gone, but I am sure it is nothing like what it was, even when I left. A day or two, and he will, I hope, be downstairs again."

The little girl came round to him with a dancing step. "Mr. Carlton, I want you to get papa well soon. He has promised when he is well to take me out for a whole day's holiday."

"Very well, Miss Lucy," answered the surgeon, in a merry tone. "I'll get him well with all due speed, for the sake of your whole day's holiday. Good night, young lady; good night, Miss Chesney."

He held the gate open for them to pass through, lifted his hat again, closed the gate after them, and went on down the road. The moon had grown brilliantly bright, and he glanced up at it. Not in reality to look at it, for he had plunged into deep thought. The few words he had spoken to Captain Chesney had brought vividly before him his past life; its good and ill doings, its discomforts, its recklessness, its sins. His father, who was in

the same profession as himself, a surgeon, in large practice in a populous but not desirable quarter of London, lying eastward, had been rather given to sins and recklessness himself, and no good example had ever been placed before the boy, Lewis. Had his mother lived, as he remarked to Captain Chesney, things would have been widely different. Allowed to have his own way in childhood, allowed to have it in youth and in early manhood, inasmuch as that no control or supervision was exercised over him, no fatherly guidance was extended to him, it was little wonder that he got into various dangers and difficulties; and, as a sequence, into displeasure with his father. When an array of debts was brought home to stare old Mr. Carlton in the face, he flew into a terrible passion, and swore that he would not pay them. A half peace was patched up after a while; the debts were settled, and Mr. Carlton the younger established himself at South Wennock; but the father and son still continued much at variance, no cordiality existing between them. Now the thing was altered. Mr. Carlton senior on a bed of sickness was quite a different man from Mr. Carlton in rude health, and he had allowed himself to be fully reconciled to his son. He had shown him his will, in which he, Lewis, was named sole heir; and he had hinted at the good round sum laid by in bank securities. And Mr. Carlton stepped on now, dreaming a glowing dream; a dream that had become the one wild hope of his life—a marriage with Laura Chesney.

His supper was laid ready when he got home. Before sitting down to it, he drew three or four letters from his pocket, took them from the envelopes, and began to look over them as if for the purpose of sorting.

"I must keep that," he said to himself, glancing down the writing of the one; "these I suppose may be burnt. Stay, though—I'll have my supper first."

He sat down before the tray and cut himself some meat. Barely had he begun to eat it when Ben came in with a face of contrition, holding a note in his hand.

"What now, boy?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"I'm sorry I forgot it, sir, when you asked me. I put it in the letter-rack in the surgery, and it clean slipped my memory. It was brought here, sir, the same night that you went away."

Mr. Carlton, laying down his knife and fork, opened the note and ran his eyes over its contents. Ben, who had gone away, heard his master shouting to him,—

"Come back, sir! Who brought this?"

Ben could not tell who brought it: except

that it was a woman with a big bonnet on ; a bonnet as big as a house.

Mr. Carlton read the note again, read it attentively. Then he rose, hastily sorted the letters on the table, putting the one which he wished to preserve into its envelope, and throwing the rest indiscriminately into the fire. "I'll take this down at once and then it will be safe," he said to himself, alluding to the letter he had preserved. "If I don't keep it as a proof, the old man, when he gets well, may be for saying that he never wrote it."

The "old man" thus somewhat irreverently alluded to, was Mr. Carlton's father. Mr. Carlton carried the letter down-stairs to a private safe and locked it up. When he returned to the sitting-room he put his hand in his pocket for the note just brought to him by his servant-boy, and could not find it. It was not in any of his pockets, it was not on the table ; and Mr. Carlton came to the conclusion that he had burnt it with the rest.

"How stupid I am!" he exclaimed. "What was the number, now? Thirteen, I think. Thirteen, Palace Street. Yes, that was it."

He passed into the hall without further delay, put on his hat, and left the house. Hannah heard him, and went into the parlour to remove the tray.

"I never see such patients as his!" she exclaimed wrathfully, when she found her master's supper had been interrupted midway. "They can't even let him get his meals in peace."

(To be continued.)

STUDIOS IN FLORENCE.

PART II.

THE next studio I visited is that of J. J. Jackson, also an American, but, unlike Dr. Rimmer, he has lived some years in Italy. He is a young man, and possesses the enthusiasm of a true votary for art. How much enthusiasm it needs to pursue a career so thorny at its commencement, and so steep and arduous in its ascent, the biographies of all great artists will attest. To obtain recognition at all is more difficult than (recognition once obtained) to win success. In those cities which are more especially art-cities, Rome, Munich, and Florence, crowds besiege the gates of the temple, but few pass the threshold. So much persistence, courage, and self-denial, besides actual artistic capacity, are required to combat and overcome the obstacles which at first impede the entrance, that it is not surprising many are left behind and irrevocably shut out.

Mr. Jackson has made good his entrance, and all lovers of art will greet with pleasure

the commencement of what promises to be a successful and brilliant career.



The woodcut which accompanies this notice is from a photograph taken of a small group in bronze of Titania and Bottom. The photograph gives very little notion of the delicacy and grace of the figure of the Fairy Queen, or of the stolid, half-humorous, half-brutal expression of the Weaver. It only copies the lines of the group and pose of the figures. In the bronze the work is charming, and most intelligibly interprets the subtle and profound thought which it embodies—Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved. A series of such illustrations of some of the principal "points" in the plays, in small groups, would be a great boon, I think, to all lovers of Shakespeare.

Mr. Jackson has several portrait and ideal busts in his studio. One of Dr. Lynam Beecher (the father of Mrs. Stowe and of Henry Ward Beecher), which, for truth and power, is worthy of Woolner. It is a most characteristic head : the brow is massive and deeply lined, and the face has a singular and striking individuality. It is a likeness which is not the idealisation of the countenance, but its realisation in all the breadth and force of nature.

But Mr. Jackson's most ambitious work is a group of the heroic size—Eve, with the dead body of Abel in her lap. He has bestowed eight months' unremitting labour upon it, and the effort has been a successful one. The pyramidal form of the group, and the lines into which the two figures dispose themselves, are admirable. As Eve bends over Abel, there is less of sorrow or grief than surprise in her face. A mournful surprise, it is true, but too gentle and innocent in its nature to admit of a fiercer feeling. "Ere the first day of death is fled," there is nothing in the aspect

of a corpse which causes us to recoil from it. Death puts a mystic, but a lovely, seal on the brows of all, especially the young. Though the attitude of the two figures and the form of the group may recall a *Pietà* (the Virgin supporting the dead body of our Saviour)—a whole world of thought and feeling—the whole length and breadth of human experience divides the two conceptions. Mary knew the full significance of death,—the bitterness of present irreparable earthly loss, the immortal privilege of future hope; but to Eve, the form whitening to marble in her arms, with its strange resemblance, and yet stranger difference, to her youngest born, was a mystery which the past could not explain, and to which, as it must have seemed to her, no future could belong. The searching, anxious wonder in her face is conveyed most suggestively. Her figure is very womanly, and richly developed. I think the face of Abel is less happy in proportion and texture. There is great force, however, in the contrast between Eve's living hand and the lifeless one of her son. With some corrections of minor details, this will be a work full of feeling and excellence.

There are other works of various degrees of merit in Mr. Jackson's studio, but in all are distinctly legible uncompromising perseverance and steadfast aspiration. There is a very lovely ideal head, called *Girlhood*, and a figure of *Autumn*—a commission from a Bosloman—which has been much admired.

It is a remarkable fact, how many gifted sculptors and, I may say, sculptresses, America possesses. Some of the noblest works of modern art to be found in the studios of Rome and Florence, have been wrought by Americans. I have not, however, space to dwell on them in these notices, which are for the purpose of introducing to the English public works by American and Italian artists, which, as yet, are not so well known as they deserve.

The next studio I visited was that of Pazzi, the Italian sculptor, who has been commissioned to model the colossal statue of Dante which is to be placed by the municipality of Florence in the Piazza of Sta. Croce. Judging from his crowded studio, and numerous duplicates of the same subject, Signor Pazzi must be a favoured artist among his countrymen. There is a good deal of merit in most of these works; but it is the merit of *savoir-faire*, rather than of genius. I noticed in a great number of them the usual stereotyped mode of treating certain hackneyed subjects which have been stamped for ages as suitable for sculpture; and the Dante, from the small statuette sketch I saw, has a good deal of this conventional character. The face is a portrait.

The figure is clothed in a long robe, and has a defiant and somewhat theatrical expression. In justice to the sculptor, however, allowance must be made for what may appear some exaggeration in the attitude, in consideration of the enormous size of the intended statue. To give character to so large a figure is difficult, without what appears forced and melo-dramatic gesture, when reduced to a small size; and therefore I will suspend my judgment upon it till I see it on its pedestal.

The real work of Signor Pazzi to which I turned my attention, and which amply rewarded it, was a statuette (companion in size to the Dante) of Savonarola. It represents the famous Reformer preaching to the Florentines. His crucifix is in one hand, the other is raised with the energetic gesture which would naturally accompany the words, "Choose Christ for your King." Here is truth, here is nature, and, therefore, here is art in its noblest sense! Savonarola's strongly marked face, with the monk's cowl falling back from it, has a power and interest which at once attracts the attention and monopolises it. I have heard it said, that a face so ugly as Savonarola's was not fit for art to delineate. No one is ugly who has a brave, honest soul, which can be read through his face. In Savonarola's there is a strength and a positiveness, which in the lower part are nearly grotesque; but the melancholy in the eyes, and the nervous and tremulous sensibility of the brows, redeem the countenance. Looking at those deep-set eyes of his, I am reminded of a touching anecdote of his youth. When he had worked himself up to the stern resolve of leaving father, mother, family, for what he considered a dominant duty, the entire consecration of himself to God's service in the cloister, he was so overwhelmed with grief, that he could find no words with which to bid his beloved ones farewell. He therefore silently took down his violin from the wall (he was a passionate lover of music, and an accomplished proficient on the instrument) and played on it a strain of such heart-breaking pathos, that all understood it was a final adieu. It was so. That mournful music was the appropriate overture to the solemn and tragic drama of which it was the prophecy; and that mysterious melody always accompanies in my mind every act of that troubled life, and I can listen to its dying echoes even in the fiery martyrdom of the Piazza!

But to return to Signor Pazzi. This statue is his masterpiece. There is a boldness and freedom in it which is as effective in the statuette as it will be in the colossal work itself. It is to be erected at Ravenna.

This is the age of rehabilitation. Many think it is carried to excess, but it is an error on the right side. The only misfortune is, that, while absolving some great criminals, we sometimes become (to keep the balance even, I suppose) iconoclasts of our most illustrious fames. Have we such a limited amount of justice or hero-worship to dispose of, that we should remain bankrupt if we did not take away from one what we gave to another? At any rate it is pleasant to think that, while Italy is so steadily pursuing her course towards prosperity and freedom, she bears onward in her progress the memory of those who were the first, in the distant Long-ago, to open the path for her. It is right she should honour the glorious two who acknowledged, amidst the darkest and most turbulent ages, the eternal claims of justice and mercy, and who so strenuously invoked, amidst ecclesiastical tyranny and social anarchy, the law-binding yet liberty-giving rule of Christ. I rejoice that it will soon be seen by all that Florence is no longer ungrateful to Dante, nor Italy to Savonarola.

J. B.

DAYS IN THE BLACK FOREST.

PART I.

THE beautifully-formed mountains of the Schwarzwald, which skirt the railroad from Carlsruhe to Basel, are disadvantageously situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the grandeurs of the Alps. If nature had placed them in Eastern Prussia or Northern France they would be talked about and written about far more than they are. Up to a certain height they much resemble the Swiss Alps, for they are covered with pastures and chalets, and their valleys have each its roaring stream, the waters of which are all the clearer, because they do not rise in a glacier. The highest elevations in the southern part are the Feldberg, near Freiburg, which is 4590 feet high, and the Hohen Kandel by Emmendingen, 3886 feet, about the same as our Welsh Snowdon; and northward the long-backed Hornisgründe, near Achern and not very far from Baden-Baden, which has the respectable stature of 3612 feet. There are other hills in its neighbourhood nearly as high, and the manner in which their masses are disposed, and their finger-like ridges interlaced, produces many beautiful accidents of scenery. The month of September might be spent in a more unpleasant spot than a village at the foot of the Hornisgründe, about seven English miles from Achern, which will be seen on the map to be a small town lying about midway between Baden and Strasburg. At Achern an effective view of the

surrounding scenery may be seen in a large painting in the saloon of the Hôtel de la Poste, representing in the foreground the finely-broken ground about Sassbach and Erlenbad; in the middle distance, the boldly jutting mountain promontory, on which stands, like an eagle's nest, conspicuous to a vast distance, the tower of the Brigitten Schloss; and in the purple background the piny heights of the Hornisgründe. The spot of most historical interest in the neighbourhood of Achern is that where stands the monument to Marshal Turenne.

During the war which Louis XIV. waged with the Netherlands, in 1672, Montecuculi commanded the Imperialist troops on the upper Rhine. Turenne, notwithstanding his wish to retire from active service, was sent to oppose him. Montecuculi was retreating on Buhl, and Turenne, with the French army, advancing from Achern. At Sassbach the opposed generals had occupied different advantageous points in the neighbourhood, and each finding himself as well as his adversary in a strong position, they were watching each other. Montecuculi, however, saw an opportunity of placing a battery of six pieces on a certain hill which flanked Turenne's position, and, wishing for some repose, he gave the command of it to Prince Hermann, of Baden. Turenne was resting in the noonday heat under the shade of a tree, when news was brought him of this movement of the enemy. He immediately mounted his horse, and as he was setting out met General St. Hilaire, who stopped him to give him an account of a battery which he had just placed in position. While they were conversing a ball came across from the Prince of Baden's battery, taking off St. Hilaire's arm and striking Turenne on the chest. He opened his eyes twice, and expired without uttering a word. Young St. Hilaire ran up to succour his mortally wounded father, when the old man exclaimed, "Do not weep for me, but for that great man!" The ball is supposed to have ricocheted from the walnut-tree under which Turenne had just been reposing, the stump of which is still remaining. The ball is shown as a sacred relic by the very gentlemanly old pensioner who takes care of the spot of ground where the monument stands, which belongs to the French Government. It is one of small calibre. Turenne is said to have been rendered a conspicuous mark by his piebald horse. The present handsome obelisk of granite, with the great general's bust in alto-relievo sculptured on it, is the successor of others which had previously stood there. France is not the country to forget any one of her sons who has catered to her self-love, however much at the expense of the rest of mankind. And in fact

Voltaire naïvely admits this when he speaks in his "Siècle de Louis XIV." of the exploits of Turenne.

On the whole, on quitting the monument of Turenne to walk back to Achern through the lovely broken land—worthy, in its September fruitfulness, of Italy or Eden, all aglow with fruit and flowers—one is inclined to bless the mass of iron which abated such a nuisance as Turenne, who, after all, appeared to be chiefly famous as a huge human locust; and to wish all conquerors safely locked up behind the bars

of the establishment at Illenau, that most delectable residence for those who, going mad only on a small scale, are voted unfit for human society by their contemporaries. We found the pleasant bath of Erlenbad quite full, and were thence recommended to try our luck either at Ottenhöfen, where are three hotels which receive boarders, or at Allerheiligen a little further on among the mountains, where is one hotel of capacious accommodation in a sequestered spot among grand scenery. After a charming drive which skirted the mountains,



Allerheiligen.

crossed, and then followed against the stream, a roaring torrent, we entered the mountain region at Cappell, a fine old gabled village, overlooked by a ruined castle, and found ourselves at Ottenhöfen, completely included by the hills.

Ottenhöfen is a small village situate on the brook Acher, the name of which is probably of Celtic origin, and denotes, as almost all names of rivers in the world do, "water," or "waters." It might be a good trout-stream if it were properly preserved, but the inhabitants net it sedulously; and as they find a good market at Baden-Baden, send the fish to be eaten there

when no bigger than minnows. Through the village runs a road which passes over the mountains to Freudenstadt and the valley of the Murg, in Würtemberg; and another, at right angles to it, climbs a long hill to the ruins of Allerheiligen, and then becomes a footway down a gorge. The village itself is not populous; but there is a great clustering of the surrounding peasantry at early mass on Sundays, after which there is a sort of market held outside the church for such articles as vine-poles and pieces of rope. The men dress in coats of a black shining stuff, lined with white,

red waistcoats, and blue trousers, with huge shovel hats; the women in bright petticoats and neckerchiefs, with silver-gilt bodkins in their hair-plaits, some of the elder ones wearing a pink silk cap bound with gold lace. The Württembergers who come amongst them are distinguished by short black breeches, white stockings, and wide boots. Though the village is small, the country is populous, being inhabited in isolated granges. The lower slopes of the mountains are laid out in meadows, which are permeated in every direction with running water, giving them great richness in grass and greenness of aspect. Above the meadows are woods of ash, birch, and pine. The walnut, also, and edible chestnut are everywhere seen, with abundance of fruit-trees of every kind, and vineyards on all the favourable slopes. Higher up the mountains are pine-woods, broken here and there by out-jutting rocks of granite, basalt, and porphyry. The appearance of the farm-houses is everywhere that of enormous Swiss chalets, the barn, cow-house, and offices being all under the same thatched roof with the dwelling. Along the whole frontage runs a balustrade of carved wood, to which time and weather imparts a rich brown; while the vast expanse of the thatch is green with mosses and ferns and other plants which grow in similar situations.

To almost every one of these farm-houses is appended a little hovel where "schnaps" is distilled, the ground near it being purple with a heap of berries, out of which the precious juice has been extracted. The most common spirit, besides the national *kirschwasser*, is that made of whortleberries; but damsons, cranberries, bramble-berries, and wild raspberries, which abound in the mountains, are used for the same purpose. The cattle are in general like the Alpine breed, but somewhat larger; and the cows are most ungallantly used for draught. Our party once had a ride in a four-in-hand of this kind, which except (on the principle of the Irishman who hired a sedan with no bottom) the honour of the thing, was in no respect preferable to walking.

The German of this country is a jargon unintelligible, except to natives, but doubtless respectable, from its antiquity as a dialect of the Alemannian language. A walk of about two hours from Ottenhöfen, on the high road as far as the village of Seebach (the lake-brook), and then up a rugged ascent to the elevation of nearly 3000 feet in the heart of a dense pinewood, leads to the legendary Mummelsee, or Goblin Lake, lying in a basin near the top of the Hornisgründe. We will leave this lake with its legends and associations to be described in a future number.

TWELVE MONTHS.

(A STROPHE AND ANTISTROPHE.)

MARCH, '63.

In the midnight of the snow-storm,
In the rage of the north-east gale,
Sea-dragons, bred of darkness,
Astride on the breakers pale;
They came, like swooping eagles,
Angels of war and woe;
White fear on the white island!
'Tis a thousand years ago.

They came—we call them fathers,
For the Vikings' brood are we,
The wide waste ocean's Arabs,
Our joy is the rolling sea!
Behold, from poles to tropics,
Our cross-on-cross unfurled,
Like Edda's huge sea-serpent,
That banner girds the world.

In the dawning of the Spring-tide,
With love-songs of the lark,
A Spring, a light, a morning,
A dove to Britain's ark,
A northern Aphrodite
Sprung from the northern foam,
She comes—the Vikings' daughter—
To the Vikings' southern home.

Right welcome, Alexandra!
To us, the Vikings' brood,
Thanks be to God and Denmark
For the evil changed to good.
Avant, ye clouds and shadows
Of Mourning, Want, and War,
Before that sunshine presence,
And face like the morning star.

MARCH, '64.

From Springtide unto Springtide
The merry months have run,
And Denmark's winsome daughter
Hath borne an English son.
And like a basking Argo
Lies England, full of wealth;
Becalmed with spread top-gallants
In a haven of rosy health.

Meanwhile to Denmark's windward
Cold clouds have built a wall,
Her spars and tackling shiver
In the blast of the icy squall.
Her bows confront the weather,
The rocks are on her lee;
But her brave heart bounds with danger,
As a petrel breasts the sea.

Bold as the grim Berserker,
Who dared defy his gods,
All hopeless, yet majestic,
See Denmark strive with odds!
Denmark, that sent such treasure—
Sweet mother and fair son;
Britannia, O Britannia,
Her cause and thine are one!
Britannia, fair Britannia,
Whose trident "rules the waves,"
Few are on earth the nations
Who "never will be slaves."
'Tis not for feast and slumber
That Heaven hath made thee strong:
Then rise with might and strike for Right,
And quell Titanic Wrong.

Darmstadt.

G. C. SWAYNE.

MY AUNT TRICKSY.



My Aunt Tricksy was *not* the prettiest girl in — shire. In fact there was nothing superlative about her except that she was the dearest girl in the whole world.

How well I remember how delighted I was with the new relations which my grandfather's marriage with her mother bestowed on me, and how disgusted my father was with the

whole affair. My father was Mr. Thorold's eldest son. The estate was strictly entailed, but there was personal property, and it was this which was in danger. Mrs. Gwyn's blandishments, which had already converted a gouty man of sixty into a devoted lover, might persuade him in a frenzy of uxorious imbecility to overlook the claims of his own

family and to enrich herself and her daughter too.

Who Mrs. Gwyn was we none of us knew. But we all knew that her daughter was a great heiress. I heard my uncle Mr. Thorold the banker and my uncle Mr. Thorold the clergyman express themselves according to their kind on the subject. "I wash my hands of the whole affair," said the first. I interpreted this Pilatian figure of speech into a resolve not to come again to Thorold House, but this proved my obtuseness. He only meant to exonerate himself from all responsibility, should the marriage be an unhappy one. As long as purple and fine linen, a French cook and a first-rate cellar, were to be found at The House (as we all called it), the lavatory process of cleansing us out of his memory was to be postponed.

"I will pray for my father, I will pray for both," said the clergyman. I supposed people were prayed for,—as in church, when very ill; and yet I had seen my grandfather set off on his matrimonial expedition looking younger and brisker than I had ever seen him. It must be Mrs. Gwyn then.

"Is Mrs. Gwyn ill?" I asked my father.

"Ill?—no indeed—I wish—"

"What?"

"She had never been born. Ill, indeed!"

I wished I could have asked for a more satisfactory explanation, but I saw the subject was a dangerous one. I took an opportunity, however, and asked my uncle.

"Did you pray for grandpapa because he was ill, or because he was wicked, Uncle James?"

"What unbecoming questions! how you spoil that fellow, Tom," turning to my father.

"But you said so, uncle."

My uncle looked carefully round the room; there was a servant absorbed in dusting and rubbing a table, but no one else was present but ourselves.

"Ahem! Wilfrid, I prayed for the happiness of my father, and of his wife."

Again he cleared his throat; but the expression with which he had uttered these words, after he perceived we were not entirely alone, was utterly different from the manner in which he had expressed himself in the morning. I was too young to fathom the reasons of this strange discrepancy, but I noticed them. The state of my mind as regarded this marriage was a chaotic confusion. I did not know whether I wished it or not. My two uncles lived in London and only came down on periodical visits to Thorold House. My father, since the death of my mother, had lived with me there.

Thorold House was a large, commodious

house. No architect would have raved about the beauty of its architecture. It was not Saxon or Tudor, Greek or Italian, Elizabethan or Annian. It was simply a convenient, spacious mansion with large windows and lofty rooms. For me these are the three important requisites, but then I am a very literal fellow indeed, and no artist. Since our bereavement, my father and I lived at Thorold. It was very dull. I was only twelve, and I had no companions. My grandfather was, in the intervals of gout and misanthropy, a persevering scholar. My father an inveterate sportsman. I never saw the former at breakfast, and it was only at breakfast and dinner that I saw the latter. The curate of the neighbouring village came up every day to give me lessons. My father had a prejudice against schools. I had friends among the boys of the village, but it was friendship under protest. The monosyllable "low" was often applied to my tastes and pursuits. But what was I to do? I had an immense fund of animal sports to work off, and there was no other outlet for them. There was John, to be sure.

Who was John?

John was a ward of my father's, who also lived with us. I say ward, but in fact he was less a ward than a protégé. He was the orphan son of an old friend of my father's, a naval officer who had died suddenly in the East, and had bequeathed his motherless boy to his old school-fellow and friend, Tom Thorold.

But John Tyrrell was two-and-twenty, and to me that seemed an age of advanced manhood. He had been well educated by my father, and he now was waiting till the Thorold family influence could procure some employment for him. It was difficult to find it. John was really clever, but he was shy beyond everything that could be imagined. He was brave as a lion, upright, and generous, but this frightful disease of shyness prevented these good qualities from being appreciated as they deserved. More than this, it gave an expression of wretchedness to his face and dejection to his manner, which was very oppressive. I liked John, but I rarely sought him out, for there was no fun in him. No mischief had ever attracted him. He was painfully conscientious. All my misdemeanours assumed gigantic proportions when placed before me in the light they appeared to him.

"Indeed, Wilfred," he would say, "I must burn my books if you persist in cramming from them. It is not honest."

"All very fine, but I did not get home till so late last night, I could not write my exercises, and old Torment (so I disrespectfully called my tutor) comes at 8 A.M."

"Why did not you get up early and do them yourself. I would have called you."

"What a bully you are, John!" And John would blush scarlet and deprecate such an accusation, and I would retort with something worse, and my father would come in and ask John for an explanation, and John would hesitate and, between his almost morbid love of truth and his desire to screen me, become utterly unintelligible. My father would then shrug his shoulders and say, "Really, John, you are too old to have these perpetual quarrels with Wilfrid," and John would retire, really provoked and hurt at such an accusation, but find it impossible to clear himself.

I tried once or twice to set it right with my father, but he would not listen. "There, there, I have no time to attend to your squabbles. John is a good fellow, but rather pragmatical, I think."

I would strive for a time to do what was right for the sake of pleasing John, and showing I attended to what he said; but the weakness of my nature soon made me trip again, and, with the usual justice of sinners, being angry with myself, I revenged myself by being especially irritating and tiresome to John. But still he had an influence; and not only on me, but on all of us. My uncles appeared almost to ignore his existence. They had excommunicated with my father upon the preposterous notion of taking charge of him, and then, as usual, the washing of the hands and the prayer process, had been gone through, and he was ostensibly forgotten. With my usual quickness of observation, I saw, however, that when the clergyman uttered some very pious observation, he often looked at John for approval; and that in the midst of some intense gormandising, when apoplectic manifestations about the flushed cheeks and thick breathing were painfully visible, the banker would fidget and look uncomfortable, if John came into the room. Shy, awkward, painfully modest as John was, he had unconsciously impressed all who came near him with a sense that he had a loftier estimate of character than most persons. Even my grandfather was chary of swearing and raging before him. I was delighted to see the effect obtained, more for mischief's sake than anything else, of course; and I was also very curious to discover how it had been produced. In the fairy lore of my childish days there were tales told of persons who possessed an amulet against evil. I was too old to believe that now, and not old enough to appreciate to its full extent the fact, that noble integrity of character and loving sweetness of disposition formed the true amulet after all, though the casket which held it might be un-

gainly in appearance and most difficult to open.

The only individual who had never uttered a single comment on my grandfather's marriage was John, and yet he was the only person immediately affected by it. My grandfather had told my father that he should want the two rooms John had hitherto occupied—a sitting-room and study—for his step-daughter, Miss Gwyn. As soon as he returned from his honeymoon, Mr. Thorold was going to give a series of parties, and receive a number of visitors, and every corner of Thorold House would be occupied. "Would John mind for a time sleeping in the small play-room outside Wilfrid's room?" My father was vexed, but there was no help. He mentioned it to John, and John looked grave, but was silent.

"Not at all necessary, my dear fellow," said my father, "to move immediately. I have written to my father to make other suggestions, and it is needless to disturb yourself till I receive the answer."

"I think it better to move at once, in case Mr. Thorold should arrive sooner than you expect; besides—"

"What?"

"I am in hopes of receiving a favourable reply from a schoolfellow, to whom I have written about my desire of finding employment. I know that it is possible that he may be sent abroad, and I think he will want a tutor."

"And you have offered yourself?"

"Yes."

My father looked vexed for a moment, but recovered himself instantly.

"You are right, John; that would be an opening; it is the right thing, at all events—and yet—and yet—it will be a deuced bore not having you here. I wish to Heaven, if tutor you must be, you could be tutor to Wilfrid; but I can't afford it."

It occurred to me that if my father had limited his expenses in horses and hounds, there might have been a way for John to have remained with us; but how many men, and kind and generous ones too, never dream that the cutting off of some entirely superfluous luxury will enable them to be liberal in some less showy expenditure. But all the Thorolds had hunted; and to have a horse less in the stables and a dog less in the kennel was not to be thought of.

I also admired the cool way in which John had extricated himself from what was certainly a false position. He might have been kept dawdling for ever at Thorold; for it was the manner of Thoroldians to leave all as much as possible in *statu quo*. There would always have been a talk of finding employment for

him ; but unless it had dropped from the sky, or started from the earth, it would never have come, the search was so desultory and dilatory, and his strong youth would have passed into old age while he still hesitated at Thorold House.

As John never spoke of himself, we did not know how much most of his schoolfellows loved him. I have since heard that no boy had ever passed through the trying ordeal of a public school with so many fast friends and so few foes.

John's removal had only just been effected in time. The very next morning we received a letter announcing Mr. and Mrs. Thorold's return.

"Am I to call her grandmama, I wonder?" said I to John, as we sat together in the library waiting for them.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And her daughter?—there is a daughter you know."

"She must be called Miss Gwyn, I should think."

"But she is a relation now. Let me see ; her mamma is my father's father's wife, she is his mamma now—and her daughter must be his sister?"

"Not really his sister."

"In law, of course—but then she must be my aunt ; just fancy, John, my aunt. What fun to have quite a young aunt!" And I jumped about, and on the strength of this nephewship ran up and down the avenue to the lodge for half an hour. At last they arrived.

My father had been to meet them, and entered the room with his stepmother on his arm ; a fair, very tall, languid-looking woman.

"This I suppose is my grandson," she said, in a kind indolent voice. "You must call me grandmamma now." She stooped and kissed my forehead.

"This is John Tyrrell," said my father ; "also one of us."

She started with glad surprise, and held out both her hands to the blushing John.

"Are you a Gwyn Tyrrell?" she asked.

"No," said my father ; "at least, I think not. He is the son of my old friend John Tyrrell, of the Britannia. I never heard his name was Gwyn."

"I am so anxious to find a missing relative of ours, a Gwyn Tyrrell, that I seize upon every one of the name of Tyrrell, in hopes I may at last discover him."

She then slowly dropped into a chair. "Where is Beatrix?" she asked, but in a voice so low that I only heard the last syllable. What an odd name, I thought.

"Here I am, mamma;" and a tiny sprite of a girl came forward, who looked about my

own age, though she was in fact some two years older.

"Come and speak to your new friends, my dear ; this is Mr. Tyrrell, and this is—"

"My nephew, I suppose," said the girl, laughing.

"How do you do, Miss Gwyn?" stammered out John, taking the hand she offered to him.

"How do you do, Aunt Tricks?" said I, in a loud voice.

I am sorry to say that this piece of boyish folly was greeted with a shout of laughter from my grandfather (who had just entered, and stood beside his wife), from my father, and from Mrs. Thorold. But the young lady looked dreadfully abashed ; she blushed, and all but began to cry, and did not let go John's hand, as if it was some support in such a trying moment.

"You said her name was Tricks. I heard you call her so."

"No, no, her name is Beatrix ; but you are not far wrong, we did call her Tricksy once, and you may call her so, if you like."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Tricksy," I repeated, for I saw she was vexed.

She put her hand in mine for a moment, but she kept aloof from me the rest of the evening.

It was the pleasantest evening that had been ever known at Thorold House. My grandfather did not doze for a moment, and was in good humour, though awake. My father was absolutely talkative. As oil soothes the ruffled sea, as cream tempers the asperities of black coffee, as eider-down quilts modify bare sofas, was the effect of Mrs. Thorold on us all, and it was an influence which never left us from that moment. Buried in an arm-chair, speaking only in the lowest voice, and at intervals, she always managed to maintain and direct conversation on the pleasantest subjects, which were treated in the most velvety manner. After a time, we younger ones were sent to bed. I observed Tricksy linger a moment by John's chair. He had been, as usual, quite silent ; stroking a little kitten which was always very fond of creeping after him to be petted and caressed.

"Would you like to have it?" he said, as she paused in her "good-night."

"Yes."

But the kitten rebelled ; it did not seek a change, which it feared would certainly not be for the better.

John yielded to the kitten, in spite of the wistful looks of the young lady. "To-morrow it will know you better," he said, "and then I will give it you."

She went off, but was evidently not pleased.

"I would have given it you," I said trium-

phantly to her in the passage, "so you will like me best, won't you?"

She did not answer me, but I saw she was meditating upon the subject, and as I felt certain that her meditations must end in my favour, I left her.

CHAPTER II.

I SAID that Thorold House was dull. From that moment it ceased to be so. To me the presence of Tricksy transfigured the place. I never wanted companionship now; she was two years my senior, but in all games and sports she was my cotemporary. She was far more childish than I was, she had always lived a sedentary and quiet life in a town; this freedom and out-of-door life was a perfect boon to her, she grew fast, roses bloomed out on her pale little cheeks, and she became wild with health and spirits.

She soon became the darling of the house, she and I were inseparable, and what delightful games and jokes, and rides, and scampers we had! Her mother allowed her entire liberty, I do not suppose Mrs. Thorold ever contradicted any-one in her life. The only difficulty was, that she sometimes assented to two wholly incompatible propositions. When appealed to, she would fold her white hands together and say, "Settle it among yourselves." She had taken a most incomprehensible fancy to John, she would ask him sometimes to accompany Tricksy and me in our wild expeditions, but we did not like it; we were happier by ourselves; I am certain I was, and Tricksy was always a little naughty with him. It was impossible she could be otherwise, he was so silent or so formal with her, he Miss Gwynned her so determinedly. She sometimes joined with me in teasing him, she always took my part when he and I differed in opinion as to some of my evil deeds. She laughed at him most unmercifully, she used to pretend to be a little jealous of her mother's regard for him; in fact, I must confess that sometimes she was rather provoking in her conduct towards him. I remember one day we were all three riding together. We two were in the wildest spirits and had been racing. Tricksy was absolutely fearless, and rode admirably.

"I wonder," she said to me, "if we couldn't give John the slip, he rides in such a jog-trot, absent manner. At the first by-way we get to, we will leave the high road."

No sooner said than done. We turned to the right, and our spirited little ponies flew like birds down a lane. "Wouldn't I give anything to see John's face," she said.

Unfortunately she did not know, and I had forgotten, that the lane was almost a *cul de sac*.

It ended in a water-mill. By the side of a foaming little stream was a steep paved path, down which a horse could be led, but which it would have been certain death to have galloped down. In fact, from where we were, we could see no egress whatever. At that moment there was a rapid gallop behind us.

"Stop!" called out John. "Stop; I insist upon it!"

"No—no," said Tricksy.

But in a moment he had passed us, was off his horse, with the reins round his left, and with the right hand he was forcibly curling in Tricksy's pony; and in spite of her anger—she threatened to cut him with her whip, and did, I believe, make a dash at his hand with it—he succeeded in turning it round. I had stopped in sheer amazement. Tricksy was not going to be defeated in that inglorious manner.

"You can turn the pony," she said, "but you can't turn me," and she slipped off her saddle and ran on.

"Come, Wilfrid," but I was too occupied in staring at John to mind her. He was quite pale, and seemed trembling from head to foot.

"She might have been killed," he said to me in a reproachful manner.

"Killed!"

"Don't you know that this is Gap Lane?" He looked round after her; the dainty little figure was running down the lane. "Think of her mother," he said, "and be careful of her. It would kill Mrs. Thorold if anything happened to Miss Gwyn." He mounted and turned back, leaving me holding Tricksy's pony.

After ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, she returned; but her step was very slow, and her eyes looked red.

We went home, but the enjoyment of our ride was over. I told her how sorry I was I had forgotten the peculiar character of that lane.

"I was very obstinate," she murmured.

Nothing was said more about it, but that evening, as we all sat by the fire, Mrs. Thorold, as she watched John, who was playing at chess with her, called out suddenly, "What is the matter, John?—your wrist is all bruised."

John gave such a start that the table fell over, and the commotion which it caused in the circle drew attention from what she had said; but Tricksy's eyes and mine met; hers were full of tears.

The next day I observed a maternal tenderness in Mrs. Thorold's manner to John, but she never alluded to the subject.

My uncles had been invited, to be presented to Mrs. Thorold. They were quite obsequious

to her, and I, who knew what they had said about the marriage, was disgusted with them. I confided my feelings to Tricksy, and we agreed that they were "horrid." But they were not only obsequious to Mrs. Thorold, they were absolutely servile to Tricksy. For the first time since I had known her, I saw her assume towards them a coldness and hauteur of manner which changed the frolicsome child into the proud and reserved young lady. I once overheard them say to my father, "What a good thing it would be if Miss Gwyn would take a fancy to Wilfrid!"

"Yes," added the clergyman, with fervour, "it shows how everything is over-ruled for good. Who would have thought Miss Gwyn was a millionaire?"

"But I think," continued the banker, "that you are imprudent in keeping open house, as it were. She will be snapped up before you are aware of it, and think what a loss it would be. It is a good thing that poor John is so awkward and plain, or I should advise your getting rid even of him."

"He is going in a day or two," said my father.

"Oh, indeed! that is providential."

"Then we may hope that Wilfrid will get the million——"

"No," said my father, laughing, "he is too young, poor fellow. Beatrix is sixteen, though she looks such a child; she will be of age when she is eighteen, and must be married in the course of the same month or she forfeits the money. Any way, if this Gwyn Tyrrell turns up, he is to have half of it."

It was true that John was about leaving us; he was to go for two years to Italy. After the day of the expedition to Gap Lane, Tricksy was very shy with him, and he was ludicrously afraid of her. She was the only person of whom he did not take leave the day he left us.

Although my father called me "poor fellow," he was really too careless about money to be mercenary. Had I been old enough to be able to aspire to the million, he would have been pleased; as I was not, he troubled himself little about it.

There was an endless round of gaiety going on. Young men came to shoot and hunt; there were croquet parties, cricket parties, harvest gatherings. But Tricksy, though she enjoyed them all, was not to be divided from me; we remained the staunchest of friends and allies. Her admirers were a subject of unfeigned laughter between us. She knew she was an heiress, but was much too simple-minded and single-hearted to attach any importance to the fact. Her natural intelligence taught her how little any of the persons who

hovered about her, cared for anything but the money-bags that went with her name. And, as she did not know the clause attached to her possession of these money-bags, and was not aware of the vital importance of her choice being soon made, the barefaced passion for money which the precipitate proposals she received seemed to give evidence of, filled her young heart with scorn.

Two years soon passed away. John wrote a few letters to my father, and one or two to Mrs. Thorold, but to no one else. I did not see those to Mrs. Thorold, but those to my father were awkward and uninteresting. John had as little epistolary as conversational talent. Once during the two years my father received a letter from the father of the young man with whom John was travelling, telling him of the deep obligations he and his son were under, to John.

John had extricated the young man from a most disgraceful love-affair, in which he had unthinkingly become involved at college; the heroine of which had followed him to the Continent, but had had her journey for her pains. The young man had been at first most rebellious and perverse, but had finally seen the snare into which he had been led. He was proportionably grateful, and had written a full confession to his father.

At that time of course I only heard fragments of all this, but enough to know that, somehow, John had done a great thing.

"Isn't he a fine fellow, Tricksy?" I said, retailing to her what I had heard. "What a pity he's such a queer, shy old fellow, and so ugly!"

She did not answer.

Two years had passed away, when Thorold House was deprived suddenly of its head. My grandfather died. We had all been so happy for the last two years, that the blow was doubly felt. Mrs. Thorold suffered a good deal, but in the same calmed and silky way, which was peculiarly hers, under all circumstances. Tricksy was very unhappy. She had been so petted by her stepfather, and under the feminine dispensation at Thorold House, he had become so much less irritable and impatient than formerly, that it was natural she should love him as she did. He was truly a scholarly, stately gentleman, generous and upright in his conduct, and with that old-fashioned chivalric feeling towards women, which made him for their sakes, and in their presence, control the only fault he had, a passionate and fiery temper. He had always been respected, but latterly he was beloved. His will was a singular one. My father of course had Thorold House, with all its appur-

tenances ; but a large sum in the funds was left to John Tyrrell, except under certain contingencies, which were specified in a sealed codicil, not to be opened till the day Tricksy was of age.

To my uncles neither money nor lands were bequeathed ; but to the clergyman a folio volume of prayers and meditations, and to the banker a curious bason and ewer, which had belonged to the family for three generations. Evidently my grandfather had become acquainted with some of their remarks on his marriage. To his wife he did not leave a farthing ; this, he said, had been arranged by her on their marriage. She was resolute that not one fraction of his property should enrich her or hers, and had peremptorily refused even the smallest gift from him. But my grandfather requested it of her as a favour, that she should make Thorold House her head-quarters for the rest of her life. Tricksy's name was not even mentioned in the will.

Mrs. Thorold *did* consent, at my father's earnest entreaty, to remain with us. She was the same gentle, placid woman as ever, though many an added line on her white forehead, many a silver hair in her brown curls, showed that she had suffered much. She led precisely the same quiet, still life as before, except that every month or two she went to town on business. What this business was no one knew, except that it was connected with the Gwyn property and the lost Tyrrell. My father had, at her request, written to India to obtain, if he could, the certificate of the marriage of John's father and mother.

I should have thought Tricksy had forgotten John entirely, but that once or twice she insisted upon riding as far as Gap Lane, as if to recall her peril and her deliverance. My father wrote to John to ask him to return. After some delay he was enabled to do so. And now again Tricksy showed she *had* retained a warm recollection of John. She and her mother prepared John's rooms for him—the rooms he had occupied before their first arrival, and which had been given to her by my grandfather.

Tricksy was almost eighteen at this time ; but she might have been eight, to judge from the childish importance she attached to the replacing of every article of furniture in John's room just as he had left it. John arrived. He walked in one day, after dinner. He seemed more painfully shy than ever. Sunburnt and thin, with a beard and thick tawny hair, which had a leonine appearance, he was certainly very plain. He had, however, retained the sweetness of his eyes and that gentlemanliness of bearing which no awkwardness could

wholly conceal. There seemed less difference of age between us than before, and I was very glad to welcome the honest-hearted fellow once more. But he seemed more reserved with Tricksy than ever. I could not make it out.

Her manner to him was influenced by his to her ; and Tricksy was graver and more silent with him than with any other person.

As the day of her being of age approached, Mrs. Thorold informed Tricksy of the conditions under which she was to become possessed of the enormous fortune which was hers. She was to choose her husband on the day she was of age, and declare her choice publicly, or to forfeit the whole.

On the 18th of June Tricksy would be eighteen. It was now the 12th. No girl had been so much thrown into the society of men as Tricksy, and yet there was not a spark of sentiment for any one of them in her heart.

She had had dozens of proposals, and all had received the irrevocable No.

I worshipped her. My whole life, from the moment I had first seen her, had been given to her ; but when I once murmured something of my love being more mature than my years, she had put her plump little hand on my mouth and had said, laughing, "How can an aunt marry her nephew ? Am I not your aunt Tricksy, sir ?"

On the 16th of June Mrs. Thorold and her daughter went up to London, and were to return on the evening of the 17th. Sometimes my father had tried to persuade Tricksy to choose a husband, rather than forfeit her fortune. Surely some of her lovers were men to whom she might eventually become sincerely attached, though she was not romantically in love with them. But Tricksy was firm : she would not marry if she did not love.

John and I went down to the station to meet them. We found we had mistaken the time, and had an hour to wait.

"Let us take a walk," I said, "and return here to meet them."

As we went on, we found, about a quarter of a mile further, that some workmen were busy mending a temporary bridge across a deep stony ravine, over which the train passed. There had been heavy rains, and the passage of a weighty goods train had effected a solution of continuity on this bridge, besides committing other damages. They were very busy working at it as fast as they could. Unfortunately, in their haste they had not sufficiently observed that the supports of the bridge had been thoroughly weakened, and as a last heavy plank was laid parallel to the others, there was a tremulous swaying of the whole, and then it cracked and cracked and tottered slowly over, burying

several workmen in the ruins. At first, all of us who had escaped, were occupied in rescuing these men. In doing so I fell and injured my knee. They were all hurt—some severely so. We attended to them as best we might, when suddenly a distant whistle was heard. Good God! the train was due. It must be stopped—but how. At that point “dangerous” had always been signalled, and it came on very slowly. But what was to be done? there was no time. We saw it, a speck in the distance; but coming on, coming on. Shame on me for having felt it, but my first impulse was to rush down the bank and fly, whither I knew not; anywhere not to hear, not to see the inevitable crash. Where was John?

He had stood for a moment, pale as death; and then he ran forward, shouting, waving his hands, throwing up his arms, standing in the very centre of the line. I called to him from the bank. I had crawled there to make signals to the advancing train. “She’s there!” were all the words he said. Had the horror of the moment turned his brain? Did he hope to make himself heard or seen? It was madness. Inexorably the train came on, very slowly, but surely, on. I could see the stokers turned towards John, making signs to him, and a line of heads outside the carriages, evidently not understanding him; and then, as the moments passed, and it came nearer and nearer, John, inspired by the very ecstasy of insanity, threw himself right across the line.

It was a forlorn hope. It might or might not arrest them. So imperceptibly did they slacken their course that I did not think they were doing it; but, thank Heaven! it was possible to do it, and they did do it. After a few seconds of horrible and agonising suspense the long line gradually, gradually stopped. It was so near him that John, as he rose, seemed to be clasped by the projecting fangs of a leviathan beast of prey.

The engine-men jumped down. I was too far to hear what passed; but, after a few words of explanation, John returned towards me, still very pale, but calm as usual. I was but sixteen—am I to be excused if I say I sobbed like a baby?

“Come, old fellow!” said John, “this will never do; it is all right again.”

At that moment one of those cheers which never can be heard but from British lungs rang through the air. The poor wounded workmen, who were lying about, joined in it.

I do not think that at first John was conscious that it was in his honour; when he was, he looked utterly bewildered; and then, saying to me, “You must send word for the carriage to come for them here; it can wait the

other side of the bridge, and they and you can be helped over,” he dived down the other side of the bank, and in a few minutes was out of sight. I felt somehow I could not meet them. I gave orders about the carriage, and hobbled on till I met a cart, which gave me a lift home.

Before dinner John came into my room; and, after some shy stammering, asked me, as the dearest favour I could bestow on him, not to volunteer any information as to what he had done.

“I could not stand being thanked, and all that, you know. By-the-bye, they have sent me a huge packet of papers.”

“What about?”

“I have not opened them; but I think the lost Tyrrell is found.”

I do not know whether I could have kept my word; but Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy were not at dinner, and my father and my two uncles were very busy talking over money affairs. In the confusion the only report that had reached Thorold House was, that there might have been an accident to the train, but it had been fortunately prevented. Mrs. Thorold and Tricksy had gone at once to their rooms on arriving, and therefore I had no difficulty in being silent.

The next day was the 18th of June.

Tricksy came down to breakfast looking brighter than ever I had seen her. She was radiant. She and my father and Mrs. Thorold, and a very grave-looking gentleman, the lawyer who managed the Gwyn property, were closeted for a long time after breakfast. Everything was got through by luncheon, and after luncheon the horses were brought round, as usual, for us to ride. I was still so lame that I could not mount, though I tried to do so.

“Mr. Tyrrell,” said Mrs. Thorold, “will you take care of Tricksy? Wilfrid says that somehow he has sprained his foot.”

John looked rather glum. “I was going—”

“I must have my own way on my birthday,” said Tricksy, “so please come with me.”

She mounted, and they went off. I looked after them longingly. I had intended trying, for the last time, my fortunes with Tricksy on this day, and I had looked forward to our ride for doing so. We should have got rid of John, I know, even had he started with us.

When they returned, Tricksy came to me in her habit. She looked positively beautiful.

“Where have you been?” I asked.

“To Gap Lane;” and then she suddenly threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed, “Oh, I am so happy, Wilfrid dear!” but the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said so;

and then she left me. How my heart beat! Would she choose me?

That day, after dinner, my father proposed a health—Miss Gwyn's future husband. I felt cold and hot by turns. Had Tricksey chosen me? I looked for sympathy towards John, but in some unaccountable way he had disappeared.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, we were to assemble in the library, to hear the codicil to my uncle's will; after which, Tricksey was to announce her marriage, or forfeit her heiressship. We were all to be present.

Somehow, that morning Thorold House was like a desert. My father and uncles, and the lawyer, breakfasted together. I searched for John, but heard he had gone out. Mrs. Thorold and Tricksey were invisible. I wandered about like a troubled spirit.

At twelve I was seated in the library. Would Tricksey declare she had chosen me before them all, without giving me the sweet certainty of her affection, with her own lips first, in private? I was absolutely tortured with my doubts and conjectures.

Presently my father came in, followed by my two uncles. One, as usual, rubbing his hands, as if he were always typically performing the process which was to him the panacea against all responsibility; the other, with a more than usually sour and sanctimonious look, and a prayer-book in his hand. It was wormwood to him to preside, as it were, over the throwing away of thousands and thousands of pounds on a "trumpety worldly chit of a girl." Such had been his designation of Tricksey. Three separate messages were sent after John. He was at home, but sent word he could not come down.

Then came Mrs. Thorold, fairer and paler than ever, in her widow's weeds. "Beatrix is coming directly," she said.

How strange, I thought, for her to let her daughter come in alone upon such an occasion; and where on earth has John gone to?

Then there was a pause.

Then the door opened. I started up; but Tricksey was not alone. She was leaning on the arm of John Tyrrell.

He looked so pale that I thought he would have dropped, but he stepped in quietly and gravely, and led her to her mother.

"I have chosen," said Beatrix in a soft low voice, and she turned round. "John Tyrrell asked me to be his wife yesterday, and I have accepted him."

I joined my congratulations with the rest, but I really did not know what I was saying. What an egregious ass I had been. But no one knew it, I hoped. We sat down to hear

the codicil. After a short preamble the legacy to John was cancelled. If John married an heiress, or if John could prove he was the heir of the Gwyn Tyrrells and thus had a claim on the half of Beatrix's fortune, the money was left to his grandson Wilfrid Thorold. When it was over—and I thought the dreadful circumlocution and periphrasis of the lawyer's jargon would never terminate—I went away; I longed for fresh air. My temples were hot as fire, and yet I shivered as with cold.

I went to the remotest part of the shrubbery belonging to the house, and there flung myself down on the grass. I tried to bear as best I might the bitter, bitter misfortune which had befallen me. I was glad for John's sake, but did he love Beatrix as I did? I dared not go further with that question. I remember the man who, with a look of agony, had turned to me a day or two ago and had said, "Wilfrid, she is there!" ere he rushed upon almost certain self-destruction, in the mad desire and resolution, to save her.

While I was thus thinking and thinking with that persistence with which all unhappy creatures count, over and over again, the sum of their misery, I heard voices near me. I looked through the leaves and saw Tricksey and John approaching where I was. I trusted they might not have seen me, and would pass on. I looked through the closely knitted trunks of the trees and watched them—they seemed to change characters. John was urging Tricksey to do something which she seemed to deprecate. He walked resolutely forward, she hung back. How pretty she looked in her white dress and braided hair! I shut my eyes, for my heart was very sore, and the sight of her hurt me.

Here there was a silence, and I hoped they had passed; but no: a light step came over the grass, the branches were moved aside, and dear little Tricksey sat down beside me.

She took my hand—"What is the matter, dear?" How tender, how cruelly tender she was? I was silent. I could have groaned. "Shall I tell you all about it? From the very first day, though I used to be so naughty, I liked John. I liked him that very first night when he would not give me the kitten. All the time, even when I was so wicked to him in Cap Lane, I loved him. I told mamma, and she thought it best for him not to take leave of me. As soon as mamma heard his name, she thought he might be our relation, but it was very difficult to prove it. That was why she has so often been to London the last year. She had told Mr. Thorold, at once, about it, but he did not think it likely. He was resolved to leave John his money

because he knew also, that when everybody here was so angry because he married mamma, that John was the only one who never abused him or her about it."

"But how?"

"How did it come about, you mean, that he told me. I will tell you," said the little creature, looking very shy but very happy. "Mamma, though she is so quiet, always knows about things, and she saw that John liked me, but that the money would prevent him saying anything about it. I did not know what to do, for we had not yet proved him to be a Gwyn Tyrrell, and I knew he would never ask me to be his wife if I had all the money. But that day when we returned, mamma brought the proofs and the papers with her. Oh, that day!"—and then she shuddered and cried—"I did not know till yesterday morning it was John who saved us—but then—"

Again Beatrix cried—and then she went on, "When we went out yesterday morning, I took him to Gap Lane, and there I told him how miserable I had been about my wickedness there, and his poor darling hand; and then I told him I knew who had saved all our lives the day before, and he was so short and so grumpy and wanted to go away, and then I told him that he was our relation and that he and I were to inherit this money between us."

"And then—"

"O Wilfred!"—Beatrix hid her face for a moment—"I feel ashamed that he, so good, so noble, so brave, can love me, but he says it has been always so . . ."

"And to-day?"

It was no longer the maiden Beatrix, but the child Tricksy, that laughed a peal of laughter at these words.

"You know he got into one of his shy nervous states, and I do not believe any one could have got him out of his room unless I had gone in; but I went up to him and coaxed him, and smoothed his hair, and told him how proud I was that he had chosen me, and how glad dear mamma was, and I persuaded him to come down."

"He deserves you, Tricksy," I said.

"But I shall never deserve him. But Wilfred dear, you are glad too, are you not?"—and she looked at me with her earnest eyes,—"glad that we two are happy?—for I know you love us both."

I made a gulp, for my heart was in my throat—"God bless you both."

"It will be always the same between us, you know," she said. "I shall always be Aunt Tricksy to you. And now come and tell John so too."

I did as I was bid. From that day to this

I never knew whether John suspected how dearly I had loved Tricksy. We were always fast friends, and I was godfather to darling Tricksy's first child, a girl, whom I insisted upon naming Tricksy, *pur et simple*. In all human probability (for there are no such girls now as Tricksy Gwyn was) Tricksy Gwyn Tyrrell will be my heiress. I shall never marry; but I will not make so tyrannical a condition as Tricksy was subject to. Women can be trusted with money. My heiress need not marry the day she is of age.

JOHANN ZOFFANY.

LIFE, about the middle of the eighteenth century, showed more form and colour, more distinction of classes, more personal individuality and vivacity of manners, than we discover in the uniform tone and neutral hue of this our present time. Then, a nobleman appeared in public in a coach-and-six, with outriders; now he calls a cab, or takes his ticket for a seat in a railway-carriage. London had not then gone out of town, and the wealthy City merchant dwelt in his Wren-built mansion, with offices and warehouses contiguous. The club and the coffee-house brought together the politicians, the legislators, the wits, and the painters, in social communication. As the king said to Zoffany, "In the past days, a man of observation had only to walk from coffee-house to tavern, and from tavern to coffee-house, within the pale of twenty-four hours, and then return, sober himself, and write a farce."

If, in those days, when different trades congregated in the several quarters, a lady desired to purchase a silk petticoat, she forthwith drove to Holywell Street, and made her choice at the Indian Queen or the Golden Ball; if a tailor would call attention to the particular cut and fashion of a suit of garments, he or the sprightliest of his prentices would strut in front of the shop, arrayed in clocked stockings, well-varnished pumps, and bobwig, redolent of powder and pomatum, the new stand of clothes displayed to full advantage, with a large nosegay planted in the breast of the posy waistcoat; handsome and buxom young women presided at the counters of Exeter Change milliners; smart orange-girls picked their way, between the acts, through the well-packed pit of Drury Lane, with the invitation to buy "apples, oranges, or ginger-beer," or a "bill of the play of the right sort;" the shoeblacks, at Spring Gardens, were an institution, and dogs were beasts of burden. Then Sam Johnson rose betimes for a frisk with Topham Beauclerk, and took a turn with the vege-

table porters of old Covent Garden Market, or made the midnight echoes of Fleet Street ring again as he rolled and laughed like a rhinoceros. Then it was that honest Will Hogarth and his companions made the memorable trip to Rochester. Then the redoubtable champion of fisticuffs issued his challenges from Hockley-in-the-Hole. The Eideophusicon of Loutherbouurg, Mrs. Salmon's waxwork, the pig-faced lady, Miss Biffin, and the learned pig, were in full vogue; Cockneys thronged to the Tower on the 1st of April, to see the lions washed, and spent Cobbler's Monday at Bagnigge Wells tea-gardens, or partook of ale and cheesecakes at Pancridge-in-the-Fields; "Turn out the young brindled bull!" was still the cry of Monday's market at Smithfield; the pillory, flogging at the cart-tail, and the almost weekly day of execution, at Tyburn-tree, still afforded their relaxation,—even the wretched criminal went gallantly, like a man of mould, up Holborn Hill, to execution, nosegay in bosom, quaffed St. Giles's-bowl, with a promise to pay when he should return, kissed his hand to the assembled fair ones, made his last dying speech and confession with an air, bowed to the sheriff, kicked off his shoes, and died handsomely, like a gentleman highwayman. Ranelagh, the ordinary at Belsize House, and Marylebone Gardens were then the mode; and costume, if inelegant, was yet varied and gay with bright colours. In short, society was more robust and picturesque, and offered ample scope to the painter of ordinary life.

It was at this time that Zoffany made his appearance on the stage of London art-life, though at first in a very humble capacity. The recorded career of this painter is very meagre, but those who are old enough to have enjoyed the gossip of the print-room at the British Museum, in the days of John Thomas Smith, will remember, among other topics, the particulars of Zoffany's early career.

Smith informs us that Mr. Audinet, father of Philip Audinet, the engraver, served his time with the celebrated clockmaker, Rimbault, who lived in Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials. This worthy excelled in the construction of clocks, called at that time "Twelve-tuned Dutchmen," which were contrived with moving figures, engaged in a variety of employments. The pricking of the barrels of those clocks was performed by Bellodi, an Italian, who lived hard by, in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane. This person solicited Rimbault in favour of a starving artist who dwelt in a garret in his house. "Let him come to me," said Rimbault. Accordingly he waited upon the clockmaker, and produced some specimens of his art, which were so satisfactory that he was immediately set to work

to embellish clock-faces, and paint appropriate backgrounds to the puppets upon them. From clock-faces the young painter proceeded to the human face divine, and resolved to try his hand upon the visage of the worthy clockmaker himself. He hit off the likeness of the patron so successfully, that Rimbault exerted himself to serve and promote him. Benjamin Wilson, the portrait painter, who at that time lived at 56, Great Russell Street, a house afterwards inhabited by Philip Audinet, being desirous of procuring an assistant who could draw the figure well, being, like Lawrence, deficient in all but the head, he found out the ingenious painter of clock-faces, and engaged him at the moderate salary of forty pounds a year, with an especial injunction to secrecy. In this capacity he worked upon a picture of Garrick and Miss Bellamy in *Romeo and Juliet*, which was exhibited under the name of Wilson. Garrick's keen eye satisfied him that another hand was in the work, and he resolved to discover the unknown painter, which discovery by perseverance he effected, and he made the acquaintance of Zoffany and became his patron, employing him himself and introducing him to his friends; and in this way his bias to theatrical portraiture became established. It is evident by his works, not only in portraits and groups of players but in his more important compositions, that his genius was essentially of a dramatic character. Garrick's favour met with an ample return in the admirable portraits of himself and contemporaries, which have rendered their personal appearance so speakingly familiar to posterity both in his pictures and the admirable mezzotinto scrapings of Earlom. Among others of his friends to whom Garrick extended his valuable recommendation, was an especial introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, with his accustomed kindness and liberality, immediately took the promising young painter by the hand. Here is an instance of the kind interest he took in promoting his fortunes. It is mentioned in a letter to Fuseli from Miss Moser, then in Rome, and does honour to the liberality of that great and good man—"Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give an hundred guineas for the picture. Lord Carlisle, half an hour after, offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the Lord, and the emolument to his brother artist." "He is a gentleman!" is the emphatic comment of warm-hearted Mary Moser.

Zoffany was elected among the first members of the Royal Academy in 1768. His first

pictures which obtained public notice were—Garrick, as Abel Druggier; Foote, as Sturgeon, in the Mayor of Garret, under such favourable influences soon became esteemed. The first picture which attracted general notice, and introduced Zoffany to the patronage of fashionable life, was a portrait of the Earl of Barrymore. He was afterwards introduced to the king, for whom, in 1771, he painted a capital picture of the royal family on a large canvas, to the number of ten portraits, which has been effectively scraped in mezzotint by Earlom. He painted likewise two separate portraits of George III and Queen Charlotte, of which there are scrapings by Houston. Shortly after he again visited Italy, bearing a recommendation from the king to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, in which city he painted the interior of the Florentine Gallery, which was purchased by George III., and is now in the royal collection. In 1774, he painted an excellent picture of the life-school of the Royal Academy, including all the members of the Royal Academy; among them a Chinese member, Tan Chat Gua; a portrait of himself, palette in hand; two life models, and two pictures to represent the two lady members, Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser;—in all, thirty-six portraits. This capital and animated picture is in the royal collection at Buckingham Palace; it was finely scraped by Earlom.

In 1781 or 1782, Zoffany went out to India, and remained some time at Lucknow. Although in the enjoyment of high patronage in London, his affairs fell into such embarrassment as to precipitate his departure. Zoffany's picture of Colonel Mordaunt's cock-match, which came off at Lucknow in 1786, was painted in the East, being a commission for Governor Hastings. It was shipped for England, but the vessel was wrecked, and the picture lost. Zoffany, who luckily took passage by another ship, arrived in safety, and heard of the lost picture with the philosophy of a Stoic, observing it would do for the picture gallery of old Neptune, that ancient collector, but sorry connoisseur. Happily, Zoffany had his original sketches and studies in his own possession, and by their aid he set patiently about a fresh painting with the same grouping, portraits of Hindoos and Gentoos, rajahs and nabobs, of all castes and colours, that choice spirit, Jack Mordaunt and his game-cocks to boot, and behold another picture, a fac-simile of the first. The painter kept his own counsel, as the story goes, and Governor Hastings was never let into the secret.

Another famous picture is a tiger-hunt near Chandernagur, in the province of Bengal, in

the year 1802, in which the painter has represented himself as the hero of the fight, seated on a howdah, with a musket, having shot the tiger. This is said to have been fact, and the military élèves of John Company swore the painter was a d—d good shot. A remarkable Hindoo custom or superstition is represented in the picture of a woman advancing to pluck out the tiger's whiskers to serve as a charm. This picture includes portraits of Sir John Macpherson and General Carnac. Both of these capital pictures are finely scraped in mezzotint by Richard Earlom, and published, the first, in 1786, by Robert Sayer, Fleet Street, and the second by Robert Laurie and James Whittle, No. 53, Fleet Street. A third very dramatic picture is the Embassy of Hyderbeck to Calcutta, from the Vizier of Oude, by the way of Patna, in the year 1788, to meet Lord Cornwallis. This is admirably scraped by Earlom, and published 12th July, 1800, by Robert Laurie and James Whittle, No. 53, Fleet Street. This very graphic composition was planned by Zoffany at a juncture when a male baggage-elephant, being irritated by his keeper, seized the wretched man with his trunk and destroyed him, and, shaking with the agitation of rage, several women and children dislodged from his back, are falling, the people on foot endeavouring to save them. After the enraged elephant comes a female elephant with her mahout or driver, then comes the elephant and driver of Sir John Hannaway, the Company's interpreter at Lucknow, then the Nabob's interpreter, then comes Zoffany himself, seated in the howdah on the back of an elephant, followed by his horse-keeper and an attendant, who keeps pace with the horse and procession, a task requiring some exertion of leg, for the long swinging pace of the elephants puts the horses to something of an amble to maintain their places in the march. In the distance is seen a reach of the Ganges, and Patna, with the granary which Warren Hastings, like Joseph in Egypt, had stored in case of drought and famine. Then we have a soldier's wife and attendant, for in the enervating climate of India all but the lowest have their attendants; a hackney or carriage, with ladies and attendants; a Delhi soldier, the European army on their march, Hyderbeck's swarie, the Nabob's horses and colours, a missionary and attendants; a Portuguese doctor, with his wife and son; a native soldier, a fakir fixed in one position, a young Hindoo returning from bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges, women carrying water from the same river, a girl selling vegetables, a Mogul soldier; a native Sepoy, pacaloning, or obliging a peasant to carry his arms; more fakirs, a radish girl,

coolies carrying bedding, nabobs' soldiers, Delhi soldiers, native sycees or horse-keepers, and a mollah or priest. All these various personifications are given with great spirit and character, and grouped in a most expressive manner. It was during this time, when life in India had all the charm of Eastern romance, that Zoffany, one morning early, had an audience of the vizier, who at the same time was undergoing the trying process of being shaved. The unlucky barber having the misfortune to make a notch in the puissant chin, his serene highness was graciously pleased to fall into a monstrous rage, and in his wrath he ordered the poor devil to be instantly baked to death in a slow oven. Zoffany, whose European sensibility was moved by this cruel sentence, professed to look upon the affair as an exceedingly good joke, but as the mode of punishment was somewhat common-place and stale at the august court of Lucknow, moved an amendment by way of novelty. It chanced that an enterprising Frenchman had arrived with a balloon—in those days a balloon was a novelty in Europe, much more so in the East—and had made some short ascents to the astonishment of all beholders. "An idea, your highness, an idea has just struck me; suppose you send the barber up in the Frenchman's bag of vitriol and iron filings—that, I venture to submit to your highness, would indeed make some sport." At these words, the unhappy barber prostrated himself, grovelling before the musnud of the incensed and awful vizier, whose whiskers still curled with indignation, and, knocking his head on the floor in a passion of terror, prayed to be taken at once to the bakehouse, instead of being sent tie-leg and post-haste to Shaitan by means of the mysterious bag of wind. The sally volunteered by the painter was well directed, his jocularly contagious, and in a minute the mood of the semi-barbarous tyrant veered round to fair weather, his midriff was tickled by the humorous proposal, and he fairly rolled in laughter as he delivered his mandate that the balloon should instantly be inflated, the poor barber secured in the car, and sent adrift wherever the wind might carry him. He made, as the saying is, a successful ascent, to the admiration of all Lucknow. As it happened, Shaitan was not to have the barber this time, for he was found, together with his exhausted balloon, within a few miles of the starting-point. The poor fellow, half-dead with fright, was carried back in triumph to the city, where he received an ample pardon, and rose to high favour with the tyrant, whose minister and ad-

viser, as well as boon companion, he in time became.*

Johann Zoffany, Fiorillo informs us, was born at Regensburg, in Bavaria; and by another account, perhaps the more authentic, Frankfort-on-the-Main is assigned as his birth-place, in 1735. His father was a native of Bohemia, an architect, who had settled in Germany. Young Zoffany was sent by his father to Italy, where he pursued his studies for some years. When he returned to Germany he practised for a time, but it would appear with no great success, at Coblenz on the Rhine, whence he removed to England a few years before the establishment of the Royal Academy under the auspices of George III., of which he became one of the first members. Zoffany returned to England in 1796, with a large fortune, which he had acquired in India, but through extravagance or unsuccessful speculation he lost the greater part of it before his death, of which we have the following notice in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—May, 1810, at Strand-on-the-Green, near Kew Bridge, Johann Zoffany, Esq., R.A. J. W. A.

THE VIZIER'S PARROT.

THE Caliph Haroun gave his Vizier Ali

An Indian parrot, green and scarlet-wing'd,

A bird of wisdom, once King Ho anynama's;

Its filmy eyes were all with wrinkles ring'd:

With gravity befitting a royal bird,

It ate and talked, and watch'd the coming finger,

Holding its head awry to catch the voice

Of every laughing slave or passing singer.

The women of the harem call'd the bird

"King Red-Cloak," for a bright flamingo colour

Was half its plumage; and its beak a dagger

Of curious curve—it needn'd Rustum's valour

To face its bite; peach, almond, fig, or apple,

It would dissect with calm consideration.

It was of wondrous age, and, if it chose,

Could have reveal'd the lore of many a nation.

It was the rarest mimic: dog or ape,

Raven or child, or eunuch it could follow,

Just like an echo, giving every sound,

Or whisper, shout, or scream, or cry or hallo,

With a droll twinkle of its beady eyes,

And rocking change of foot, and fluttering—

Spiteful and humorous, goblin-like and quaint—

Of its green plumage and its crimson wing.

* This anecdote was told to my father by Job Bulman, Esq., of Cox Lodge, near Newcastle, commonly called Nish Bulman, who was at Lucknow contemporary with Zoffany. This gentleman went out to India in a medical capacity, but was for some time unsuccessful in the scramble for golden fruit, which ensued wherever the pagoda-tree was shaken, till, at length, his fortunes took a turn. Being one of a party assembled at a tiger-hunt, in which the vizier was the leader, the enraged animal, being wounded and at bay, made a spring at the head of the vizier's elephant, which so alarmed the great one that he sprang from the howdah, and, in his fall, sprained his ankle so severely, that the skill of native doctors was unequal to the task of soothing his anguish. Upon this, young Bulman was called in, and his ministrations proved so effectual that a speedy cure was effected, and the great man became his patron, and thus was laid the foundation of a handsome fortune.

One day the Caliph came, the Vizier gone
To hunt the leopard, and sat down beside
Red-Mantle's cage, with sugar'd fruits and cakes
To tempt the Indian bird, that listening eyed

The turban'd man that muttered the Koran
(His former master), with a wistful look,
And soon began to chatter o'er his hoard
Like mollah mumbling o'er a sacred book.



Not his old sayings, but his newest chat,
Gather'd in the divan; the secrets hidden
From all but it,—some inklings of a plot,
But too apparent to that guest unbidden:
"The knife or bowstring!" "Tyrants must be slain,
Or they will slay us!" "Dead men tell no tales."
"This very night after the hunting, mind,
Strike all together." "Death to those who fail!"

The Caliph, brooding, listened; then arose,
And to his palace slow and silent went,
Musing o'er what he'd heard, and tracking out
The parrot's prattle with a stern intent. . . .
At sunset came the Vizier to the bath,
And, as he raised the curtain, met a hand,
Bony and strong, that closed upon his throat,
And choked his life out by Haroun's command.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE"

CHAPTER V. WAS THE HOUSE HAUNTED?

THE moon shone brightly on the long street of South Wrenock, as Mr. Carlton the surgeon stepped along it with a fleet foot. He was on his way to the house in Palace Street, number thirteen.

The widow herself came to the door in answer to his ring. She dropped a curtsy when she saw who stood there.

"Is this Mrs. Gould's?"

"Yes, sir; if you please, sir. I am Mrs. Gould, sir."

"I have just opened a note, on my return from London; one that was left at my house a day or two ago; requesting me to call here to see a patient," said Mr. Carlton. "A Mrs. —Mrs. —"

"Mrs. Crane, sir," said the widow, supplying the name for which Mr. Carlton appeared at fault. "It's all happily over, sir, and she is doing well."

Mr. Carlton stared at her as if he were thunderstruck. "Over!" he repeated. "Happily over! Why she—I understood—if I read her note aright—did not expect it for two months to come!"

"No more she didn't, sir, and it was all that omnibus's doings. It pretty near shook the life out of her."

"Omnibus!" he returned, seeming completely at sea. "What omnibus? what are you talking of?"

"Perhaps you don't know the circumstances yet, sir," returned the widow. "The lady arrived here from London, sir, a stranger, and was recommended by Mrs. Fitch to my apartments. So young, she looked, quite a girl——"

"But about her illness?" interposed Mr. Carlton, whose time was being wasted.

"I was coming to it, sir. Afore she had well done her tea that same evening, she got ill: the omnibus had shook her frightfully, she said—and you know what that omnibus is yourself, sir. Instead of getting better she got worse, and early the next morning the baby was born. Such a mite of a baby, sir!" added Mrs. Gould in a confidential tone. "I have seen many a wax-doll bigger."

A conviction came into the surgeon's mind that the mite of a baby he had seen at Great Wrenock Station, that evening, must be the one in question. "Who attended?" he inquired.

"Mr. Stephen Grey. But he only attended for you, sir, I believe, as the lady wished to

have you. She had been recommended to you."

"Recommended to me!"

"Well, yes, sir; we understood her to say so. She'll explain to you herself, no doubt. Of course, we can't but think the circumstances altogether are somewhat strange."

"Is she doing well?"

"Couldn't be doing better. Will you walk up, sir?"

The colloquy had taken place at the open door; the widow standing inside, Mr. Carlton out. He made a movement to enter, but stopped in hesitation.

"It is late to disturb her to-night. She may be asleep."

"She is not asleep, sir. Leastways she wasn't five minutes ago, when I went up to get Pepperfly down to her supper, which she's now having with me in the kitchen. I dare say she'd like you to go up, sir, and to know that you are back again."

He went in, leaving his hat on the stand that stood in the passage. Mrs. Gould ran briskly towards the kitchen.

"Just one moment, sir, while I get a light, for there's none upstairs," she said in a tone of apology for leaving him waiting. "When the nurse came down Mrs. Crane sent the candle away by her, saying she'd rather be without it."

Passing the parlour door and the room behind it—which room was a bed-chamber, and Mrs. Gould took the opportunity of sleeping in it when her permanent lodger was absent—she tripped into the kitchen, a very small apartment built out at the back, seized the candle on the table, by which Mrs. Pepperfly was eating her supper, unceremoniously left that lady in the dark, and was back in an instant to marshal Mr. Carlton up the stairs. Arrived at the door of the sitting room, he took the light from her hand.

"That will do, thank you, Mrs. Gould," he said, sinking his voice to a whisper. "I had better go in alone. She may have dropped asleep."

Mrs. Gould was nothing loth to be dismissed. She had been disturbed at her supper and was glad to return to it. In consequence of her having gone to church that evening, the meal was being taken later than usual. She closed the door on Mr. Carlton, leaving him alone.

He passed through the sitting-room, softly

opened the door of the bed-chamber and entered it, shading the light with his hand. The chamber was quite still, and he believed Mrs. Crane to be alone. In point of fact, however, Judith was sitting at the extreme end of it, behind the bed-curtains, drawn round that side of the bed, and at the foot. Quiet as his movements were, they awoke Mrs. Crane, who had fallen into a doze, and she looked round with a start, and raised her head—as we are all apt to do when suddenly awakened, especially in illness.

Mr. Carlton put down the light, approached the bed, and addressed her. But ere he had said many words or she had scarcely responded, a sound, as of a rustling movement on the other side of the bed, caught his ear.

"What is that?" he abruptly called out.

"What is what?" repeated the invalid, whose ears had not been so quick as his own.

Mr. Carlton stepped round the bed. "Is any one here?" he asked.

There appeared to be no one, for the question elicited neither sound nor answer. Sufficient light came from the candle to enable him to discern a second door on that side. He drew it open: it was pushed to, but not latched, and the moonlight streamed full upon the landing from the staircase window. But Mr. Carlton could neither see nor hear any one, and he came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken.

"I thought I heard some one in the room," he said, in a tone of apology, as he returned to the chamber.

"Indeed there is no one here," said the sick lady. "The nurse went down to her supper. It must have been in the next house: we hear the noises there nearly as plainly as though they were in this."

"That was it, then," said Mr. Carlton.

You will be at no loss, however, to understand that the noise had been caused by Judith. Finding it was Mr. Carlton who had entered, and not deeming it right to make a third at an interview between a doctor and his patient, she had hastened to escape through the half-opened door, near to which she was sitting. Her slippers were entirely of list—for Judith Ford had been furnished with all the requisites for a sick-room in her last place—and the stairs were carpeted, and she ran swiftly and silently down them, unconscious of the commotion she had so innocently caused. Mrs. Crane had not known she was there; in fact, it was but a minute or two previously that Judith had entered. She, Judith, made her way to the kitchen, where Mrs. Gould and the nurse were in the full enjoyment of cold boiled bacon and pickled onions, by the light of a fresh candle.

"Where on earth did you spring from?" exclaimed the widow.

"From upstairs," replied Judith.

"I never heard you come in. I thought you were keeping house next door, while your sister had her Sunday evening out."

"So I was, but Margaret has come home now, and I just stepped in to see if I could do anything. I saw you two were at supper as I passed the window, and didn't disturb you. Mrs. Crane was asleep, however, when I got upstairs, and Mr. Carlton has come in now."

"I say, Judith," cried the widow eagerly, "did Mr. Carlton say anything to you about the accident?"

"Mr. Carlton did not say anything to me at all. He did not see me. As soon as I knew who had come in, I stole away quietly. What accident?"

"There has been a shocking accident to-night to him and his carriage. They were talking about it in the bar, at the Cross-Keys, when I went for our supper beer."

"An accident to Mr. Carlton?"

Mrs. Gould nodded. She had just taken a large onion in her mouth, and could not make it convenient to speak immediately.

"It happened as he was coming from Great Wennock, where his servant had took his carriage to meet him at the train," she presently resumed. "The carriage was overturned and smashed to pieces, and his horse and servant were both killed."

"How dreadful!" involuntarily spoke Judith.

"I was just telling Mrs. Pepperfly of it, when the ring came to the door, and I assure you, Judy, when I opened it and saw Mr. Carlton himself standing there, it did give me a turn. Me and Mrs. Pepperfly had been wondering whether he wasn't killed too—for nobody seemed to know how it was with him at the Cross-Keys—and there stood he! I couldn't make bold to ask questions, for he has the character of being one of them proud men that won't brook none. At any rate he's not dead. I say, Mrs. Pepperfly, don't you think you ought to go upstairs while he's there?"

Mrs. Pepperfly, fond of her supper at least in an equal degree with the widow, resented the suggestion, and held up her plate, in a defiant spirit, for some more bacon.

"If he wants me he can ring for me," was her answer, curtly delivered. "How is your face to-night, Judith?"

"Well, it has been very painful all the evening. I think I shall go home and get to bed," continued Judith. "It may become easier there."

She did not linger, but bade them good-

night and hastened away. She had suffered much from tooth-ache or face-ache the last day or two. Mrs. Pepperfly and the widow sat on at their supper, until disturbed by the departure of Mr. Carlton. He had not remained long.

Of course tales never lose by carrying, especially if they are bad ones; and that you all knew. The current report of the accident in South Wenneck that night was precisely the one mentioned by Mrs. Gould—that Mr. Carlton's carriage was smashed to pieces and his horse and man were killed. On the following morning, however, things were found to be looking a little brighter: the groom, under his master's treatment, was progressing quickly towards recovery, the horse's sprain was going on well, and the carriage had gone to the coachmaker's to be repaired.

Mr. Carlton had to make his visits on foot that day. Towards the middle of it, in passing through High Street, he encountered Mr. Stephen Grey. The two had never met professionally, but they knew each other sufficiently well to nod in passing. Mr. John Grey had more than once been in attendance in conjunction with Mr. Carlton, but it happened that Mr. Stephen had not. Each stopped simultaneously now.

As Mr. Stephen Grey had remarked casually to Judith the previous Friday, there was plenty of room for Mr. Carlton in South Wenneck as well as for themselves. Indeed, the death of their brother Robert, combined with the increasing size of the place, had caused the practice to be more than John and Stephen Grey and their assistant could manage, therefore they felt not a shade of jealousy of the new surgeon, who had come to set up amidst them. Honourable, fair-dealing, right-minded men were the brothers Grey, entirely above rankling spite and petty meanness.

Mr. Stephen Grey had halted to speak of Mrs. Crane. He had been happy to attend her, he said, and would now resign her into the hands of Mr. Carlton.

"She is doing quite well," remarked Mr. Carlton.

"Quite so," said Mr. Stephen Grey, who had taken the remark as a question. "I have not long come from her. If you will step down there with me now, I will explain matters, and——"

"Would you oblige me by not giving up charge until to-night or to-morrow morning?" interrupted Mr. Carlton. "What with the confusion caused by last night's accident, and the patients who have grown impatient at my absence and are exacting double attention, I am so busy to-day that I don't know which way

to turn. Before I take Mrs.—Mrs. What's the name?"

"Crane."

"Mrs. Crane. It is not a difficult name to remember, and yet it seems to slip from me. Before I take her from your hands I should wish to meet you there, just for explanation, and I have really not time for it now. When I reached home last evening and read the note she had sent to me on Friday last, I went to call, but it was late, she seemed drowsy, and I did not undertake charge. Either to-night or to-morrow morning, Mr. Grey, I shall have the pleasure of meeting you."

"Whichever may be convenient to you," returned Mr. Stephen. "It's quite the same to me."

"To-night, then, at seven," said Mr. Carlton. "If I find that I cannot by any possibility get there"—he paused in consideration—"why then, it must be left until to-morrow morning, at ten. But I hope I shall be there this evening. She seems young, this lady."

"Quite young. She says she's two-and-twenty, but I should not have thought her so much. How did you manage to meet with that unpleasant accident?"

"I don't know any more than you know, who were not present. I fancied the horse shied; but it all happened so swiftly I could not be sure. If he did shy, it was very slightly, and I saw nothing that could have induced it; but why he should have fallen, or over what, is entirely unexplainable. It was on that smooth bit of road; the only smooth bit there is, midway between here and Great Wenneck. Evan is doing well, and as to the horse, he is very slightly injured."

"The report in the town was, that you were all done for, all killed together; you, the groom, horse, phaeton, and all."

Mr. Carlton laughed. It was difficult to resist the good-humour of Mr. Stephen Grey. And so they parted, each walking a different way.

At seven precisely that evening Stephen Grey was at Mrs. Crane's, waiting for Mr. Carlton. Mrs. Crane was flushed, and appeared to be a little feverish.

"There has been too much chattering going on," he observed to Judith, who was sitting in the front room.

"She will talk, sir," answered Judith. "Feeling well, as she does, I suppose it's natural."

"But not expedient," he returned. "Where's the nurse?"

"She was here not two minutes before you came in, sir. Perhaps she's gone down to get something."

Mr. Stephen rang the bell, and the nurse was

heard puffing up in answer. She was sure to puff when going upstairs, however slow her pace might be.

"Mrs. Pepperfly, how's this? You have allowed your charge to talk too much."

"Well, sir, and she will talk," was Mrs. Pepperfly's answer, nearly the same as the one given by Judith. "She's all right, sir; a little hot maybe to-night; but it's no harm: she's too young and healthy for harm to come anigh her, through a bit of talking."

"I'll not have her talk until she is stronger," said Mr. Stephen. "You must stop it. I must send her in a composing draught now, as I did last night."

Mr. Stephen Grey gave Mr. Carlton more grace than most busy medical men would have given—waiting for him until a quarter past seven. After his departure, Judith went in home; her face was paining her very much; and Mrs. Pepperfly stopped on guard. Scarcely had she gone when Mrs. Crane called to her from the next room.

"Judith. Come here, Judith. I want you."

"Now, mum, you are not to talk," cried Mrs. Pepperfly, hastening in. "Mr. Stephen have been a blowing of me up like anything, for suffering it. He as good as said it was my fault."

Mrs. Crane laughed; laughed out merrily, the nurse's tone was so resentfully serious. "Oh, well, I'll be good," she said. "But I do want to speak to Judith for a minute. Is she not there?"

"No, mum, she's gone in home—and Mr. Stephen had better have blown her up instead of me; for I'm sure it's to her you talk. Settle yourself just for a wink or two of sleep, there's a dear lady."

About eight o'clock the nurse was called down to supper. It was her usual hour for taking it, and she had been exceedingly wrathful the previous night at its having been delayed; the wrath, perhaps, causing the widow to get it ready punctually on this. Almost immediately afterwards Mr. Carlton arrived in a hot heat. He had walked from the Rise, he said to Mrs. Gould, who opened the door to him, and was sorry Mr. Stephen Grey had gone. The truth was, Mr. Carlton need not have missed the appointment, but he had lingered at Captain Chesney's. In Laura's society the time seemed to have wings. Mrs. Gould attended him upstairs, for he said he would see the patient, and then she went down again.

Mr. Carlton had not been talking with the invalid many minutes when a ring at the bell was heard, and somebody ascended the stairs.

The surgeon went into the sitting room, possibly thinking it might be Mr. Stephen Grey. It was, however, Mrs. Pepperfly.

"It's the draught, please, sir," said she.

"Draught?" he repeated, taking a small bottle from her hand. "What draught? One that Mr. Stephen Grey has sent in?"

"Yes, sir, the sleeping draught. He said she was excited to-night through talking, and must take one."

Mr. Carlton undid the paper, took out the cork, and smelt it. "How strongly it smells of oil of almonds!" he exclaimed.

"Do it, sir?"

"Do it! why, can't you smell it yourself?" he returned. And once more taking out the cork, which he had replaced, he held the phial towards her.

"Yes, sir; but I have got a cold. And when I does have them colds upon me, my nose ain't worth a rush."

The surgeon was still occupied with the draught, smelling it. Then he tasted it, just putting his finger to the liquid and that to his tongue.

"Extraordinary!" he remarked, in an undertone. "Why should Grey be giving her this? Here, take possession of it, nurse," he added. "It is to be given the last thing."

He returned to the bed-room as he spoke, and Mrs. Pepperfly placed the phial on the cheffonier, where other medicine bottles were arrayed. Then she put her head inside the bed-chamber. Mr. Carlton was standing talking to the sick lady.

"Do you want anything, please, ma'am?"

"Nothing at present," replied Mrs. Crane. "You can go down."

The nurse did as she was bid, and not long afterwards Mr. Carlton said good-night to Mrs. Crane, and passed through the sitting room to take his departure. As he went out on the landing to descend the stairs he saw what he thought was a face, leaning against the wall by the bed-room door and staring at him; a man's face, with thick black whiskers; a strange face, looking stern, white, and cold in the moonlight. Mr. Carlton was of remarkably strong nerve—a bold, fearless man; but the impression this made upon him was so great that for once in his life he was startled.

"Who and what are you?" he whispered, his voice insensibly assuming a tone of awe, of shuddering terror: for in good truth that face did not look like any earthly one that Mr. Carlton had ever in his life seen.

There was no reply; there was neither movement nor sound. Uncertain whether the moonlight was not playing him some fantastic trick, the surgeon strode back to the sitting-

room, brought out the solitary candle and threw its rays around.

Not a soul was there; neither man nor woman, neither ghost nor spirit. And yet Mr. Carlton felt certain that a face *had* been there. An uncomfortable feeling, vague superstition mixed with real fear, came over him and shook him as he stood; and yet I say he was by nature a fearless man, and perhaps this was the first time in his remembrance that such terror had assailed him. He threw the light around the landing; he threw it down the stairs; there was no upper story; but nothing was to be seen, and all was silent and still. Carrying the light still, he went into the bed-room by the door on the landing and threw its rays there. Mrs. Crane glanced up from the bed in surprise.

"Were you looking for anything?" she asked.

"Nothing particular. Good night."

He went straight on to the sitting-room through the intervening door, glancing around him still into every nook and corner, and put the candle back on the mantel-piece whence he had taken it—for Mrs. Crane rather liked lying in the dark. Then he wiped his hot face and descended the stairs, willing to persuade himself that he had been mistaken.

"I think I must be a fool," he muttered. "What has come over me to-night? Is the house haunted?"

Soon, all too soon, ere ten o'clock had struck, the house *was* haunted. Haunted by a presence that had no business there—Death.

CHAPTER VI. THE COMPOSING DRAUGHT.

It was Mrs. Gould who ran up to open the door for Mr. Carlton. He spoke with her a minute or two, and then departed, she returning to the kitchen and the society of Mrs. Pepperfly.

It may strike the reader that all these details have been given at some length; but, as was afterwards found, every little event of that ill-starred night bore its own significance.

Mrs. Gould and the nurse were in the full tide of gossip: the former leaning back in her chair at her ease before the supper-table, on which stood a suspicious-looking green bottle, its contents white, of which both ladies, if the truth may be told, had been partaking. The latter was bending over the fire, stirring something in a saucepan, when there came a loud, sharp rap at the kitchen window. Both started and screamed: the widow clapped her glass and teaspoon down on the table, and Mrs. Pepperfly nearly dropped the candle into the saucepan. Although they knew, had they taken a moment's leisure to reflect, that the knock came from Judith, who frequently took

that mode of making her visit known on coming in from the other house, it considerably startled them.

Judith it was. And she laughed at them as she stepped inside the passage from the yard, and entered the kitchen.

"What a simpleton you be, Judy, to come frightening folks in that fashion!" cried the widow, irascibly. "One would think you were a child. Can't you come into the house quiet and decent?"

"It was as good as a play to see the start you two gave," cried Judith. "My face is bad, and I am going to bed," she added, changing her tone, "but I thought I'd step in first and see if I could do anything more for Mrs. Crane. I suppose she's not asleep?"

"She's not asleep yet, for Mr. Carlton's but just gone. You can go up and ask her."

It was nurse Pepperfly who spoke: the widow was resentful yet. Mrs. Pepperfly regarded Judith with complaisance, for she took a great deal of care and trouble off her hands, which must otherwise have fallen to the nurse's exclusive share.

Judith proceeded up-stairs. She felt very tired, for she had been up all Friday and Saturday nights, and though she had gone to bed on Sunday night, she had slept but little, owing to the pain in her face. She was rather subject to this pain, feeling it whenever she took the slightest cold.

"Is that you, Judith?" cried Mrs. Crane. "How is your face-ache now?"

"The pain's getting easier, ma'am," was Judith's answer. "Mr. Stephen Grey said it would, now the swelling had come on. I stepped in to ask whether I can do anything more for you to-night?"

"No, thank you, there's nothing more to be done. I suppose the nurse won't be long before she brings up the gruel. You can tell her I am ready for it as you go down. You will be glad to get to bed, Judith."

"Well, ma'am, I shall; and that's the truth. To lie tossing about with pain, as I did last night, tires one more than sitting up."

"And the two previous nights you were sitting up. I don't forget it, Judith, if you do."

"Oh, ma'am, that's nothing. It's a mercy that you have not required more sitting up than that. Many do require it."

"I!" returned Mrs. Crane in a hearty tone. "I don't believe I required it at all. I am as well as I possibly can be. Mr. Carlton has just said so. I should like to get up to-morrow, Judith."

Judith shook her head, and said something

about the danger of being "too venturesome." "You'll get about all the surer, ma'am, for being quiet for another day or two."

At that moment, in came Mrs. Pepperfly; a flaring candle in one hand, and a tray with a basin of gruel on it in the other. Judith, generally suspicious of Mrs. Pepperfly, went close and glanced attentively into the basin, lest that lady should have seasoned it with a few drops of tallow in the ascent. The light shone full on Judith's swollen face, and Mrs. Crane burst into a fit of laughter.

"I can't help it," she said, as they turned to her in amazement. "It is your face that I am laughing at, Judith. It looks like the moon at the full; the cheeks are so round."

"Oh! ma'am, I don't mind the look, so that I am easy. The swelling will soon go down again."

Judith wished her good night and departed. Nurse Pepperfly arranged the basin of gruel conveniently on the bed, and stood by while it was eaten.

"And now for my composing draught," said Mrs. Crane.

"I can't give you that yet, mum," dissented the nurse. "The idea of your taking it right atop of the gruel!"

"I don't suppose it would hurt. It came, didn't it?"

"It came while Mr. Carlton was here, mum. It was that what I brought up, and Mr. Carlton he tasted of it. Just like them doctors! they are sure to put their tongues to each others' medicines."

"Mr. Carlton's going to meet Mr. Stephen Grey here at ten to-morrow," she observed. "And then I shall be under his charge exclusively."

"I heered some'at on it, mum," was Mrs. Pepperfly's answer.

She had turned to busy herself about the room, making the night arrangements. By the aid of blankets, a bed had been extemporised for herself on the sofa in the sitting-room, and there she slept, the door between the two rooms being left open that the patient might be still under her supervision. Mrs. Pepperfly had really been on her good behaviour hitherto; afraid, perhaps, to run counter to the strict mandate of Mr. Stephen Grey, given to her on entering.

About half-past nine or a quarter to ten, when Mrs. Crane had been made comfortable for the night, the nurse pronounced it time for the composing draught.

"Just light me to get it, will you?" she asked of Mrs. Gould, who had been in the chamber helping to straighten the bed, and who happened to have the candle in her hand.

The bottle was on the cheffonier where the nurse herself had placed it. She took it to the side of the bed.

"Ready, mum?"

"Quite," said Mrs. Crane.

She, the nurse, poured the contents into a large wine-glass, and Mrs. Crane drank them down, but not before she had made some remark about cherry pie.

"How it do smell!" cried Mrs. Gould, who stood by with the candle, whispering the words to the nurse.

"Mr. Carlton said it did," was the answering whisper. "Them doctors' noses be quick."

"It don't want much quickness to smell this," sniffed the landlady.

"It was just at the moment as I'd took my drop short, and you know——"

An awful cry; bringing the nurse's confession to a stand-still; an awful cry of alarm and agony. But whether it came from Mrs. Crane on the bed, or Mrs. Gould by her side, or from both, Nurse Pepperfly was too much startled to know.

Oh, then was commotion in the chamber! What was amiss with their patient? Was it a fainting fit?—was it a convulsion?—or was it death? Was it the decree of God that was taking her from the world? or had some fatal drug been given to her in error?

There is no mistaking death by those accustomed to the sight; and Mrs. Pepperfly, more thoroughly sobered in brain than she often was, wrung her hands wildly.

"It's death!" she exclaimed to the landlady. "As sure as you and me's standing upright here, it's death, and she is gone! That physic must have been poisoned; and perhaps they'll try us both for giving it to her, and hang us after it."

With a hullabaloo that might have been heard over the way, Mrs. Gould tore down the stairs. She was nearly out of her senses just then, scared out of them with consternation and terror. Partly at the event just happened, partly at the nurse's remark as to possible consequences to themselves, was she terrified. She burst out at the front door, left it open, and ran panting up the street, some confused notion in her mind of fetching Mr. Grey. Before she gained his house, however, she encountered Mr. Carlton.

Without a word of explanation, for she was too breathless and bewildered to give it, she seized his arm, turned to run back again, and to pull him with her. Mr. Carlton did not relish so summary a mode of proceeding.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, "stop! What means this? What's the matter?"

"She's dead!" shrieked Mrs. Gould. "She is lying dead and stark upon her bed."

"Who is dead?" repeated Mr. Carlton.

"Our lodger. The lady you came to see this evening—Mrs. Crane. The blessed breath have just gone out of her."

Almost with the first word of explanation Mr. Carlton shook her arm away and darted off towards the house, she following in his wake. He disappeared within it; and just at the moment the Reverend William Lycett passed, the curate of St. Mark's church. Mrs. Gould seized upon his arm as she had previously seized on Mr. Carlton's, sobbed forth some confused words, and took him up the stairs.

The nurse was standing at the foot of the bed, her eyes round with alarm; and Mr. Carlton had thrown down the bed-clothes and placed his ear close to the heart that lay there. He felt the damp forehead, he touched one of the hands.

"This is awful!" he exclaimed, turning round his pale face. "I left her well little more than an hour ago."

"Is she dead?" asked Mr. Lycett.

"She is dead," replied the surgeon. "What had you been giving her?" he demanded of Mrs. Pepperly, his tone becoming stern and sharp.

It was the first indication of the consequences to them, and Mrs. Pepperly replied meekly, her apron held to her lips.

"Sir, I give her her gruel, and after that I give her her draught. It's of no good denying of it."

"That draught!" repeated Mr. Carlton to himself in a low tone of reproach. Not so low, however, but Mr. Lycett caught the words. "I was wrong not to take it away with me."

"Has she died from poison?" whispered Mr. Lycett.

"From poison—as I believe. What else can she have died from?"

Mr. Carlton, as he spoke, had his head bent over the mouth of the dead, inhaling the breath; or, rather, the odour where the breath had once been.

"You are not acquainted with the properties of drugs as may be gathered from their smell, I presume, Mr. Lycett, or else——"

"Pardon me," was the interruption, "I am quite well acquainted with them. My father is a surgeon, and half my boyhood was spent in his surgery."

"Then just put your nose here and tell me what you find."

The clergyman did as desired; but he drew back his face instantly.

"Prussic acid," he said in a whisper; and

Mr. Carlton gave a grave nod of assent. He turned to Mrs. Pepperly.

"What do you say she had been taking? Gruel? and the draught? The gruel first, of course?"

"In course, sir. She took that soon after you left. There's the basin, by token, never took down again."

Mr. Carlton laid hold of the basin pointed out to him. A little gruel remained in it still, which he smelt and tasted.

"There's nothing wrong here," he observed.

"And her draught, sir, we gave her some time after, three-quarters of an hour, maybe. Not a minute had she took it when—I shan't overget the fright for a year to come—she was gone."

"A year!" echoed Mrs. Gould from the door, where she had stood trembling and sobbing, her head just pushed into the chamber. "I shan't overget it for my whole life."

"Where is the bottle?" inquired Mr. Carlton.

"The bottle!" repeated the nurse. "Where now did I put it? Oh, it's behind you, sir. There, on the little table by the bed's head."

The bottle which had contained the draught lay there, the cork in. Mr. Carlton took out the cork, smelt it, recorked it, and laid it on the table, an angry scowl on his face.

"Do you smell anything wrong?" asked Mr. Lycett.

For answer the surgeon handed him the phial, and Mr. Lycett removed the cork for one moment, and put it in again. It was quite sufficient.

"Where did the draught come from?" inquired the curate. But the next moment his eyes fell on the label, and he saw it had come from the surgery of the Messrs. Grey.

Mr. Carlton replaced the phial from whence he had taken it, and looked at the landlady. "Mrs. Gould, I think you had better go up and ask Mr. Stephen Grey to step here."

Glad to be away from the death chamber, yet afraid to stay by herself alone, the woman was not sorry to be sent upon the errand. The streets under the bright moon were as light as day, and she discerned Mr. John Grey standing at his own door long before she reached him. The sight seemed to give an impetus to her speed and her excitement, and she broke into sobs again as she made a dash at him.

"Oh, sir! this will kill some of us."

Mr. Grey, a man of strong mind, decisive in speech,—sometimes, if put out, a little stern in manner,—looked calmly at the widow. Like Judith Ford, he had no patience with nervous nonsense. He was a tall man, with aquiline features and keen dark eyes.

"What will kill some of us, Mrs. Gould? Our nerves?"

"Where's Mr. Stephen, sir? Oh, sir, she's dead! And it is that draught which Mr. Stephen sent down to-night that has killed her."

"Who is dead?" returned Mr. Grey in wonderment. "What draught? What are you talking of?"

"The lady Mr. Stephen is attending at my house, sir. He sent her a sleeping draught to-night, and there must have been poison in it, for she died the minute she had swallowed it. I mean the young lady, Mrs. Crane, sir," she added, perceiving that Mr. Grey appeared not to understand her.

"Dead!" he uttered.

"Stone dead, sir. Mr. Carlton said I had better come up for Mr. Stephen Grey. He's there with Mr. Lycett."

Mr. Grey closed his own door and entered his brother's house. Frederick Grey was coming across the hall.

"Is your father in, Frederick?"

"No. I don't suppose he'll be long. I don't know where he's gone, though. Uncle John, we had a letter from mamma this evening."

"Did he make up a draught to-night for Mrs. Crane, do you know?" continued Mr. Grey, passing unnoticed his nephew's gratuitous information.

"Yes, I know he did, for I was in the surgery at the time. A composing draught. Why? It was sent."

"Why, it have just killed her, Master Frederick," put in Mrs. Gould. "It were prussic acid, they say, and no composing draught at all."

"What thundering nonsense!" echoed the boy, who appeared to have caught only the latter words.

"Nonsense, is it, sir?" sobbed the widow. "She's dead."

Frederick Grey glanced quickly at his uncle, as if for confirmation or the contrary.

"I am going down there, Frederick. Mrs. Gould says she is dead. As soon as your father comes in, ask him to follow me."

The lad stood looking after them as they went down the street, his brain busy. At that moment he saw their assistant, Mr. Whittaker, approaching from the opposite side of the street. Frederick Grey took his cap from the hall where it was hanging, and went out to meet him.

"Mr. Whittaker, they are saying the new patient, Mrs. Crane, is dead. Do you believe it?"

"Rubbish," retorted Mr. Whittaker. "Mr.

Stephen told me to-night she was as good as well. Who says it?"

"Mother Gould. She has been up here to fetch Uncle John, and he has left word that papa is to follow soon. Tell him, will you?"

He vaulted off ere he had well finished speaking, caught up Mrs. Gould at her own door, and ran up-stairs after his uncle. Mr. Grey had already entered the chamber of Mrs. Crane. He first satisfied himself that she was really dead, and then set to search out the particulars. Mr. Carlton directed his attention to the bottle.

"Mr. Grey," he began, "you know how chary we medical fraternity are of bringing an accusation or casting blame on one another; but I do fear some most unfortunate error has been committed. The phial has most undoubtedly contained prussic acid in some state, and it appears only too certain that it is prussic acid she has died from."

"The phial has certainly had prussic acid in it," returned Mr. Grey; "but it is impossible that it can have been sent by my brother."

"He may not have made it up himself," returned Mr. Carlton. "Is the writing his? 'Composing draught to be taken the last thing. Mrs. Crane.'"

"That is his, and I believe he made up the draught himself. But as to his having put prussic acid in it, I feel sure he did not."

"I was here when it came, and I detected the smell at once," said Mr. Carlton. "At the first moment I thought it was oil of almonds; the next I felt sure it was prussic acid. Not that I suspected for an instant there was sufficient to destroy life, the slightest modicum of a drop, perhaps; though why Mr. Stephen Grey should have put it in I did not understand. Now I cannot tell you why it was, but I could not get that smell out of my head. I think it may have been from reading that case of fatal error in the *Lancet* last week. You know what I mean?"

Mr. Grey nodded.

"And before I left I told Mrs. Crane not to take the draught unless she heard from Mr. Stephen Grey again. As I went home I called at your house; but Mr. Stephen was not at home. I intended just to mention the smell to him. Had he said it was all right, there was an end of apprehension; but mistakes have been so frequent of late as to put medical men on their guard."

"True," assented Mr. Grey.

"I have but a word to finish," continued Mr. Carlton. "When I found I could not see Mr. Stephen Grey, I went home, made up a composing draught, and was coming out with it when an urgent message came for me to see

a patient. It lay in my way here, and I was as quick as could be, but—as you see—not sufficiently so."

Mr. Carlton slightly pointed to the bed as he concluded. Frederick Grey, who had stood by, listening eagerly, suddenly stepped up to him.

"Have you that draught with you, sir?"

"Of course I have," replied Mr. Carlton. But he did not seem pleased with the lad's tones, so unaccountably abrupt and haughty. "Here it is," he added, taking it from his pocket. "You will find no prussic acid in that."

Frederick Grey received the small bottle in his hand, uncorked it, smelt it, and tasted it, just as Mr. Carlton had done by the fatal one. Doctors, as Mrs. Pepperfly remarked, like to put their tongues to physio; and Frederick had possibly caught the habit, for he was already being initiated into the mysteries of the profession, under his uncle and father.

"No, there's no prussic acid in that," said he. "Neither was there in the draught made up by my father. I stood by him the whole of the time and watched him mix it."

They were interrupted by Mr. Stephen Grey. To describe his grief and consternation when he saw the dead, would be impossible. Mr. Whittaker had given him the message, had told him Mrs. Gould had been to them with a tale that the lady was dead; but Mr. Stephen, who knew of old Mrs. Gould and her fears, had set it down in his own mind that the lady had only fainted. Mr. Stephen heard the details with astonishment. They were unaccountable; but he warmly repudiated the suspicion as to the error having been made by himself.

"The thing appears to be perfectly unexplainable," exclaimed Mr. Lycett.

Stephen Grey laid his hand lightly on the brow of the corpse. "I declare," said he, in an earnest, solemn tone, "in the presence of what remains of this poor young lady; nay, I declare it in a more solemn presence—that of God, who now hears me—that there was no prussic acid, or any other poison whatever, in the sleeping draught I sent here this night. Some foul play has been at work; or else some most grievous and unaccountable mischance has been unwittingly committed. Mr. Carlton, we must do our best in striving to unfathom this. You will aid me in it?"

Mr. Carlton did not hear the words. He had fallen into a reverie. Perhaps he was trying to account for the events of that night. His thoughts at that moment were not so much given to the unhappy dead, as to the face he had seen, or thought he had seen, upon the staircase landing earlier in the evening. That the face was none of his own fancy's conjuring

up; that it was not an appearance from the world of spirits, but one belonging to a living, breathing person, he felt in his judgment convinced. Did he connect that face with the dark deed which had followed? Did he suspect that that stealthy visitor, whoever it might be, was the serpent standing and waiting to deal the deadly blow? It cannot at present be told; but it is certain that Mr. Carlton did attach a dread fear, not the less strong for its being vague and undefined, to that shadowy face.

Vague indeed! More than once he caught himself fancying—nay, almost wishing—that it was but a supernatural appearance from the other world.

(To be continued.)

"AN APOSTLE INDEED."

EARLY in December, 1856, the news went far and wide through the South of Ireland, that the "Apostle of Temperance," Father Mathew, had paid the last debt of nature. He died, as he had lived, devoted to the good cause of reclaiming his volatile countrymen from their arch-enemy, the whiskey-bottle; and his name ought to stand, in Ireland at least, written in the brightest and most indelible colours among the roll of her philanthropists and patriots.

Theobald Mathew's life, from first to last, was in full keeping and harmony with his profession as a priest of the church in which his lot was cast. We have been, of late years, by far too much familiarized with such warlike spirits as Dr. Cahill and John McHale, as types of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, to fancy that one so meek, so gentle, so humble, so self-denying as "Father Mathew," could have submitted to the ecclesiastical tensure in the sister island, and worn the monastic cowl. Yet so it was: Father Mathew was not only a Roman Catholic, but a Roman Catholic priest; nor only a priest but a monk—a humble Capuchin. But under the Capuchin's coarse dress he concealed the heart of a Christian and a gentleman. No doubt, some portion of these qualities he owed to the fact that gentle blood flowed in his veins; and that, instead of being taken (as most Irish priests are) from the plough-tail to the altar, *vid* Maynooth, he was brought up in the refined society of his kinsman, the late Earl of Llandaff, and of his sister, Lady Elizabeth Mathew; and that, in the family-circle of Thomastown House, and amongst its guests, as a boy, he rubbed off some of that rust, and most of those angles, which, somehow or other, seem to mark for life the man who has once passed the gates of

St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and has been subjected to its rough and uninviting discipline.

Mr. Macguire, the M.P. for Cork, has recently given to the world a biographical account of the Apostle of Temperance, to which we are indebted for most of the facts in the present brief and hasty sketch. Born at Thomastown, in 1790, Theobald or Toby Mathew (as he was called at home) was almost from infancy the pet of his mother and sisters and elder brothers, in whose rude and rough sports he found little pleasure. He appears to have been most loveable as a child, and to have shown from the first, as if by nature and instinct, an inborn desire of giving pleasure to others. Having spoken as we have already of the general character of the Irish priesthood, it seems almost a satire to add here that his mother, a good and pious Romanist, regarded him from childhood as a sort of Nazarite, and declared that the Church was his "vocation." But so it was. As he grew up, not even the attractions of the pleasant society of Thomastown House could wean him from his early taste; and so we find him in 1807 entered as a student for orders at Maynooth.

The recently published Reports of the Visitors of this college, whose very name strikes such a panic in the hearts of worthy individuals in England, will serve to show that, so far from being intellectually formidable as an institution, it is one of the worst managed close-boroughs in the three kingdoms; and the only wonder still is that it sends out the raw material which finds admission there in any less crude condition than that in which it entered. The same was the case upwards of half a century ago. Then, as now, it would seem to have been a sort of ecclesiastical "Dotheboy's Hall;" and its professors appear to have done their best to break the spirits and crush the affections of those unhappy youths who were sent there to "study for the Church." In one respect, Theobald Mathew seems to have been extremely fortunate. He escaped the blighting and withering influence of the dreary place; for he had not been more than a few weeks in residence when he was desired summarily to remove his name from the books of Maynooth, for the heinous offence of having invited one or two of his fellow-students into his room and given them tea and supper! This must have been at the time a sad disappointment to the future "Apostle;" for the punishment appeared to shut the door of the Romish priesthood against him for ever; but after a while, the late Dr. Murray, the worthy and tolerant prelate who sat so long in the chair of Dublin, having admitted him into orders, we find him settled quietly down as a sort of

curate under "Father" Donovan, in the chapel attached to a Capuchin friary in a back street in Cork. Here, for nearly twenty years, Theobald Mathew passed his life between his duties at the altar, in the confessional, and in the workhouse and gaol of the city, and gaining the highest character, among both rich and poor, by his amiable character and by his eloquence—which was effective because it came from the heart. He was no mob-orator or surplised demagogue, like too many of his fellows, but a peacemaker at home and abroad: he was eloquent in his pulpit, not on the hustings; and, therefore, no doubt, it was that he was left to "blush unseen" in obscurity, too good, too self-denying, and too spiritual to gain a chance of obtaining an Irish mitre.

It was only in the year 1838 that his name became known beyond the narrow limits of the provincial city in which his lot was cast, and then almost by an accident. In the course of his labours in the workhouse and the gaol, he saw how large a share the vice of drunkenness had in pauperizing and degrading his countrymen, and for many months he pondered over the best means of providing a remedy against its baneful effects. He saw that the Celt could not be treated as the Saxon, and that with such an excitable people as the Irish there was no middle course open which was likely to induce them to abandon their love of the whiskey-bottle. But it was not so easy to determine where he should fix his starting-point. At last, the feeling and heart-spoken appeal of a Quaker inhabitant of the town of Cork—"Oh! Theobald Mathew, if thou would only give thy aid to the cause, what good thou would do!" came to him as a home-thrust. He looked on the speech as the voice of conscience, or rather of God himself; he thought the matter over well, and resolved to commence a crusade against the bottle: he crossed the Rubicon, like Cæsar, and at a public meeting, in the month of April, in the same year, he put his signature to a document forswearing all intoxicating drinks for the future.

Sixty persons followed his example on that eventful night; in a week or two, he reckoned his adherents by hundreds; in three months, no less than 25,000 persons had joined his standard; and before the close of the year, we are assured that his followers had increased to 156,000. Early in 1839, the "movement" began to assume larger, and even formidable, proportions throughout the South and West of Ireland, and thousands upon thousands from the adjoining counties of Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary, and even from far distant Galway, professed themselves "Re-

chabites" indeed. But it does not appear that these warm and impulsive gentlemen were equally willing to sacrifice money for the "cause;" at all events, even before he started on his crusade abroad, he found himself involved in debt to the extent of 1,500*l.*, incurred mainly through feeding the hungry multitudes who flocked to his cottage-door at Cork, and through a distribution of temperance medals, of silver and bronze, which he thoughtlessly ordered to be manufactured in thousands (like a genuine Irishman), although he had no money to pay for them. At last, the parlour in Cove Street had to be exchanged for the Horse Bazaar, and soon even that became too limited an arena. The results of the "movement" began to tell on the Cork Police Courts and in the Poor Law Union, and the Celtic inhabitants of Waterford and Limerick in no doubtful terms desired the presence of the leader of the movement among them. The "Apostle" accordingly visited those cities in person, administering the pledge, and distributing medals as before, and his progress from place to place now became a perfect ovation. We have not space for details. At Borrisokane we read that in four days 150,000 disciples gave in their names and signed the pledge. At Dublin, at Parsonstown, at Carlow, the story was the same; as whole rivers, we are told, were dried up in their courses exhausted by the countless host that followed the standard of Xerxes of old into Greece, so we learn that the great brewers and distillers of Ireland were all but ruined; and that Father Mathew had attained, at their expense, unsought by himself, the honours of Apostleship. He was now a public man, and his name had become the watch-word of millions.

During the next two or three years his successes were marvellous, and almost reminded one of the Apostolic age and miraculous gifts. Nor did he confine his exertions to his beloved Ireland. He visited Glasgow, York, Leeds, and London, and extended his tour to America, where he met with the same enthusiastic reception as he had experienced in Ireland. He reckoned his converts by millions. From every quarter, secular and religious, including the Protestant clergy and such men as Lords Lansdown and Morpeth, he received the strongest testimonies of the importance of his work, and of his success in his laudable effort to reform the morals of his countrymen. The applause which greeted him everywhere was enough to have turned a strong man's head; and if it did not turn that of Father Mathew, it was because his heart was too sincerely identified with the cause to allow him to give play to vanity.

If the term is applicable to the nineteenth century, and if results are a test of a heavenly mission, Father Mathew thus proved himself "an Apostle indeed," by his rapid and effectual victories gained in the cause of human nature as exhibited in the lower strata of Irish society. It destroys, no doubt, some part of the illusion of the halo that ought to surround an Apostle's brows, to find that in consequence of his reckless and thoughtless expenditure on medals, a man like Father Mathew was brought to the degradation of an arrest for debt by a Sheriff's officer; but even here the degradation is considerably diminished by the fact that the man whose duty it was to serve the writ upon him, knelt down to receive his blessing while executing his duty. Such a scene as this could never have occurred in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions but Ireland; and it does not say much for the real and solid generosity of his countrymen, and especially of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, to have left him thus responsible for debts incurred in a cause which, if it was calculated to benefit Protestant Ulster at all, could not fail to work ten times as much good among the Papists of Connaught and Munster.

The rest of the Apostle's story is soon told. In spite of his arrest for debt, all went on merrily and successfully on the whole for a few years, his creditors being secured the ultimate payment of their claims in full by heavy insurances on his life, the premiums on which were paid out of a well-earned pension bestowed upon him by the Government as a public benefactor. But the unhappy autumn of 1846, which brought with it the potato-blight and famine in its train, wrought sad mischief to the temperance cause in Ireland. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of those who had stood firm to the "pledge" in the summer of comparative prosperity, broke faith with the "cause" in the wintry day when famine and fever stalked across the land, and when the temptation to recur to strong drink in the face of death wrought in Paddy the same recklessness of consequences which (if we may believe Thucydides) marked the populace of Athens when the plague broke out in the city. Though very many of his converts stood firm and never wavered, yet Father Mathew could not look unmoved upon the partial overthrow of his work, and with the decay of the movement began the break up of his constitution. The work in which he had rejoiced so much now began to tell on him. In 1852 a premonitory attack of apoplexy gave the first sign of his approaching end. He rallied, and went abroad for change of scene and air; but he

never afterwards was the same man that he had been. He recovered partially during a visit to Madeira in 1854, and the following year, but it was only a temporary improvement: the last bright flickering of the candle ere it burned down into the socket. He returned to Ireland only to sink into his grave. He died early in December, 1856, and a public funeral at the Cemetery at Cork reminded the world again of the wide popularity of the once familiar name of "Father Mathew."

Our readers will be anxious to know whether it is the opinion of his biographer that the work which "the Apostle" was raised up to perform is likely to be permanent. This question, Mr. Macguire, in his biography, answers in the affirmative. "Father Mathew," he writes, "taught his generation this great lesson, that, as a rule, alcoholic stimulants are not only unnecessary, but also injurious to man—that drunkenness is an odious and disgusting vice—that poverty and misery, and disease and crime, are its offspring: that the man who altogether abstains from strong drink is safer than the man who is moderate in his enjoyment of that which is so full of risk and danger; and that not only is there no possible safety for those liable to excess and unable to resist temptation save in abstinence, but that there is social, moral, and physical redemption to be found in the pledge for the most confirmed and abandoned drunkard. This is a grand lesson to have taught: and this lesson, which has become part of the world's wisdom and experience, cannot be obliterated—certainly not from the memory of the Irish people."

It is our hearty wish, and doubtless that of every honest Englishman, that this estimate of the results of Father Mathew's mission may not prove to be exaggerated. But when we reflect on the fickle and capricious character of the inhabitants of the sister isle, we are disposed to be somewhat sceptical, or, at all events, we desire to see the expected fruits borne out by the test of experience, more especially when we see that, in spite of his apparently strong conviction to the contrary, a latent doubt on the subject appears here and there to crop out in the interesting work of Mr. Macguire, on which we have drawn so much for our materials—a man who is singularly qualified by his antecedents to form a sound judgment on social questions affecting Ireland. If permanent good should result, none will rejoice more sincerely than ourselves: and we could only desire that an Apostle, as great and as good, might spring up in each of our large cities, both in England and Scotland, and attempt to bring about a similar achievement.

E. WALFORD.

DAYS IN THE BLACK FOREST.

PART II.

AMONGST the paintings illustrating the scenery and legends of the neighbourhood, in the portico of the Kursaal at Baden-Baden, an attempt has been made to represent the Mummel-See, with its ghostly inhabitants. The place itself has not the slightest claim to the picturesque. It is, however, a wonderfully solemn and lonely spot, and when there is no wind the silence is as perfect as in the Alpine glacier region, as the firwoods, at least in September, are deserted by birds. Under a quiet sunset sky or by moonlight, when the woods and sky are reflected in the glass-like water, the weirdness of the scene cannot be surpassed. A rustic shed has been built on the brink as a shelter to visitors, but its uninhabited look only increases the startling lifelessness. With its gloomy girdle of straight dark-green trees and umber water, it looks like a pool which we should seek for in the geography of Dante's Hell, rather than in the world of fact. No wonder that it has been the fruitful source of extraordinary superstitions.

It is said that no plummet has ever been able to reach the bottom, and that when a bag containing peas or pebbles is hung in the water, an odd number changes to even, and an even number to odd, when they are withdrawn and counted again. Once when a herdsman brought some cattle to the edge of the lake, a brown bull came out of the water and joined the rest; he was pursued by a little man, who drove him back with frightful curses. Another time a wanton lad threw stones in the lake, and immediately brought on a piercing hail-storm. In winter, a peasant with a waggon-load of wood passed over the lake, but his dog, who followed him, broke through the ice and disappeared. A sportsman in pursuit of game suddenly came on a little man of the woods counting money. He took aim at him; but he vanished into the lake, telling him that he would have enriched him had he civilly requested him to give him some; as it was, he was doomed to life-long poverty. Another time a peasant at Seebach was accosted in the evening by a queer little old fellow who begged for a night's lodging. As he had no spare bed, he offered him a shake-down on a bench or in the manger. The little fellow said he preferred sleeping among the hemp-stalks. "For what I care," said the peasant, "you may sleep in the pond or the trough of the fountain, if you please." So he took up his quarters for the night between the rushes and the water. To the astonishment of his host, his clothes were quite dry when he presented himself the next morning. He then said he was a water-mannikin, who had lost his

wife, and inquired the way to the Mummel-See, which alone, of all the lakes in the world, he had not yet visited in search of her. The peasant guided him thither. Telling his guide to wait for his re-appearance, or else a sign that he would stay, he jumped into the lake. After two hours the mannikin's staff came to the surface with two clots of blood. This was the sign that he had succeeded in his quest. A duke of Württemberg built a raft for the purpose of sounding the lake; as soon as the lines had all run out, the raft began to sink, and the men on board got off it as quickly as they could. It quite disappeared, and by-and-bye came to the surface in small pieces.

Doubtless these tales are as old as the race among which they have lingered; they vary little from similar ones which are connected with widely distant scenes in Germany and Scandinavia. From the Mummel-See a rugged path leads to the bare plateau at the top of Hörnisgrunde, whence the eye ranges over lower wooded mountains in Württemberg on one side, and over the vast plain of the Rhine, with Strasburg Minster the most conspicuous object on it; beyond it, to the west, the undulations of the Vosges mountains, and to the south the Black Forest as far as Freiburg. The Alps of eastern Switzerland are said to be visible at times above the Württemberg hills. The way back to Ottenhöfen may be varied by skirting the side of the mountain, and rushing down an almost perpendicular path paved with loose boulders. This disadvantage is counterbalanced by the view of a wood consisting entirely of maple, a tree which in advanced growth possesses a most fantastic beauty, just as its light-coloured knotty wood produces most elegant furniture.

On a knoll in front of the village of Ottenhöfen, covered with vines to the top, are some bits of wall which seem to indicate the site of an ancient castle; and the road that passes this place leads to a narrow gorge, which is ascended by a fenced way, strongly bringing to mind the kind of rocky path by which the brigands pass and repass in "Fra Diavolo." In this gorge there are a succession of very pretty waterfalls; near the top of the first of these there is a shallow cavern, which is known by the name of the Edelfrauengrab, or Noble Lady's grave. As the path is pursued upwards, past cascades and exquisite pools fit for Undine herself to rest in, a space of green prairies and chalets is reached, and the way divides, the right branch leading to the heights and skirting some colossal rocks, the left passing over a corner of the hill, which commands a beautiful view, into the Allerheiligen road. With regard to the castle and the Edelfrauen-

grab, a legend is current among the people, which doubtless is to be found somewhere in print in a more correct form than that in which we heard it. The castle in question once belonged to a knight, who went on a crusade. His lady forgot her duty to her absent husband, but Heaven punished her by making her the mother of six little children at once. In the meantime her husband's approaching return was notified to her, and she, in her terror, ordered the evidence of her guilt to be destroyed. Her lord, on the road to his castle, met a woman with a basket, and asked her what it contained. She answered, "Puppies" (Rüden), which she was going to drown. The knight peeped in the basket; the woman confessed. He ordered the children to be preserved. They won their way by their own swords in after years, and became the founders of noble houses. He dissembled his wrath, and reciprocated his wife's welcome. At a great feast given in honour of his return, he took some opportunity of asking the lady what a woman deserved who made away with her own children. She answered, "To be buried alive." He took her at her word, and immured her in the cavern which bears the name of Edelfrauengrab; ordering the Castle of Bosenstein, with its evil associations, to be demolished, and another built by Kappel, called Neuenstein. The legend was doubtless invented to account for a family name, like that one which so much resembles it attaching to a locality on the banks of the Main.

Past this Edelfrauengrab goes a footpath which, in a two hours' walk, will lead to the convent of Allerheiligen. After a long ascent up a wooded mountain, a high-lying green basin is reached, at the bottom of which, built in pure Gothic style, of light reddish and yellow stone, stained and weather-worn, appears the majestic ruin of the abbey, relieved against a background of dark pines. It is a scene of perfect quiet and isolation. The part still left standing is plainly but a small portion of the old conventual buildings, which, with their gardens and shrubberies, as testified by the remains of the foundations, must have occupied the whole of this idyllic nook in the mountains. From the site of the abbey runs a trout stream in a southerly direction; the glen narrows into a gorge, in the course of which the stream makes a series of leaps in rapids and twisting waterfalls, till it issues into a broader valley, which leads into the world beyond. The history of the abbey is as follows:—In the middle of the 12th century, Uta—daughter of the Count Palatine of the Rhine, Gottfried, and Luitgardis, daughter of Berthold the Third, Count of Zähringen—was

married to Duke Welf, or Guelph, the Fourth, a man of rich possessions in Bavaria, Suabia, and Italy. They had an only son, whom they soon lost, and this may have been partly the reason why in time the affections of the Count were alienated from his wife, and left her to sorrow alone in Italy. After this he was struck with blindness, which he recognized as a judgment from Heaven, and returned to his wife penitent, living in good works to 1191, when he died. Uta, who had inherited Schauenberg in her mother's right, continued to live there in pious seclusion. Her feelings led her to found a cloister in the neighbourhood. There is a place called Eselsbrunnen, or the Ass's Fountain, near the top of the Soolberg, hard by. In her indecision as to the site of the projected cloister, Uta determined to be guided by a sign, which was to be the resting of the beast who carried her treasures. The ass ran up the mountain, till thirst compelled it to stop to drink. Then it went to the top of the Soolberg, where it cast its burden. As the exact spot was too rough and wintry, a chapel was built there to St. Ursula, and the foundations of the future abbey were laid in the hollow underneath. The rule adopted was that of Norbert of Præmonstrat. The cloister was finished in 1193, and dedicated to All Saints. It was at first only a priory with five clerks. But it rose rapidly, and gained in wealth and good repute. The Abbey of Lorsch was incorporated with it in 1250, and supplied with clerical members from Allerheiligen. The monks afterwards increased to thirty or forty, and the revenue to 20,000 florins per annum. In 1657 it was raised to the dignity of an abbey. It had, however, suffered in the Peasants' War, and the wars of the French Revolution were fatal to its existence; it was suppressed in 1802, the monks emigrating to Lauterbach. The building was so damaged by lightning in 1803 that its restoration was abandoned, and it has since fallen more and more into a ruinous condition. The remaining buildings testify to its gradual growth. The arms over the portal bear the date of 1669. Pure old German Gothic is seen in the yet standing arches of the choir, while those of the aisles of the choir are round. The bases of many pillars are still left to a height of two or three feet from the ground. Thorn-bushes and brambles grow on the ruins, and the dwarf-pine and gorse about the bases of the pillars. The flagstones of the sinking graves are covered with moss and soft mountain-grass. Outside are to be seen the pillars which bounded the former garden of the hospice, and old buildings now used for farming purposes; part of the adjoining buildings has been

restored into a commodious wirthschaft, which is kept by the forester. Its large saloon on the first floor is adorned with spoils of the chase, portraits of German princes, and photographs of students, which have been presented to the family in acknowledgment of hospitality. There are numberless other beautiful excursions in the neighbourhood of Ottenhöfen: one is up a valley, from the top of which the Hörnisgrunde assumes a majestic pyramidal form, being seen sideways, and the path followed on leads to Obukirch, a long handsome village, in a fruitful valley, where the amber-coloured and muscatel-flavoured Klingel-berger wine may be enjoyed to perfection. There are grand old castles on all hands, each with its legendary story. But none has so fine a site as the Brigitten-Schloss, which stands among mighty blocks of granite, its keep alone being left, and at the height of some 800 feet commands the plain of Strassburg, being perched at the end of a spur of the Hörnisgrunde. We are loth to be moving away from this charming mountain seclusion with its simple-hearted and kindly inhabitants; where the weekly expenses of a family are not greater than the daily expenses of an average English hotel, with its scanty bill of fare and dilapidated, conventional grandeur. And the autumn just at this time, the close of September, has put on its most beautiful dress. The trees have changed all their leaves into the semblance of many-coloured blossoms, quite as beautiful as the actual blossoms of April and May; so that the whole scene looks like a vast flower-garden. Whilst the pines on the mountain side, and the round-leaved alders by the brook side still retain their solemn green foliage, the maple has become a mass of pale gold, the ash is hung about with bunches of brown catkins, the mountain-ash with scarlet beads, the hazel wears spangles of pale straw-colour, the walnut is rich in its browns but tattered and torn, and the chesnut wears a vesture of raw umber, while the lowly elder-bush sets off well the darker trees with its pointed leaves of faint opaque yellow. Below, the bramble romps in deep crimson over the foreground rocks, and the broom has changed its golden flowers for brownish black pods, while the heather in seed is of a similar sober hue, and these sombre tints are set off by bits of bright colour sown among them by the flowers that linger in autumn, such as the blue campanula and the bright yellow snapdragon, while the brightest red of all belongs to the faded leaf of the lowly sorrel. Nature, like Julius Cæsar, feeling herself death-stricken, wraps her grandest gown about her, that she may die with dignity unimpaired.

G. C. SWAYNE.

"WISH NOT;" OR, SOMETHING NEW.



INTRODUCTION.

IN a brilliantly lighted drawing-room of one of the best houses, in the very best quarter of Vienna, sat the old Count Von Bountzstellen and the once pretty French Marchioness de la B—. They had been young lovers, and were

now old friends. The Count had adored the rising and the setting sun of the Marchioness's beauty, and love, with clipped wings, had gradually settled down into a friendship of the most calm and respectable description.

They were, indeed, a well-assorted pair, for

the Count's strongest point being his conversational power, and that of the Marchioness her power of endurance as a listener, their evenings passed away pleasantly enough.

Indeed, the Count's knowledge of everything that had or had not happened in Germany for the last fifty years was almost miraculous, and although I do not mean to cast any doubt on his veracity, he was certainly the greatest story-teller in all Vienna.

Now, as what the Count said to the Marchioness, and what the Marchioness said to the Count will best serve to introduce the real hero of my little story, I may as well narrate it immediately.

"I NEVER can believe it," said the Marchioness de la B.

"It's as true," said the Count Von Bountzstellen, "as that I love *you* more dearly than fortune, than fame."

"And than truth, you odious man," interrupted the Marchioness (smilingly rapping her old admirer's knuckles with her fan), "for, as I said before, I never can credit so marvellous a tale."

"Well, I allow that it happened many, many years ago, but of the facts, as I have heard them, I entertain no doubt; indeed, the hero was a sort of distant relation of mine; but perhaps, you will allow me to tell you the entire story, as I have heard it myself from old Heinke, the burgomaster of Götzberg."

"Oh, by all means, Count. Pray do! but, tell me, is there any love in it?"

"Love, madam! Why, in good truth, *Love* was the cause of it all; but you shall hear."

CHAPTER I.

It was a dark and tempestuous night in the November of 1662, and the wind howled frightfully about the casement of a melancholy-looking chamber on the topmost story of a singularly tall, narrow, and dilapidated dwelling standing at the corner of the Market-place of the little town of Götzberg, which, as every traveller knows, lies at the foot of the lofty chain of the Hartz Mountains.

Midnight was fast approaching, and the light of a solitary lamp glimmered and flickered, and cast ugly shadows, sometimes on the walls, and sometimes on the person of the sole occupant of the apartment, the hapless student Spitzbüben, who sat therein, in an attitude of the most determined melancholy; that is to say, he had his legs forced tightly into his boots, his chin firmly planted on his breast, and his hands thrust into the extreme recesses of his pockets!

But, alas! an empty pocket only the more reminded him of his misfortunes; and it was

with a feeling akin to despair that he muttered between his teeth something like the following soliloquy:—

"What in the foul fiend's name could have induced my uncle to leave this world in such a confounded hurry? He was always such a careful, methodical old screw till the day of his death, and everybody thought, everybody said, nay, everybody knew, that he must have hoarded up somewhere, for my benefit, a most amazing fortune. When, lo! at five minutes' notice, forsooth, he departs, without the shadow of a will, leaving me sole heir to nothing but the miserable furniture of this most miserable garret, whilst I, upon the strength of this precious inheritance, have let that prince of swindlers, Captain Schwartz, clean me out of all, ay, more than all I ever possessed; but," said Hans (speaking aloud as he warmed with the subject)—"Let the Black Fiend get me out of it say I; for, may the deuce take me!"

"Hush!" said a voice at his elbow that sent his marrow down to freezing point. "Hush, Hans! *one at a time*, if you please."

At the same moment an odour of the most decidedly sulphurous and unpleasant description (somewhat like that of a railway train when they first put on the brake) diffused itself around, and before he had entirely recovered from its effects, a shape of ghastly horrors stood before him.

I shall not shock your delicate susceptibilities, my dear Marchioness, by describing it.

"Oh pray do, Count. I should like to know what the Fiend of the Hartzwald was like."

"Confound the woman!" muttered the Count. Well then, madam, you must take this as a sort of sketch of him. In the first place, it would have been difficult to paint him blacker than he was in reality, and his eyes—yes! let me see! his eyes—were on the revolving principle, sometimes green, then red, then deadly white, then red again, which gave his countenance rather an unprepossessing character.

As for his teeth, imagine something between a shark and a handsaw, and a mouth looking as if it might have just crunched up one baby and was ready for another.—His dress!

"Ah! that's a dear Count—do tell me exactly how he was dressed."

Well, something like a wild Jäger of the Hartz—*long boots, short cloak, leathern belt*, and a singularly flat cap and feather, from under which peeped forth two of the sharpest and most polished little horns that imagination can conceive; and to give him a finish, he carried his tail curled three times round his body, with the end of it dangling from under

his left arm in the most easy and *dégagé* style possible as he spoke these words :—

"Hans Spitzbuben, you have called upon my name ! I am here !"

Now, Hans was usually rather a devil-may-care sort of a fellow, and he started from his chair to deny it ; but the eyes of his visitor were rather too much for his nerves, and he fell back again, half senseless, as the Fiend proceeded :—

"Yes, Hans, you called upon me first, and then upon my master, but, as you gave me the preference, here I am ! Now, listen, but speak not !

"You love Gretchen, the daughter of that old usurer the Notary Schlosstein—you love her distractedly, but despairingly, for her father is rich, and you are worth somewhat less than nought ; besides this, the last bill you gave to Captain Schwartz is already in the notary's hands, and to-morrow you become the inmate of a gaol."

"It's all true, too true," groaned Spitzbuben ; "but, in Heaven's name, I want assistance, and not a catalogue of my misfortunes."

As the student mentioned the name of Heaven, a shudder passed through the whole frame of the Fiend, so that even the tip of his tail quivered with strong emotion ; but Hans unluckily remarked it not, as with a voice of suppressed anger the Tempter proceeded :—

"Little assistance do you deserve at my hands, for you have just pronounced a word that does not agree with my constitution, and I give you at once fair warning, that if you repeat the offence, I shall leave you to your fate for ever.

"Now raise the hearthstone at your feet ; you will do it easily by pressing down an iron spring that lies concealed between two stones in the wall, even where I now place my hand."

Hans rushed to the wall and eagerly pressed his fingers upon the spring, but he could not repress a cry of pain, for the iron that the Fiend had just touched was nearly red-hot. Nevertheless, the hearthstone slipped aside, and he forgot the pain in astonishment at what he beheld, for there were at least fifty bags brimful of gold pieces, and, besides that, a parchment-deed closely written in a very legal sort of hand—that is to say, nearly illegible.

"First of all," said the Fiend, "read that document !"

Hans with difficulty obeyed, but what was his bewilderment to find a regular deed of acknowledgment from the Notary to his deceased uncle for the sum of twenty thousand dollars, deposited with him at interest.

"Now," said the Tempter, "when the Notary Schlosstein presents his little bill to-

morrow, unfold this attested deed before him, and my word upon it, before a month passes over, the pretty Gretchen will become your loving and affectionate wife, as the price of its cancellation."

"And is all this treasure mine ?" cried Spitzbuben. "Oh Hea—"

"What ! again !" said the Fiend ; and straightway unwinding his tail from his body with the rapidity of lightning, he gave poor Hans two such tremendous lashes over his right and left shoulder, that there remained a sort of devil's cross or pair of indelible black braces on his back, which I am told no washing could afterwards rub out.

"Oh, mercy, mercy !" roared the victim, now falling upon his knees.

"It was but half pronounced," said the Evil One, "but beware of the next offence. Know, then, that the whole of this treasure may be thine, but upon one condition. You must win it !"

"Win it !" cried Hans ; "but how ?"

"The simplest thing in the world : we will play at cribbage for it !"

Now Hans recollected that, when he was at Gottingen in years gone by, he had been taught this very game by a rollicking English student, and to such good purpose that it was imagined by many, and specially by himself, that the Fiend himself was no match for him. "But I have no board," said he.

"I have," said the Fiend.

So saying, he placed upon the table a cribbage-board of most enormous dimensions, the like of which Hans had never set eyes upon before ; but the more he looked at it, the less he liked it : the ornaments were not at all in good taste—the divisions being formed of leg and thigh bones, and the holes strongly resembling the eye sockets of a skull. In short, he finished by disliking it altogether, and turned somewhat palish and repentant of the whole affair.

"Idiot !" said the Fiend, who read his thoughts, "do you waver now ! Think of the lovely Gretchen wedded to another. Your accomplished friend, Captain Schwartz, may succeed in laying out your own money in a matrimonial arrangement with the old usurer. And what do you wager against these riches ! Have I asked you to stake anything ! Ah ! I am too good. Quick, quick, or I change my mind."

Now Hans could not help seeing that these words were true enough, and that he really could run no great risk, if he staked nothing at all on the game ; so down he sat.

"But we have no pegs," said he.

"Excuse me," said his companion, "I have ;" upon which, gracefully extracting one

of his horns from his forehead, he placed it in the spare hole or socket of the board, and then politely handed the other to Spitzbüben.

"With good players one peg is sufficient. Produce the cards."

Hans did so, and won the deal; and a flourishing hand and crib he had.

But when it came to his opponent's turn—

"Stop, stop!" cried Hans; "there's something wrong here. I'll take my oath that two of my best cards have vanished, and those which I put out have got back into my hand again."

"Come, come, Master Hans, no attempt at cheating," said the Fiend, and his eyes glowered fearfully as he spoke; "either discontinue the game, or cut the cards and play on."

Our hero felt cowed by the fierce bearing of his adversary—hesitated—but obeyed, and a 5 was turned up. Hans had a good hand, and played, as he thought, consummately well; at last, throwing down his cards—

"I am out—out!" he cried exultingly.

"All but one hole," said the sable one. And sure enough Hans had miscalculated, for his opponent, showing 3 fives and a knave of the suit turned up, scored 29, and won the game exactly by a single point.

The hearthstone closed up with a noise like thunder, the board disappeared, and as the Demon tranquilly replaced his horn in his forehead—

"You've lost, my good friend!" sneered he.

"I am really sorry for you—farewell!"

"Oh, help me, help me!" sobbed Spitzbüben.

"The gold! the gold!—"

"Is still yours on one condition!"

"Mercy, oh, mercy!—but name it, if it be anything but my precious soul!"

"Your precious soul, indeed! Bah! My condition is simply this, that you permit me to grant you your first wish upon your wedding-day."

The Fiend's but a shallow Fiend, after all, thought Hans.

"I agree to the terms," said he aloud.

No sooner had the words passed from his lips, than the hearth flew open, the treasure again appeared, but the ghastly vision was no longer to be seen, and Hans sat once more alone, not, however, as before, a crushed and desponding spirit, but wildly exulting in his present good fortune, and intoxicated with the thoughts of happiness to come!

CHAPTER II.

HAPPINESS, like gold, usually contains a certain portion of alloy, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if the felicity of Hans Spitzbüben was occasionally disturbed

by reflections of rather a dispiriting description.

First of all, he knew full well, though he had never owned it to his most intimate acquaintances, that he was thirty-five years of age, or thereabouts, and Gretchen was, alas, but sixteen! and he could not help suspecting that although Gretchen was not at all too young for him, he might possibly be a trifle too old for Gretchen; and thereupon he began to ponder whether, in years to come, a buxom young wife of thirty might infallibly love a husband of fifty quite as well as—as—as—besides, the wedding wish rather perplexed and annoyed him. He felt that he would rather give up such an advantage. He might make some confounded mistake in the matter.

"Hang the wish," said Hans; "but there is one way at least to escape it, and if I wish for anything on that day, may I be—" and here he had nearly brought out some form of speech of a rather powerful nature, but that he thought he heard a sort of sniggering laugh all around him, which luckily stopped him in good time.

Well, to go on with my story, everything fell out exactly as the Black Fiend of the Hartzwald had predicted. The notary nearly threw a somersault when the fatal bond was produced, and made no objection to exchange his daughter for this terrible proof of his rascality. For once, too, the course of true love meandered on fairly and smoothly enough, for Gretchen really loved her suitor Hans, who, by-the-by, I forgot to mention, was in good truth a personable fellow enough, and just the sort of man to captivate the affections and dazzle the romance of a young and confiding maiden of sixteen; for, besides a dashing figure and a handsome face, he rejoiced in a curling pair of jet-black mustaches, and a beard that—that—suffice it to say, was the envy of all the town; so that he fairly took little Gretchen by storm, and the wedding-day was fixed precisely one month after the Black Fiend's visit to Hans' solitary chamber; the said chamber being speedily exchanged for a splendid mansion in the best quarter of the town, for Hans was now very rich, and, of course, was very much respected.

Well, it was a joyous day to be sure; but as the happy couple walked from the church door, Gretchen could not help observing that a slight shade of melancholy dwelt upon the features of her handsome husband.

"My darling Spitz," said she, affectionately, "surely nothing now should damp our happiness, and yet methinks, dearest, some trace of care seems to linger even in your kindest look."

"Ah!" said Hans, with a sigh that might have agitated a windmill; "is not love like life, but fleeting, as the poet says?"

"Who cares about poets?" quoth Grettchen. "True love endureth for ever!"

"True, Grettchen," said Hans, "and truly do you love me now; but in future years, when you are still young, and I am so no longer, will you still love me then as you do now?"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Grettchen, with a roguish smile, "what stuff and nonsense you are talking, Hans. Why, I vow and declare that, to me, you seem to grow younger every day."

"Ah, I wish I did!" said Hans.

"Granted," muttered a voice at his elbow, and at the same time a hollow unearthly laugh rang in his ears; in fact, it was not altogether a laugh, there was something like a shudder mixed with it: so that Hans shuddered too, and felt so faint that he literally leant for support on his bride, who, dear little affectionate creature, exerted herself to the utmost to recover him, attributing his sudden indisposition to the awful nature of the ceremony he had just gone through, which sometimes is known to affect the stern nerves of the male sex more than it does the elastic sensibilities of the gentler portion of creation.

"Well! bless my soul," said the Marchioness, "what on earth had the man to complain of? Pray, Count, does any one know the address of that politest of all demons?"

"I dare say there are very few ladies now-a-days who would faint at the granting of such a wish," said the Count, "but wait the result, madam."

The agent of the Evil One knew full well what he was about, as you soon shall hear. True it was that everything went on swimmingly at first, for Hans did indeed grow younger every day—to the great astonishment of the entire population of Götzberg. But, alas! Grettchen grew older at the same time; and when he had grown down, and she had grown up, to the age of twenty-five, Hans was beginning to forget the first tender-loving attachment of his good little wife, and having dug up the whole of the wild oats that he had sown when he was young before, what with gambling, drinking, smoking, and, I am sorry to say, far worse than all this, a sad, sad life he began to lead poor Grettchen.

"Oh, the villain!" said the Marchioness.

Well, a course of dissipation cannot last for ever, though for a time Hans Spitzbüben thought he had outwitted the Fiend in good earnest, and so, in truth, at first sight, it

appeared. But if the ways of Heaven are mysterious, the designs of Satan are absolutely unfathomable; and it was only after some miserable years of vice and debauchery, that Hans discovered he had again miscalculated, as he had on a former occasion in his first encounter with the Tempter; and his silly triumph changed rapidly to despair, as, enfeebled in health, shattered in intellect, damaged in reputation, and distracted by remorse, he began to loath the wretched future to which his fatal compact must consign him.

It would be too painful to dwell year by year upon his agonies of regret, as repentance shadowed out to him, as in a mirror, the image of what was still to come. But the fact was, that by the time Grettchen had lived on to be a fine, healthy, and engaging woman of thirty-five, Hans had gradually dwindled down to an awkward, long-shanked hobbledohoy of fifteen. All his manly beauty had faded away; his fine flowing beard had long since disappeared; his mustaches had crumbled off; his whiskers had evaporated; his voice suddenly jumped up an octave!

"Oh! my goodness gracious!" said the Marchioness.

"Ah! you may say so, indeed," said the Count; "but this was nothing to what happened afterwards. All Germany was in an uproar about it."

It was in vain that the most eminent physicians were called in; Hans baffled them all. The whole faculty had hitherto been engaged in preventing people from growing older, but to stop the progress of a patient that did nothing but grow younger every day, was clear beyond their skill.

It was a *lusus nature*—a case *extra artem medicam*, and, as old Dr. Slaufenfuzel acutely observed, it was impossible to put nature on its legs, when it was positively determined to walk upon its head.

Well, as I observed before, the Fiend knew what he was about, if the doctors did not.

"But pray," interrupted the Marchioness, "how did Grettchen support this remarkable dispensation?"

Oh! much better than her unfortunate husband deserved. She began to consider herself as a widow; imagined Hans was in some way or other his own child, and began to love him over again, because he was so like his father.

She had once been an affectionate wife; she now became an equally affectionate mother; and lucky it was for Hans that she was so kindly disposed, for from this time to the tenth year of his apparent age, he rapidly sank through the graduating scale of a boy's

affection for marbles, peg-tops, hoops, lolly-pops, and elecampane.

There was no saying after this period how rapidly his person diminished, and his clothes grew too big, as he again sank downwards from the boy to the child, when, just as poor Gretchen began to think—"But I don't know, madam, whether I ought to go on."

"And I, Count, cannot understand why you should stop."

Well, madam, I was only going to observe, that just as poor Gretchen began to think that the milk of human kindness with which she had hitherto supported him, might not be nourishing enough for his constitution, and had actually cast her eyes upon a fine healthy young person, an event took place which relieved her from any further anxiety on this score, for suddenly—unexpectedly—in the second year of his second childhood, and on the very anniversary of his first interview with the Black Fiend of the Hartzwald, Hans Spitzbüben died of the measles.

"Well," said the Marchioness, "I told you at first that I did not believe a word of it."

"And now, I assure you again, madam, that it's as true—as true as—"

But the reader must not be detained while the Count finds his simile; and when he is informed that the skeleton of Hans is still to be seen in a glass case at the Museum of Götzberg, with a certificate of the Burgomaster attesting the truth of the story, no reasonable doubt can, or ought, to remain in the mind of any one.

F. L. S.

LONDON OMNIBUSES.

IN July, 1829, amid the jeers and howls of the hackney-coachmen, the first omnibus was started in the metropolis. Mr. Shillibeer, who had lived some time in Paris, as a coach-builder, having noticed the success of this system of conveyance, inaugurated by M. Lafitte, in 1819, and having, indeed, constructed omnibuses for this eminent banker, conceived that they would be as great a hit in London; and he accordingly sold his business and came over here, determined to revolutionise our method of conveyance. The route chosen was from the Yorkshire Stingo to the Bank, the charge being one shilling the whole way, with a half-fare from or to King's Cross. Contrasted with the "short staggers," as the coaches running between different parts of town and the suburbs were termed, these omnibuses were perfection. There was no stopping for the usual half-hour at the Angel, the journey being done in about the same time as at present. The original 'buses were far

handsomer than any that have been on the road since, being very roomy, beautifully fitted up in the inside, and affording excellent accommodation for twenty-two passengers. There were no outside seats in those days—not even a box-seat beside the driver. This driver and the conductor were dressed in a smart uniform, and the whole turn-out was first-rate. The size of these 'buses obliged the employment of three horses abreast. In fact, excepting the outside seats, these candidates for public favour were very similar to the Manchester omnibuses at present being worked by the General Omnibus Company—the original design, after a lapse of thirty-three years, coming once more into fashion. We have thought it worth while to reproduce a drawing of the "Premier" omnibus, with the driver and cad in full costume, and with the passengers in the fashionable attire of the period. The conductor's dress being similar to those used by the French cads, the notion arose that Mr. Shillibeer, the originator, was himself a Frenchman. This gentleman is, however, a true Briton, having been born within the sound of Bow Bells, and having served in his youth as a midshipman, and seen service in that capacity.

When these vehicles first started, their success was complete. Mr. Shillibeer tells us that, for the first two weeks, they gave him a clear profit of a hundred pounds a-week. The stage-coaches attempted to forbid his running, under the terms of their Act, and the hackney-coaches, feeling a reforming wind beginning to blow in their line of business, threw every difficulty they could in the way. Still, the public would crowd to ride in them, and had he had a score, they would all have filled. But Mr. Shillibeer speedily found that, although the public patronised him fairly, his receipts fell off; and he discovered that he was being robbed to the extent of twenty pounds a-week. He invented a patent step, to register the number of passengers who entered, and for a time it worked well; but one night the contrivance was smashed all to pieces; and, other 'buses being put on the road to compete with him, by the old stage-coach proprietors, he was ultimately driven out of the trade altogether. His idea, however, held its ground and flourished, and, year by year, the omnibus system became more firmly established in the metropolis. In the year 1849, the omnibus proprietors made a feeble attempt to give outside accommodation, by establishing what "Punch" christened the "knife-board"—a narrow slip of wood, which ran along the middle of the roof, to mount which there were no steps whatever; the adventurous climber making the best use he could of the door-step and the window-

ledge. Most of us can remember the knife-board, and the difficulty passengers had to keep their equilibrium when perched upon it. Indeed, it was quite equal to a performance upon the "low-rope," and as to cooking an omelette upon it, we doubt if even Blondin could have accomplished such a feat. But even this accommodation was grudged to the British public, or, perhaps, Sir Richard Mayne considering the performance dangerous, attempted to suppress it altogether; but in this he or the public failed, and slowly, very slowly, for we are not quick in such matters, the present outside-seats were built up, and speedily became the best-filling parts of the omnibus, for no thorough Englishman will ride inside one of these vehicles if the weather be tolerable.

Up to the year 1857, the omnibus system of

London was carried on by individual proprietors, some, indeed, working as many as fifty omnibuses each, but the great majority only possessing half-a-dozen, and many working a single 'bus, or, at most, a couple. In this year, however, a company was formed in Paris, to buy up, if possible, the whole number of 'buses then running, together with their different "times." In this endeavour they did not entirely succeed, but they became possessed of 600 out of the 810 then running in the metropolitan district. It will, perhaps, be necessary to explain what is the meaning of an omnibus "time." By agreement among the various associations, companies, and individual proprietors, it has long been settled that certain 'buses shall have the right of working at certain times in the day. The



The First English Omnibus.

hours are, in fact, portioned out in some cases into three-minute divisions, that is, a certain line of omnibuses pass the timekeeper every three minutes, at certain times of the day. Of course, this is only an usage, as no person has a legal right to monopolise the road; but it is an usage which practically amounts to a prohibition of any new comer, and annihilates all opposition. Now and then some enterprising proprietor tries to cut into the established "times" of another proprietor, but the consequence is, that a system of what is termed "nursing" forthwith ensues. Immediately the new comer starts, he finds he is "waited upon" by an opposition omnibus, which keeps steadily ahead of him, whilst another follows close in his wake, and sometimes a third runs beside him; by this contrivance it is impossible that the new enterprise can pay, inas-

much as the passengers, who are never in excess of the ordinary omnibus service, have now to be divided among three or four. We are all familiar with the racing that takes place on such occasions, and with the incessant bullying and chaffing which is directed against the unfortunate interloper. It reminds one of the manner in which an unlucky bird is pecked at and persecuted, who unwittingly intrudes among a flight of rooks. Strangely enough, the authorities seem to be powerless against this system, which is an offence against the public of the deepest dye, and which is in direct opposition to the spirit of free-trade. Magistrates are hard enough upon poor omnibus-drivers, for very trifling offences, but they never endeavour to touch the real culprits—the proprietors, under whose orders they conduct this intolerable nursing system.

The General Omnibus Company, having purchased the "times" of the great majority of the old proprietors, have matters very much in their own hands, as it is much easier for them, with their large capital, to crush an opponent than it would have been of old for an individual proprietor or a small company. We must in justice say, however, that the company has not abused its great power over-much, and there has been less complaint of nursing lately than there used to be. The great majority of their omnibuses run upon the Middlesex side of the river, the Surrey side being the stronghold of the individual proprietors and smaller associations.

The General Omnibus Company possesses without doubt the largest carriage business in the world. It could mount the whole of the British cavalry from the stud it possesses in the metropolis, and it could, at any given moment, transport an army of 13,200 troops from one part of the metropolis to another within the hour. To keep such an extensive establishment in full work it is obliged to employ a little army of its own, and to work in the most economical manner. Were it not for this, the cost of its directing staff would put it under a great disadvantage in competing with individual proprietors, who not only do their work for themselves, but who necessarily keep a sharper look-out for their own interests than delegated servants could be expected to do. An examination into the economy of this public company (for of late it has passed from its French proprietorship, and has been constituted as an English association on the limited liability principle) gives a very fair insight into the working of the omnibus system in London. As we have before said, they own a vast majority of the omnibuses running in the metropolis, working 600 out of the 810 running in the winter season. In the summer an increased number is put on, the returns of the Inland Revenue giving a total of 1100. Out of this number, however, must be deducted the small number of stage-coaches now running between London and the country. We are told that the profit on the conveyance of passengers is made chiefly in the summer months of the year, when the outside as well as the inside of the 'bus is pretty generally full. It will perhaps be the most convenient plan to consider the working of a single omnibus, before entering into the working of the company as a whole.

Each omnibus is worked by a driver, a conductor, and a complement of horses, differing in number according to the line of traffic. The driver, although the higher paid and generally the more respectable man of the two, is

wholly subordinate to the conductor as to the speed of the 'bus and the time of stopping and going on. As a rule, the slamming of the door is the signal, which both horses and driver understand, but a whistle is getting into use. The wages of the driver are two guineas a week, but out of this he has to pay something to his horsekeeper and his carriage-washer, and is responsible for all damage done to his 'bus; and, moreover, he has now and then to pay fines for loitering, altogether at least six shillings a week goes in this way. The conductor gets eight-and-twenty shillings a week without deductions, but then, as a driver once said to us, he has the privilege of helping himself. The significance of which statement we shall mention hereafter. They are both daily servants, the conductor being allowed to take his own and the driver's wages from his day's receipts. The duties of the former to the public are well known, but besides those he is living in constant antagonism with other 'buses running on the same route. Readers must have observed that they are constantly telegraphing their respective drivers, especially when another 'bus is in view. It is the interest of every conductor to take as much money as he can, for the simple reason that the earnings of each 'bus is contrasted with those of others running on the same road; and the conductor knows full well that if he does not do as well as the others he is sure to get discharged, and what is worse, he gets no reason for it, the only reply being, "We don't want you any longer," which practically amounts to a loss of character, for persons are not very likely to engage a person who can give no other reason for the loss of his place. Such being the case, the different conductors are in active antagonism with each other. Their constant view is to fill their 'bus at the expense of those 'buses running before and coming after them. This, in fact, is the main reason of the irregularities in their time, which they indulge in to the detriment of the public, as long as they are without sight of the time-keeper; it is also the cause of that nagging raw that is constantly kept up between driver and conductor, the object of the former being to drive on steadily, and of the latter to dodge, pull up, and go on, so as to secure the greatest number of passengers in his own time, and on the borders of those going before and coming after him. These dodgings and sudden pullings up invariably irritate the coachman, as much as they strain the horses and pull their mouths about, and the consequence is, that rich volume of abuse directed every now and then over the driver's shoulder, which the cad well knows how to return. This mutual

"ruff" is very disadvantageous to the company, and they are continually shifting the conductors to get rid of it. The conductor pays his money once a day, at least, at one of the receiving houses on his route; he also makes out a route-bill every journey, with which his money must tally. The average earnings per day of each omnibus is 2*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, but in the summer it often amounts to 4*l.* When there is any great variation from this average in the wrong direction, the "check" is put on to find out if any roguery is taking place on the part of the conductor; whether, in fact, he is "helping himself," as the driver observed. The check is, in fact, a female spy, generally a well-dressed woman, who rides the long journey—for all omnibus routes are now divided into two or three short routes and one long one—and her duty is to take count of the number of long and short riders, which is then privately compared with the conductor's own route-paper or way-bill. If his payment falls short of the real number carried he is "not required any more," the company never troubling themselves about prosecuting him.

When we say that the estimated loss to the company through these petty daily peculations amounts to 25,000*l.* a year, we see the necessity of maintaining a summary power of dismissal, as well as of establishing a constant check upon the conductors, who are not always recruited from amongst the most respectable class of the working population. The company demand characters with them, but when a man can get a false character for a shilling, what faith can be put in this guarantee? Of late the company has opened up a new source of revenue, in the shape of the advertisements which are now neatly framed on the roof of the 'bus, and suspended on the outside against the foot rail. One firm in Covent Garden contracts for the advertisement space in the company's omnibuses, and pays for the privilege upwards of 3500*l.* per annum. The company also carries parcels, but as it cannot well deliver out of its line, this department is not a great success.

The horsing of the 'buses is the principal expense. A change of horses takes place every journey; and as the omnibuses average four of these daily, about ten horses are required for each 'bus. The three-horse 'buses, of which there are fifty-six belonging to the company, require each thirteen horses. We are indebted to our Manchester friends for these very commodious and airy vehicles. They are a vast improvement on the smaller 'buses, in which the public have been so long and ruthlessly "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd," but we fear it

will be some time before they come wholly into use, as it is urged, with some appearance of truth, that they are only applicable to the much-frequented routes, which are divided into many short twopenny fares. They work on the principle of small profits and quick returns, and they would not answer on long journeys, when in the middle of the day they would often have to work comparatively empty, at a great loss on account of the extra horse-power. When it is remembered that these horses only do one journey a day of fourteen miles at farthest, it cannot be said that they are over-worked; they have to work hard whilst they are about it, but for twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four they are comfortably stabled; and no doubt in this respect the drivers and conductors envy them, as many of them have to work, with little intermission, fifteen hours every day. The company require between 400 and 500 stables to work the traffic, spotted over every conceivable part of the metropolis, some large and some small. The stables at Holloway are on a gigantic scale, affording accommodation for 700 horses. In these premises, also, the greater number of the company's omnibuses are built. The construction of one of these vehicles is a very elaborate matter, and, besides half-a-dozen different woods, copper, steel, and iron enter largely into their fabric. The round panels at the end of the 'bus, on each side of the door, are of rolled steel, whilst the lower corners, which are rounded off with a double curve, are of copper. We believe the whole carriage could be constructed of wrought-steel, and would last much longer, and be much lighter and stronger, than those now framed in wood; but it will require years before such an innovation as this is made. It is the great weight of the 'bus—one ton being a light weight—which kills the horses; and, until this is materially reduced, the public, we fear, will not get that room they have a right to demand. It is, we think, a radical error to divide the interior of a 'bus by a brass rod, as we find is done in many cases. These rods divide the interior into four equal divisions, but it may so happen that three fat passengers are obliged to squeeze into one of these limited spaces, instead of distributing their superabundant beam over the whole length of the seat.

When we visited the building shops we found omnibuses in every stage of progress,—from those just ready to start on their long and busy career, to others in the simple stage of framing, in which condition they look very like big boats turned upside down and about to be planked. The method of ventilation now employed is very simple. The air enters under the seat of the

driver, and, passing up a hollow space at the end of the 'bus opposite the door, is passed out at the top, and flushes the foul air through the openings running along each side of the upper roof which forms the seat for the outside passengers. By this means the air is constantly being changed as the omnibus progresses, without a draught being created. In the large three-horse 'buses no door is hung, and the opening runs right up to the roof, and in the hottest weather the temperature is cool, which it rarely is in the smaller-sized vehicles. Every convenience for repairing as well as building omnibuses is provided in this yard. All the iron-work is forged and turned in spacious shops fitted with the best tool-machines. As far as practicable, the parts of the omnibuses likely to be damaged are made interchangeable. Thus, axles and wheels are all exactly alike; and lately the company have adopted the plan of painting the bed and wheels of all the 'buses alike, so that if an accident happens to one of the latter its place can be supplied without delaying the 'bus longer than is necessary to fit it on. Little details of this kind give the company a great advantage over the small omnibus proprietors. The average life of an omnibus is ten years, but there are some in the service of the company which have run for fifteen years; and I was pointed out one in the yard, now past service, which had run for twenty years. The ordinary-sized omnibuses cost 120*l*. building, and the large three-horse vehicles 180*l*.

In a spacious yard attached to this establishment are stored the old worn-out omnibuses—the vehicles that carried us in our youth. In the gloom of a dark and foggy February evening there they stood, paintless and rotten; some with sorely battered panels, some with broken windows,—all with mildewed, tattered interiors, looking the very picture of misery. Indeed, they seemed but the ghosts of the departed 'buses of old, waiting to take away to the unknown land the ghosts of the old coachmen and conductors. Who knows? perhaps they still take an airing by night down the City Road, drawn by skeleton horses, with skeleton cads, who cry out "Bank! Bank!" in ghostly and sepulchral voices, and chaff each other in the by-gone slang of other days.

There are two large "feeding depôts" belonging to this company—one in Bell Lane, the other at Irongate Wharf, Paddington. Considering that the company have to provide for upwards of 6800 horses, the economy with which their feeding process is carried on is of the last importance. Numbers in all cases give rise to civilisation; and the horses of the General Omnibus Company may be said to be fed at the same time in the cheapest and most

intelligent manner. To begin with, in the stabling no hay-racks are to be seen. It is the aim of the management to give their horses the utmost amount of rest: to allow them to stand and trifle for hours with a few mouthfuls of hay in a rack is only to give them unnecessary fatigue. Moreover it is extravagant, for the hay is always tumbling on the bedding, and being wasted. This may be a small matter where only one horse is concerned, but when multiplied 6800 times it becomes a serious item. To avoid unnecessary trouble to the animal, therefore, it is well mixed and bruised, and cut fine, and he then has only to bolt it and lie down to rest.

The machinery for preparing his food is well worth inspecting. It is all done by steam-power, in the most expeditious manner. The grain, straw, and hay are all brought to the door of the depôt by canal-boats, and lifted at once to the top floor; here it is shot into various hoppers, which supply the cutting and bruising machines, on the floor immediately beneath. The grains used are oats, barley, and Indian corn: the company buying the former or the latter according to the condition of the markets. After the grain is bruised and the chaff is cut, it descends through shoots to the next floor. At the mouth of each shoot is a weighing-machine, and in the centre of the floor is an oblong trough, with a bottom fitted with iron louvre boards, opening downwards. At the mouth of each shoot stands a man, whose duty it is to draw off into the scoop of the weighing machine a certain weight of chaff, oats, barley, and Indian corn, the proportion being for each horse 10*lbs*. of chaff and 19*lbs*. of corn per day. The scoops, when full, are then thrown by each man into the trough. Another man opens the louvres, by which the whole is thoroughly mixed; and this provender is passed down the cart-shoot into a lower room, where a man stands with a sack ready to receive it. When the sack is full it is bundled at once into a wagon on the ground floor, and off it goes to one of the four hundred stables scattered over the metropolis. This chopping, bruising, and weighing process is going on all day; and it may be said to be the gigantic grinding teeth of the establishment, for the horses have little to do but bolt their well-prepared and variously compounded food when it comes into their mouths. The price of horse-food is of the last importance to the shareholders, as upon it mainly depends the amount of dividend they may expect. When it is very low, the agents of the company buy in large quantities, and store for future use. The cost was unusually low in the half-year ending December 31, 1863, and the directors in their report say that to

this item alone is mainly attributable the reduction of 20,584*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, which they were enabled to make in their expenditure account, as compared with the same period of 1862. The shareholders must therefore watch the state of the corn market with an anxious eye.

In so large a company even the smallest details possess an interest. Thus, the food of the horses in the half-year cost 97,638*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; and even the insignificant item of shoeing runs up to 7103*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, or upwards of 14,000*l.* a-year. We are informed that shoes wear out much more on the macadamized roads than on the stones, whilst the contrary is the case with the omnibuses and horses' legs,—the animals working the Paddington route, which is entirely upon the stones, not lasting so long by two or three years as those running on the Stoke Newington, Hackney, and Edmonton routes.

Although fares are much lower than they were some years ago, when the mileage duty on each 'bus was 4½*d.* per mile, they are still higher than is charged by the Paris omnibuses, and the reason for this is to be sought in the exemption from that and the turnpike charges, which fall so heavily upon the metropolitan conveyances—the annual mileage duty alone being 48,554*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, and the turnpike payments 17,500*l.*, making a total of payments from which the Parisian omnibus proprietors are exempt of 66,054*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, being upwards of 10,000*l.* more than the net annual profit made by the company. Next July the turnpikes on the northern side of the Thames will be abolished, and the company will thereby profit to the amount of their payments; but the public will also profit by this reform, as either some reduction will take place in the fares, or the omnibuses will run longer distances for the same money. The poor drivers and conductors will be the only sufferers. As it is, many of them are nailed to the omnibus for fifteen hours, with only rests of ten minutes three or four times a day. Holidays they have none. If they like to take a day they must find an "odd man" to do their work, and pay him. These men may be said to be in the world but not of it. In the course of the year the drivers and the cads of the company run twelve million nine thousand four hundred and forty-four miles, and have come in contact with forty-one million one hundred and eighty-five thousand and eighty-eight passengers; and yet if you ask the latter any simple question of the day, or any question, in fact, not connected with his daily concerns, he can give you no reply. The driver, it is true, picks up topics of news from the box-seat passengers, but from other sources he knows nothing. Even matters

that are occurring in the streets through which he passes many times a day he does not observe—both he and the conductor are, in fact, but human shuttles, which shoot at stated times across and athwart London, almost as unob-servant as the wooden shuttle itself in the loom. These men are all members of a sick club, which provides for them in times of illness. Of the omnibuses which do not belong to the company we have no accurate knowledge, as their accounts are not public; but they work in pretty much the same manner as those belonging to the company, and are, we believe, equally successful.

A. W.

CLERICAL COSTUME.

THE black suit and white neckcloth of the clergyman would seem to have been at one time adhered to with much less rigor than at present; it was at least regarded in the light of a uniform which the wearer, when "off duty," might, without incurring much reprehension, dispense with in favour of gayer apparel. There was even a colour known as "parson's blue," which was much in vogue with clergymen when disposed to lay on one side their canonicals and their clerical character. The Reverend Charles Churchill, the poet, is not, of course, an ordinary case of a clergyman stepping out of the manners and customs of his calling. Dr. Kippis says of his abandonment of his black coat—"His most intimate friends thought his laying aside the external decorums of his profession a blameable opposition to the decencies of life, and likely to be hurtful to his interest; since the abilities he was possessed of, and the figure he made in political contests (!), would perhaps have recommended him to some noble patron, from whom he might have received a valuable benefice." But when Churchill appeared in the pit of the theatre in the character of a critic, he wore, as a rule, his suit of black. His costume at Vauxhall Gardens was a very different matter. Then, "the Dryden of his age," as Cumberland called him, was to be seen—according to an eye-witness—in a blue coat, edged with a narrow gold-lace, a buff waistcoat, black silk small-clothes, white silk stockings, small silver shoe-buckles, and a gold-laced three-cornered hat. This was probably about 1763.

In his poem of "Independence," Churchill has given his own portrait:—

"O'er a brown cassock which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of blue and gold.

Just at that time of life when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop and fond of show,
Looked like another Hercules turned beau ;
A subject met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen ;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
E'en to the life, were Hogarth living now."

Hogarth still lived, it will be remembered ; but the poet had quarrelled with the painter, and spoke of him as dead, by way of hinting that his powers were exhausted, and nothing more could be looked for from him. Indeed at this time (1764) Churchill and Hogarth alike stood on the brink of the grave.

Probably Dr. Kippis's remarks were directed rather to the necessity for Churchill's maintaining a sober and reputable appearance, by reason of the notorious freedom and unclerical-like nature of his proceedings in other respects ; for that other clergymen besides the Reverend Charles Churchill abandoned their black coats upon occasion, is evident enough. Swift describes his dress, in a letter to Stella, "My dress was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buckles." And a writer in the *Connoisseur* (1755), discoursing upon the subject of male foppery, mentions the case of the "Reverend Mr. Jessamy," who is stated to have taken orders because there happened to be a good living in his family, and to be known among the ladies by the sobriquet of "the beau-parson." He is described as being the most delicate creature imaginable, "differing so much from the generality of the clergy, that the very sight of a plum-pudding would make him swoon." His constant dress out of his cassock is a blue coat lined with white, a black satin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings ; "and his pumps are of dogskin, made by Tull, and it is said that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length, being out of all proportion, prevented his having a handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox ; for though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag front, and is properly cropped behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick, or else he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced clothes, and appear like a gentleman in a bag wig and sword."

It will be seen that there were limitations to the assumption by the clergy of the dress of the laity. The coloured coat was permissible, but not the sword or the lace embroidering the coat and waistcoat ; while the bag wig was the especial attribute of the gentleman of fashion. In the same *Connoisseur* it is mentioned that

"a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag wig, or a serjeant pleading at the King's Bench in his own hair instead of a night-cap periwig."

A LEGEND OF NORTHAMPTON.

EXPLANATION.—The story runs that, more than a century ago, Bryan, second Lord Cullen, of Rushton Hall, near Kettering, being betrothed to Elizabeth Trentham, heiress of the Trenthams of Staffordshire, formed whilst abroad a strong attachment to a young Italian lady, who returned his affection. Lord Cullen, however, suddenly left Italy and his second lady-love, and, coming home, was married to Miss Trentham. Whilst the wedding banquet was going on, the deceived Italian suddenly made her appearance amongst the guests, and, taking a chalice full of wine from one of them, sank on her knees, and drank "endless misery" to the newly-married couple. She then disappeared, and was never again heard of. Strangely enough, her wish was fulfilled ; and Lord Cullen's estates subsequently passed into the possession of W. Hope, Esq., whose executors afterwards sold them to Miss Thornhill, and in that lady's family they still remain.

I.

THE noon-tide shone with radiant glow
On tower and castle-keep,
The tall grass surged in waves of green,
As stirs the mighty deep.

II.

The grand old oaks, a line of sires,
Great deeds remembering,
Circled the manor as a band
Of senators their king.

III.

On the broad terraces their plumes
Of green and golden dye
The peacocks sunned ; their purple breasts
Blazed out right gorgeously :

IV.

And rich parterres in July dress
Of amber, white, and blue,
And scarlet, all-prismatic glanced
In belt of Iris-hue ;

V.

From jasper basins fountains leapt
In shower of silver spray,
And ell with pattering, soothing splash,
Cooling the summer day.

VI.

Crowded the eager-talking guests
Into the portico,
Thick-thronging up the marble steps
From the broad path below :

VII.

Shouts rent the skies : the stalwart heir
Of these possessions wide
Led slowly through the tenant-line
A fair and dowered bride.

VIII.

Loud joy-bells, echoing on the breeze,
Proclaimed that service done
Which joins for aye, "till death shall part,"/
Two youthful lives in one.

IX.

With princely fare the tables groaned,
The red wine sparkled bright,
And many a blushing "damosel"
Was pledged by gallant knight;

X.

Soft silver peals of laughter shrill
Rang on the perfumed air,
Commingling with the deep low tones
Of youthful nobles there;

XI.

In stars of splendid beauty gleamed
Rare jewels, proudly set
On snow-white arm—on lofty brow—
In regal coronet;

XII.

Rich silken robes light-rustling stirred
As stirred the bearded corn,
Sleepily nodding in the breeze
Of a bright August dawn.

XIII.

Dull faces brightened into mirth,
The bright grew brighter still;
The proud ones doffed their dignity,
The stern their pride of will.

XIV.

The fair bride blushed at words of love
From her young husband—king,
Deep-whispered ever and anon,
When none were listening.

XV.

Now, as the mirth grew to its height,
Uprose the princely host—
The bridegroom's father,—cup in hand,
To give the looked-for toast:

XVI.

Half-whispers ran the table round,
The guests expectant grew,
Voices sank hushed, and silence fell
Upon the merry crew:

XVII.

When up the ancient vaulted hall
A veiled figure stole,
In bridal white, all noiselessly
Like some released soul.

XVIII.

Men stared amazed, as who should ask
Their neighbours "What is this?"
And ladies wondering under-toned
Forgot the bridal bliss.

XIX.

To the chief table moved the form;
Removing there her veil,
She turned and faced the trembling bride
And bridegroom deathly pale.

XX.

Then stood before the stricken guests
A sweet Italian maid,
On whose white lips irresolute
A fearful love-smile played.

XXI.

Adown her polished shoulders fell
Black silky waves of hair;
If beauty could win love, 'twere hers,
For she was ten times fair!

XXII.

The floating cloud of gossamer,
Of misty pearléd lace,
Draping her tresses, showed not white
As showed her sweet young face;

XXIII.

Her large dark eyes with frenzy flashed
A mingled rage and grief,
Her hands close locked together sought
In vain her soul's relief.

XXIV.

Slow-moving toward her lover's sire
Her hands relaxed their clasp,
And, stretching forth the right, she took
The wine-cup from his grasp.

XXV.

Then sank she on her bended knees,
Queen-like, upon the ground,
Casting one look of cold fixed woe
On the vain pomp around.

XXVI.

To her white lips, all-quivering
In the bright golden day,
Raised she the chalice, brimming o'er
With ruby-bued Tokay.

XXVII.

"False love! may misery," she cried,
"Pursue thy bride and thee,
And thy black perjured soul fore Heaven
Be witness aye for me!"

XXVIII.

Rose in dismay the blanched guests,
The recreant bridegroom quailed,
The bride sank fainting 'neath the gaze
Of that stern face unveiled:

XXIX.

The old door grated on its hinge,
With creaking clamour borne,
All turned at the unwelcome sound—
The visitor was gone!

XXX.

So runs the legend. Never more,
From that ill-fated hour,
Was that betrayed lady seen—
That sweet Italian flower !

XXXI.

But an offended Heaven did set
Its seal of vengeance there ;
And though forgotten was the maid,
Fulfilled was her prayer.



XXXII.

A few years rolled : her rival sank,
With her false lover, low
Into the direst penury—
The depths of sudden woe ;

XXXIII.

His broad lands to a stranger passed,
Men mocked his sullied fame ;
His race died out, and now the earth
No longer knows his name !

A. H. B.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER VII. THE COBWEBBED JAR.

WHAT was now to be done? How were they to set about fathoming—as Mr. Stephen Grey suggested—this dreadful business? It was so shrouded in mystery! The poor form, calm and still now, lay upon the bed, and the wondering gentlemen stood around it. Medical men come in contact with strange phases of human life, as exhibited in man's passage from the cradle to the grave, but this little knot of the brethren could only acknowledge to themselves, that of all strange occurrences which had ever passed under their notice, this one appeared to be about the strangest.

Mr. Carlton suddenly left his place from the far side of the bed, held the door open, and motioned the two women from the room. He then in like manner motioned young Frederick Grey. But the boy, who was standing against the wall, close to it, did not stir in answer.

"I'd rather stay in, Mr. Carlton," he fearlessly said. "Is there any reason why I may not?"

Mr. Carlton hesitated. The words of the boy, spoken out so boldly, had caused the three gentlemen near the bed to look round. Mr. Carlton evidently did wish him to be outside the room, but he as evidently did not see his way quite clear to get him there.

"Is he discreet?" he asked, looking to the two brothers for an answer.

"Perfectly so," replied Mr. John Grey, who did not himself see any reason why his nephew should be expelled.

Mr. Carlton closed the door and returned to the group. "Mr. Stephen Grey has suggested a doubt of foul play," he began; "but is it possible that there can be any feasible grounds for it? I ask, gentlemen, because you are all better acquainted with these two women than I am. If either, or both of them——"

"Goodness, man!" interrupted Mr. Stephen Grey, in his impulsive fashion, "you can't suppose I suspect Mother Pepperfly or the old widow! Pepperfly has her besetting sin, drink; and the widow is a foolish, timorous body; but they'd no more commit murder than you or I would commit it. What could you be thinking of, Mr. Carlton?"

"Pardon me," rejoined Mr. Carlton; "I merely drew the conclusion from your own remark. I'm sure I have no cause to cast a doubt on them, but there has been no one else about the lady."

"If I understood Mr. Stephen Grey aright, he did not intend to cast suspicion upon any one," interposed Mr. Lycett. "His remark arose simply from the want of being able to account for the mystery."

"Precisely so," assented Stephen Grey. "If my thoughts had a bent one way more than another, it was whether the medicine could have been exchanged or tampered with between my house and this."

"It is not likely," said Mr. Grey. "Dick carries out his medicines in a covered basket. But another idea has suggested itself to me. Stephen, you have seen more of this unfortunate young lady than any one present; I never set eyes on her until now, and I daresay you, Lycett, can say the same. Mr. Carlton here has seen her once only——"

"Twice," interrupted Mr. Carlton. "Last night and this. I should not have come down to-night had I known the hour fixed for my meeting Mr. Stephen Grey here had so long passed. But I was with patients on the Rise, and the time slipped by unheeded."

"At any rate you have not seen much of her," rejoined Mr. John Grey. "My brother Stephen has, comparatively speaking; and what I was about to ask him was this: whether it is at all probable that she herself added the poison to the draught. Was she in low spirits, Stephen?"

"Not in the least," returned Stephen Grey. "She has been as gay and cheerful as a person can be. Besides, she could not have added anything to the draught without being seen by the nurse; and we have her testimony that it was in her possession in the other room until the moment when she administered it."

"Another thing," observed Mr. Carlton; "if the poison was added to the draught after it came here, how could it have smelt of it on its arrival?"

"There lies the greatest enigma of all—why the draught should smelt of poison when it got here," cried Stephen Grey.

"Nay," dissented his brother; "there's no wonder at its smelling of poison if the poison was in it; the mystery is, how and where it got into it. In my opinion, setting aside her tragical end, there is a great deal of mystery in the affair altogether. Who was she? Where did she come from? Why did she come here, a stranger to the place and to everybody in it? And what a young thing she appears to be!"

She did indeed look young. A fair, pale, sweet face, lying there with its golden-brown hair falling around it. In the alarm of the first moment Mrs. Pepperfly had snatched off the cap, and the hair fell down. Her mouth was open, and the pretty pearly teeth were visible. They sighed as they looked upon her.

"May her soul have found its rest!" murmured the clergyman, bending over her for a moment ere they took their departure.

Mr. Carlton lingered behind the rest. He visited her box with his own hands, the nurse lighting him, but it contained no clue whatever as to who she was. Nothing but clothes were in it; not a card, not a scrap of paper, not a letter; nothing was there to solve the riddle.

"Was this one trunk all she brought?" he asked.

"All, sir," replied Mrs. Pepperfly. "There's her work-box a standing on the drawers there, by the bed's head."

The surgeon turned to the work-box, and examined it searchingly and thoroughly, as he had the trunk. Its contents consisted of cotton, needles, and such like accessories to work. There was a piece of embroidery in a midway stage; a baby's little cambric night-cap just begun; and a few paper patterns. Nothing whatever that could throw any light upon herself or her previous history. Her pocket—a loose pocket which Mrs. Pepperfly drew from under the pillow, where the invalid had kept it—contained a purse alone. Nothing else: and in the purse there was not much money. Her keys lay on the drawers.

Mr. Carlton locked both the boxes, and sealed them with his own seal. "I don't know much about the routine of these affairs," he observed, "but it is right, I suppose, to make all safe until the police come—they can break my seals if they will."

Barely had he spoken when a policeman appeared upon the scene. The news had travelled to the station, and the sergeant himself had come down. He was a big man, with round red cheeks, and a small, sharp-pointed nose. He listened in silence to the details which were given him partly by Mr. Carlton, partly by the nurse, and took possession of the basin that had contained the gruel and the bottle.

Next he laid hold of the candle and began to peer about the two rooms, for what purpose, or how it could at all help the inquiry, he alone knew. He carried the candle out in the landing and examined that, gazing up at the walls, raising his face to the window, through which the moonlight shone so brightly in.

"Is that a door?" he suddenly asked.

Without waiting for a reply he strode to the

opposite end of the landing to the window, and pulled a door open. The walls had been grained to imitate grey marble, and this door was grained also. It looked like part of the wall, and it opened with a key only. It was that key which had attracted the keen sight of the sergeant.

"It's only a closet for brooms and the slop-pail, sir," spoke up Mrs. Gould, who was shivering timidly on the top stairs, holding on by the balustrade.

Even so. It was a very innocent closet, containing only a pail and a couple of brooms. The officer satisfied himself on that point, and closed the door again; but Mr. Carlton, who had not previously known any closet was there, immediately saw that it might have afforded a temporary hiding place for the owner of that face he had seen so close to it earlier in the evening—if indeed that face had not been a myth of his own imagination.

Mr. Carlton could do nothing more, and he took his departure, the face all too present to him as he walked through the moonlit streets. It may be asked why he did not speak of it to the police—why he had not spoken of it to the gentlemen who had been gathered with him round the death-bed. But of what was he to speak? That he thought he saw a strange-looking face, a face half ghostly, half human; a face which had jet black whiskers on its cheeks; that he had thought he saw this on the staircase in the moonbeams, and that when he brought out the candle and threw its rays around nothing was to be seen? It could not, if it belonged to a human, walking being, have had time to get down the stairs unseen; that was impossible; and he had satisfied himself that it had not taken refuge in the bed-room. It is true there was this closet, which he had not known of, but he did not believe it could have gone in there and closed the door again before he was out with the light. Had he spoken of this, nine persons out of ten would have answered him—it was nothing but your own imagination.

And he was not sure that it was not his imagination. When he had descended the stairs after seeing it, he put the question in a careless sort of way to the landlady, as she came from the kitchen and Mrs. Pepperfly's society to open the door for him—was any strange man on the staircase or in the house?—and Mrs. Gould had answered, with some inward indignation, that there was no man at all in the house, or likely to be in it. Beyond that Mr. Carlton had not spoken of the circumstance.

He went straight on to his home through the moonlit streets, and soon afterwards

retired to rest, or rather to bed, for rest he did not get. That shadowy face haunted him in the strangest manner; he could get no sleep for it, but lay tossing and turning until morning light; and then, when he did get to sleep, he saw it in his dreams.

But we must go back to the Messrs. Grey. On leaving Mrs. Gould's house they parted with Mr. Lycett at the door, for their road lay in the opposite direction to his, and Mr. John Grey passed his arm through his brother's as they went up the street, young Frederick walking by their side.

"This is a most unfortunate event," began Mr. John.

"It is to the full as mysterious as it is unfortunate," was the reply of his brother. "Prussic acid get into my composing draught! The thing is an impossibility."

"I wonder whether prussic acid had been mixed with the draught, or whether the draught had been poured out and prussic acid substituted?" cried Frederick.

"Don't talk in that senseless way, Frederick," rebuked Mr. Stephen. "Who would pour medicine out of a bottle and substitute prussic acid?"

"Well, papa, it is pretty sure that she took prussic acid; so it must have been given to her in some way."

"From the drain left in the phial, it is apparent that some drops were mixed with the draught, just sufficient to destroy life, and no more," observed Mr. John. "Stephen," he added, lowering his voice, and speaking with hesitation, "are you sure—pardon the question, but are you sure you did not, in some unaccountable fit of absence, mix it with it yourself?"

In good truth the affair to Mr. John Grey, a man of sound practical sense, did appear most unaccountable. He had turned it over in his mind in all its bearings as he stood by the bed at Mrs. Gould's, and the only possible solution he could come to was, that the poison must have been inadvertently mixed with the draught when it was made up. And yet this appeared most unlikely, for he knew how correct his brother was.

"I have not mixed medicines for twenty years, John, to make a fatal mistake at last," was the reply of Stephen Grey. "No; the draught was carefully and properly mixed."

"I stood by and watched papa do it, Uncle John, and I am sure it was carefully mixed," said Frederick, rather resenting his uncle's doubt. "Do you think he could have taken down the jar of prussic acid from its corner in a fit of absence?—why, he couldn't reach it, you know, without the steps; and they have

not been brought into the surgery to-day. Mr. Fisher saw him mix it, too."

"Mr. Fisher did?"

"Fisher's seeing me happened in this way," interposed Mr. Stephen. "In leaving Mrs. Crane, soon after seven this evening, I saw Fisher at his door, and he made me go in. It was Mrs. Fisher's birthday, and he had a bottle of champagne on the table, about to tap it. I helped them drink it, and then Fisher came out with me for a stroll, first of all turning into the surgery with me, and waiting while I mixed the draught for Mrs. Crane."

"And was the bottle given immediately to Dick?"

"Not immediately," spoke Frederick; "it waited a short while on the counter while Dick finished his supper. But it never was lost sight of for one moment while it was there, as Mr. Whittaker can testify," he added, as if in anticipation of what might be his uncle's next question. "Whittaker came in before papa had quite finished the mixture—that is, he was putting the paper round the bottle—and we neither of us, I or Whittaker, quitted the room until Dick had gone out with it."

"Well, it appears most incomprehensible," exclaimed Mr. John Grey.

The first thing they did on entering was to question Dick. He slept at the top of Mr. John's house, and they proceeded to his room, rousing Mr. Dick from his slumbers: a shock-headed gentleman of fourteen, who struggled up in bed, his eyes wild with surprise.

"Wake up, Dick," said his master.

"I am awake, sir," responded Dick. "Be I wanted? is there any physic to take out?"

"No, nothing of that," continued Mr. John. "I only want to ask you a question. Did you carry any medicine to Mrs. Gould's to-night?"

"I took some there, sir. A small bottle."

"Who gave it to you?"

"It were Master Frederick as give it to me, sir. I took it down and give it to that there fat Pepperfly, for it were she that come to the door."

"Did you go straight there? or did you loiter on your way and put your basket down?"

"I went straight there," replied the boy, earnestly. "I never loitered once nor let go of the basket. Do that Pepperfly say as I didn't take it, sir!—or that I took it broke?" he added, believing this unusual cross-questioning must bode some accusation against himself. "She's a big story-teller if she do."

"She has not said anything about you," returned his master; "I only want to know whether that little bottle of medicine was

delivered at Mrs. Gould's untouched, in the same state that it was given to you."

"Yes, that it was, sir," was the boy's ready answer, and they could tell by his manner that he was speaking the truth.

Telling him he might go to sleep again, they went down to the surgery. No one was in it then, and the gas was turned very low. Mr. Stephen turned it on, and brought in the steps from the recess outside, where they were kept. In a remote corner of the highest shelf was a glass jar, labelled "Hydrocyanic Acid;" he mounted the steps and reached it down.

"See!" he exclaimed, "actually cobwebs upon it, woven from the stopper to the jar, and the dust on it an inch thick! that proves it has not been touched for some time. Why, it must be six weeks at least since we had occasion to use it."

It was the only preparation of prussic acid in their possession of any sort, whether diluted or otherwise, and the seeing the jar in this state completely did away with the half doubt on John Grey's mind touching his brother—he saw that he could not have used it. They leaned their elbows on the counter where the medicines were usually compounded, and talked together over the affair, unable to offer any conjecture or surmise which might tend to solve it.

Thus absorbed, they did not notice the movements of Frederick. He, ever restless, ever seeking to be in action, as boys of that age are sure to be, laid hold of the white linen duster kept in the surgery, and dusted well the glass containing the poison. John Grey caught sight of the feat just as it was accomplished.

"O, Frederick! what have you done?"

"Only taken off the dust and cobwebs, uncle," answered the lad, wondering at the tone of alarm.

"Do you know," cried John Grey, speaking sharply in his excitement, "that that meddling action of yours may cost your father his life? Or, at least, his reputation?"

The crimson of emotion rushed violently into the face of Frederick. He made no answer.

"So long as that dust was on the jar, it was a sure proof that it had not been opened. Did you see the cobwebs spun from the stopper to the jar? What could have afforded more certain evidence that the stopper had not been taken out? Those friendly cobwebs might have saved your father."

Frederick Grey felt as if a ball had come into his throat and was choking him: as if it would take his whole life to atone for the imprudence of which he had been guilty.

"It is not likely they will suspect my father," he exclaimed; "and as to accusing him—no, uncle, they will not do that."

"Whom will they accuse, think you? you or me? The medicine went out of this house, and was delivered untampered with to Nurse Pepperfly, was administered untampered with also to the patient, so far as we can learn or suspect. Mr. Carlton, a man in honourable practice, as we are, testifies that the draught did smell of prussic acid when the nurse put it into his hand; he spoke of it at once, as the nurse testifies. To whom, then, will people's suspicions be directed but to him who made up the medicine? You have faith in your father and I have faith in my brother that he could not be, and was not, guilty of the careless error of putting poison in the sleeping draught; but that cobwebbed, dusty jar would have been proof that he had not, for those who have not faith in him. And now you have destroyed it! Go home to bed, boy! you have done enough mischief for one night."

The words, in all their full sting, told on Frederick Grey. A remorse, amounting to positive agony, was taking possession of him for the imprudence he had committed. He did not reply; he was too completely subdued; he only longed to be away from all eyes, where he might indulge his sorrow and his repentance—where he might consider the means, if there were any, of repairing his fault, and pray to God to turn away the evil. He wished his uncle good night in a humble voice, and turned to his father.

"Good night, and God bless you, my darling boy!" said Mr. Stephen, warmly. "You did not do wrong intentionally. Be at ease; I am conscious of my own innocence, and I can put my hearty faith in God to make it plain."

Frederick Grey went home and threw himself on his bed, sobbing as if his heart would break, in spite of his sixteen years. There was nobody to whom he could turn for comfort. He was an only child, and his mother, whom he loved better than anything on earth, was away in a foreign land, gone to it in search of health.

Mr. John Grey and his brother remained in the surgery, and were joined by their assistant, Mr. Whittaker, who was a qualified surgeon. They talked the matter over with him, but no solution of it whatever could be arrived at.

"That the draught was given to the boy as Mr. Stephen left it, I and Frederick can both testify," said the assistant. "Dick, it appears, delivered it intact to Mrs. Pepperfly, who took it straight to Mr. Carlton, and he at once smelt the prussic acid. I can't make it out at all. I have heard of magic, but this beats it

hollow. What a pity but Mr. Carlton had brought the draught back here when he called."

"Did you see him, Whittaker?" asked Stephen Grey.

"I saw him. There was only myself here. He came in and asked if he could speak a word to Mr. Stephen Grey. Mr. Stephen, I told him, was out, and he went away."

"Well," said Mr. Grey, "it does appear to be utterly incomprehensible; time, I suppose, will bring an elucidation upon it. As it does upon most things."

CHAPTER VIII. POPULAR OPINION IN SOUTH WENNOCK.

TUESDAY morning arose, the morning subsequent to Mrs. Crane's death, and South Wennock was in excitement from one end of it to the other. Everybody was out of doors discussing the fatal event. Groups gathered everywhere; on the pavement, in the high road, on the sills of shops, at private doors, they congregated; one only theme in their minds and on their tongues. The previous day, Monday, had been pretty fruitful for the gossip-mongers, inasmuch as they had found nuts from the accident to Mr. Carlton and his groom; but that paltry news was as nothing compared to this. You are aware how prone we are to pick up any little bit of mystery, how we dive into it and strive to make it ours, never resting until it is fathomed; you may then judge what a dish this must have been for South Wennock's inhabitants, enshrouded on all sides, as it was, with mystery.

Mr. John Grey was right when he assumed that it was on his brother the onus of the affair would fall. Almost the universal opinion taken up was, that Mr. Stephen Grey had committed the error in carelessness, when making up the sleeping draught. The fact that he had been a correct mixer of medicines all his life, went for nothing now.

"I've druv my horses for fifteen year and never throwed 'em down to kill my passengers yet; but that's no reason why I mayn't have the ill-luck some day," spoke the coachman of a four-horse stage, plying daily between two certain towns, and halting at South Wennock for breakfast, at the Red Lion inn. "And that's just it, as I reckon, with Mr. Stephen Grey. He have been a accurate mixer of physic, up to now; but he may have made the mistake at last. The best of us is liable to 'em; as I'm sure the gentlemen standing round knows."

The gentlemen standing round nodded. They formed part of a large group collected at the coach entrance of the Red Lion. The group comprised people of various degrees and

grades—gentlemen, tradesmen, and labourers. In a small country place where the inhabitants are all known to each other, they are apt to converse together familiarly on local topics, without reference to social standing.

"Like me," struck in the blacksmith. "I druv a nail right into a horse's foot last week, and lamed him; and I'll be upon my word such a awk'ard accident hasn't happened to me—no, not for years."

"Look at poor Toker, too!" said a little man, hovering respectfully on the outside of the crowd,—Wilkes the barber. "How many a hundred times had he gone up the river in that punt of his, and always came home safe till last Friday was a fortnight, and then he got drowned at last!"

"I am sorry for Stephen Grey, though," observed a gentleman. "If it has been caused by his mistake he will feel it all his life. A tender-hearted man is Stephen Grey."

"It appears to me altogether most unaccountable," remarked the Reverend Mr. Jones, who was the incumbent of St. Mark's Church, and who had come out to join in the popular gossip and excitement. Perhaps because he was a connection of the Greys, his wife and Mrs. John Grey being sisters. "I hear that there was every proof that the jar containing the prussic acid—and they have but that one, it appears, in their surgery—had not been touched."

"Mr. John Grey told me that himself, this morning," interrupted another eager voice. "As a proof that their jar had not been touched, it was covered in cobwebs, he said, and remained so covered after the lady was dead; only young master Fred officiously wiped them off."

There ensued a silence. The crowd generally were deliberating upon this last item of news. It was the first time it had reached them. A substantial grocer of the name of Plumstead spoke. He was not particularly affected towards the Greys, for they dealt at a rival shop; and his voice had a sarcastic tone.

"It had been better then that they had let the cobwebs remain, so that the coroner and jury might have seen them."

"John Grey is a man of honour. He would not tell a lie."

One or two shook their heads dubiously. "We don't know what we might do, any of us, toward the saving of a brother."

"Look here!" broke out a fresh voice. "How could the poison have got into the draught, except when it was being made up? And how could Mr. Carlton have smelt it, if it had not been in it?"

"Of course it was in it. She would not have died if it hadn't been in it."

"There's the argument. The draught was sent direct from the Greys' surgery to Palace Street, and there's Mr. Carlton and Nurse Pepperfly to testify that it smelt as strong as it could of prussic acid. Why, Mr. Carlton, it turns out, had a sort of suspicion that it might do some harm, and called in at the Greys' to ask about it, only Mr. Stephen was out and he couldn't see him. I heard say that he blames himself now for not having brought the draught away with him."

"Then why didn't he bring it away?"

"Well, of course he never thought that it was as bad as it turned out to be. And there's a report going about that he desired the sick lady not to take the draught."

"Who says that?"

"I heard it."

"At any rate it seems to come to this," observed a gentleman who had not yet spoken. "That when the draught went out of the Messrs. Greys' surgery it went out with the poison in it. And as Mr. Stephen Grey himself mixed that draught, I don't see how he can shift the dilemma from his own shoulders."

"He can't shift it, sir," said a malcontent. "It's all very well to say young master Fred wiped the cobwebs off the jar. Perhaps he did; but not, I'll lay, before they had been previously disturbed."

"Talking about young Fred," interposed the grocer; "he was going by my shop just now, and I asked him about it. 'My father mixed the draught correctly,' he said; 'I can be upon my word that he did, for I saw him do it.' 'Can you be upon your oath, Master Frederick?' returned I, just by way of catching the young gentleman. 'Yes, I can, if necessary,' said he, throwing his head back in his haughty, fearless way, and looking me full in the face; 'but my word is the same as my oath, Mr. Plumstead.' And he went off as corked as could be."

"Young Fred is a chip of the old Grey block, open and honourable," cried the little barber. "He may have noticed nothing wrong, and if the boy says he didn't, why I don't believe he did."

"They says," cried another, dropping his voice, "that Mr. Stephen had got his head full of champagne, and couldn't see one bottle from another. That he and Fisher the land agent had been drinking it together."

"Nonsense!" rebuked the clergyman. "Mr. Stephen Grey is not one to drink too much."

"Why, sir," cried the coachman, willing to hear his testimony—for the aspersion just mentioned had not found favour with him, or

with many of those around him—"heard that Mr. Fisher could be a witness in Mr. Stephen's favour, for he stood by and saw him make up the physic."

At this juncture Mrs. Fitch's head appeared at the side door. She was looking for the coachman.

"Now, Sam Heath! Do you know that your half hour has been up this five minutes?"

Sam Heath, the coachman, hastened up the yard, as fast as his size would permit him. The fresh horses were already attached to the coach, the passengers were waiting to mount.

Sam Heath had been gathering in the news of the great event that morning instead of attending to his breakfast, and had become absorbed in it.

Before the little diversion caused by this interference of Mrs. Fitch was over, another comer had been added to the collected knot of gossipers. It was the gentleman just spoken of, Mr. Fisher, the land surveyor and agent, a pleasant-looking man of thirty, careless in manner as in countenance. Considering what had just been avowed, as to his knowledge of the affair, there was no wonder that he was rapturously received.

"Here's Fisher! How d'ye do, Fisher? I say, Fisher, is it true that your champagne was too potent for Stephen Grey last night, causing him to mistake prussic acid for wholesome syrup of squills?"

"That's right! Go on, all of you!" returned Fisher, satirically. "Stephen Grey knows better than to drink champagne that's too potent for him, whether mine or anybody else's. I'll just tell you the rights of the case. It was my wife's birthday, and——"

"We heard wedding day," interrupted a voice.

"Did you? then you heard wrong. It was her birthday, and I was just going to open a bottle of champagne, when Stephen Grey went by, and I got him in to drink her health. My wife had two glasses out of it, and I think he had two, and I had the rest. Stephen Grey was as sober, to all intents and purposes, when he went out of my house as he was when he came into it. I went with him and saw him compound this identical, fatal medicine."

"You can bear witness that he put no prussic acid into it, then?"

"Not I," returned Mr. Fisher. "If it was said to be composed of prussic acid pure, I could not tell to the contrary. I saw him pour two or three liquids together, but whether they were poison, or whether they were not, I could not tell. How should I know his bottles apart? And if I had known I took no notice, for I was laughing and joking all the

time. This morning, when I was in there, Mr. Whittaker showed me the place of the prussic acid, and I can be upon my oath that no bottle, so high as that, was taken down by Mr. Stephen. So far I can say."

"Well, of all strange, incomprehensible events, this seems the strangest. If the draught——"

"Take care! we shall be run over."

The talkers had to scutter right and left. Sam Heath, in all the pride and glory of his box seat, was driving quickly out of the yard to make up for time wasted, his four handsome horses before him, his coach, filled with passengers inside and out, behind him. It was the break up of the assemblage, and they dispersed to fall into smaller knots, or to join other groups.

The probabilities appeared too overwhelming against Stephen Grey. A sort of tide set in against him. Not against the man personally, but against any possibilities that the draught could have been fatally impregnated by other hands than his. In vain a very few attempted to take his part; to express their belief that, however the poison might have got into the draught it was not put there by Stephen Grey; in vain his son Frederick reiterated his declaration, that he had watched the draught mixed, and that it was mixed carefully and correctly; their speaking was as a hopeless task, for the public mind was made up.

"Let it rest, Frederick," said Mr. Stephen to his son. "The facts will come to light sometime, I know, and then they'll be convinced."

"Yes—but meanwhile?" thought Frederick, with a swelling heart. Ay! what in the meanwhile might happen to his father? Would he be committed for manslaughter?—tried, convicted, punished?

Upon none did Mrs. Crane's death produce a more startling shock than upon Judith Ford. The hours kept at old Mrs. Jenkinson's were early, and the house had gone to rest when it happened, so that even the servant Margaret did not know of it until the following morning. She did not disturb Judith to tell her. Mrs. Jenkinson the previous night had kindly told Judith to lie in bed as long as she liked in the morning, and try to get her face-ache well. Judith, who had really need of rest, slept long, and it was past nine o'clock when she came down to the kitchen. Margaret was just finishing her own breakfast.

"How's your face, Judith?" she asked, busying herself to get some fresh tea for her sister. "It looks better. The swelling has gone down."

"It is a great deal better," replied Judith.

"Margaret, I did not think to lie so late as this; you should have called me. Thank you, don't trouble. I don't feel as if I could eat now; perhaps I'll take a bit of bread-and-butter later."

Margaret got the tea ready in silence. She was wondering how she could best break the news to her sister; she was sure, break it as gently as she would, that it would be a terrible shock. As she was pouring out the cup of tea her mistress's bell rang, and she had to answer it; and felt almost glad of the respite.

"I wonder how Mrs. Crane is this morning?" Judith said when she returned. "Have you heard?"

"I—I'm afraid she's not quite well this morning," replied Margaret. "Do eat something, Judith—you'll want it."

"Not well," returned Judith, unmindful of the exhortation to eat. "Has fever come on?"

"No, it's not fever. They say—they say—that the wrong medicine has been given to her," brought out Margaret, thinking she was accomplishing her task cleverly.

"Wrong medicine!" repeated Judith, looking bewildered.

"It's more than I can understand. But it—they say that the effects will kill her."

Judith gulped down her hot tea, rose, and made for the door. Margaret caught her as she was escaping through it.

"Don't go, Judith. You can't do any good. Stop where you are."

"I must go, Margaret. Those two women in there are not worth a rush, both put together; at least, the widow's not worth it, and the other can't always be trusted. If she is in danger, poor young lady, you will not see me again until she's out of it. Margaret, then! you have no right to detain me."

Margaret contrived to get the door shut, and placed her back against it. "Sit down in that chair, Judith, while I tell you something. It is of no use for you to go in. Do you understand?—or must I speak plainer?"

Judith, overpowered by the strong will so painfully and evidently in earnest, sat down in the chair indicated, and waited for an explanation. She could not in the least understand, and stared hard at her sister.

"It is all over, Judith; it was over at ten o'clock last night. She is dead."

The same hard stare on Judith's countenance. She did not speak. Perhaps she could not yet realise the sense of the words.

"Mr. Stephen Grey sent in a sleeping draught, to be given her the last thing," continued Margaret. "He made some extraordi-

nary mistake in it, and sent poison. As soon as she drank it, she died."

Judith's face had been growing of a livid, death-like whiteness, but there was the same hard, uncomprehending look upon it. It suddenly changed; the hard look, for intelligence, the uncertainty, for horror. She uttered a low shriek and hid her eyes with her hands.

"Now this is just what I thought it would be—you do take on so," rebuked Margaret. "It is a shocking thing; it's dreadful for the poor young lady; but still she was a stranger to us."

Judith had begun to shiver. Presently she took her hands from her eyes and looked at her sister.

"Mr. Stephen sent the poison, do you say?"

"They say it. It's odd to me if he did. But her death, poor thing, seems proof positive."

"Then he never did send it!" emphatically cried Judith. "Oh, Margaret, this is awful! When did she die?"

"Well I believe it was about a quarter or ten minutes before ten last night. Mr. Carlton it appears called there sometime in the evening, and was there when the draught was brought in, and he smelt the poison in the bottle. He went off to the Greys to ask Mr. Stephen whether it was all right, but she had taken it before he could get back again."

The hard, stony look was re-appearing on Judith's face. She seemed not to understand, and kept her eyes fixed on Margaret.

"If Mr. Carlton smelt the poison, why did he not forbid it to be given to her?" she said after a while.

"Well—upon my word I forget. I think, though, Mrs. Gould said he did forbid it. It was from her I got all this; she came in here as soon as I was down this morning. She is in a fine way, she and old Pepperfly too; but, as I tell her, there's no need for them to fear. It doesn't seem to have been any fault of theirs."

Judith rose from her chair where she had quietly sat during the recital. "I must go in and learn more, Margaret," she said in a resolute tone, as if she feared being stopped a second time.

"Ay, you may go now," was Margaret's answer. "I only wanted to break the news to you first."

Mrs. Gould and nurse Pepperfly were doing duty over the kitchen fire, talking themselves red in the face, and imbibing a slight modicum of comfort by way of soothing their shattered nerves. Judith saw them as she came up the yard. She crossed the house passage and pushed open the kitchen door.

Both screamed. Too busy to see or hear her, sitting as they were with their backs to the window, her entrance startled them. That overcome, they became voluble on the subject of the past night; and Judith, leaning against the ironing-board underneath the window, listened attentively, and garnered up the particulars in silence.

"It is next door to an impossibility that Mr. Stephen could have mixed poison with the draught," was her first rejoinder. "I, for one, will never believe it."

The room up-stairs was in possession of the police, but Judith was allowed to see it. The poor young face lay white and still, and Judith burst into tears as she gazed at it.

In going down stairs again she just missed meeting Mr. Carlton. He called at the house, and spoke to the policeman. He, the surgeon, had undertaken to assist the police in their researches to discover who the strange lady was, so far as he could, and had already written to various friends in London if perchance they might have cognisance of her. He appeared inclined to be sharp with Mrs. Pepperfly, almost seeming to entertain some doubt of the woman's state of sobriety at the time of the occurrence.

"It is a most extraordinary thing to me, Mrs. Pepperfly, that the lady did not tell you I had forbidden her to take the draught. I can scarcely think but that she did tell you. And yet you went and gave it to her."

"I can be upon my Bible oath that she never said nothing to me against taking the draught," returned Mrs. Pepperfly, scarcely knowing whether to be indignant or to shed tears at the reproach. "Quite the contrary. She wanted to take it, poor soul, right atop of her gruel; and would have took it so, if I had let her."

Mr. Carlton threw his light grey eyes straight into the woman's face.

"Are you sure you remember all the occurrences quite clearly, Mrs. Pepperfly?"

Mrs. Pepperfly understood the insinuation and fired at it. "I remember 'em just as clear as you do, sir. And I'm thankful to goodness that as far as that night goes I've not got nothing on my conscience. If it was to come over again to-night, me being still in ignorance of what was to turn out, I should just give her the draught, supposing it my duty, as I give it her then."

"Well, it appears to me very strange that she should have taken it," concluded Mr. Carlton.

In the course of the morning, Judith, in going up the street, encountered Frederick Grey.

"Well, Judith," began the boy in a tone of resentment, "what do you think of this?"

"I don't know what to dare to think of it, sir," was Judith's answer. "Nothing in all my life has ever come over me like it."

"Judith, you know papa. Now, do you believe it within the range of possibility—possibility, mind you—that he should put prussic acid, through a careless mistake, into a sleeping draught?" he continued, in excitement.

"Master Frederick, I do not believe that he put it in."

"But now, look here. I was present when that medicine was mixed up. I saw everything my father put into it, watched every motion, and I declare that it was mixed correctly. I happened to be there, leaning with my arms on the counter in a sort of idle fit. When papa came in with Mr. Fisher, he told me to go home to my Latin, but I was in no hurry to obey, and lingered on. I am glad now I did! Well, that draught, I can declare, was properly and safely compounded; and yet, when it gets to Mrs. Crane's, there's said to be poison in it, and she drinks it and dies! Who is to explain it or account for it?"

Judith did not reply. The hard look, telling of some strange perplexity, was overshadowing her face again.

"And the town lays the blame upon papa! They say—oh, I won't repeat to you all they say. But, Judith, there are a few yet who don't believe him guilty."

"I, for one," she answered.

"Ay, Judith. I——"

The lad paused. Then he suddenly bent forward and whispered something in her ear. Her pale face turned crimson as she listened, and she put up her hands deprecatingly, essaying to stop him.

"Hush, hush, Master Grey! Be silent, sir."

"Judith, for two pins I'd say it aloud."

"I'd rather you said it aloud than said it to me, sir."

There was a pause. Frederick Grey threw back his head in the manner he was rather given to, when anything annoyed him, and there was a fearless, resolute expression on his face which caused Judith to fear he was going to speak aloud. She hastened to change the subject.

"I suppose there will be an inquest, sir?"

"An inquest! I should just think so. If ever there was a case demanding an inquest, it's this one. If the verdict goes against my father, it will be my fault." And he forthwith described to her how he had wiped the cobwebs from the jar. "The worst of it is, speaking of minor considerations," he went on,

"that nobody knows where to write to her friends, or whether she has any. My father says you took a letter to the post for her."

"So I did, and the police have just asked me about it," replied Judith; "but I did not notice the address, except that it was London. It was to that Mrs. Smith who came down and took away the baby."

"They are going to try and find that woman. Carlton says she ought to be found if possible, because, through her, we may come at some knowledge of who Mrs. Crane was, and he has given a description of her to the police; he saw her on Sunday night at Great Wenlock Station. And now I must make a run for it, Judith, or I shall catch it for loitering."

The boy ran off. Judith gazed after him as one lost in thought, her countenance resuming its look of hardness, its mazed perplexity.

(To be continued.)

THE ROACH.

I HAVE taken the roach thus late in this series of papers because it is an important fish to the angler, and deserves a chapter to itself, and because the heaviest and best roach are caught during the winter months. The rank weeds, with which so many of our English ponds and rivers are overgrown, rot away towards the latter end of October, and are carried off by the stream, and the water consequently becomes cleared for the roach-fisher. Roach bite well throughout the summer and autumn months, but afford the greatest amount of sport from October until the end of January.

In classing fresh-water fish, the place of honour must be given to those taken with the fly—for example, the salmon, salmon-trout, trout, and grayling. In the second rank I place the fish of prey, viz., the jack and perch; and in the third, all the bottom feeders, such as the roach, dace, carp, barbel, bream, gudgeon, and others. Foremost under this head stands the roach, which is the most important of all to the bottom-fisher, the barbel excepted. Of these two river-fish, I should give the preference to the roach, since it bites pretty freely, during the whole year (exclusive of its spawning months), whereas the barbel is exceedingly capricious, and will bite only at certain times and in certain places. The roach is the favourite fish of nearly all Thames anglers.

Roach are found in great abundance in the Thames, Lea, Trent, Colne, and in all English rivers; also in ponds and even broad ditches, and in fact, in almost all fresh waters. Like most other fresh-water fish, however, they thrive best where there is a running stream, and

always grow to a larger size in rivers than they do in still waters. Roach are hardy and very handsome fish. The bright scarlet hue of their fins is extremely attractive, and when they are first taken out of the water gives them a beautiful appearance. The beauty of the iris of the eye is also another striking peculiarity in the roach. The weight of roach varies from half-a-pound to three pounds, but a roach of a pound is a *good*, and one of two pounds an *excellent* fish.

Of course, anglers take a vast number of roach under half-a-pound in weight. In many ponds the weight of the roach does not exceed a few ounces, and when the Serpentine was free to anglers, the roach taken there rarely exceeded one quarter of a pound in weight; indeed they were such as Thames fishermen would have returned to the water. Very heavy carp and bream were taken out of the Serpentine at the period of which I am speaking, and I have seen ten-pound carp in the long water in Kensington Gardens, and in the Round Pond opposite the Palace. Roach, as I before said, grow to a larger size in running water, whereas the reverse is usually the case with carp and bream. Thames anglers generally restore to the river all roach which are much under the quarter-of-a-pound standard, as I have said.

The roach spawns in April or May, and the "fence months" (*i. e.* defence months) for Thames fish are from the 1st of March until the 1st of June, after which bottom-fishing recommences. From June until the middle of September roach bite best at early morning, and again in the evening, from five or six o'clock until dark, and at this period of the year often frequent the still deep water near bridges as well as the neighbourhood of thick weed beds. During the summer months the roach will not feed well at mid-day, but in the winter the middle of the day is the most likely time for fishing. When the weeds have rotted away the roach will be found often in deep water, but the selection of a place for fishing depends much on the day. On a bright still morning I have known roach bite best in shallow water, and I believe there is often good roach-fishing in the Trent, in water from two to three feet deep. There are many baits for taking roach, and these of course vary with the season, and according to the waters in which they are made use of. In the Thames I think the liver-gentle is the most taking bait, but in the Trent I am inclined to believe that more execution is done amongst both roach and dace with the red worm. In ponds and still waters I am certain that a paste made of new bread, and sweetened with either honey or sugar, is the best bait.

I have always had most success when using the gentle, but then my experience of roach-fishing has been mostly obtained on the Thames. If the angler uses a gentle, he must also make a ground-bait to attract the roach to the hook. Let the ground-bait be made of the crumb of a quartern loaf well soaked, and then mixed with bran in the proportion of one-half of each, or rather more of bran than of bread. In this mixture put a few gentles, but not too many, the object being merely to give the roach a taste of the gentle, in order to induce them to come freely to the hook. Having well mixed the ground-bait, roll it up into balls about the size of small dumplings, and put a pebble in each to sink it. Then very gently drop these balls into the water as close as possible to the side of the punt in which you are fishing. They will thus be carried down by the stream, the moderate force of which will break them up and disperse the bran over your fishing-ground. The roach, attracted by the floating particles, will come up in shoals to feed upon the ground-bait, in swimming towards which they will smell the gentle on the hook and bite greedily. There is no method of roach-fishing equal to this, in my opinion. As roach feed on the bottom, it is needful that the ground-bait should entirely sink, and hence the use of pebbles. For the same reason the roach-fisher must carefully plumb the depth before commencing operations. The bait should be about half an inch from the ground, so as just to keep clear of the bottom. By not attending to this simple rule many roach-fishers miss good sport, as, of course, if the bait be several inches from the ground, it is carried over the heads of the roach, who see nothing of it. Perch and jack, on the contrary, bite best in mid-water, as, not being worm-feeders, they have no occasion to seek their food by grubbing in the ground, as the roach, dace, barbel, chub, and such fish. In fishing for roach use a quill float (a porcupine quill is best), and hook No. 10 or 11. A very small hook does for roach: use also a fine hair or silk line, and let your gut be fine and shotted with very small shot. For those who are sufficiently experienced the best sport is to be had by using a single hair line. If using a worm for bait, as is done in some places, it must be a small red blood-worm, and the ground-bait must be made of clay and a few worms, instead of bread and bran. Roach seldom if ever bite at the fly, although dace very commonly will; but dace, like bleak and chub, are addicted to basking on the top of the water during the hot months.

Nearly the whole of the river Thames is a good roach-ground, beginning at Sunbury, and

going on through Walton, Halliford, Weybridge, &c., &c. Pangbourne, Maidenhead, Henley, and Great Marlow supply splendid fishing-ground for all sorts of fish, and the roach is one of those most frequently taken. I have seen very fine roach caught beyond the lock, below the "Island" at Henley-on-Thames, towards Medenham Abbey; and the fish in that part of the river run large. There are also capital harbours for jack in the many beds of rushes in the vicinity of Medenham. Roach are shy and wary fish, although, if not alarmed, they will bite very freely. The great qualifications for a roach-fisher are patience and an absolute command over the tongue. Those who join a fishing-party rather for a frolic than for the sake of sport, need not expect to catch roach. Half-pound roach are often used by the jack-fisher for trolling and spinning in the winter months, and good jack are undoubtedly sometimes taken thus. As a bait for jack, however, I give the preference to the dace over the roach, as the silvery glitter of the former is irresistible to a hungry pike. Perhaps in winter jack bite most readily at a large bait, but in the summer a small one is certainly preferable. I never use a very large bait at any time; and I have caught better jack with a gudgeon, or small dace, or even a minnow, than I have ever taken with a half-pound roach or dace. A pike must be downright hungry to be tempted by a large bait, whereas he will often snap at a small one out of mere wanton spite. On the other hand, a very large pike will sometimes swallow a big bait in winter time, when he would pass over a small one as not worth the trouble of the "run" he must make to secure it.

Occasionally large quantities of roach and dace are sold on barrows in the poorer localities of London, Birmingham, Manchester, and other populous cities. They are bought by the very lowest orders, the market price being usually only from three farthings to twopence a pound. I cannot recommend the roach to my readers as a fish likely to repay the trouble of cooking. It is coarse and bony, and has the peculiar flavour common to many freshwater fish, which is best expressed by the term "muddy." Small roach, fried in egg and bread crumbs, are just tolerable. I have once or twice, when on a fishing-excursion, tasted them thus dressed. But no one would give the preference to the roach when perch and gudgeon were obtainable. The perch is an excellent dish, the best of all freshwater fish—the salmonidæ alone excepted—and perch make a better water-souchet than any other fish I know of. Gudgeons are excellent when

fried and served up as garnishing to a dish of large perch. Many persons think the gudgeon little inferior to the smelt. I need not, however, enter into particulars concerning them here, as it is possible I may have to speak of gudgeons in a future paper.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

OUT WITH M'CLELLAN.

WE were three—three miserable objects—in a tent, shivering over a wretched little charcoal stove, and calculating the value of promotion, after placing against it the sets-off of wounds, death, disease, starvation, general misery, and the other numerous perils and privations to be encountered during a campaign in an enemy's country. I, John Robinson, Englishman, thought and said, that sooner than be there as Lieutenant of the 00th Rifles, I would turn quill-driver at home; Maurice Byrne, from the sister isle, said he had never made but one bull in his life, and that was in coming out to the States upon a glory-chase; while Washington White growled at things in general, "cussed" the Southerners, and spat in the fire to hear it fizzle.

We had all found out that war in earnest, and being out in full review order, were two vastly different things; the tinsel and glitter had all gone, and the rags, mud, misery, and short rations, had placed a most undeniably wet blanket upon the spirits of three as merry-hearted "subs" as ever cried "Right wheel" to a company. We lay encamped on the bank of a river, waiting to make our next strategical movement. The men were all dispirited, the camp one vast slough, rations short, and fatigue parties busily at work all day long carrying the sick up to hospital in the nearest town. And so we sat, hungry and low-spirited, over the beggarly little fire in our tent.

Maurice was the most light-hearted fellow amongst us, but, on this occasion, he was the gloomiest of the trio; he evidently had something on his mind, and, with his chin buried in his hands, leant silently over the fire. The night was setting in dark and gloomy; and, after peeping out, I dropped the canvas and proposed a smoke.

"Ah!" said Washington; "bring out those weeds, Maurice."

Maurice was guardian of the cigar stock, and two—the only remaining couple of our last box—reposed in his trusty charge. But Maurice could not hear the demand, and still sat moodily gazing at the glowing embers.

"Come," said I, "let's have a smoke; something better may turn up to-morrow."

"Only one left," said Maurice.

"Only one!" we echoed; "then where's the other?"

"Smoked it last night in the trench," growled the culprit. "Shouldn't have been here if I hadn't, it was so cold."

The temptation was great, and, now that the murder was out, Maurice seemed eased in his mind, and asked pardon for breaking faith, which pardon was graciously accorded.

"Well, out with the other," said I.

The last of the Havanas was produced and accurately divided into three portions, for the choice of which we drew lots, when the best end fell to my share, Maurice obtained the middle, and Whitewash, as we called him, had to content himself with the top end. I lit up at once, and, under the soothing canopy of smoke which I spread over my head, set myself to watch my companions' proceedings. Maurice took out a penknife, and began to shred his piece into tobacco, with which he economically started an old cutty meerschaum; while Whitewash cut off one little cylinder and commenced chewing. The last was the most saving plan, and our companion was quietly masticating when I had burned my piece down to within the eighth of an inch of my lips, singeing my moustache, and even after the meerschaum had been replaced in its case.

"Rather dry work," I said at last.

"Let's wet it, then," said Maurice.

I fancied I detected a shade of uneasiness crossing the features of our Yankee friend, but he quietly lugged out a large leather-covered flask, and passed it over to me. I had begun to feel uneasy about the rum, but, on taking off the leather envelope, there was the quantity in full tale, but with a tinge of pallor in its complexion that did not look wholesome. I filled up our tin measure, and handed Whitewash his "tot," which disappeared in silence. The measure was replenished, and I passed it to Maurice; he tasted it, smelt it, and then burst out with—"Wathered!"

I tasted the stuff, and, sure enough, the rum had turned into rum-and-water, and we both turned to Whitewash for an explanation. His hang-dog look bespoke the culprit, and, after shuffling about for a minute, as in doubt where to bestow his long legs, he broke out,—

"There, cuss it all, how could I help? Last night would have drowned a fellow, if he hadn't had some spirit in him."

Maurice was helpless as an accuser on account of the cigar delinquency, and I dared not take the high post of judge for fear they might ask after our last biscuit, which by that time must have completely succumbed to my gastric juices. So we sat in silence, and finished the cold grog.

"I say," said Maurice, at length, "I'm hungry."

"So am I," said I.

"I should like a chop," said Whitewash.

There was a pause, and then Maurice continued,—

"The major had a leg of mutton taken into his tent to-night."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Whitewash and I, simultaneously.

"Fact," said our informant; "some of the fellows of the 09th nailed a sheep, and had it cut up in no time; and I believe old Brutus's man stole it from them for the major. The beggar knows he'd have to cook it, and be able to stick his teeth into some part or another, leave alone the sop in the pan."

Whitewash gave a sort of smack with his lips, and something resembling a sigh escaped mine.

"I say," said the Yankee, at last, "what's foraging?"

"Taking care of number one," replied I.

"Helping yourself," chimed in Maurice.

"Tisn't stealing, is it?" said Whitewash.

"Of course not," we echoed.

"Then let's have that leg of mutton."

"Oh, but," said I, "the major isn't an enemy."

"Ain't he though?" said Maurice; "he's no friend of mine."

"The calls of nature must be satisfied," said Whitewash.

"And this is an enemy's country," suggested Maurice.

"So it is," said I, "and if I thought the major's fellow had stolen the mutton, why, we'd have it, but——"

"Oh," said Maurice, "we might be found out."

"Not a bit of it," said Whitewash.

We were all silent again for some time, during which I put a few more sticks on the fire, so that it gave out a cheerful glow, brightening up the dirty canvas of the tent.

"Pity to waste such a good fire," sighed Maurice.

I feelingly assented to this.

"Yes," broke in our Yankee friend, "some slices would frizzle well in front there."

Our heads, somehow, got closer together, and the demon Famine must have given an extra grip to our inner man, for Maurice began tearing up a letter into three pieces, which pieces he then folded into strips, pipelight fashion, but of different lengths. Not a word was spoken, for we all seemed, conspirator-like to divine each other's thoughts, until Maurice held the ends of the strips out for us to draw from, saying, as he did so,—

"Shortest goes."

The Yankee and I both drew, and, to my disgust, I found that I held the shortest piece, Maurice the next, and the Yankee the longest.

"Well," said I, gloomily, "how am I to get it?"

"Slit the tent, and seize hold of it," said the Irishman.

"Ah, that's the way!" said Whitewash.

"Just so," said I, buttoning up, and putting on my great-coat.

"Look alive, old boy," said Maurice, poking the fire.

"I'll watch for you, and whistle if anything goes wrong," said our companion; and, with a sigh of despair, I issued out into the cold, dark night.

It must have been about ten o'clock, and a mizzling Scotch sort of mist was creeping through the camp. I had not far to go, for the major's tent was only about fifty yards off, and over this space, thickly covered with tents, I threaded my way, with much the same sort of feeling as must pervade the bosom of an unhardened burglar; but the sensation of the stomach rose up and trampled down all scruples. I crept cautiously up to the tent, and, piercing a tiny hole in the canvas, peeped in. The major was dozing on his camp-stool, and the candle burning on the table displayed to my hungry gaze a roughly hacked-off, but very fine, leg of mutton, hanging to the tent-pole, and, of course, quite out of reach from a hole in the canvas. This was quite enough for me, so, carefully retracing my steps, I told my tale to my comrades.

"Why didn't you slip in and take it, as he was asleep?" asked Maurice.

"Ah! to be sure," echoed the American, with a snarl; "why didn't you?"

I had no reason to give, and sulkily told the Irishman to try himself. This did not seem to suit his inclination, nevertheless he prepared to make the attempt. We followed him at a distance, and, as he neared the tent, we could see his dark body in relief against the canvas. He had evidently made a hole, and was reconnoitring; and, after a few minutes, he moved slowly towards the entrance, and suddenly fell down. We heard a noise and an imprecation, and then turned and fled.

We had scarcely got into the tent, when our companion came hurrying in, muddy, and with his nose bleeding.

"I forgot those confounded tent-ropes," he growled; "and here's a pretty deuce of a mess I'm in."

"Where's the mutton?" we both asked,

grinning at his misfortune; and I, for my part, rather rejoicing at his ill success.

"In the tent, where it's likely to stay, growled Maurice; "for the deuce of a slice will you get this night. He's fastened in, and sleeps like a cat, with one eye open."

"Ah," said Whitewash, with a sneer, "I expected I should have to fetch it."

"Well! go ahead, and show your nationality," said I.

"Wait a bit, and perhaps that eye will shut, and then we'll see."

We sat for about a quarter of an hour, and then our companion quietly stole out of the tent, while we waited his return in silence. Ten minutes elapsed, and then we were startled by the sharp crack of a revolver. We sprang to our feet, and looked horror-stricken in each other's faces; but there was no time for thought: in a few moments we heard the roll of a drum, followed by others, and bugle after bugle sounded the *assemblée*. Feet were trampling in all directions, and we hurried out, and fell-in with our company, of which Whitewash was ensign. I looked in vain for him, and was beginning to have "dire forebodings" as to his fate, when I saw him slip into his place.

Whispered inquiries passed along the ranks as to what was wrong, and whether a night attack had been made, but no one knew the cause of the alarm. No videttes had been driven in, and no further alarm took place, so that in half an hour we dismissed, confidence being restored, and returned to our tents, every one being satisfied that it was a false alarm; though I half expected our major would say he had fired upon an intruder in his tent. But no; the pudgy old gentleman was evidently as ignorant as the rest, and the whole affair seemed enwrapped in mystery.

As soon as we were in our tent, Whitewash fastened and pegged up the entrance quite securely, blew up and added fuel to the half-expired fire, and then, lifting up a corner of our waterproof sheet, drew out and flourished over his head the leg of mutton, finishing off by bringing it down "thud" upon Maurice's back.

"Now, Paddy," he added, "slip round to Jack Roberts, make him swear secrecy, and then bring him with you; tell him we've got a feed on, and then he'll bring some tobacco and rum, for I know he has some left."

"But," we both asked, "how did you get it?"

"How did I get it?" he sneered; "why, by common-sense principles. Went down on my hands and knees, about a dozen yards from the old tyrant's den, flashed off my revolver,

and then dodged round the nearest tent to the back of his. Just as I expected, the old skunk ran out on the alarm, and I dragged up some of the canvas, walked off with and made the leg safe, and then fell in. I was rather late, but nobody noticed it. And now rout Jack up, or he'll be gone to roost, and we musn't leave a 'wrack behind' to tell the tale."

Maurice hurried off, and we set to, and soon had our little stove sputtering and blazing with the mutton-steaks we had cut. Our comrade returned in an incredibly short space of time, with the new-comer, who added to the feast half-a-dozen biscuits, some tobacco, and half a bottle of rum. Every man was his own Soyer, and the fire blazed up so that we had to hang up our overcoats to keep the light in. We worked hard at it; and as the rich, juicy, though somewhat blackened, mouthfuls disappeared, all unpleasant thoughts as to the manner in which we obtained our feast were banished, and it was declared by all to be a clever piece of foraging, there being not the slightest doubt that we were in an enemy's country, and the major always having been a tyrant and an enemy to us young "subs." Nevertheless we drank to the old boy's health, again and again, as well as our own, all round.

The bone was thoroughly denuded, a few pieces being put on one side for future consumption, and the bare shank carefully wrapped up in the New York Herald, tied up with string, and directed in a disguised hand, Jack Roberts undertaking to drop it near the major's tent, on his way back. We all declared that there never was so prime a leg before, and each lauded his own cooking. How long we should have sat, if the tobacco and rum had lasted, it is impossible to say, but our stock of both having disappeared, and morning approaching, Jack slipped off, and we lay down to rest, but seemed scarcely to have dropped asleep before the *reveillé* sounded, and we hurried off to morning parade. On our way we were accosted by the private who acted as the major's servant; and, speaking for myself, the hot blood mounted to my cheeks as the man came up, for conscience suggested we were found out. But no. The fellow saluted, and trusted we should excuse his forgetfulness, and hoped we would not let his master know, for the message he had to deliver should have been attended to the previous evening.

The message was, "Would we sup with the major that night, at nine?"

We sent our compliments, and would be most happy; but, in the course of the day, we received another despatch, stating that the

major could not do himself the honour of entertaining us that night, but must defer the pleasure.

Before twenty-four hours had passed we were in full retreat before the Southern forces, and it was not until two days after that we were able to finish the mutton. G. M. FENN.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. A. M.

I.

WITH every quiet wife-like grace
She lived;—and as she lived, she died.
Her deep pure love's unruffled tide
Scarce show'd a ripple on its face.

II.

For, all the wishes of her heart—
Each thought, each care, or hope or bliss
Sprang but from him, and were but his
Who in her every pulse had part.

III.

She turn'd to him as flowers to light,
And drank in sunshine from his look;
She read each feature as a book
Where love alone could read or write.

IV.

Thus intermingling, two pure lives
Grow fused and moulded into one;
Each in the other seeks its own,
And each has nought but what it gives.

V.

For twelve swift months, in shade or sun,
But ever bright and fair to see
The golden days in peace did flee,—
The peace that springs from duty done.

VI.

And yet while light filled heaven's dome,—
As flowers fold their leaves ere night,
She felt the waning of the light,
And knew the voice that called her home.

VII.

With trembling hearts and bated breath
We wait beside her quiet bed,
And watch in hope, yet solemn dread,
The coming mystery of Death.

VIII.

Morn breaks at last; the Night is gone.
Love's last fond words are faint but clear,
"Good night my darling,"—Heav'n is near,
Her eyes behold another Dawn.

IX.

Not Death, but Christ himself alone
Unloosed her life's frail silver cord:
Her strongest law had been His word.
She walk'd with God. He took His own.

B. G. JOHNS.

PIPER'S SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

THE possibility of having too much of a good thing has been long recognised and appreciated. My complaint against Mrs. Kiswick was, that she was too respectable. Respectability is, without doubt, a quality very precious in its way; yet it may, I maintain, assume redundant and oppressive dimensions. Mrs. Kiswick's respectability, however dear to herself, completely cowed, over-shadowed, weighed down all with whom she came in contact.

I ought to explain, perhaps, that during a portion of my life Mrs. Kiswick was my landlady. She let lodgings—"apartments" she always preferred to call them—if people really declined to adopt her most cherished phrase and say "a portion of her house." Certainly it was a very large portion—quite a lion's share of her residence, that she abandoned to the use of her tenants—retaining only the kitchens for her own occupation. For my part, I rented the second floor. The house was situate in a very eligible quarter of the town. When I say that by well projecting my head from the front window I could, in fair weather, and other circumstances favouring me, catch a decided glimpse of the capes of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade, the reader will readily understand in how very desirable a neighbourhood I was domiciled.

My own name is Piper—Thomas Piper, gentleman, of no particular profession or occupation. My father realised a considerable amount of money by extensive contracts in connection with Irish pork. At his death I found myself the possessor of a decent share of his property. That share, I regret to say, has not increased in value by my method of dealing with it. I settled in London with the plan of looking about me, and of adopting, ultimately, some employment which, while it made no great tax upon my time or my energies, should yet be exceedingly remunerative in character. I may say frankly, at once, that I have not yet succeeded in finding quite the sort of thing I have been now some years in quest of. Meanwhile, however, I have not been absolutely idle. I have carefully studied the advertisements in the Times, to see if anything in my way was offering itself to public notice. I have had many interviews with gentlemen who wanted partners—and even more than partners—additional capital, for lack of which it seemed that "enterprises of great pith and moment" were falling into a rather alarming state of collapse. I have seen

many promoters of many promising undertakings, which only required a little money to be put into them to turn out perfect Perus in the matter of gold—on the same principle, I suppose, as you have sometimes to pour water into a pump before you can get any out,—and I have had a voluminous correspondence with a great number of people who were quite determined upon making my fortune if I would only let them, and give them some little encouragement to begin with in the shape of, say, a cheque for five hundred pounds or so. Up to this time, however, as I have said, I have not found exactly the opportunity for employing myself that I have looked for. Time has run on. I am not nearly so young as I was once,—if you are really particular as to age, I have no great objection to your setting me down as about forty,—and still the question as to how I shall employ my life remains unsettled; while I cannot disguise from myself that the probabilities of my suiting myself with an occupation do not appear to be on the increase. I am of a hopeful disposition, however, if not positively of a sanguine temperament. I see no reason to despair. I continue to look about me. I may find any day, any hour, the sort of thing I want, or it may find me. In the interim, I lead a quiet and not uncomfortable life, keeping very tolerably within my income, with only an occasional excursion beyond its border.

From my objection to Mrs. Kiswick's excessive respectability may have arisen, by a process of natural growth, my aversion to bombazine as a material of dress. For the two are inseparably connected. The woman of redundant respectability invariably wears bombazine. Bombazine is, indeed, as the flag under which female ultra-respectability always sails. Its hue announces mourning and family bereavement and affliction, so that it cannot but make large demands upon one's sympathy and respect and forbearance; while its lustreless, limp, clinging character is as a sort of protest against the gaudiness, frivolity, and expanse of dress in which that portion of the sex which does not make respectability its strong point, is known to indulge. Mrs. Kiswick, of course, wore bombazine. Out of bombazine I never once saw her, during the whole term of my residence beneath her roof. My impression is that she even slept in bombazine. But, of course, I cannot be expected to give precise information upon this head. I never saw Mrs. Kiswick

asleep. Respectability forbid! But certain it is that, whenever, owing to some unfortunate accident—either from a lodger mislaying his key, or strangely forgetting its precise use, or some such thing, Mrs. Kiswick was roused from her couch at an unseemly hour of the night, she was never found to appear otherwise than scrupulously garbed in her favourite material.

Dogberry attached importance to the fact that he had “had losses.” (I reject the alteration of Mr. Collier’s emendator to “had leases.”) In the same way Mrs. Kiswick seemed to consider that her position in society was benefitted, and her own value enhanced, by the number of deaths that had occurred in her family. According to her account, her relatives had been taken from her not simply one by one, but quite in groups or batches at a time, and the manner of their deaths had been by no means normal; their complaints had always been attended by extraordinary circumstances: physicians had been baffled, and in vain; science had been fairly dumb-founded by disorders, without precedent in their origin and diagnostics. From the demise of Mrs. Kiswick’s niece, Anna Mary, aged two years and three months, up to the decease of her maternal grandfather, old Mr. Chillup, of the West India trade, at the mature age of eighty-nine, incidents of elaborate mystery and complication had marked the departure of Mrs. Kiswick’s relations; and the ample narration of these appeared to be to her a great source of comfort. Vainly did any lodger seek, out of his own limited stock of bereavements, to adduce an instance which could vie in its peculiarity with the cases figuring in Mrs. Kiswick’s sad recitals. Mrs. Kiswick could easily cap any other person’s experience in this respect. She always retained, as it were, a trump card in her hand, and kept command of the game. She fell back upon the series of disorders and afflictions endured by a great aunt on her father’s side, beyond which it hardly seemed possible to go, in the way of the dreadful and amazing. I have often thought that the cases of Mrs. Kiswick’s relatives, if fully set forth, would require a whole library of medical history all to themselves.

Submission the most abject to Mrs. Kiswick’s governance, was one of the inevitable conditions of residence beneath her roof. No lodger was permitted to order his own method of life. On any such attempt, he was at once encountered by Mrs. Kiswick, clothed in shining bombazine, and armed to the teeth with her respectability. She had kept house for a long series of years, and was thoroughly acquainted with what was due to her lodgers and herself. The regulations

of her establishment must be regarded—herself and her servants must be duly recognised and remembered. Meals must be taken at specified hours—coals carried up—beverages brought in—bells rung and answered—errands ran—letters sent to the post—only at proper periods of the day. No lodger must look for exceptional treatment; the convenience of one must yield to consideration for the comfort of the many. Upon these points Mrs. Kiswick gave free vent to grim expostulations. She was a tall woman, with pendulous cheeks that entirely hid the tight black string securing her black net cap upon her head, with respectability gleaming in her watery black eyes, proclaimed in every part of her attire—written even as it were upon the prunella covered bunnions which so seriously affected the symmetry of her feet. With a calm, grave vigour, she opened fire upon a contumacious lodger. She left him silenced, conquered, raked fore-and-aft by her experience, her long standing as a householder and ratepayer, the number of her bereavements, and their remarkable and mysterious character; overwhelmed, in fact, by her unimpeachable respectability. In my own case, whenever I was betrayed into sedition, I found myself especially awed back into propriety of conduct by the striking contrast Mrs. Kiswick was in the habit of drawing between my behaviour and that of the inhabitant of the parlours—“a thorough gentleman, every inch of him,” as Mrs. Kiswick was fond of asserting, with a look that seemed to declare that I might derive lasting benefit by a closer following of his example. Thenceforth I always looked upon “the parlours” as a mean-spirited wretch, who had surrendered himself completely a slave to Mrs. Kiswick and her respectability. Afterwards, however, upon forming an acquaintance with my fellow tenant, I changed my opinion. I found that he had made various attempts to throw off Mrs. Kiswick’s yoke, but he had been much deterred and disheartened by that lady’s account of the charming demeanour, the beautiful content, and resignation of a lodger on the second floor, who was invariably designated “a gentlemanly creature.” I, it seemed, was that gentlemanly creature. Mrs. Kiswick’s tactics were certainly admirable, if not altogether ingenuous. She obtained additional rule over her lodgers by holding up to them, as exemplars, very fanciful portraits of each other.

I remained some time under Mrs. Kiswick’s control, rather because I am very averse to changes, and am slightly disposed to indolence, perhaps, than because I was absolutely comfortable. Indeed, Mrs. Kiswick’s apartments could hardly be described as comfortable: for

one reason, I really believe, because they were so clean. We are constantly told that cleanliness is next to godliness, but I am tempted to think that very often uncleanness is not far off from comfort. I am aware that this is likely to be received as a very dreadful and desperate statement, especially by those who have not suffered to the extent I have from their rooms being "put to rights." Mrs. Kiswick set great store upon cleanliness, and charged for it in her bills. She took great pride in stating that her house was the cleanest in the street. (It might have been, or might not. I never thought it worth while to dispute the matter.) She would often point, triumphantly, to the fireplace, and demand if I had ever seen a grate better black-leaded? This was all very well. But I know, upon a cold morning, it is far more pleasant to find a glowing, crackling fire in the unleaded stove than, shivering, to be called upon to commend the brilliant polish of an empty grate. Besides, if anything's to be polished, why not the boots? Mine, I regret to say, under Mrs. Kiswick's régime, were terribly lustreless—always suggesting the notion not so much that the blacking had run short as that the polishing brush had been somehow mislaid. But Mrs. Kiswick and her retinue laid such stress upon the splendours of black-lead, that they seemed to have lost sight of any other sort of shine altogether. Sweeping the room, moreover, is no doubt an excellent proceeding in its way, especially for the carpet, but I think it is rather detrimental to everything and everybody else in the neighbourhood of the operation; furniture, books, papers, are covered with a rich bloom of dust, as though they were so much fruit; and I have been sometimes doomed to breakfast in a chokingly loaded atmosphere—in quite a London fog of dust, and all by reason of Mrs. Kiswick's redundant cleanliness. It's very nice, no doubt, to have clean windows, but I do protest against the sudden invasion of my privacy on the part of Mrs. Kiswick, and to her subjecting me, in the severest weather, to the keenest of draughts, simply because, as she explains, "the time has come round again for doing my windows." But to lodge with Mrs. Kiswick was to be incessantly the victim of an inexorable routine. "Could you be out all Friday, sir?" she would sometimes ask; "I want to give your rooms a thorough good clean. They want it terrible." And she would glance round her as though she were contemplating quite an Augean stable. I had not the courage to say that I infinitely preferred my rooms to be let alone, however dirty; but such, in truth, was my decided preference.

As the culminating point of Mrs. Kiswick's respectability, I may note her claim to be the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England. I have never ventured to doubt Mrs. Kiswick's oft-repeated statement to this effect. It has furnished me, however, with an additional reason for regretting the limited resources at the command of ministers of the establishment. The reverend gentleman had probably been unable to provide means sufficient for the complete education of his child. Mrs. Kiswick's English was often extremely defective.

I have been particular to note the foregoing circumstances in connection with the economy of the house in which I lived, that the reader may derive a correct impression concerning myself—for men may be judged by their surroundings; and an accurate description of my lodgings and my landlady consequently relieves me in a great measure from the unpleasantness of any very minute setting forth of my own history, my personal advantages and deficiencies, my individuality and idiosyncrasy. I was Mrs. Kiswick's lodger for some time; and now, knowing Mrs. Kiswick and her lodgings, you are, or ought to be, I think, in a position to form a very fair notion of the manner of man that I am.

The absence of a settled employment does not conduce, I think, to a very healthy state of mind. An idle man becomes almost necessarily a trifler—apt to lay great stress upon very small matters—and, as it were, to invent occupation out of the poorest materials. At Mrs. Kiswick's I breakfasted at as late an hour as she would permit, and prolonged my meal as much as possible in order to dispose of as large a portion of the day as I could. I read my "Times" newspaper laboriously—especially the advertisements. It was a sort of business occupation in itself to search sedulously the advertisements for an opening into which I might at once fling myself and my capital. The newspaper done with, various small questions occupied me, and I lighted a pipe by way of aid to reflection. At what hour should I dine? and where? and what should I have for dinner? Should I go out or stay in? If I went out where should I go? and at what hour should I return? If I remained at home, what should I do? And then I had to consider that important topic, the weather. Was it going to be fine, or did it threaten rain? And this led to the further and complicated inquiry, whether, if I went out, I should take with me my umbrella or my walking stick—should wear my thin or my clump-soled boots—my new hat or my old one—my light coat or my heavy one—

and so on. You see in this way a man may find a sort of employment for his faculties ;—not of the best kind perhaps, nor very remunerative, looking at it from a commercial point of view—yet still something to do.

Now there are some days of the year when I take for granted no man who had the option of staying at home would ever dream of going out. Days of dreadful bad weather, of gloom, of cold, of wet, of fog, when I should think even the most muscular of Christians would abandon all thought of out-of-door exercise, and rather seek benefit and exhilaration from his dumb-bells—instruments from which I own I never derived anything but intense dreariness and dissatisfaction, but then I'm an indolent man, and "a day with the dumb-bells" holds out to me no great promise of enjoyment. In any case, there can be no reason why a man who has nothing to do out of doors should leave his home if he does not feel disposed to do so—or why he should not abstain from the dreary delights of dumb-bells if such be his humour.

It was on a terribly comfortless day, that there came to pass the events I am about to disclose to the reader. If I have been a long time coming to these, it is in a great measure attributable to the unfocussed state of my mind, which seems to necessitate an uncertain and irregular method of approaching things. I should say, that in point of weather it was quite the worst day in the whole year, although there was nothing in the almanack that prepared one for such being the case. It was in the winter time—not frosty. There is a cheerful certainty about a frost ; although one may not like, one can understand it. People cannot reasonably complain of a frost being cold. But when there is no frost—when there is rain, and mist, and darkness, and intense cold too, one seems to have some right to be querulous and dissatisfied. Bitter weather—"raw," some like to call it—with a loaded atmosphere that made respiration difficult, and a chill moistness that found its way through the thickest clothing, seemed even to pierce one's skin, and make one's very bones shiver and rattle within. I had altogether good excuse for stopping indoors, piling coals on the fire, and persuading myself I was better off than the busy people whose avocations compelled them to be out and about. Fancy being a tide or a landing-waiter, or interested in shipping, or "down at the docks," such weather as this ! I stirred the fire vehemently, with the intense satisfaction that, however improperly, one cannot help deriving from the reflection that one is better off than other people.

Still there are drawbacks to stopping at home all day long without exercise and without occupation. I am by no means partial to excessive exertion, but still I like a moderate walk every day, if only because it stimulates appetite and enhances enjoyment of one's dinner. And it is difficult to get through one's time without some irksomeness—at home all day, doing nothing. Absolute want of exercise and occupation induces, moreover, a certain feverish indigestive restlessness that has its discomforts. One can't be always reading the same books ; and one doesn't want to be always reading, even if one had new books to read. There is an inclination to be pacing the room in rather a perturbed state, with an occasional halt to flatten and soil one's nose against the window-panes, taking further account of the weather, or notice of the passers-by in the streets. And then the necessity for dining at home when one's rather in the habit of dining out, opens the door to new difficulties. Not so much in my case as to the choice of food, certainly ; for I knew that Mrs. Kiswick made it a rule to permit of no dishes but chops and steaks being provided for the refectory of her lodgers. But in my case, a dinner at home was often accompanied by as many doubts and dilemmas as distinguish the pic-nics out of doors of other people. It was a moot point as to whether salt was procurable—or pepper—or whether the cork-screw could be forthcoming at quite the right moment.

And the cork-screw was very necessary to me if I dined in my own apartments, because I happened to have by me a few bottles of peculiar sherry, with which wine on such occasions I was in the habit of solacing myself. I was not exactly proud of owning these specimens of a distinguished vintage, because some disappointment attended my coming into possession of the wine. Under the will of a deceased aunt I had hoped to receive a legacy of some few thousand pounds in the stocks. I was bequeathed, in lieu, a dozen or two of sherry in quart bottles. I tried, therefore, to think as highly as I could of the wine. It had been many years in bottle—very many years. It was reputed to have made more than one voyage to the East Indies, to possess immense aroma and flavour, and as a dessert wine to be choice and rich enough to satisfy the wildest dreams of the most exacting of connoisseurs. It was of the colour of the darkest mahogany, and I always fancied,—but then it could only have been a fancy, born of an association of ideas,—that there was a *soupeon* of furniture-polish about its taste. For I didn't really like it. All that I could honestly admit in its favour

was that its strength was enormous. I should say it was a decidedly loaded wine—overloaded indeed, with strong and fierce spirit, to such an extent that the original flavour of the liquor was barely to be discovered; just as one sometimes sees a porter so burthened with packages, so clothed with parcels, that very little of the original man is discernible.

I ate my dinner hurriedly. Indeed it is advisable to use despatch if your dinner consists of mutton chops on a cold plate, and you object to seeing the crescent of fat which borders one side of your chop assume too rapidly an unwholesome and dense opacity. Mrs. Kiswick had an objection to hot plates which I took to be innate and constitutional, and did not venture to contest after one or two ineffectual efforts. I ate hurriedly; washing down my meal with copious draughts of the old peculiar dark mahogany sherry. I felt little the better for my repast—but rather the worse. I was feverish, depressed, sleepy, and experienced a disagreeable sensation of tightness about the region of the waist. It seemed to me that this might be remedied by further application to the bottle of sherry. So I helped myself to a bumper. I drew near to the fire; for my feet were very cold, though my head burned and throbbed. A moderator lamp cast a mellow glow over the room. I sipped my loaded sherry, and tried to think that I was happy and comfortable. But I wasn't.

It was all very well to compare myself with the passers-by in the street, though I could not be quite sure that even in their case the balance of advantages was in my favour. The people outside might be cold, and wet, and hungry; but at any rate they were probably not feverish and dyspeptic. I sank into a half-comatose state of dreary meditation, of listless recollection. I entered upon other comparisons. I considered my contemporaries—my comrades years ago at school—how had these prospered? Were they better off than I was? I asked myself. Somehow, I thought, the men who begin with nothing at all seem to get on the best. The boys whose fathers are not intimately connected with contracts for Irish pork—who come in for no slice of funded property on the parental demise—who work hard for a living, simply, without much heed how much their energies may be taxed in proportion to the amount of remuneration to be received. These certainly thrive. Little Tom This, who rolls about town in a brilliant yellow chariot, signs himself "M.D.," and fingers pulses at a guinea each, at the rate of, say, a pulse and a guinea every five minutes; it is quite a business, with him, turning his

fee-money out of his pockets. Or Ned That, a shining light at the equity bar, who wears a silk gown, (his wife appearing at evening parties in maroon velvet: she's older than he is, that's some comfort,) and pours forth every day, when the Lords Justices are sitting, a limpid stream of technical palaver, to the tune of some five thousand a-year. These men have got on. They are so busy now, that when I meet them by chance in the street they have barely time to see me, much less to stop and shake hands for a three minutes' talk. I knew how it would be when the barrister was unable to give his whole hand, and in lieu proffered me two fingers, by way of an instalment on account, I suppose. And the doctor called out as he passed, "How do?" and did not tarry to hear my answer. I felt sure they were rising in the world, were soaring out of my reach, and that old and intimate familiar greetings were no more possible, could no longer be fairly expected. Yes!—these men, as compared with myself, have prospered decidedly.

It was some comfort to turn to one's less successful contemporaries. Of course one hasn't far to seek for cases within one's own experience, of men who have "gone a mucker" as the phrase is. Jack T'other, for instance, whose unfortunate fate it has been to appear before every tribunal of his country, from the inferior courts for the recovery of small debts, and of police, up through law and equity, Probate and Divorce, to the Old Bailey, his every appearance being attended with disastrous consequences; and yet he was a well-meaning fellow too—at least, I always deemed him so. Then there was my dear old friend and schoolfellow, Charley Rollingstone.

Here the moderator lamp became evidently uneasy and depressed, emitted but feeble light—seemed indeed to gasp for breath, to be troubled with a sort of death rattle in its throat. I knew it wanted attention, inspection of its wick, and winding up at least. But for the life of me I could not rise from my chair. Besides, I was doing nothing that especially required light. I could find my way to the bottle of sherry, if there had been any left in it (by the way, there wasn't). I could pursue my moody train of thought and recollection just as well in the dark, even if the lamp went out altogether; which I notice lamps have always an objection to doing—they prefer to flicker, and be very dim, and unsavoury; besides, I had the light of the fire. So I never heeded the uncomfortable state of the moderator; and continued to ponder over Charley Rollingstone.

He was certainly restless. He was always

on the move. He ran through a good deal of money. He tried several professions and occupations, but he could never make up his mind to settle to anything. He had begun many careers, but had always turned back long before reaching success, and gone to something else. Somehow his inclination for a particular employment was strongest when he was out of it—languished directly he was in it. While he was at the bar, he was moved by an extraordinary passion to become an artist. He had no sooner taken a studio and set up his easel, than he became suddenly convinced that his real mission in life was to be an engineer. He was for ever making false starts of this kind. Now he would be a preacher—he had taken up with some remarkable religious opinions, which only needed promulgation from the pulpit to be adopted by the whole of the civilised world. So he said. For my part, I don't believe the bishops, with all their well-known liberality, would have tolerated them, or have listened to them for a moment. Now he would be an architect—a poet—an actor—a novelist. You heard one day that he had made up his mind to enter parliament, and stand by his country for ever. The next, he was about starting for Jeddo, to trade with the Japanese; or was proposing to settle in Iowa; or to help colonise Terra-del-Fuego. When I last saw him, he was setting forth to edit a newspaper in the Deccan. I afterwards heard, however, that he had gone to Mexico, having accepted a commission as captain in some most irregular service, that must have been as near filibustering as it could well get. Somewhere he went, however, for he disappeared, years ago now. I remember there was a sort of farewell party given to him at poor old Goodfellow's chambers in Clement's Inn. We played unlimited loo, and Charley left off owing me something like £3 9s. 2d. I remember he would insist—I don't think he was quite sober: Goodfellow was always profusely liberal with his liquors—he would insist upon my taking an I. O. U. for the amount. He had a notion at the time, I fancy, that he was engaged in some important mercantile transaction. He talked, I know, a good deal about sending home bills of exchange—about his agents in London—about currency and agio, and things of that kind, for all the world as though he understood them, which of course he didn't do—nor anybody else either, at Goodfellow's on that evening. Poor old Charley! I remember the whole scene so well—and I'm pretty sure I've got his I. O. U. somewhere in my desk, amongst other valuables, even at this moment.

So was I dreaming about Charley Rolling-

stone, when I was startled by a slight noise close to the table, between which and the fire I was sitting—reposing, I may almost say—in an easy chair. The room was dark: for the lamp shed no light around, and the fire was very low. I looked about me; sat upright; rubbed my eyes; tried to collect myself. Where was I? It was all right. I was in my own apartments, in Mrs. Kiswick's house. I had been dining off mutton chops, drinking peculiar mahogany-brown sherry, thinking over many persons and things—among others of Charley Rollingstone and his proceedings. Very good. And what, pray, was that—that *thing*, standing opposite to me on the hearth-rug, on the other side of the fire? A tall, figure, all in black, with a white, gaunt face and piercing eyes. Charley Rollingstone!

Now, I am not a nervous man, ordinarily, but I freely confess that I was terribly frightened. I had never given in to belief in ghosts, notwithstanding that of late faith in the supernatural had been coming steadily and strongly into fashion. I have always been open to conviction, however; and now the time seemed indeed to have arrived for my changing my opinions on the subject. What had Dr. Johnson said in reference to ghosts? "This is a question," remarked that great man, "which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding." I began to think that I agreed with Dr. Johnson, if, indeed, I was not prepared to go beyond him—and I won't say I wasn't; for if that grim figure on my hearth-rug was not the ghost of my old friend Charley Rollingstone, I wanted to know what, in the name of all that was wonderful, it really was.

"Hullo, Charley," I tried to say, with a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness; for ghost or no ghost, spirit of good or of evil, it was as well to be on friendly terms with it. I don't know whether any sound issued from my mouth—I couldn't hear any. My tongue seemed quite parched and withered. The figure made no answer—*only it drew nearer*. I am almost ashamed to say that, in my extreme terror, I shut my eyes. But it's true. I did so. Then I *felt* that the figure was standing quite close to me. Presently I heard the chink as of money being placed upon the table; next, the sound of some one touching the lamp. I did not dare to look. Then there was a dead silence. When I at length, after a reasonable pause, opened my eyes, I found myself alone; the ghost of Charley Rollingstone had vanished; and *the moderator was burning brightly again*.

I rubbed my eyes. I had been asleep, perhaps, you think? Dreaming? Nothing of the sort. I had been broad awake all the time; and I had been visited by a ghost! Poor old Charley, with his pale face and his bright eyes, what had happened to him. Why should he haunt me? Ah! the thing was beyond all doubt! What was this upon the table? Positive proof of the ghost's presence—nothing less. The chink of money upon the table was fully explained. Here, close at my elbow, was deposited the sum of *Three pounds nine shillings and two-pence*. It was the exact amount Charley had lost at unlimited loo in Goodfellow's rooms—the amount named in the I. O. U. he had given me, which I held somewhere in a safe place in my desk. To think that the poor creature should return from the grave—for of course he must be dead—to settle such a small matter as this. Is he going round to all his creditors? I asked myself. Then, indeed, that poor ghost must be having an uneasy time of it, I thought; must be taking many long walks abroad and at home.

I started up. I rang the bell with some violence. I summoned Mrs. Kiswick.

"Mrs. Kiswick," I said.

"Only spare the bell-wire," said Mrs. Kiswick; "gentlemen do pull with that force"—

"Mrs. Kiswick," I interrupted, "there's been a man in this room—a stranger."

"One minit," she cried; "let me see if the great coats is safe in the 'all,' and she left me. Presently she returned. "The coats is safe. I can't hear nothing of no man. You must have been dreaming. Sarah hasn't let no man into the house, because I've ast her; and I'm sure I haven't. So, come, now." For she was rather irritated, and out of breath.

"I tell you I saw him standing on this hearth-rug." She stared at me curiously; she was evidently incredulous, however.

"But this money on the table, how did it come there?" She laughed rudely.

"Why, I brought it in myself; it's your change. You settled my book this morning. You give me a ten pun' note; that's what's left out of it."

"And you brought it in just now?"

"Not five minutes ago. I didn't say nothing, because I thought you was asleep. You was leaning back in that chair, nodding your 'ed ever so; so I made no noise. I wound up the lamp, which was nigh going out, and I went away again ever so quiet."

"You wound up the lamp?"

"I did so; for when gentlemen overdoes it with sherry, they don't seem quite equal to managing their lamps themselves. Not as I ever see the parlours so took in all my life;

for if there's a thorough gentleman, every inch of him, in this world, it's the parlours."

"Mrs. Kiswick, you can leave the room," I said, sternly waving my hand with great dignity.

"If you want soda-water, you'd better say so at once," Mrs. Kiswick observed, with some asperity; "I can't have Sarah dabbling out in the wet after ten o'clock at night."

"Go away, woman; I want nothing but peace and quietness."

"Well, that's true." She was a woman who would have the last word. Many of her sex are equally obstinate in that respect. "Some gentlemen always comes to themselves best when they're left to themselves." And she left me.

It was certainly curious that the change she stated she had laid upon the table should be precisely equal in amount to Rollingstone's debt, for which he had given me his I. O. U. It seemed to me to be really one of the most remarkable coincidences that had ever come under my notice. The thing was so striking altogether, that I at once turned to my desk, and ransacked my papers in search of the document under mention. I discovered it at last, after some trouble. To my great surprise, however, I found I had been strangely mistaken as to the amount, in respect of which Charley Rollingstone had admitted his liability. The figures on his I. O. U., it appeared, were £2 3s. 7d., which, it will be noted, in no way resemble the amount of change I had received from Mrs. Kiswick. It was really very curious. Then, hadn't I seen a ghost after all? Was my spectral illusion to be thus humiliatingly explained away?

I at once gave notice to Mrs. Kiswick of my intention to leave her apartments. It was unjust, perhaps; but it seemed to me that a woman with her pretensions to respectability had no business to be going about personating other people's ghosts, or affecting to have done so—for I really couldn't be quite clear on the subject. The figure in black, with the white face, was very like Charley Rollingstone, after all had been said and done. I stuck to that.

A few days afterwards I was stopped by a man in the street.

"You don't know me," he said. He was a very fat man, with scarlet, sunburnt cheeks, and a long black beard.

"I don't, indeed," I said; and I wanted to hurry past him. I particularly dislike people stopping me in the streets.

"Not Charley Rollingstone!" he cried.

It was quite true, now I looked more closely. He had altered, fattened, reddened; but he was still Rollingstone.

"You're alive, you're sure?" I asked, anxiously.

"Alive and kicking," was his expression.

"You haven't come from the other world, then?" My voice sank to a whisper.

"Yes, I have," he answered, heartily.

"Just landed, from Panama; been busy surveying the Isthmus."

"Well, and how are you?" I asked, after a short pause, during which we had stood looking at each other, apparently not knowing what to say next.

"How am I?" he repeated. "I'll tell you. Hard up, that's how I am." He drew me towards him abruptly, and whispered, "You couldn't lend me five pounds, could you, old fellow? I've only got three and threepence in the world, and I am starting to-morrow for Siberia, as a photographer."

* * * *

It was quite clear, then, that he had not called and paid the £3 9s. 2d.

Probably Mrs. Kiswick's explanation was, after all, the most reasonable; and yet I cling to my spectral illusion. Pray who doesn't cling to his illusions, spectral or otherwise? I con over all Dr. Johnson has said about ghosts with a deep admiration; and I can't quite satisfy myself. Did I, or did I not, see Charley Rollingstone's ghost? Was it simply Mrs. Kiswick? Was it a phantom, born of dyspepsia? Was it an exhalation arising from old brown mahogany East India sherry of enormous strength and flavour? I cannot make up my mind upon the matter.

"The fact is, Piper, old man, you haven't mind enough to make a conviction out of. Drop it, do. You're getting an awful bore with your spectral illusion."

I think it due to the reader to present him with this remark. It was made by a friend to whom I had, more than once, perhaps, mentioned my case. He's a hasty man, I am bound to say; indeed, he writes in the papers, and is one of the most acidulated reviewers I happen to be acquainted with. DUTTON COOK.

A FRUITFUL VINE.—In the Harleian MSS. (No. 980-7) we find mention made of a certain Scottish weaver who had no less than sixty-two children, and all by one wife. This family included four daughters, who lived to be women, and the rest of the three-score and two were boys, who all lived to be baptised. Out of these, forty-six actually reached man's estate. The writer, one Thomas Gibbons, adds, that during the time of this fruitfulness on the part of the wife, the husband was absent for some five years in the Low Countries, where he served under Captain Selby; and that after his return home his wife was again delivered of three children at a birth, and "continued in

her due time in such births" until she ceased childbearing. The informant of Mr. Gibbons was John Delaval, Esq., of Northumberland, who was high sheriff of that county in 1625, and who, in 1630, rode from Newcastle to a place about thirty miles beyond Edinburgh to see this worthy and fruitful couple. Mr. Delaval, however, did not find any of the children then residing with their parents, though three or four of them were living at Newcastle at the time. It appears that Sir John Bowes, and other wealthy Northumbrian "gentlemen of quality" adopted and brought up the children in batches of ten and twelve a piece, and that the residue were "disposed of" by others among the Scottish and English gentlemen of the Border Country. E. W.

"APRIL,"

WITCHING April, if the sun
Hold not back his genial rays,
And the sharp east wind be gone,
Bane of all the young Spring days;
Thee, of all the months, I choose
For my darling and delight,
With thy soft aerial hues
Sparkling in the tender light.
On the woods a purple glow,
Chequered here and there with green,
Where the slender larches grow,
Or the hawthorn, quaint and low,
Through the open glade is seen.
Chiefly, April, take my thanks
For thy lovely hedge-row banks;
Where the tufts of primroses
Cluster thickly, pure and pale;
And the violet, shy of praise,
Shrinks behind her leafy veil.
While the little furrowed leaves
Of the strawberry peep out near,
And the white-veined ivy weaves
Creeping garlands everywhere.
Now a thousand fresh young things
Push up through the remnant sere
Of the late departed year,—
Sheath'd, and curl'd, and ting'd with pink,—
So that one might almost think
(Lost in sweet imaginings)
They were little fairy elves,
Peeping forth to sun themselves.
Further on, within the wood,
Where the sun comes stealing through
Trees yet bare of leafy hood,
Let us now our way pursue.
Here the wood-anemones,
Seven-rayed stars of spotless white,
Spread their petals to the light,
Gazing with devoted eyes
On their worshipped God of Day;
But if he should hide his face
More than for a moment's space,
All the little band straightway
Fold their snowy petals up,
And each tiny, bell-like cup,
Tinged with blush of lilac bloom,
Earward droops in graceful gloom.
Here, too, primroses abound,
Nestling in the russet leaves,
And soft moss, which all around

Impress of your foot receives.
 Here the Daphnè may be seen,
 With its flowers of tender green,
 Drooping, glancing out between
 Leafy whorl of darkest sheen.
 Hum of chirping fills the air—
 Voices of loquacious birds,
 Singing, talking everywhere,
 In a tongue unchained by words.
 Now and then the pheasant's call
 Rings from out the covert near,
 And the cuckoo's accents fall
 Oft-repeated on the ear,
 Mingled with the soft, low "coo"
 Of the ring-dove's distant note—
 Ring-dove, with his coat of blue,
 And his white-encircled throat.
 Not yet has the poet's love,
 Peerless-voiced nightingale,
 Poured his music on the grove,
 Waiting for the evening pale.
 Like the Roman bard, his lays
 Are not for the common herd;
 Lone and proud, the gifted bird
 Seeks a more discerning praise.
 When the evening shades appear
 Fling thy casement open wide,
 That the full melodious tide
 May float in and fill thine ear.
 So the lovely April day,
 Fitly requiemed, dies away.

A. D.

GERMAN CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

VERY little is known in this country of the remarkable results which have been obtained from the application of the co-operative principle in Germany. Even a writer who, in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, undertakes to trace the progress of co-operation at home and abroad, betrays in the paragraph which he devotes to the German associations a very imperfect knowledge of their constitution and working, and gives no statistics of a later date than 1860. They deserve a more careful study. Not only has co-operation achieved more in a shorter time in Germany; it has developed itself in forms which are unknown in England, but which might be naturalised here to very great advantage.

Co-operative stores and co-operative manufacturing companies or workshops are the English expressions of the principle of association. Of the success of the former class of societies, when managed with ordinary prudence, experience has shown that no doubt is to be entertained, and their multiplication is a matter for much congratulation. The productive associations have not yet approved themselves so fully. They require for their success conditions which are rarely found united, and their rapid increase, due to the natural impatience of the operative to become his own master and add profits to wages, is under present circumstances to be regretted. The German associations strike the mean, as it

were, between these two forms. They are not so ambitious as the manufacturing companies which have been established in Lancashire and Yorkshire; while they aim at something more than the supply of good provisions at a fair price, and the distribution of a small bonus among the consumers at the year's end.

The German associations proper—there were in Germany at the end of 1862 some fifty co-operative stores (*Consum-Vereine*), but, with the exception of one at Hamburgh, founded in 1852, all of recent date and but small importance, and about twenty co-operative workshops (*Productiv-Associationen*), mostly of tailors and all of little account—are loan and credit unions (*Vorschuss- und Credit-Vereine*), and unions for the purchase of the raw materials of a particular handicraft, and sometimes of machines for common use (*Rohstoff-Vereine* or *Rohstoff-Genossenschaften*.)

To be admitted a member of one of the loan unions, a workman must be of good character, and be so far raised above absolute pauperism that reliance can be placed upon his fulfilment of the small obligations he undertakes. There is no other restriction. The general principle is, that entrance into the society is free to all, no matter how many the applicants, who will fulfil the few conditions imposed. The admission is in the hands of the Committee of Management, from whose decision any rejected applicant can appeal to the next general meeting. Each member has to pay a small monthly subscription, fixed at so low a sum that no workman who is worth anything can be kept out by it—seldom exceeding two pence or three pence—and when the society has been established some time and has accumulated capital, a small entrance fee, which is carried to the credit of the reserve fund. The subscriptions of the members are carried to their credit in the society's books, and the profits of each year are divided amongst them in proportion to the amount so standing to their credit at the commencement of the year, the dividend not being paid them in cash until this credit reaches a certain sum, varying in each union, and which sum a member may pay up at once if he pleases. After this share is paid up, the dividends are paid to the owner in cash. The capital of which the union disposes is composed first of these subscriptions and dividends, that is to say, of shares partially or wholly paid up, and the undivided reserve—the capital proper, but evidently at the commencement of the society a very inadequate fund; secondly, of small deposits received alike from members and non-members, upon which an interest rather exceeding that given by the ordinary official savings-banks is paid; and

thirdly, of loans from large and small capitalists. For these loans and deposits all the members of the union are jointly and severally liable, and the security is deemed amply sufficient by the public. People who will not trust a single workman with a thaler, lend the unions hundreds and thousands without the smallest hesitation, and so far from having any difficulty in obtaining money, many societies have been obliged to refuse large loans offered them from their inability to profitably employ them. The unions lend only to their own members, and no member can obtain an advance until three months after his admission into the society. For every loan above 15s. or 12s. above the amount standing to a member's credit in the books, a surety or pledge is required, and the grant or refusal of a loan, except to the amount of this credit, is entirely within the discretion of the management. The amounts and terms of the loans vary with the resources of each union and the position of its members. Some will advance as much as 150*l.* in a single loan. The term for small loans is usually three months, *i.e.* the loan is liquidated in three monthly instalments. Weekly instalments are never taken, the borrower is much more likely to fail in them, and they greatly increase the costs of management. The average interest charged is 8 per cent., usually taken in advance, but if through the default of a borrower his surety is called upon to pay, the account is settled at the rate of 5 per cent. This, however, is seldom the case. The workman regards it as a most dishonourable act to involve a surety in any loss, and the shortness of the term is a great security against it. Loans are often prolonged or renewed, but the assent of the surety is of course necessary to each prolongation. The profits, *i.e.*, the balance of the receipts for interest remaining after the payment of the interest upon deposits with and advances to the union, and the costs of management, are apportioned part in dividends upon the member's credits or shares, and part to a reserve fund. A member can withdraw upon giving a certain notice, and receives the amount of his share, but no portion of the reserve. No member can acquire more than one share, but the acquisition of that is imperative, and when acquired he can deposit his dividends as well as his other savings with the union at interest. This rule makes the unions always ready to receive new members, and their advantages are thus continually being diffused over a wider area. The unions are managed by a president and cashier, perhaps a secretary and another member, paid or unpaid, assisted and controlled by a committee of surveillance,

elected by the members at a general meeting, the assent of which is also required for the transaction of the more important business. General meetings are held once a quarter.

The object of the raw material societies, *Rohstoff-Vereine*, is to provide their members with the materials used in their respective trades at little more than the prices paid in the market for large quantities. Each union is of course confined to the members of a particular trade, and naturally the larger number belong to those trades in which small masters are still the principal producers. In the details of their organisation they closely resemble the loan unions. The societies purchase their goods either for cash or credit, and when well managed do not experience the slightest difficulty in getting as much as they want of either. The cash is obtained, to a small extent, from the entrance fees of the members, usually three or six shillings—monthly subscriptions are taken in but a few unions—and the rest from money borrowed at interest upon the joint and several security of all the members, a liability equally assumed for credit purchases. Buying in pretty large quantities, they are able to procure excellent articles at the lowest market prices. These they dispose of to their members at an addition of from 4 to 8 per cent. upon the original cost; and the poor shoemaker, tailor, or cabinet-maker thus gets really good leather, cloth, or ornamental woods for at the least 25 per cent. less than he would have been obliged to pay for an indifferent article. But this is not all the advantage he obtains. The borrowed capital is turned over at least two or three times in the year, and as the costs of management—although necessarily considerable, from the expense of warehouse room, and the somewhat intricate and careful bookkeeping required—do not amount to more than from 3 to 4 per cent. upon the whole business done, there remains, after paying them and interest upon the advances, a pretty little profit, the bulk of which is divided amongst the members in proportion to their purchases during the year, and the small indivisible balance carried to the reserve fund established by the entrance fees. When, as in the case of most societies, this dividend is not at first paid in cash, but carried to the members' credit, where it bears interest, a little capital is gradually accumulated, which diminishes the societies' need of advances, whilst by increasing their credit it enables them to get what they do want upon lower terms. And all the while the members have a small nest-egg forming, which they never would have saved out of their earnings, to the amount of which they can always obtain goods

on credit, and which they can withdraw upon leaving the union. Some of the societies have extended their operations to the purchase of machines for the common use of the members, and one or two of the larger are about to provide steam-power. Many have established warehouses for the sale of goods made by members, and a few have developed into productive associations.

The want which these two classes of associations supply, although general enough, is especially felt in Germany. There a large portion of the national industry is still in the hands of small masters, whose ordinary difficulties, intensified hitherto by the guild system, are now for the time increased by its partial abolition. These men suffer immensely from their want of capital or credit. Unable to purchase the raw materials of their trade for ready money or at a fair credit, they must pay, in order to get them at all, from 20 to 50 per cent. over the market price, and what they do get is often bad, a most serious drawback in all these little trades, in which so large an amount of manual labour and ingenuity is required in the production of every article. The article made, they must sell it at once to the first purchaser, and at any price to which he chooses to bate them down. They want fresh materials with which to go on working, and they cannot get them until they pay a part at least of the old debt. Sickness, or any temporary depression of trade, is ruin to men thus living from hand to mouth. Their misery found expression in the cry raised for "People's Banks" in 1848; but the People's Banks, and loan societies with State dotations, then established, did no good. They were charitable associations which proposed to patronise the small master, who disliked sacrificing his independence; they profited therefore only the most useless class of workmen, and most of them shortly failed. The *Vorschuss- und Credit-Vereine* and the *Rohstoff-Vereine* preserve that independence; they are based entirely upon the principle of self-help. Beyond the assistance philanthropic persons of wealth and position have given by their advice and countenance to the first establishment of unions, the workmen have done everything themselves. They have received no alms; they accept no donations or subscriptions—for all the money they borrow, for all the services rendered them, they pay. The success of these associations has therefore been immense. The first was established towards the end of the year 1849 at Delitzsch, a small town in Prussian Saxony. It was the worst time of the reaction; trade was prostrate, the societies were looked upon with disfavour by the

German governments, if for no other reason, for this, that their founder, Herr Herrmann Schultze—usually called Schultze-Delitzsch, to distinguish him from the rest of the Schultze family, as numerous in Germany as the Smiths in England—was a most notorious radical; they were distrusted by the working men, whose heads were still full of the socialist teachings of the revolution. At first, therefore, their progress was slow; but gradually, thanks to the energy and zeal of their founder, and their own great merits, they made their way until at last they present the results which we shall now quote, partly from the report of their working for the year 1862, laid before the congress of German Economists at Dresden last September by Herr Schultze-Delitzsch, and partly from the speech with which he supplemented that report.

The total number of loan and credit unions in existence at the end of the year was about five hundred and fifty, with a number of members estimated at about one hundred and twenty-five thousand; their accumulated capital exceeding two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Their working, however, is best shown by a summary of the balance-sheets for the year which Herr Schultze had received from 243 societies with 69,202 members. These unions had advanced to their members in the course of the year nearly twenty-four million thalers, or more than three millions and a half sterling, at a rate of interest varying from 6 to 10 per cent. The funds of which they disposed were first an accumulated capital of 1,200,000 thalers (180,000*l.*) in paid-up shares, that is, accumulated subscriptions and dividends, and a reserve fund of 133,000 thalers (20,000*l.*)—two hundred thousand pounds in all; next, deposits of savings from members of the unions and others of 2,750,000 thalers (412,500*l.*) which may be accounted so much money saved by the influence of the societies; and lastly of 3,441,000 thalers (517,000*l.*) borrowed from large and small capitalists. It will be remembered in comparing this capital with the total of the loans made, that each loan is usually for only three months, and eleven hundred thousand pounds would therefore very well suffice for three millions and a half of loans in twelve months. The proportion of the capital proper of the societies to the whole of the working capital amounted, it will be seen, to 22 per cent., showing a gratifying advance upon the previous year, when the proportion for the 188 societies, of which balance sheets were supplied, was only 19 per cent. Upon the regulation of this proportion much stress is rightly laid by the best friends of the societies. Whilst they

admit that at its foundation a society to be of any use must have a very large proportion of borrowed capital, they insist that after two or three years its own capital should amount to at least 20 per cent. of the borrowed capital, and continue to increase until it reaches 50 per cent. The nett profits of the year, after payment of 275,000 thalers (41,000*l.*) interest upon the sums borrowed by, and the deposits made with the societies, and costs of the management, about 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*), were 105,278 thalers (15,750*l.*), which sum was divided among the members in the usual manner. Actually, upon the working of the whole number of societies included in this summary, there was no profit, a sum of 107,000 thalers appearing as losses against the 105,000 thalers profits; but 103,600 thalers consisted of a loss made in 1861 and 1862 by one society, the Dresden Verein, which the Quarterly Reviewer, knowing nothing of its later history, signalises as the most flourishing in Germany. The management of the Dresden union had totally disregarded its statutes, a culpability all the easier that by the laws of all the German states the unions are placed in a very difficult and uncertain legal position. It had taken large sums of money on call, and lent them out in the most reckless manner on mortgage and at long terms. The total result of this mismanagement, if not fraud, was the loss of 103,600 thalers (15,500*l.*), yet the society is existing, and is placed again on a solid basis. No better proof can be wanted of the soundness of the principle of these societies. The reserve amounted to 28,000 thalers, and the balance of the loss was met by writing off 23 thalers (3*l.* 9*s.*) from the share of each member, the requisite precautions being taken to guard against any repetition of such mismanagement. The losses of all the other 242 societies amounted to less than 4000 thalers (600*l.*) a sum which speaks much for their excellent management and the honesty of the members. These figures refer, it must be remembered, to less than half the loan and credit unions in operation during the year. It is difficult to obtain from their managers balance sheets made out with the requisite precision and within the appointed time; but this year it is expected that the report will embrace the great majority of the associations. We may leave the figures, imperfect as they are to speak for the importance of this movement. Anyone who wishes to appreciate its full importance cannot do better than refer to the annual return of the five hundred or so English registered loan societies, a most unsatisfactory account of losses and costs, no accumulations, and trifling operations.

The raw material unions do not of course

show such brilliant results as the loan unions. Herr Schultze estimates the number in existence at the end of 1862 at between 200 and 250, with from 10 to 12,000 members. He gives a list of 118 societies, whose object is solely the purchase of materials, of which 79 were composed of shoemakers, 22 of tailors, 6 of cabinet and piano-makers, 5 of smiths, 2 of weavers, 3 of bookbinders and 1 of tanners. Further, a list of 12 associations, which combined a warehouse for the sale of goods, with the purchase of materials, 10 of which were cabinet and piano-makers, and a list of 18 *Productiv-Associationen*, 11 composed of tailors, 4 of weavers. From only 28 (nearly all of shoemakers) of these *Rohstoff-Vereine* had balance sheets been received. An abstract shows that they had 1288 members, a working capital of 87,000 thalers (13,000*l.*), of which 27,500 thalers consisted of members' shares, 3218 thalers of the reserve, or more than 4500*l.* of their own, the balance being borrowed at interest. The nett profits for the year amounted to 6500 thalers, nearly, 1000*l.*, the losses being but 366 thalers, mainly caused by a fall in prices, only 23 thalers arising from bad debts. There is a tendency in these societies to give too long a credit, a system which, of course, diminishes the profits. Altogether, these German associations, *Vorschuss-Vereine*, and *Rohstoff-Vereine*, may be fairly assumed to have amounted, at the end of the year 1862, to 800 in number, and to have possessed a real capital of more than 300,000*l.*, a much larger sum in Germany than in England. When it is remembered that the first of these societies did not commence operations until 1850, that for seven or eight years the number increased very slowly, and that they have all along had to fight against the ill-will of the governments, and a law which puts them almost at the mercy of any dishonest cashier or secretary, it must be acknowledged that the principle of co-operation has nowhere been more successfully worked than in Germany. The statistics of 1863 will show a very great advance upon 1862, a very large number of societies of both kinds having been established last year, and the workmen, having learned to swim in the shallow water, are about to make the plunge into productive co-operation. A productive association upon a very large scale for the manufacture of machinery and tools has been established at Chemnitz in Saxony.

There is one difference between the English and German co-operative societies which deserves to be especially noted. The English have obtained the protection of limited liability, and their managers and patrons are thankful for what they esteem a great boon.

The German associations regard as their fundamental rule the unlimited liability of every member for the whole obligations of the society, and would at once reject the offer of limited liability. Without unlimited liability they could never have attained their present position. No one would have trusted his money to a society the members of which were only responsible each for his small quota, and had no deep interest in preserving its solvency. Limited liability has very few friends in Germany. Economists and commercial men alike scout it as dishonest. There is another point of difference between the associations of the two countries, as to which no one will doubt that the advantage is on the side of the German. The English societies are isolated, they have no machinery for union and mutual assistance. The bulk of the German societies have a close union. First, local unions embracing the associations of a state or a province, then the general union of German associations, *der allgemeine deutsche Genossenschafts-Verband*, which has a central office and agency and publishes a newspaper "*Die Innung der Zukunft*," "*The Guild of the Future*." To this central agency all the associations can apply for advice and assistance. The agency undertakes the legal protection of the associations, it assists them in obtaining credit, and watches generally over their interests. For these services each union contributes a trifling fee. The provincial or state unions hold annual meetings, and there is a congress or meeting of the general union every summer. A committee, consisting in part of the presidents of the provincial unions, and in part of members elected at the general congress, assists the *anwalt*, or agent, in the management of the common affairs. There is thus a thoroughly complete organisation established, to which, in time, all the co-operative societies of Germany will no doubt attach themselves. The central management is now especially engaged in the effort to obtain a satisfactory regulation of the legal position of the societies. At present their non-recognition by the law exposes them to many difficulties and dangers. But for the constitutional dispute in Prussia this object would probably have been obtained before this time, so far as Prussia is concerned. The government had expressed its readiness to assist in the passing of such a measure, although it did not give unreserved adhesion to the bill which Herr Schultze has introduced into the House of Deputies. The name of Herr Schultze reminds us of another difference between the English and German associations which it would be unjust, indeed, to pass over. The English associations have no particular founder. No one man can claim the credit

of their success. The German associations are the work of Herr Schultze-Delitzsch. He has received great assistance. We are far from undervaluing the services Professor Huber has rendered the cause, but Herr Schultze established the societies; he has been, and still is, the missionary of co-operation in Germany. Amidst all his political engagements, in a wear and tear of German and Prussian party conflicts, which at one time told most severely on his health, he has continued to watch over these societies, and still acts as their *anwalt*. Herr Schultze presents a combination of qualities not often found together. A democrat of democrats, a fervent popular orator, he is the most energetic and successful opponent of socialistic and communistic doctrines. He warns the workmen against all reliance upon state help; he proves to them that their claim to it is unjust, and more, that they do not really need it. He has shown them how they may help themselves, and how thoroughly he has succeeded in this most difficult but most noble mission is evidenced by the fact that he is the most popular man throughout Germany, and that all the attempts made by the united Feudalists and Communists, by the partisans of the guilds, and by the preachers of the doctrine that the state is bound to find capital and work for all, to enlist the workmen on their side, have been in the recent constitutional crisis in Prussia, completely abortive. BURTON S. BLYTH.

THE OLD CORPORAL

(FROM BÉRANGER.)

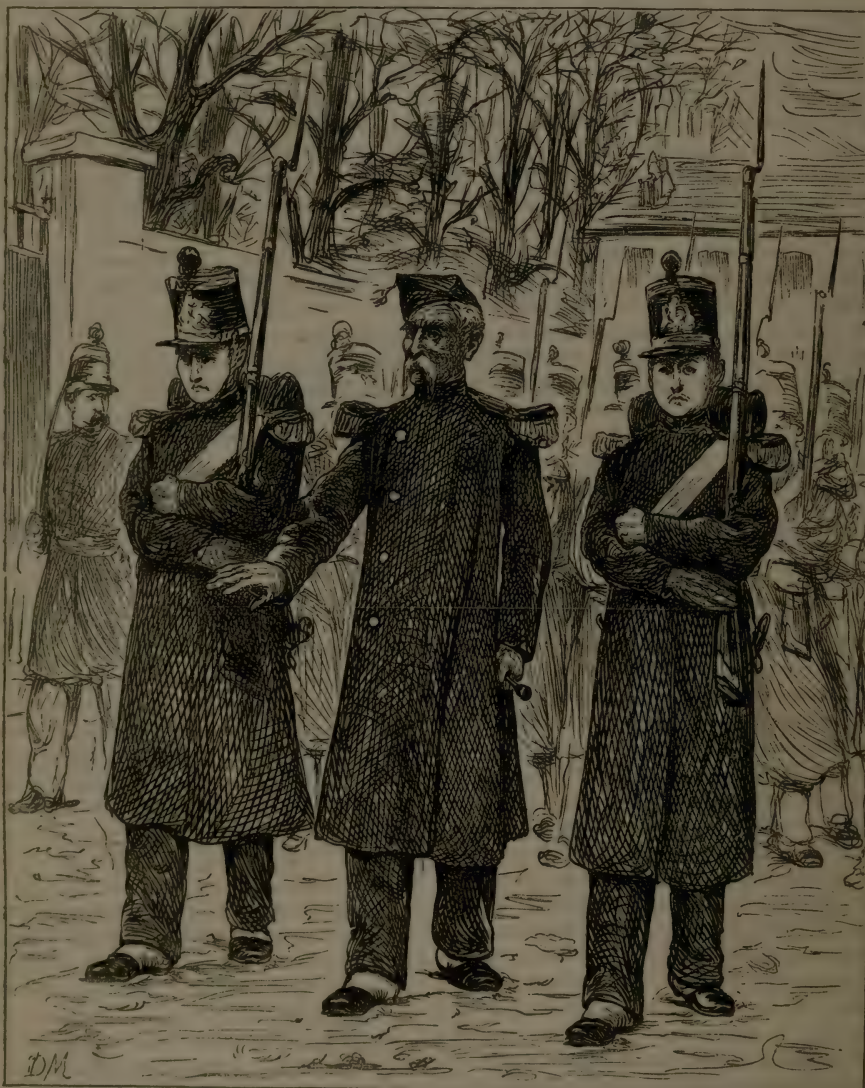
With shoulder'd arms, and cheerful face,
Forward, my comrades, march away;
I have my pipe, and your embraces;
Step out,—I've my discharge to-day.
'Twas wrong to be a soldier still,
When in the service old I'd grown;
But you, the lads I taught your drill,
Will miss my old familiar tone.
Conscripts, keep step, keep step, I say;
No tears for me—march, march away.

A boyish ensign, fresh from school,
Insulted me, I broke his head;
For that they tried me—'tis the rule:
He's getting well—I die instead.
With passion and with brandy nerved,
From him I could not keep my fist:
Besides, the "Great Man" I have served.—
No weeping, comrades, I insist.
Conscripts, keep step, keep step, I say;
No tears for me—march, march away.

Conscripts! you'd scarcely change, like me,
Arm or leg for a cross alone;
Mine was gained long ago, you see,
In wars when kings were overthrown.
For me you'd always pay the shot,
When of our fights I used to talk;
Glory, however, have I not!
Step out, nor sigh, as on we walk.
Conscripts, keep step, keep step, I say;
No tears for me—march, march away.

Robert, my comrade, pray go back,
 And shepherd turn, your service done—
 See how those trees cast shadows black ;
 But spring is spring at home alone.
 Often for me the rising day

Has given fresh charms to every wood :
 They're mine no more. Come, march away.
 My mother lives—but God is good !
 Conscripts, keep step, keep step, I say ;
 No tears for me—march, march away.



Who is it, there, that sobs so hard ?
 Ah ! 'tis the drummer's wife I know.
 In Russia—one of the rearguard—
 I bore her boy through frost and snow.
 Alike the father, child, and wife,
 Without me, would be 'neath the sod.
 She cannot give to me my life,
 Let her commend my soul to God.
 Conscripts, keep step, keep step, I say ;
 No tears for me—march, march away.

Morbleu ! my pipe is out, I fear.
 Not yet ? So much the better, then.
 Now to the square we're coming near ;
 Don't bind my eyes, I beg, my men.
 I grieve, good friends, to bore you thus,
 But, most of all, don't fire too low.
 My time has come—now no more fuss :
 God keep you all—to heav'n I go.
 Conscripts, keep step, keep step, I say ;
 No tears for me—march, march away. J.F.H.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER IX. THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

THE rain was pouring down in torrents ; nevertheless the street of South Wrenock was alive with bustle, especially in the vicinity of the Red Lion Inn. It was Thursday, the day appointed for the inquest on the deceased Mrs. Crane.

The county coroner, whose residence was in the county town, was momentarily expected, and presently his gig dashed up, he and his clerk in it. It had been wished to hold the inquest on the Wednesday, but the coroner put it off to suit his own convenience. He was a lawyer ; a short, stout man, with black hair and a jovial-looking face ; and as he emerged from under the large gig umbrella, he shook hands with some of the bystanders, his acquaintances. The clerk followed with a blue bag.

The coroner popped into the bar, swallowed a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and then proceeded to the board-room to swear the jury. It was a long room, the club-room of the inn : a table covered with green baize ran down it, at which they seated themselves, and the coroner opened proceedings. Then they departed to Palace Street to view the body.

They went splashing through the rain and the mud, their umbrellas of little use, for the wind, remarkably high, kept turning them inside out. A genteel attendance escorted them : all the gentleman idlers in the place, all the curious tradespeople, the unwashed mob, and the street urchins. By the pertinacity with which these last dodged the jury's heels, it might be thought that they believed the august functionaries to be living curiosities from a travelling wild-beast show.

The necessary inspection over, they splashed back to the Red Lion, and the business began. We may glance at the evidence of two or three of the witnesses, but not at all, for it would only be a repetition of what is already known, and tire the reader. Difficulty the first was : What was the young lady's Christian name ? Nobody could answer ; her linen, it was said, was marked with a large C, the initial letter of the word Crane, but with nothing else. Some suggested that this was more probably the initial of her Christian name—Caroline or Charlotte—but it was impossible to say. Her boxes had been examined officially, the large trunk and the workbox ; but no clue to whom she was, or what she was, was found ; no scrap

of paper indicated her previous abode, or why she came there.

Mrs. Fitch, the landlady of the Red Lion, told what she knew of the stranger's arrival by the omnibus, the previous Friday, and that she had recommended her to the lodgings in Palace Street. Mr. Stephen Grey testified to his being summoned to her on the same night, to the subsequent birth of the infant, and to her safe and healthy condition afterwards, up to seven o'clock on the Monday evening, at which hour he last saw her alive. Mr. John Grey and Mr. Brooklyn from Great Wrenock, who had conjointly made the post-mortem examination, gave evidence of the cause of her death—poison, by prussic acid ; and there were other points of evidence, technical or otherwise, not necessary to go into in detail.

There had been a question raised by the coroner as to whether Mr. Stephen Grey should give his evidence ; that gentleman expressed himself anxious and willing to tender it ; and at length the coroner decided to admit it, warning Mr. Stephen that he need not say anything to criminate himself, and that what he did say might possibly be used as evidence against him. Mr. Stephen smiled, and replied that all he had it in his power to say might be used against him if it could be. He spoke to the making up of the sleeping draught, to the ingredients of which it was composed. Frederick Grey, his son, testified that he had seen it made up, minutely describing what had been put into it, as his father had done, and to the sending the draught by Dick, the boy. Dick, who was the next witness, protested, with a very red and startled face, caused by finding himself before a coroner's court, that he had taken it safely and given it into the hands of Nurse Pepperfly.

"Call Nurse Pepperfly," said the coroner.

Nurse Pepperfly was called for in the adjoining room and escorted in, in rather a shaky state, not induced by the imbibing of strong waters—from such she had that morning kept herself free—but from the general agitation caused by the anticipated proceedings. She had attired herself in her best, of course ; a short black stuff gown, the worse for stains and dirt, a scarlet woollen shawl, and a rusty black bonnet with a bow at the top. The wind, as she came along the street, had taken the shawl, the bonnet, and the grey hairs underneath, and played with them after its

own boisterous fashion; so that altogether Nurse Pepperfly presented a somewhat bewildered and untidy appearance. She wore pattens and white stockings, the latter a mass of splashes, and very distinctly visible from the shortness of the gown; but the extraordinary rotundity of Mrs. Pepperfly's person seemed almost to preclude the possibility of any gown's being made long enough to hide her legs. She took off her pattens when close to the coroner, and held them in one hand; her umbrella, dripping with rain, being in the other. A remarkable umbrella, apparently more for show than use, since its sticks and wires projected a full foot at the bottom through the gingham, and there was no handle visible at the top. There was a smothered smile at her appearance when she came in, and her evidence caused some diversion, not only in itself, but from the various honerary titles she persisted in according to the coroner and jury.

"Your name's Pepperfly?" began the coroner.

"Which it is, my lord, with Betsy added to it," was the response, given with as deep a curtsy as the witness's incumbrances of person would allow her.

"You mean Elizabeth?" said the coroner, raising his pen from his note-book, and waiting.

"Your worship, I never knowed myself called by any thing but Betsy. It may be as 'Lizabeth was written in the register at my baptism, but I can't speak to it. Mother——"

"That will do," said the coroner, and after a few more questions he came to the chief point. "Did you take in some medicine last Monday evening for the lady you were nursing—Mrs. Crane?"

"Yes, my lord, I did. It were a composing draught; leastways, that's what it ought to have been."

"What time was that?"

"It were after dark, sir, and I was at my supper."

"Can't you tell the time?"

"It must have struck eight, I think, your worship, for I had begun to feel dreadful peckish afore I went down, and eight o'clock's my supper hour. I had just finished it, sir, when the ring came; it were pickled herrings that we had——"

"The jury do not want to know what you had for supper; confine yourself to the necessary points. Who brought the medicine?"

"That boy of the Mr. Greys: Dick. An insolent young rascal, Mr. Mayor, as you ever set eyes on. He whips up the cover of his basket, and out he takes a small bottle wrapped in white paper and gives it me. I should like to tell you, my lord, what he said to me."

"If it bears upon the case, you can tell it," replied the coroner.

"Now, Mother Pepperfly," said he, "how are you off for Old Tom to-night?" My fingers tingled to get at his ears, my lord mayor and corporation, but he backed out of my reach."

Mrs. Pepperfly in her indignation had turned round to the jury, expecting their sympathy, and the room burst into a laugh.

"He backed away out of my reach, gentlemen, afeard of getting his deserts, and he stopped in the middle of the road and made a mocking face at me, knowing I'd no chance of getting to him, for they are as lissome as cats, them boys, and I'm rather stout to set up a run."

"I told you to confine yourself to evidence," said the coroner, in a reproving tone. "What did you do with the medicine?"

"I took it up-stairs, gentlefolks, and Mr. Carlton came out of the lady's room, for he had just called in, and asked what it was I had got. I said it was the sleeping draught from Mr. Grey's, and he took it out of my hand, and said how it smelt of oil of almonds."

"Oil of almonds? Are you sure that's what he said?"

"Of course I am sure," retorted Mrs. Pepperfly, "I didn't dream it. He took out the cork and he smelt the stuff, and then he said it. 'What could Mr. Stephen Grey be giving her oil of almonds for?' he said."

"Did you smell it?"

"I can't say I did, your lordship, much; though Mr. Carlton was surprised I couldn't, and put it towards me; but my nose hadn't got no smell in it just at that particular moment, and so I told him."

"Why had it not?" inquired the coroner.

Mrs. Pepperfly would have liked to evade the question. She fidgeted first on one leg, then on the other, put down her pattens and took them up again, and gave her umbrella a shake, the effect of which was to administer a shower of rain-drops to all the faces in her vicinity.

"Come," said the coroner, sharply, "you stand there to tell the truth. If the stuff emitted so strong a smell, how was it you could not smell it?"

"I had just swallowed a wee drop of gin, sir," replied Mrs. Pepperfly, in a subdued tone. "When my supper were over, Mrs. Gould says to me, 'Just a drain, mum, to keep the herrings down, it's obligatory for your health;' and knowing I'm weak in the stomach, gentlefolks, which gets upset at nothing, I let myself be over-persuaded, and took a drain; but you couldn't have put it into a thimble."

"I daresay you couldn't," said the coroner, while the room tittered.

Mrs. Pepperfly's slip of the tongue took her aback.

"I mean'to say as 'twouldn't have filled a thimble, gentry, I did indeed, for that was the fact; but no wonder my wits is scared out of me, a-standing up here afore you all. Just as I was a swallowing of the wee drain, the ring came to the door, so that I had, as you may say, the gin actually in my mouth when I took the medicine up-stairs; and that's the reason I hadn't got no smell for anything else."

"Who took possession of the draught? You, or Mr. Carlton, or the sick lady?"

"I did, your honours. I put it by the side of the rest of the bottles on the cheffonier in the sitting-room, and——"

"Was there any other bottle there that could have been mistaken for this?" interrupted the coroner.

"Not one in all the lot," responded the witness. "They were most of them empty bottles, and bigger than the one the draught was in; and they are there still."

"Had any person an opportunity of touching that bottle in the intermediate time between your placing it there, and your administering it to the patient?"

"There wasn't nobody in the house to touch it," returned the witness. "I was nearly all the time afterwards in the room, and there was nobody else. When I went to get it to give it to the lady, Mrs. Gould lighted me, and I'm sure it hadn't been touched, for the shelf of that cheffonier's a tilting, narrow sort of place, and I had put the draught bottle right in the corner, resting again' the back, and there I found it."

"Mr. Carlton was gone then?"

"Mr. Carlton? Oh, he went directly almost after the draught came. He didn't stay long, your reverences."

"Witness, I am going to ask you a question; be particular in answering it. There has been a rumour gaining credit, that Mr. Carlton warned you not to administer that draught; is it correct?"

"I declare, to the goodness gracious, that Mr. Carlton never said nothing of the sort," returned the witness, putting herself into a flurry. "My lord—your worship—gentlemen of the honourable corporation all round" (turning herself about between the coroner and jury), "if it was the last blessed word I had to speak, I'd stand to it that Mr. Carlton never said a word to me about not giving the draught. He snifted at it, as if he'd like to snift out what it was made of, and he put a drop on his finger and tasted it, and he said it

smelt of oil of almonds; but, as to saying he told me not to give it, it's a barefaced falsehood, my lord judge. He says he ordered Mrs. Crane not to take it, but I declare that he never said anything about it to me; and she didn't neither."

The coroner had allowed her to spend her wrath. "You administered the draught yourself to Mrs. Crane?"

"Yes, I did, as it were my place to do, and Mrs. Gould stood by, a-lighting of me. I put it out into a wine-glass, sir, and then, my mouth being all right again, I smelt it strong enough, and so did Mrs. Gould."

"The lady did not object to take it?"

"No, poor thing, she never objected to nothing as we give her, and she was quite gay over it. As I held it to her she gave a snift, as Mr. Carlton had done, and she smiled. 'It smells like cherry pie, nurse,' said she, and swallowed it down; and a'most before we could look round, she was gone. Ah, poor young lady! I should like to have the handling of them that put it in."

Mrs. Pepperfly, in her sympathy with the dead, or rage against the destroyer, raised her hands before her and shook them. The rings of the pattens clanked together, and the umbrella was ejecting its refreshing drops, when an officer of the court seized her arms from behind, and poured an anathema into her ear.

"A coroner's court was not a place to wring wet umbrellas in, and if she didn't mind, she'd get committed."

"Were you conscious that she was dead?" inquired the coroner.

"Not at first, my lord judge, not right off at the moment. I thought she was fainting, or took ill in some way. 'What have upset her now?' I says to Mrs. Gould, and, with that, I took off her nightcap, and rose her head up. Not for long, though," concluded the witness, shaking her head. "I soon see she was gone."

"You know nothing whatever, then, nor have you any suspicion, how the poison could have got into the draught?"

The coroner put this question at the request of one of the jury.

"I!" returned Mrs. Pepperfly, amazed at its being asked her. "No; I wish I did. I wish I could trace it home to some such a young villain as that Dick who brought the bottle down; I'd secure a good place to go and see him hung, if I had to stand on my legs twelve hours for it—and they swell frightful in standing, do my legs, my lord."

"The boy had not meddled with the medicine in bringing it?" cried the coroner.

"Not he, my lord mayor," was the reply of the witness. "I wish he had, that I might have been down upon him, the monkey ! But I be upon my oath, and must speak the truth, which is that the bottle came neat and untouched, the white paper round it, just as the Greys send out their physicks."

They had done with Mrs. Pepperfly for the present, and she made a curtsy to the four sides of the room, and sailed out of it.

The next witness called was Lewis Carlton. His gentlemanly appearance, good looks, and the ready manner in which he gave his evidence, presented a contrast to the lady just retired.

"Upon my returning home from a journey last Sunday night," he began, when the coroner desired him to state what he knew, "one of my servants handed me a note, which had been left for me, he said, on the previous Friday. It proved to be from a Mrs. Crane, requesting to see me professionally, and was dated from the house in Palace Street, where she now lies dead. I went there at once, found that she had been confined, and was being attended by Mr. Stephen Grey, who had been called to her in consequence of my absence——"

The coroner interposed with a question :

"Have you that note to produce?"

Now the witness had not that note to produce, and, what was somewhat singular, he did not know for certain what had become of the note. When he was going to visit Mrs. Crane on the Sunday night, he looked for the note, as may be remembered, and could not see it; therefore he came to the conclusion that he had thrown it into the fire with the other letters.

"I really do not think I saved it," he answered. "It is not my custom to keep notes of that sort, and, though I do not positively recollect doing so, I have no doubt I put it in the fire as soon as read. There was nothing in it that would have thrown light upon the case; half-a-dozen formal lines, chiefly requesting me to call and see her, comprised it."

"Was it signed with her full name?"

"Her full name?" repeated Mr. Carlton, as if he scarcely understood the question.

"We have no clue to her Christian name. This note may have supplied it. Or perhaps it was written in the third person."

"Oh, of course; I scarcely comprehended you," answered Mr. Carlton. "It was written in the third person. 'Mrs. Crane presents her compliments to Mr. Carlton,' &c. That's how it was worded. I gathered from it that she did not expect to be ill before May."

"In your interview with her that evening did you obtain any information as to who she was?"

"Not the slightest. It was late, and I

thought it unwise to disturb her; what little passed between us related chiefly to her state of health. I regretted my absence, and said I was glad to find she was doing well, under Mr. Stephen Grey. She wished me to attend her, now I had returned, and I understood her to say she had been recommended to me by friends, previous to her coming to South Wrenock."

"Do you know by whom?"

"I have no idea whatever, and I am not absolutely certain that she did say it. She appeared drowsy, spoke in a low tone, and I did not precisely catch the words. I intended to ask her about it after she got better and was more equal to conversation. There are none of my own friends or acquaintance who bear the name of Crane—none that I can remember."

"Did you take charge of her from that hour?"

"Certainly not. I should not do so, without her being professionally resigned to me by Mr. Stephen Grey. I met Mr. Stephen in High Street the following day, Monday, and I requested him as a favour to retain charge of her until that evening or the following morning. I found so much to do for my patients after my short absence, that I had not time to meet him, before that, at Mrs. Crane's. It was arranged that I should be there at seven in the evening, if I were able; if not, at ten the next morning."

"Did you keep the appointment at seven?"

"No, I could not. I did get down, but it was more than an hour later, and Mr. Stephen had gone. Mrs. Crane appeared to be very well, except that she was a little heated; she was in very good spirits, and I told her I should take formal possession of her the next morning at ten. She seemed to think I might have done so that day, and I explained to her how I had been driven with my patients. I inquired if she was not satisfied with Mr. Stephen Grey, but she expressed herself as being perfectly satisfied with him, and said he had been very kind to her."

"Did you inquire of her then by whom she was recommended to you?"

"I did not. She seemed restless, a little excited; therefore I put no questions to her of any sort, save as regarded her health."

"Did the draught come while you were there?"

"Yes. Whilst I was talking with Mrs. Crane, I heard a ring at the front bell, and some one came up the stairs, and entered the sitting-room. I thought it might be Mr. Stephen Grey, and stepped there to see, but it was the nurse. She had a small bottle of

medicine in her hand, which she said was the composing draught, and upon looking at the direction, I saw that it was."

"Did you perceive that it bore any peculiar smell?"

"Yes, the moment I had it in my hands. Before I had well taken out the cork, the strong smell struck me; I thought it was oil of almonds; but I soon found it was prussic acid."

"It smelt of prussic acid?"

"Very strongly. The nurse professed not to be able to smell it, which I could scarcely believe. I wondered why Mr. Grey should be administering prussic acid, especially in a composing draught, but it was not for me to question his treatment, and I returned the bottle to the nurse."

"You did not suspect there was sufficient in to kill her?"

Mr. Carlton stared, and then broke into a sort of bitter smile.

"The question is superfluous, sir. Had I suspected that, I would have taken better care than I did that she did not drink it. Minute doses of prussic acid are sometimes necessary to be given, and I could not tell what symptoms had arisen in the patient that day. When I returned to Mrs. Crane's chamber, which I did a few minutes before leaving, I could not get the smell out of my head. The thought occurred to me, could there have been any mistake in the making up of the draught?—for of course we all know that such errors have occurred, and not unfrequently, especially when inexperienced apprentices have been entrusted to do it. An impulse prompted me to desire Mrs. Crane not to take the draught, and I did so. I——"

"Did you acquaint her with your fears that there might be poison in it?"

Again the witness smiled. "Pardon me, Mr. Coroner; you do not know much of sick treatment, or you would not ask the question. Had I said to the patient that I thought her medicine might have been poisoned by mistake, I should possibly have given her a dangerous fright; and all frights are dangerous for women in her condition. I told her I did not quite approve of the draught Mr. Stephen Grey had sent in, and that I would go and speak to him about it; but I charged her *not to take it*, unless she heard again from me, or from Mr. Grey, that she might do so."

"How do you account, then, for her having taken it?"

"I cannot account for it: my words were as positive as they could well be, short of alarming her. I can only think that she forgot what I said to her."

"Did you also warn the woman—Pepperfly?"

"No. I deemed my warning to Mrs. Crane sufficient; and I did not see Mrs. Pepperfly about, when I left the house."

"Do you not think, Mr. Carlton, it would have been the safer plan, had you put the suspected draught into your pocket?" inquired one of the jury.

"If we could foresee what is about to happen, we should act differently in many ways, all of us," retorted the witness, who seemed cross that his prudence should be reflected on, and who possibly felt vexed at there being any grounds for its being so. "When a calamity has happened, we say, 'If I had known, I would have done so and so, and prevented it.' You may be sure, sir, that had I known there was enough poison in that draught to kill Mrs. Crane, or that she would disregard my injunction, and imbibe it, I *should* have brought it away with me. I have regretted not doing so ever since. But where's the use of regretting? it will not recall her to life."

"Go on, sir," said the coroner.

"I went to the Messrs. Greys. My intention was to see Mr. Stephen, to tell him of the smell the draught bore, and inquire if it was right. But I could not see Mr. Stephen: the assistant, Mr. Whittaker, said he was out. I considered what to do; and determined to go home, make up a proper composing draught, and bring it down. I was rather longer over this than I thought to be, for I found myself obliged to see a patient in the interim."

"You deemed a composing draught necessary for her yourself, then?"

"Mr. Stephen Grey had deemed so, and we medical men rarely like to call in question another's treatment. But I did think it expedient that she should take a soothing draught, for she appeared to be flushed—rather excited, I should say. I was coming down with the fresh draught in my pocket, when I met the landlady in a wild state of alarm, with the news that Mrs. Crane was dead."

"Were you the first with her after death?"

"I was the first, except the nurse; but I had not been in the room above a minute when the Reverend Mr. Lycett followed me. We found her quite dead."

"And, in your opinion, what was the cause?"

"The taking of prussic acid. There is no doubt about it: there was no mistaking the smell from her mouth."

"Look at this phial, Mr. Carlton," continued the coroner: "does it bear any resemblance to the one which contained the fatal draught?"

"It appears to be like it. The directions and handwriting are similar. Oh, yes," he added, as he took out the cork, "it is the same : the smell is in it still."

"Did you observe where the last witness, Pepperfly, put the bottle containing the draught, after you returned it to her? I mean when it was first delivered at the house."

"I cannot tell where she put it. I did not notice."

"You did not touch the bottle again, before you left the house?"

Mr. Carlton turned sharply round, facing the audience at the back of the room.

"Who called me?" he inquired.

There had been a great deal of talking the last minute or two, amidst this crowd, and Mr. Carlton's name was heard mentioned in conjunction with others; but nobody would confess to having called him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Coroner," he said, turning back to resume his evidence, "I certainly thought some one called me; and that, whoever it might be, was guilty, considering the time and place, of disrespect to the law. You were inquiring if I touched the phial again before I left the house, after resigning it to Mrs. Pepperfly: I neither touched it nor knew where it was."

"If the proceedings are interrupted by spectators, I shall order the room to be cleared," said the coroner, directing his eyes and voice to the part whence the noise had proceeded. "Those who want to talk can go outside."

The coroner glanced over his notes; he had apparently come to an end, or nearly so, of the examination of Mr. Carlton.

"Before you retire, I must ask you one more question," said he, looking up. "Have you any clue to this mystery—any suspicion of how the poison could have got into the draught?"

Mr. Carlton remained silent. Was he debating with himself whether he should tell of the face he had seen on the staircase but an hour before the death—the strange, dread face on which the moon was shining? It is certain that that mysterious face had haunted Mr. Carlton's mind more than was pleasant, both at the time and since. Was he doubting whether to denounce it now, as something which had no business in the house, and which might have been connected with the mystery? or did he shrink from the ridicule that would attach to him, at confessing to superstitious fears?

"You do not answer," said the coroner, amidst the dead silence of the court.

Mr. Carlton drew a long breath. His thoughts took a different bent, unconnected with the face.

"I cannot say that I suspect any one," he said, at length. "Neither can I imagine how the poison could have been introduced to the draught, except in the making up, seeing that it smelt of it when it came to Mrs. Crane's."

Another silence, which the coroner broke.

"Very well; that is, I believe, all I have to ask you, Mr. Carlton. And I am sure," he added, "that the jury feel obliged to you for the ready and candid manner in which you have given your evidence."

Mr. Carlton bowed to the coroner, and was retiring; but the coroner's clerk, who appeared to have certain memoranda before him to which he occasionally referred, whispered something in the ear of the coroner.

"Oh, ay; true," remarked the latter. "A moment yet, Mr. Carlton. Did you not encounter at Great Wenlock, on Sunday evening, the person called Mrs. Smith, who took away this unhappy lady's child?"

"I saw a person there in the waiting-room of the station, who had a very young infant with her. There is little doubt it was the infant in question."

"You had some conversation with her. Did she give any clue as to who the lady was?"

"She gave me none. I did not know what had occurred, and supposed the child to be the offspring of some resident at South Wenlock. I told her that the child was too young and feeble to travel with safety, and she replied that necessity had no law—or something to that effect. I was talking with her but a minute or two, and chiefly about the omnibus, which she said had bruised her much, in its reckless jolts over the ruts and stones. That was all."

"Should you know her again?"

"I might; I am not sure. I had no very clear view of her face, for it was dusk."

"Did she say where she was going?"

"No, she did not."

"That's all then, I think, Mr. Carlton."

CHAPTER X. MR. CARLTON RECALLED.

AFTER Mr. Carlton's dismissal, the coroner and jury spoke for some time together, and the result was that Betsy Pepperfly was called for again.

"Now, Mrs. Pepperfly," the coroner began, "do you mean to repeat to me that the deceased lady made no objection to take that draught?"

"She didn't make none at all, my lord mayor. If she had, why should she have took it? she was missis. Quite the contrary of her objecting, it were; for she asked for it as soon as she'd swallowed her gruel; but I told her she must not take one right atop of t'other."

"Mr. Carlton says he gave her a charge not to touch the draught. And you tell me upon your oath that she took it without making any demur?"

"I tell you so, Mr. Mayor, upon my Bible oath, and I'd take twenty oaths to it, if you liked. But if you and the honourable corporation" (turning to the jury) "can't believe me, why don't you please ask the Widow Gould?—From nine o'clock, or a little before it, the time Mrs. Crane had her gruel, the widow never was out of the room at all, and she can speak to all that passed as correctly as me. Not that you'll get much out of her," added Mrs. Pepperfly, in a parenthesis, "for she's a-shaking and sobbing with fright in the next room, afeard of being called in here. She thinks it's like being tried, you see, gentle-folks, and she says she never was had afore a lord judge and jury in her life, and never stood at a transportation bar."

After this luminous piece of information, Betsy Pepperfly finally retired, and the shaky Mrs. Gould was supported in, attired in the poke bonnet and the plaid shawl she had lent to Judith. To try to convince the widow that she was not about to be arraigned at a criminal bar was a hopeless task; her mind upon the subject of bars in general and courts in particular, presenting a mass of inextricable confusion. She carried some pungent smelling salts, and somebody had thrust into her hand a pint bottle of vinegar, wherewith to bedew her handkerchief and her face; but her shaky hand poured so much aside, that the whole room was impregnated with the odour.

"What's your name, ma'am?" asked the coroner, when the business of swearing her had been got over with difficulty.

"Oh, dear gentlemen, do be merciful to me! I'm nothing but a poor widow!" was the sobbing answer.

"Well, what's your name, if you are a widow?" returned the coroner.

"It's Eliza Gould. Oh, goodness, be good to me!"

"Now, if you don't just calm yourself and show a little common sense, perhaps you'll be made to do it," cried the coroner, who was a hot-tempered man. "What are you afraid of?—that you are going to be eaten?"

"I never did no wrong to nobody, as I can call to mind—and it's a dreadful disgrace to be brought here, and me a lone widow!" hysterically answered Mrs. Gould, while the vinegar was dropping from her eyebrows and nose.

"How old are you, ma'am?" snappishly asked the coroner.

"Old?" shrieked Mrs. Gould. "Is this a court of that sort of inquiry?"

"It's a court where you must answer what questions are required of you. How old are you, ma'am?"

Mrs. Gould moaned, and brought out in a tone scarcely audible, that she believed she might be as much as forty-two.

The coroner looked at her grey hairs and her wrinkles, and perhaps he was not disinclined for a minute's sport.

"Forty-two," said he, in a loud voice, to his clerk; "take it down. You have spoken correctly, ma'am, I hope," he added, turning again to the witness. "This is a court of justice, remember, and you are upon your oath; you would not like to be tried for perjury."

Mrs. Gould sobbed, and shrieked, and finally went off into real hysterics. When the bustle was over, the coroner began again.

"We have not quite got over the question of age. How old did you say you were?"

"Must I tell it?" sobbed Mrs. Gould.

"Of course you must. And now, ma'am, take notice that I ask you for the last time; I cannot have the moments of the court wasted in this manner. How old are you?"

"I'm only fifty-six," howled Mrs. Gould, amidst a torrent of tears and vinegar and a roar of laughter from the room.

"Draw your pen through forty-two, Mr. Clerk; and now perhaps we can go on to business. What do you know regarding the young lady who took your rooms, Mrs. Gould?"

"I don't know anything of her, except that she had a ring on her finger, and therefore must have been married," replied the witness, whose answers in general life had a frequent tendency to veer from the question.

"Do you know where she came from, or why she came, or who her relations might be, or whether she had any?"

"She said Mrs. Fitch sent her to me, and she said her husband was travelling, and she said no more," continued the witness between her sighs.

"Did she say where he was travelling, or what he was?"

"No, sir. Oh me, I think I shall faint!"

"Perhaps you'll be so complaisant as to wait till your evidence is over, and then faint," suggested the coroner, blandly. "Did she tell you that she purposed making a long stay?"

"She told me she meant to be ill at my house, and that she did not expect the illness until May. She made me tell her the names of the doctors at South Wrenock, which I did, and I spoke up for the Mr. Greys, as was only neighbourly, but she said she would have Mr. Carlton."

"Did she give any particular reason for choosing Mr. Carlton?"

"She said she had a prejudice against the Greys, through something she'd heard; and she said some friends of hers had recommended Mr. Carlton. But, I've had it upon my mind, all along, that it was the cabrioiily did it."

"That it was what did it?" exclaimed the coroner, while the jury raised their faces.

"The cabrioiily. She got me to describe about the Mr. Greys to her, what they were like; and she got me to describe about Mr. Carlton, what he was like; and I did, sir, meaning no harm. I said that the Mr. Greys were pleasant gentlemen who contented themselves with a gig; and that Mr. Carlton was pleasant too, but grand, and had set up his cabrioiily. I think that did it, sir, the cabrioiily; I think she couldn't resist choosing Mr. Carlton, after that."

There was a coughing and choking in the room, and the coroner's clerk shook as he took down the evidence. The witness called words after her own fashion of pronunciation, and the stress she laid upon the "oil" in cabrioiily was something new; indeed the word, altogether, was new, in her lips—"cab-ri-oil-y."

"She wrote a note to Mr. Carlton," proceeded the witness, "and I got it taken to his house. And when the messenger came back with the news that he was away, she cried."

"Cried!" echoed the coroner.

"Yes, sir. She said the note she had sent to Mr. Carlton engaged him, and she could not afford to pay two doctors. But we told her that if Mr. Grey attended for Mr. Carlton, she would only have to pay one. And that, or something else, seemed to reconcile her, for she let Mr. Stephen Grey be fetched, after all; and when it was over, she said how glad she was to have had him, and what a pleasant man he was. The oddest part of it all is, that she had no money."

"How do you know she had none?"

"Because, sir, none has been found, and them police gentlemen is keen at searching; nothing escapes 'em. She had the best part of a sovereign in her purse—nineteen and sixpence, they say, but no more. So, how she looked to pay her expenses, her doctor and her nurse, and me—and Mother Pepperfly a boarding with me at the lady's request, and she don't eat a trifle—she best knew, and I say that it does look odd."

"You regaled Mrs. Pepperfly with gin," spoke up one of the jury, relaxing from the majesty of his office. "Was that to be charged, or was it a spontaneous treat?"

"Oh, dear, good gentlemen, don't pray throw it in my teeth," sobbed the widow. "I did happen to have a drop of the vulgar stuff in the house; which it must have been some I

got for the workmen when I moved into it, three years ago, and have stopped ever since on the top shelf of my kitchen cupboard, in a cracked bottle. I couldn't touch a drop of gin myself without heaving, gentlemen; my inside would turn against it."

Perhaps Mrs. Gould's eyes likewise turned against it, for they were cast up with the fervour of her assertion till nothing but the whites were visible.

"Ahem!" interrupted the coroner, "you are on your oath;" and Mrs. Gould's eyes came down with a start at the words, and her mouth with them.

"Leastways unless I feel ill," she interjected.

"This is wasting time, ma'am," said the coroner; "we must hasten on. Can you account for the poison getting into the composing draught sent in by Mr. Grey? Did it get into it after it came into your house?"

The witness was considerably astonished at the question; considerably flustered.

"Why, you don't think I'd go and put it in!" she uttered, subsiding into another fit of sobs.

"I ask you," said the coroner, "as a matter of form, whether there was any one likely to do such a thing; any one of whom you can entertain a suspicion?"

"Of course, gentlemen, if you mean to accuse me and Mrs. Pepperfly of poisoning her by prussic acid, the sooner you do it the better," howled the widow. "We never touched the bottle. As the Greys' boy brought it, so it was given to her. And there was nobody else to touch it—although Mr. Carlton as good as accused us of having got a whiskered man in the house on the sly!"

The coroner pricked up his ears. "When was that?"

"The night of the death, sir. He was there when the draught came, was Mr. Carlton, and when I heard him coming down the stairs to leave, I ran out of the kitchen to open the door for him. 'Is there a man up-stairs?' asked he. 'A man, sir,' I answered. 'No, sir; what sort of a man?' 'I thought I saw one hiding on the landing,' said he, 'a man with whiskers.' 'No, sir,' says I, indignant, 'we don't want no man in this house.' 'It was my fancy, no doubt,' answered he; 'I thought I'd just mention it, lest any blackguard should have got in.' But now, gentlemen," continued the widow, wrathfully, "I just ask you, was there ever such an insinuation put to two respectable females? I can bear out Mother Pepperfly, and Mother Pepperfly can bear out me, that we had no man in the house, and didn't want one; we'd

rather be without 'em. And one with whiskers too! Thank you for nothing, Mr. Carlton!"

The words seemed to strike the coroner, and he made a note in the book before him. When Mrs. Gould's indignation had subsided, she was again questioned. Her further evidence need not be given, it was only connected with points already discussed, and at its conclusion she was permitted to retire to the next room, where she had a prolonged fit of hysterics.

The coroner requested the presence again of Mr. Carlton. But it was found that Mr. Carlton had gone. This caused a delay in the proceedings. An officer was despatched for him in haste, and found him at his own home, engaged with a patient. He hurried him up to the court.

"What am I required for?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"I can't say, sir. The coroner said you were to be produced."

"I thought you had understood, Mr. Carlton, that it is expedient the witnesses should not depart until the inquiry be over," began the coroner, when he appeared. "Questions sometimes arise which may render it necessary for them to be examined again."

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Carlton; "I had no idea I was not at liberty to return home; or that I should be wanted further."

The coroner placed his arms on the table beside him, and leaned towards Mr. Carlton.

"What is this tale," asked he, "about your having seen a man secreted on the stairs, or landing, on the night of the murder?" the coroner coughed, to drown the word which had all but escaped his lips—"on the night of the death?"

A scarlet tinge, born of emotion, flushed the face of Mr. Carlton. Were his superstitious feelings going to be hauled out for the benefit of the crowded court?

"Who says I saw one?" inquired he.

"That is not the question," sharply returned the coroner. "Did you see one?"

"No, I did not."

"The last witness, Eliza Gould, testifies that you did—or thought you did."

"The facts are these," said Mr. Carlton.

"As I was leaving the patient, the moonbeams shone on the landing through the staircase window, and for the moment I certainly did think I saw a face—the face of a person leaning against the wall."

"What sort of a face?" interrupted the coroner. "A man's or a woman's?"

"Oh, a man's, decidedly. A pale face, as it appeared to me, with thick black whiskers. I believe now it was my fancy: it was just

a momentary glimpse, or rather idea, and was over directly. Moonbeams, it is well known, play the eyesight curious tricks and turns. I fetched the candle and examined the landing, but no person was to be seen. Before I had well got down the stairs, a conviction was stealing over me that I had deceived myself, that there had been really nothing there, but I certainly did ask the woman, Gould, when she came to open the door for me, whether or not any strange man was in the house."

"She said, No?"

"Yes; and was intensely offended at my putting the question."

The coroner mused. Turning to the jury, he spoke in a confidential tone.

"You see, gentlemen, had there been really any one concealed upon the stairs, it would be a most suspicious point; one demanding full investigation. That medicine was in the adjoining room, open to the landing, and unprotected by any guard; for the lady in bed could not be supposed to see what took place in the next apartment, and the two women were down-stairs. Nothing more easy than for the cork to be abstracted from the medicine sent by the Messrs. Grey, and a few deadly drops poured into it. Provided, I say, the person so concealed there, had a design to do so."

The jury looked grave, and one of them addressed Mr. Carlton:

"Can't you take your mind back, sir, with any degree of certainty?"

"There is quite a sufficient degree of certainty in my mind," replied Mr. Carlton. "I feel convinced, I feel sure, that the face existed but in my fancy. I had gone out from the light room to the dark landing,—dark, except for the moonbeams—and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carlton," interrupted another jurymen, "but the witnesses, Pepperfly and Gould, have deposed that the lady's chamber was in darkness—that the candle was in the sitting-room adjoining, where she preferred to have it left."

"Have they? I almost forget. Then in passing through the sitting-room I must have got my eyes in contact with the light, for I know that the landing appeared dark. You are right," added Mr. Carlton. "I remember now that the candle was in the sitting-room, for it was from thence I fetched it to search the landing."

"Why did you not mention this, witness, when you were first examined?" asked the coroner.

"Mention what, sir? That I fancied I saw a face in the dark, which turned out to be all moonshine?" retorted the witness. "Verily, I should be only too glad to mention anything

that would bear upon the case, but I might have got laughed at for my pains."

"You attach no importance to it, then?"

"None whatever. I feel certain that it was but a freak of my own fancy."

"Very well, sir. That will do for the present. Are there any more witnesses to examine?" continued the coroner, addressing the summoning officer.

There were one or two, who gave testimony of no importance, and they appeared to be all. Frederick Grey, who had been an eager listener to the witnesses, then stepped forward and addressed himself to the coroner.

"Will you let me make a statement, sir?"

"If it bears upon the case," replied the coroner. "Does it do so?"

"Yes it does," warmly replied Frederick, his earnest, honest gray eyes flashing. "There has been a cruel suspicion of carelessness cast upon my father, and I destroyed the proofs by which it could have been refuted."

And forthwith he told the story of his heedless wiping of the cobwebbed jar.

"Was any one present when you did this, but you and your father?" asked the coroner.

"Sir, did you not hear me say so? My uncle John."

"Let Mr. John Grey be called," said the coroner. "Gentlemen," he added to the jury, "I am going somewhat out of my legal way in admitting these statements; but I must confess that it does appear to me most improbable that Mr. Stephen Grey, whose high character we all well know, should have been guilty of this fatal carelessness. It has appeared to me entirely improbable from the first; and I deem it right to hear any evidence that can be brought forward to refute the accusation—especially," he impressively concluded, "after the statement made by Mr. Carlton, as to the face he saw, or thought he saw, lurking near the chamber where the draught was placed. I acknowledge, in spite of Mr. Carlton's stated conviction, that I am by no means convinced that face was not real. It may have been the face of some deadly enemy of the ill-fated young lady, one who may have followed her to South Wenlock for the purpose of destroying her, and stolen nefariously into the house; and then, his work accomplished, have stolen out again."

"With all due deference, Mr. Coroner, to your superior judgment," interposed a jurymen, "the suspicion that the poison may have been introduced into the draught after it was in the widow Gould's house, appears to be disposed of by the fact that it smelt strongly of it when it was first brought—as sworn to by Mr. Carlton."

"True, true," said the coroner, musingly. "It is involved in much mystery. Stand forward, Mr. Grey. Were you present when your nephew wiped the cobwebs and dust from the jar of hydrocyanic acid?" continued the coroner, after he was sworn.

"I was," replied Mr. John Grey. "My brother Stephen reached down the jar, which he had to do by means of steps, from its usual place, and the dust and cobwebs were much collected on it, the cobwebs being woven over the stopper—a certain proof that it had not recently been opened."

"This was after the death had taken place?"

"It was just after it; when we got home from seeing the body. My brother remarked that it was a proof, or would be a proof—I forget his exact words—that he had not used the hydrocyanic acid; and whilst he and I were closely talking, Frederick, unconscious, of course, of the mischief he was doing, took a duster and wiped the jar. I was not in time to stop him. I pointed out what he had done, and how it might tell against his father, and he was overwhelmed with contrition; but the mischief was over, and could not be remedied."

"You had no other hydrocyanic acid in your house, except this?"

"None at all; none whatever."

The coroner turned to the jury.

"If this statement of Mr. John Grey's be correct—and it bears out his nephew's—we must acknowledge that Mr. Stephen could not have put prussic acid into the draught when making it up. He could not, in my opinion."

The jury assented. "Certainly he could not," they said, "if the testimony were correct."

"Well, gentlemen, we know John Grey to be an upright man and a good man; and he is on his oath before his Maker."

Scarcely had the coroner spoken when a strange commotion was heard outside—a noise as of a crowd of people in the street, swarming up to the Red Lion. What was it? What could it be? The coroner and jury suspended proceedings for a moment, until the disturbance should subside.

But, instead of subsiding, it only came nearer and nearer; and at length burst into the room—eager people with eager faces—all in a state of excitement, all trying to pour forth the news at once.

Some additional evidence had been found.

The whole room rose, even the coroner and jury, so apt are the most official of us to be led away by excitement. What had come to light? Imaginations are quick, and the jury were allowing theirs a wide range. Some few of them jumped to the conclusion that, a

least, Dick, the boy, had confessed to having been waylaid and bribed, to allow of poison being put into the draught; but by far the greater number anticipated that the body and legs belonging to the mysterious face had turned up, and were being marched before the coroner.

(To be continued.)

DARTMOOR STREAMS.

AN ANGLER'S WEEK AMONG THE TORS OF SOUTH DEVON.

LENT TERM was over, and for once I was glad to leave the protecting wing of Alma Mater, for I was engaged to spend at least a week of the ensuing Easter Vacation on the moors of South Devon with two old school-fellows—both ardent fishermen.

Prince Town was at once fixed upon as our head-quarters. In the first place, it is within easy reach of lots of rivers, and not too remote from railway communication; secondly, we were all three tolerably well known in those quarters; and lastly (by no means the least consideration) it boasts one of the best country inns (the Duchy Hotel) that I ever stopped at. Plymouth was our rendezvous; and thence we started with light hearts and knapsacks, but with all requisite piscatory appliances, by the Tavistock railway, whose station at Horrabridge is distant from Prince Town some six and a half miles, from Plymouth about ten.

The Tavistock line is certainly one of the most picturesque in the kingdom, following as it does for many miles the romantic windings of the Plym. First we skirt its estuary, called Laira Water, which is fringed on the opposite side by the thickly-wooded and exceedingly beautiful slopes of Saltram, the property of Lord Morley. Here our road lies along an embankment in the very bosom of the water; but presently we plunge into the recesses of Cann Woods and Bickleigh Vale, where the roofs of our carriages are almost brushed by the overhanging boughs of oak, ash, and beech. Now and then we get a glimpse at the river, which rapidly grows smaller as we go further up. We pass Plym Bridge, a spot unrivalled for sylvan beauty, and Bickleigh, also cradled in foliage; until at length, at Shaugh, we open up the moor itself. The Dewarstone faces us at this point, the favourite haunt and theme of the too-little read Devonshire poet, Carington. It is the southernmost spur of the Dartmoor hills, and frowns over the junction of the Cad and Meavy, which here unite to form the Plym. Just above, on the course of the Meavy, is Sheepstor, with its quaint bridge and desolate moorland church, one of the most imposing of the outlying Tors; and to this

point we determined to return from our station and fish up the river, which takes us to within a mile of Prince Town.

Horrabridge is a pleasantly-situated village on the Walkham, a branch of the Tavy; which latter stream flows by Tavistock into the Tamar. On our leaving the train here, we were met by the trap of mine host of the Duchy, ever the "guide philosopher and friend" of the Dartmoor tourist; and by him our scanty *impedimenta* were taken on to Prince Town, and ourselves dropped at that point of the road nearest to the river Meavy. *En route* we pass through Walkhampton—in the vernacular, Wackinton, —whose granite church is a most conspicuous object in this part of the moor, perched as it is on the summit of a detached Tor; the hamlet itself is at the respectful distance of a good half-mile below it. As we cross the valley of the Walkham, and the watershed that separates it from that of the Meavy, we get a beautiful specimen of that peculiarly lovely scenery which characterises the part of Dartmoor bordering on the fertile and well-wooded lowlands, and which is well described by Howitt in his "Rural Life of England":—"There are wastes and wilds, crags of granite, views into far off districts, and the sound of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight. . . . Below, the deep, dark river went sounding on its way with a melancholy music; and as I wound up the steep road, all beneath the gnarled oaks, I ever and anon caught glimpses of the winding valley to the left, all beautiful with wild thickets and half shrouded faces of rock, and still on high those glowing ruddy tors standing in the blue air in their sublime silence." A delicious description. As I write it I can in spirit see the "views into far off districts," and hear, almost as plainly as if I were really standing above it, the river *sounding* on its way.

Arrived at Sheepstor, we set to work at the real object of our coming on the moors—the "luring the wily trout." Though three rods, or even two, are as a rule too many to be working near one another on any small stream, we determined, for the sake of good-fellowship, not to separate; so we resolutely fished "pool for pool"; and thanks to the weather, which could not have been more favourable (like a hunting morning, "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"), we managed to secure decent bags for our first day's sport.

It is astonishing how particular these little moorland trout (which rarely weigh more than three-quarters of a pound) are as to the exact hue of the fly to "tickle their fancy." Judging from my own experience I put on, when I com-

menced, an ordinary March brown at *stream* (the fly at the end of the lash), and higher up (for *bob*) tied a blue with silver twist; my companions using the same, with the variation of a sort of red palmer instead of the blue. For an hour we fished with these, and scarcely got a rise; when fortunately, at one of the bridges, we came across old N—, a *ci-devant* farm-labourer on the moor, now well known for his skill as a fisherman by his supplying all the inns of the vicinity with trout. He was not fishing himself, so took the more interest in our success. I complained of our want of sport, and showed him my flies. "Try a bit of a green tail to your brown, zur," says N—. In two minutes the green silk was tied on; in ten, I had killed three or four fish, and my friends had altered their flies accordingly; and in twenty, we were all catching fish as fast as we could land them.

We sat down to our luncheon (of hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, not uncheered by the contents of the friendly flask) in a lovely spot close to some very interesting aboriginal relics, a short distance above a farm called Stanlake. The whole of this part of the moor abounds with these (so-called) Druidical remains, about which antiquaries have had such enthusiastic contests, that the cromlechs, sacred-circles, hut-inclosures, &c., of Dartmoor, are almost as well-known in archaeological researches as the Wiltshire Stonehenge, or the Ophite temples of Carnac. Besides these curious witnesses of an age anterior to all our historical knowledge, there are many interesting objects scattered about the moor, connected with a later era: as, for instance, Fitz's Well (close to the convict-grounds at Prince Town), said to have been built by the astrologer Fitz of Fitzford, and commemorated in the interesting novel of that name, I believe by Mrs. Bray. There is also Siward's Cross, whose history I have been unable to discover; and the remains of the cenotaph of Childe of Plymstock; by the burial of whose body found dead on the moor, the monks of Tavistock inherited the broad acres of the manor of Plymstock, in accordance with the will found with his corpse and traced in his own blood—

The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstoke shal they have.

The Piskies' or Pixies' house is a well concealed grotto on Sheepstor, connected with which is a pretty legend of the Civil War. The moormen still tell how that a gallant scion of the loyal house of Elford was directed to this hiding-place by the daughter of the Round-head Governor of Plymouth, and was sustained for months by provisions surreptitiously con-

veyed by her: how the enamoured fair one, in despair at his sudden disappearance, was about to put an end to herself, when she accidentally discovered that her lover was a prisoner in her father's castle: and finally, how the faithful pair managed to escape together, and "lived happily ever afterward," under the friendly protection of the Dutch Government. I fancy (but I can remember no authority for the supposition) that the main incidents of the plot of "I Puritani" were taken from this tradition.

Well satisfied with our first day's work for the season, we were glad to reach the hospitable shelter of the "Duchy" about six in the evening. Whilst performing the necessary ablutions, we had the pleasing consciousness that the fruits of our exertions were being fried for our delectation, by our kind-hearted landlady and her satellites; and ultimately they formed no inconsiderable portion of an excellent dinner, to do justice to which the bracing moor air had fully prepared us. I shall not readily forget the enjoyment of those pleasant evenings at the "Duchy" after the fatigues of the day; the quiet rubbers of whist and the industrious fly-making for the morrow, in our own room—the pipes and songs and innocent conviviality of the bar-parlour (very far removed, amongst these honest and primitive moormen, from anything like pot-house vulgarity)—will long live in the memories of all of us. One of the songs (sung by an old fellow who had scarcely ever been off the moor in his life) containing many moralizing reflections with the refrain "Pray think on this when you smawk too-bac-caw!" was, as I afterwards found out, rather a well-known ballad in the last century. When the weather was fine, and we got back tolerably early in the evening, we used to find amusement in a game of cricket; which national pastime, surprising as it may seem in such a wild, is well supported out here; principally, however, by the officials of the neighbouring convict-prison.

Our second day was devoted to the West Dart, which is perhaps the best fishing around here. The two Darts unite at Dartmeet, about seven miles below Prince Town, and with their innumerable brooks are by far the principal waters of the southern part of the moor. Trout everywhere are very plentiful, and though (as in the rest of the moor streams) they are for the most part small, afford capital sport in almost all weathers. Twobridges on the West Dart, where it is crossed by the old Plymouth and Exeter coach road, has a comfortable little inn, where I should advise the fisherman to stop and recruit; *nee sperne, puer*, the sparkling "bitter," which I have always found good at this place. Besides that consideration, Two-

bridges has another attraction for me, in the shape of the most interesting and typical specimen of the indigenous moorman that I have ever seen. He is now a stable-help at the inn, and remembers the moor long before the first attempts at cultivating any part of it were thought of; he was already a man when the French prisoners in the old war were located at Prince Town; and now, though not far from eighty years of age, the hale little fellow shows you with pride his hair (which is still jet black, and like one of his ponies' manes for strength and roughness), and boasts that he can "stack a

heap of turf" with any man on the moor. His name however has not been so well used by Time: rightly, as I was informed by the landlord, it is John Luckcraft; but no one about there now knows such a person; ask for "Jan Luggard," and the right man is produced to you. He has many interesting stories to tell you of the olden time, "when George the Third was King;" and his manner of expression is delightfully characteristic. One morning when I called there, I told old Jan that I intended to walk on and fish Cherrybrook (a branch of West Dart, which generally yields one a good



basket):—"Daw'nt 'ee go there to-day, zur; you may zo well dro' yer 'at in th' river; there's old Varmer Leigh over to Berry has bin there all th' marnin', lashin the water to a vroth with a vly so big as a drumble-drane, and I know he ha'nt caught a vish this vour yeare." It is needless to say that after that warning I carefully avoided fishing in the vicinity of Farmer Leigh for the future.

Our third day was given to East Dart, over which, near the modern Postbridge, is one of the finest cyclopean bridges in the kingdom. It consists of three arches, the imposts being

single slabs of granite of immense size and weight. Returning to Prince Town in the evening, we pass under Crockern Tor; celebrated as being the seat from time immemorial of the Stannary Parliaments for the Tinnors of Devonshire. Very few monuments now remain of this ancient abode of the law; but it must strike everyone that such a court, held "sub Jove frigido" in such a climate as that of Dartmoor, and with nothing but blocks of granite for seats, could scarcely have been more comfortable to the unhappy judges and others concerned, than the opposite extreme now so much

complained of in some of our metropolitan law courts.

The following day we betook ourselves to the Walkham, which is about three miles on the other side of Prince Town ; and, after our day's fishing, scrambled up Mistor Pan, the highest eminence on this side of the moor, to enjoy the unrivalled prospect. To the west and south-west, in the foreground across the valley of the Walkham, rise, in sombre tone and almost abruptly from the river, Vixen Tor, Feather Tor, and Rouge Tor ; beyond lie the valleys of the Tavy and Tamar ; and in the blue distance are the Cornish Highlands, with Kitt Hill as a prominent and commanding feature. More to the southward we see Plymouth Harbour, and the beautiful scenery surrounding it ; with a peep at the broad estuary of the Tamar, and the white tubes of the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash. Behind us to the east and north-east rise one after another in endless undulations the innumerable hillocks and Tors of West Dartmoor, until the view is stopt by the lofty ridges of the eastern border of the Forest.

The pleasure afforded by this boundless profusion of natural beauties is also heightened by the powers of the imagination, for Mistor Pan is traditionally the centre of what I may call the pre-historical history of the moor. The huge pile of blocks of granite in regular layers which caps each of these hills, and constitutes the Tor *par excellence*, is here associated with an idea of mysterious awe, from the possession of a large circular font or Pan (whence the Tor takes its name) hollowed out in its topmost rock, and probably connected with the religious rites of a bygone age ; whilst below and around in the neighbouring down lies the largest collection of aboriginal relics in the whole moor. The most conspicuous of these, the parallelitha or rock-avenues, have the name of the Plague Market, from the fact of the inhabitants of Tavistock having used this desolate spot as a market when the Plague was raging in their town. But beside these, there are cromlechs, cairns, and other memorials of a departed race, without number, and extending for more than two miles over the side of the hill and the adjacent common.

The *religio loci* impressed our minds with a deep feeling of solemnity, and with hushed voices we descended the hill to the little inn at Merivale Bridge ; where however our contemplations were rudely disturbed by the shrill voice of an indigenous amazon loudly accusing us of having, in some unaccountable manner, feloniously made away with one of her goslings : " the goozney-chick was thereere just now, and a's gone now " (ergo, we must have

destroyed him !) was her truly feminine philosophy. Of course, we were as innocent of the dark deed as babes ; but finding by judicious pumping that a shilling would make all straight, we laid the offering on the altar of Female Resentment. The immediate effect was amusing in the extreme :—" I ax yer pardon, zur, hope no 'fence, but a zeed you was gentlemen as wouldn't zee a poor woman lose the vittles out of her mouth." A most delicate way of soothing our humbled feelings, by ingeniously turning our cowardly purchase of a quiet life into a magnanimous act of charity ! The most finished statesman could not more judiciously have ignored a victory to conciliate the vanquished. An additional pint of " zyder " at the neighbouring inn was her reward ; and we ourselves, having quaffed the accustomed " Bass," turned contentedly homeward, thinking our experience of moorland diplomacy well worth the few pence it had cost us.

The remaining days of our stay in the Royal Forest were principally occupied in exploring objects of interest that lay beyond the circle of our main fishing walks ; though whenever we came across a tempting-looking brook with noisy stickles and deep pools, it would not be long before our rods were hard at work again. To attempt to describe half the curious things to be seen on the moor, would be at once equivalent to writing a book, instead of a short and necessarily somewhat sketchy paper : but I may just mention the large Drewsteignton cromlech on the eastern side of the moor, with its surrounding antiquities ; the ancient circumvallation of Grimspound, also in the east ; its miniature, Dennabridge Pound, on the West Dart, now used as a pound for the moorland cattle ; Clacy-Well Pool, to sound the depth of which the bell-ropes of Wackinton Church were once tied together in vain, according to a legend current on the moor : and, perhaps most curious of all, the " lonely wood of Wistman " (consisting entirely of stunted oaks, none much higher than a man), which has been described by the topographers of Devonshire of all ages, exactly as we now see it. These are only a few of the sights of a " wild and wondrous region," as Carrington has well called Dartmoor ; many more have almost an equal claim to our interest ; and indeed (in the words of Rowe, the author of the very interesting *Perambulation of Dartmoor*, which has always been my companion in my excursions there), " within its limits there is enough to repay, not only the historian and antiquary, but also the scientific investigator, for the task of exploring the mountain wastes of the Devonshire wilderness."

E. LETHERIDGE.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN PARIS.

THE following tale was told to the writer of these lines some years ago, by the person to whom the events therein narrated occurred. The writer immediately committed the story to paper. Though Lord —— never showed any morbid horror at the possibility of general conversation turning on topics which might remind him of the strange incident in his life which forms the subject of the narrative, he was naturally desirous that the matter should be, as far as could be, confined to the circle of his immediate friends. As he is now dead, and has left no very near relatives, there can be little danger of causing distress to anyone by the publication of his story. The names are of course suppressed. The tale is told as far as possible in Lord ——'s own words.

In 18——, before I had taken my degree at Oxford, and before, by my uncle's death, I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to find that ——, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brasenose, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time, I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover. —— had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Dessin. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment. The quaint costumes, the new cookery, the ponderous diligences—but I won't trouble you with a diluted road-book. I do not wish to give you my crude ideas on the state of society and the aspects of the buildings in France, but the history of one night in Paris. We reached that city, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. It was my delight to stop to sketch some tawny old market-woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in a church, and have still somewhere a portfolio full of corbels and screens and cornices, marked St. Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note. —— grew

terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detestable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the incongruity of our tastes, political feeling tended to keep us apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. The friends who were most pleased with ——, and with whom —— was most pleased, though by birth entitled to hold their heads as high as any of the blue-blooded inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance—so they regarded the transaction—to the court of the Citizen King. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ——, who took me under her especial protection, assured me that it was impossible for the loyal hearts who still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag, to associate with those who had degraded their race by recognising the position of an usurpation as detestable as it would be ephemeral. I confess that I cared very little whether the older or younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the assemblies at the Tuileries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled. But I grew to like Madame de ——, and, as a necessary consequence, formed different acquaintances from those of my fellow-traveller. We had been in Paris about three weeks, and though we were staying in the same hotel, I had not seen —— for several days. We met by accident on the staircase of the hotel.

"We are quite strangers; where are you going?"

"To call on Madame de ——."

"What! still the legitimist Marquise! Shall we dine together?"

"By all means. Meet me here at six."

—— agreed, and so we parted. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was intensely hot. Reflected backwards and forwards on the white stone house-fronts, the sun's rays seemed to scorch up all that was breatheable in the atmosphere. The stones of the streets were hot to the tread. I entered the gardens of the Tuileries, hoping to find some slight shade for my dazzled eyes. I know of few scenes brighter than those Tuileries gardens. You have seen them often, of course. The water was mounting and

falling with its musical plash in the shallow basin, wherein two little boys, under the superintendence of a black-eyed *bonne*, were swimming their toy-boats. More children and more nurses were playing among the orange trees. Two or three National Guards were lounging about. Nor were other uniforms wanting to give colour to the picture. The tri-coloured bunting flapped lazily over the dome of the palace. A man in a queer snuffy-brown coat walked by : he had on green spectacles, and his button-hole showed a shred of ribbon. You wonder how I remember all this ? You have no idea how indelibly the scene is stamped on my memory. It was the first time. But you must hear all in order. I sat for perhaps twenty minutes listening idly to the plashing fountain, wondering whether Auguste or Jules—he must have been either Auguste or Jules—would get his boat within reach by judiciously shelling over it with pebbles, fancying now Napoleon pinching some honoured ear, or the longed-for Louis dozing over his favourite Horace in that very garden, watching the figure of the man in the brown coat and the green spectacles, growing “fine by degrees” in the narrowing vista of trees. Then I thought of Madame de —— and my visit ; but remembered that it would be more decorously paid in the evening than in the afternoon. What should I do with myself ? I felt strangely disinclined to move. And my head ? What is it that seems to weigh it down ? Is it the sun and the heat ? I never felt anything like it before. The pain attacked me suddenly. Pain ! It was hardly pain. Perhaps the sensation cannot be described to those who have not felt it. I had suffered from violent headache for some days ; but my head did not ache now. It felt dull and heavy. My natural impulse was to lift my hand to my brow. I willed the movement of my arm, if I may so express myself ; but no movement resulted. I had no power to stir. I then became sensible that my respiration grew feebler, and that there was a kind of lull in the pulsation of my heart. It is difficult for me, as I have said already, to describe my condition. I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have less life in me ; my vital powers seemed to dwindle down to the smallest possible force. I existed, because I was conscious, but that was all. My senses remained to me ; but not all in equal strength. The plashing of the fountain was as distinct as before the paroxysm ; my eyesight was slightly dimmed. Whether I could smell or taste, of course I could not tell. Of touch I had hardly any sense at all. All this I tell you at this point, for at the moment of my attack I seemed thoroughly aware of my condition. One thing

only excepted. For ten minutes, as I should imagine, I sat wondering at what had befallen me. Then I bethought me of calling for help. There were a score of people within the sound of my voice. I willed to cry ; but there was no sound. My tongue refused to articulate. I was horror-struck ; but I was sensible of none of the usual symptoms of horror. My heart did not beat more quickly. I could feel no sweat on my brow. Was this death ? No ; it could not surely be death. I had all my wits about me ; and all my impressions were mundane. The life of Paris was moving round me just as it was wont. I alone was motionless. Then there flashed across me the recollection of a strange tale of cataleptic seizure, in which my grandfather’s name had figured. I remembered that my mother had seemed distressed that the subject should be mentioned ; the guest who had made casual allusion to it turned the conversation, and I had really thought little more about the matter. I remembered two mysterious expressions in the letters which I had received from my mother immediately before my departure from England,—expressions which, when read in the light of my present brief experience, led me to the opinion that my family must be cursed by some fearful hereditary evil, an evil which my mother had never yet dared to communicate to me. “I am very anxious,” she had written, “about your journey. Of course you will not travel alone. Who is to be your companion ? Do I know him ? I know that you like society, my dear boy, and I should be sorry to think of your wandering through strange cities alone. Nothing is more melancholy. Pray let me know if you are intimate with your proposed *compagnon de voyage*, and if you are likely to remain together for the whole of your tour.” All these thoughts flashed through my brain in a very few seconds. I knew that I must have fallen into a kind of trance. I felt horror and alarm, of a vague and indefinite kind ; but I also felt intense curiosity. What would befall me ? How long should I sit in those Tuileries gardens ? Would the fit soon leave me ?

I was sitting on a seat with a back to it, a few feet removed from the main alley of the garden. My arms were folded, my head was slightly drooped on my breast, my legs were crossed. There was nothing in my attitude to attract attention, so I sat rigid and immovable for what seemed to me an age. I imagined all kinds of possible terminations of my adventure. I should be found, of course. I should be carried to my hotel ; doctors would be sent for, I should learn what was the matter, and I should probably recover ; these fits were

rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel ! They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, containing letters addressed à Monsieur —, Hotel de —. Would they ? Was my pocket-book in its place ? I could not feel. Suppose the pocket-book was left, as was sometimes the case, in another coat ? What other means of identification would remain ? A seal with a coat of arms on it, a hat with an English maker's name ; neither of much use in Paris. But what matter was it who I was, or where I lived ? I should of course be taken to the Hotel Dieu. What will they do to me, I wonder ? Will they——ha ! what was that ?

"Qu'est ce que tu fais donc, petit méchant ! Demande pardon à ce Monsieur que tu as——"

It was the *bonne* who spoke. Alphonse, or Jules, in his infantile gyrations, had stumbled against me. He knocked one leg off the other, and the shock threw me into a posture so obtrusively unnatural, that I could not longer remain unnoticed. The nurse stopped short in her expostulation.

"Mais, mon Dieu ! Il est mort !"

No, I am not dead, I thought ; but I am very glad that you have found out that I am not wholesomely alive. Now I shall be properly cared for. In a very few moments I was the centre of a small crowd, and presently two or three gendarmes shouldered their way through the stangers. They lifted me up, and laid me along the bench. I felt—no, I did not feel ; I was aware that I was quite stiff. One of them put his hand on my breast, and held it there awhile.

"Son cœur ne bat plus."

"Tatez donc son pouls."

"Il n'y a pas de mouvement. Il a bien l'air d'être mort."

"Pauvre jeune homme ! Il a été passablement beau !" (This from the *bonne*.)

"Il a été !" It smote very sadly on my ears, that past tense.

"Eloignez-vous donc !" cried one of the officials.

The little group of bystanders fell back some paces, and a search was commenced in my pockets for some name or address. I was excited by the thought of this search. You see how difficult it is for me to express myself. I cannot say "I trembled," "I held my breath," "my pulse beat quicker ;" there was no palpable evidence of my agitation. But I was excited.

"Voyons : qu'est ce qu'il possède, le joli garçon ? Il est assez chic !"

"Un mouchoir. Un chiffre au coin. Un porte-cigare. Rien dedans. C'est dommage."

"C'est une montre de prix. Mais n'y a-t-il pas de porte-feuille ?"

No, there was no pocket-book. My heart sank ; at least I felt as though my heart ought to have sunk. I cannot tell how long this search occupied. My consciousness seemed now to become a little duller. Not by any means lost : only a little less acute than in ordinary life. In the meanwhile a stretcher had been brought to the ground. I was lifted thereon, something was put over my face, and they bore me away. I could hear the fountain plashing, and the many children's voices ringing through the avenues. Oh, that I could have spoken ! Oh, for power to say but one word !

We passed out of the garden ; I could not be sure in which direction. By the noise of traffic I perceived that we entered the crowded street. Presently we stopped ; a door was opened and shut, and the hum of the moving world ceased. I was sensible that I was no longer being carried along, and guessed aright that I was in some office of the police. Here, I thought, the worst of my troubles must end. They will send for a doctor ; he will know of the probable duration of the fit, and will take such measures as will mollify its most painful symptoms, or perhaps release me from it altogether. From the confused murmur of several voices in conversation which sounded in my ears, I gathered that in a room communicating with that in which I lay the officials were deliberating on my condition. I could not distinguish the words. Presently the voices grew plainer, and the speakers were evidently approaching. The face-cloth was removed. There were the same gendarmes who had discovered me in the garden, accompanied by several more. And with them—yes, there was no doubt of it—with them entered the little old gentleman in the brown coat and green spectacles, whom I remembered to have seen before my seizure. This, then, was the long-desired physician ; he would tell these blunderers that I was not dead.

"He is stiff already. Such is not unfortunately the case in disease of the heart. I should have believed him dead before the hour which you say. In the garden of the Tuileries ? I made there a promenade myself this afternoon. And neither name nor address ? That is droll. Ah ! it is already six hours ! And I am invited to dine in a quarter of an hour ! Poor young man ! Close his eyelids, Louis ; they have an expression quite living. Monsieur will permit me to sign the procès-verbal without delay ! Let us go."

So much for my hopes of the doctor. And then an authoritative voice said, "Vous le porterez là bas tout de suite, Louis."

A door shut, and there was silence.

I began now to realise the awful horror of my position. Officially declared to be dead, I experienced all those emotions which are said to be felt by the dying in cases where an accident plunges them from the enjoyment of health and life to the immediate prospect of passing to another world. My past actions rose in swift succession in my thoughts. I reflected on the frivolity of many of my occupations, on the time I had thrown away, and the small use I had been to anybody. I remembered that my mother's last letter, full, as were all her letters, of expressions of the fondest endearment, had not been answered. And that lie that I had told at school!—and my young life cut off horribly and mysteriously, none to be near me dying, none to know what had become of me. And —, he would be waiting to dine with me. Where would he dine? I wondered. What would he do to find me? Perhaps I might yet recover before—before what? Frightful, damning thought. I was dead; I should be buried. I tried to pray. It was not death I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

Yet through all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now, knowing the circumstances in which I was placed, I should suppose it might have been. From apathy or hope, my mind was very calm; and I was very curious. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

And what did "*là bas*" mean? The voice of authority had spoken of carrying me "*là bas*." The door opened again. My eyelids were closed now, and I could not see who entered. I need hardly say that I could not open my eyes. The voices were none of those which I had already heard. I was lifted again. The sounds of the street fell on my ear with a sound slightly dulled, and I felt that I was covered with some kind of cloth. My bearers walked for some ten or fifteen minutes. There was a fresh sound of opening and shutting doors, and I was thrown rudely on some hard surface; not laid decently as I had been in the office of the gendarmes, but thrown down like a worthless burden. Could I complain? Was I not officially dead?

But what was this? I felt rough pecks at my arms and legs. I was being stripped of my clothes. Was this for the coffin? I thought now that all was over, and I felt weary and confused. A partial blunting of my senses spared me much of the pain I must otherwise have suffered. I waited, still perfectly conscious of all that was going on around me, as far as anyone can be conscious of what he does not see, and wondering what would happen next.

I was stripped of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then I was carried through another door. A faint and sickly stench immediately smote my sense of smell. I was laid down on my back on an inclined surface, my head somewhat higher than my feet. A horrible chill ran through me. Was this the grave? I could not tell. Nothing covered me, with the exception of a cloth which had been thrown over my loins. Was I in a coffin, waiting for a pauper's burial on the morrow? Oh, God! to what should I awake!

No. It could not be the grave. It must be—the thought flashed across me in an instant. How came it that I had not thought of it before? That of course was the destination of the unclaimed dead. That of course was what was meant by the *là bas* of the gendarme. I was in the Morgue!

You may think it strange, but my first feeling was one of relief. To be buried alive was my great dread. That fate was certainly postponed. Perhaps I might be saved from it altogether. So for some time I lay congratulating myself on the renewed probability of my safety. I should lie here, perhaps, for days. It would be remarked that my body showed no signs of decomposition. Possibly — would seek me in this grim receptacle of the dead. At any rate, there was hope. Should I starve to death? No; surely in cases of catalepsy the appetite is all but dead. The little life left in the body requires but little sustenance. At least, I felt no hunger. There was hope!

Then came a re-action. This horrible place that I was in! and I bound hand and foot, as tightly as Lazarus in his grave-clothes. A deadly cold seemed to chill all my frame. And always that faint fetid stench telling me of my—hideous thought!—of my companions. I was not alone. I began to speculate on the appearance of the place. I had heard what it was like. I had never seen it. I pictured to myself the maimed and rotting corpse of some unhappy suicide, recovered too late from the current of the Seine; for such suicides, I had heard, were the most frequent denizens of the Morgue. How close was I to that loathsome body? Could I touch it if I were able to put out my hand?

Filled with these fearful fancies, I hoped that the fit might not leave me till it was day. My blind helplessness was a sort of protection to me. To have all my horrors of life restored to me, and to be imprisoned for hours in that hideous place, would kill me in reality, I thought. It was better to lie there impotent as I was. If only I could sleep; if only I could escape from that consciousness which was all that was left to me.

I lay tortured and distracted by these reflections for what seemed to me to be many hours. Soon, I expected, it would be day. And then?

But now a strange shiver shot all over my frame. The blood seemed to rush to my head and fill it with violent darting pains. A tingling, somewhat resembling that of cramp, ran along my extremities. Did these mean that the paroxysm was coming to an end—that I could move—that I could speak? I hardly wished the surmise to be true, as yet. The pain in my head grew more acute. Instinctively I willed to lift my hand, and press it on my aching forehead. The limb obeyed the volition.

You will, perhaps, understand me when I say that, though this movement of my arm came to me as a kind of order of release, I yet hesitated to make trial of my recovered powers. I still kept my eyelids down. I held my hand fixed on my brow. Then the idea sprang up in my brain of using all my force to try to effect my escape from my foul prison. I made a low sound with my voice. I then muttered several articulate words. My tongue obeyed me. I moved my arm to my side again, and raised one of my legs. The pain in my head was less. The shivering had altogether ceased. Still I was affected by a strange weariness,—a disinclination to use the smallest exertion. Courage! I thought; up, and save yourself! I slowly opened my eyes. A little light from a dull moon struggled in through a sky-light over my head, and by its help I could distinguish with tolerable clearness the aspect of my lodging. Immediately in front of me it shimmered on panes of glass. Through these, as I surmised, my friends would seek me. It fell on some six or seven hard cold beds of stone or metal, like the slabs in a fishmonger's shop. On several it showed nothing but the smooth shining surface. On two others, besides my own, it rested with a dull gleam on Something that had once contained the spirit of a man. One of these corpses looked little more deadly than I did myself. It was lying next to my own couch; and I could clearly see the fair and gentle features of a well-looking lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, drowned, in all likelihood, in the river that ran behind me. His face showed few or no signs of a violent death. A slight abrasion on his cheek-bone was all the disfigurement. His close-cropped curly hair looked full of life, and his lips were almost smiling. The other body was as far removed from me as the size of the room would permit. I could just see a mass of bloated and discoloured flesh. The moon seemed to make a kind of foul halo over its misshapen outline.

The stench of the dead smote my nostrils again, and I turned to the wall with a shudder. I looked behind me. There all the clothes of the dead were hanging, waiting the recognition of the interested, or the criticisms and jests of the inquisitive. I now rose, and, groping among my own, partly dressed myself with as little delay as possible, for I was bitterly cold. But I did this with difficulty; I was very weak. Now, I thought, is there anyone near me who will hear me cry out? The work-people will probably be soon going out to their labour; or, perhaps, some gendarme is left to watch in the precincts of this place. What time was it, exactly? I wondered. I felt for my watch in my pockets, but it was not to be found. Then I tried the door; locked tight: the windows; fast too. Here my strength failed me. I tried to knock on the panes of glass, but I felt myself sinking to the ground. I tried to call aloud, but my cry was very feeble. After this, I remember nothing more of the night. Worn out with pain and anxiety, utterly exhausted by the attack to which I had been subjected, I became totally insensible.

When I came to myself again it was broad daylight. I found myself lying crouched up in a corner of the room. I lifted my eyes for a moment to the bodies on the two occupied slabs, with a strange fancy that they, too, might have been shut up alive. The corpse of the youth was just as it had been in the night, lying as if asleep. And the other? How should that be again a receptacle of life? Bronzed and swollen, it was a loathsome sight to see. For an instant I said, "It is the body of a negro." It was no negro: it had not that black skin in life. And a sight like that is the attraction for a crowd every day. But I was in no condition to indulge in reflections on others; I was too weak to think for myself. I lay still, huddled in the corner, waiting.

At last a key rattled in a lock. The functionary in charge of the establishment opened a door, not the door of the part of the room in which were the bodies, but a door opening into the little passage behind the windows. I could see him through the panes of glass, proceeding along the passage; but he did not turn his head. I made as loud a cry as my strength would allow. He was just disappearing through the farther door, when he suddenly turned and looked through the glass. Under any other circumstances I should have smiled at the man's expression of ludicrous perplexity. His eyes opened to their utmost extent, and he nervously twisted his finger in an end of his moustache. I beckoned feebly with my hand. In another minute he was by my side.

"Mon Dieu! On ne sait jamais ce qui peut

arriver ! Cependant il a encore bien l'air d'être un cadavre. Filons au moins de cette diable d'odeur."

Muttering these words between his teeth, he took hold of my hand, perceived in an instant how utterly weak and helpless I was, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out of the Morgue. I have never seen my one night's lodging since.

Now I was able to tell where I could be taken. And now the worst of my troubles were over ; but the fit left lasting and severe effects. I was not able to leave my room for a fortnight, and during that time only very gradually recovered my shattered strength.

Assured by my physicians that I was in no vital danger, I did not distress my mother by informing her of my condition. But as soon as I was strong enough to travel I left Paris, and travelled as rapidly as was possible to our northern home. My mother was terribly agitated when she saw that I had been ill ; more so than was explicable by the mere fact of my having suffered from a malady which had both come and gone.

On hearing my narrative of all that had befallen me she wept passionately, and accused herself as the cause of much of my suffering, inasmuch as she "had not told me before." I then learned that the fearful disease to which I had fallen a victim was hereditary in my family. It did not attack father and son in regular succession, but, like the more dire affliction of insanity, lighted capriciously now on one and now on another ; but it preserved so much of regularity in its visitations that it never slumbered for more than a generation. If it spared a father, it was almost certain that it would fall upon one of his sons. My own father had passed through life with no personal experience of the family curse, dying when I was about nine years old. My uncle was equally fortunate. My grandfather was seized at intervals of time varying from two to four years, being smitten first when about twenty years of age. The great uncle of my grandfather, there was little doubt, had been buried alive in Paris, sojourning there as part of the suite of the hapless Queen Henrietta Maria. I was, as you know, the last of my line. My poor mother, who had learned the family secret from my father on his death-bed, knew that unless the curse had died out, I should be, in the natural order of things, its next victim. She was divided between her sense of the obligation she was under to inform me of my danger, and so enable me to take proper precautions to meet it, and her desire to spare me the pain of anticipation of so great a calamity. When I had passed the age of twenty-one in

security, she had hoped that I might be spared. She was, nevertheless, ever anxious concerning me ; and you can understand the apprehensions that were roused by my announcement of my intended journey to Paris.

You will understand, also, why I have never travelled alone. At the time I tell you this (I am just thirty-five) I have been attacked altogether eight times by a cataleptic fit, similar to that which I have described to you.*

You may be sure that since that first time I have taken precautions which have saved me from more than the necessary suffering. In my earliest youth I never was very wild or thoughtless ; but the solemn experiences of the hours of the night of my sojourn in the Morgue made, as you will believe, no light impression on me. I was brought palpably in contact with my own death, and the lesson was better than fifty sermons. But I will spare you my moralisings. I have never married, and I never shall. And —, the man who was with me in Paris ? He was just coming out of our hotel as I drove up in the morning in a fiacre, supported by a gendarme, and some doctor employed by the police.

"My dear fellow !" he said. (Poor — ! he went to the bar, and died of a decline only two years ago. I seem to see him now pulling on his gloves in his cool way.) "My dear fellow ! where the deuce have you been ? I had such a jolly little dinner at the "Trois Frères," after waiting an hour for you, by-the-bye. Where have you slept ? Anywhere ?"

"In the Morgue."

He had to hear the story from the doctor, for I was too weak to talk.

THE SEASONS IN ITALY.

WINTER.

Oh ! my pale December roses, —
Pale and faint, yet sweet and fair,
Would that when life's autumn closes,
I such dying smiles may wear.

Oh ! how still the wintry sky !
Blue, wide depths, so pure and cold —
O'er the hills dim vapours lie,
Snow in every fleecy fold.

Silent are the ice-bound streams,
All the forest bare and drear ;
Youth is dead, with all its dreams,
Voiceless, leafless, like the year.

Do I weep that May is past ?
Do I mourn no summer glow,
With its crimson roses, east
Love and life upon my brow ?

* Lord — died in 1851, in the fortieth year of his age. The old title (he was the thirteenth Baron) then became extinct, and the estates reverted to the family of the wife of the eleventh lord.

Oh ! my pale December roses !
 More I prize your faithful bloom,
 Shedding fragrance, ere it closes,
 On my life's dejected gloom.

Hope deceived me, love is over,
 Life is fading in my breast,—
 Roses ! let your blossoms cover
 Lonely tomb and peaceful rest.

SPRING.

A breezeless flutter in the air,
 The hush and pause of brooding wings,
 A sense of gladness everywhere,
 The joy which mere existence brings ;

A pulse which thrills, a life which wakes
 As love and hope and youth grow strong,
 As every rill its silence breaks
 And stirs the woodland with a song ;

A voice which whispers Spring is born
 In tender buddings of the leaves,
 In rustlings of the young green corn,
 Rich promise of its golden sheaves ;)

A full vibration, as of bells
 Which echo sweetly o'er the earth,
 And bear to farthest, loneliest dells
 Soft tidings of the violet's birth,—

All this I feel, all this I hear.
 Without, the world is fair and bright ;
 Within, each bitter falling tear
 Reveals how dark my wintry night.

Art dead and frozen, heart of mine ?
 Wilt thou not melt ? Must thou still sigh ?
 Nor wreathe the rose, nor drink the wine,
 Nor put thy mourning garments by ?

Alas ! for thee earth's joys are vain ;]
 Alas ! for thee earth's hopes are o'er ;
 For thee no bird will sing again,
 The vernal year shall bloom no more.

Thou hast no part in earth's bright things ;
 Thy tale is told, thy course is run.

Ah ! without love life knows no Springs ;
 Ah ! without love life feels no sun. I. B.

SHAKSPEARE'S GLOVES.

THE brisk demand for Shakspearean relics which ensued about the time of Garrick's Jubilee at Stratford, naturally led to a very lively supply of such articles. Faith was put to very severe tests, and the draughts upon credulity were amazing indeed. It must have been as hard for some of the curiosity-mongers of that time as for the proverbial soothsayers of old, to have met without laughing in each other's faces. Mr. Garrick, as the following letter will show, was gravely presented with a pair of gloves, which he was asked to believe had "often covered the hands" of the Immortal Bard :—

"LEOMINSTER, May 31st, 1769.

"DEAR SIR,—On reading the newspapers I find you are preparing a grand Jubilee, to be

kept at Stratford-upon-Avon, to the memory of the immortal Shakspeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which have often covered his hands ; they were made me a present by a descendant of the family when myself and company went over there from Warwick, in the year 1746, to perform the play of Othello as a benefit for repairing his monument in the great church, which we did *gratis*, the whole of the receipts being expended upon that alone.

"The person who gave them to me, William Shakspeare by name, assured me his father had often declared to him they were the identical gloves of our great poet, and when he delivered them to me, said : ' Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation, my father possessed and sold the estate he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make you for this night's performance.'

"The donor was a glazier by trade, very old, and to the best of my memory, lived in the street leading from the Town-hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford, about three years after, he was dead. The father of him and of our poet were brothers' children.

"The veneration I bear to the memory of our great author and player makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory, and I am led to think I cannot deposit them for that purpose in the hands of any person so proper as our modern Roscius.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble Servant,

"JOHN WARD.

"P.S.—I shall be glad to hear you receive them safe by a line directed for me in the Bargate, Leominster, Herefordshire."

The answer made by the Roscius to this extraordinary epistle is not upon record. Mr. Ward was of course an impostor, or had himself been imposed upon. His whole story is, no doubt, an entire delusion. He must not be confounded with a much earlier John Ward, who figures in connection with Shakspearean matters as the Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, appointed in 1662, and whose Diary, extending from 1648 to 1679, contains some brief mention of Shakspeare's later years.

Yet the writer of the letter has a claim to the reader's interest. John Ward had been a performer in the time of Betterton, and was, in 1723, the original *Hamlet*, in the tragedy of Mariamne, by Elijah Fenton, the friend of Pope. It was for his benefit that Mrs. Woffington, at Dublin in 1760, played *Sir Harry Wildair* for the first time. And he was the

maternal grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, his daughter having married Mr. Roger Kemble, and the great Kembles being the issue of that union.

THREE DAYS AT PORTLAND, U.S.

I ARRIVED at Portland, Maine, U.S., on the 18th of April, 1863. The town is picturesque, and may be taken as a fair sample of the cities of New England. The first sensation of surprise experienced by the European traveller is that a place, inhabited by only about thirty thousand persons, should occupy so immense a space of ground. I fancied, when I made my first pedestrian exploration, that it numbered at least sixty thousand. The houses are not huddled closely together, as in most of our English towns and cities; but have orchards and gardens attached to them, stand apart from each other, and are ornamented with balconies, verandahs, and *jalousie* blinds. The streets are wide, and in many of them are avenues of trees, which, when in leaf, make walking possible, and even pleasant, in what the American newspapers are beginning to call, with a clumsy and new-fangled phrase, "the heated term" of July and August.

At the time of which I speak the trees were bare, and the streets knee-deep in slush and mud and snow drifts. The sun, however, was so warm, and the air so pure and dry, that many of the Mainiacs had opened their windows, and from more than one I saw protruding the legs of some otiose child of freedom, the rest of whose body was entirely invisible; but if the other limbs bore anything like a fair proportion to the large feet in the square-topped boots of their proprietors there must be giants now in Maine, as well as in the days of the Patriarchs. Next to this Transatlantic altitude of legs, and the foreign appearance of the houses, my attention was attracted by the size and shape of the various vehicles passing to and fro. They were "buggies" and "carry-alls" of grotesque form, with frames of a slight and aerial character, and large high wheels, as delicate and fragile looking as those of a velocipede or a perambulator. They are made, however, of hickory, or lance wood, and are as strong as they are light, and pass through deep clay, or bound over rocks, with great ease and perfect safety.

I established myself at the United States Hotel, and it was not long before I enjoyed an early illustration of the rigour with which the requirements of the famous Maine Liquor Law are carried out. I was seated in the large entrance hall or passage—a place generally used for lounging and loafing, close to what is

called "The Office"—and was endeavouring to smoke a rather second-rate cigar, by way of consolation after a very second-rate dinner, of which I had partaken. The company was as taciturn as on these occasions and in these places Americans usually are—all was silence,

And, save expectoration, not a sound,

until the general quiet of the assembly was disturbed by the entrance of a young man in a vigorous and demonstrative state of inebriety. His was not, however, an offensive style of intoxication. It prompted him rather to be affectionate and eulogistic, and he scattered his eulogies about with generous profusion. He at last singled me out as the object of his friendly attention, and remarked more than once, perhaps nearer ten times, that I was a stout, jolly, and good-tempered Englishman, and that he should like to have the pleasure of shaking hands with me,—a request with which I at once complied. He favoured me with a quotation which he declared was from Shakespeare, but which, I confess, I did not recognise. "Those lines, sir, are from William, the divine William. I take off my hat to William Shakespeare (and off went his hat). He was a smart man, sir, was William. There is not perhaps at present a smarter man in *this* country than he was."

This literary and "lushy" gentleman, I subsequently discovered had been barber and hair-dresser in the very hotel where we were sitting, and at whose bar he had recently "liquored up" with such successful results. The tonsor has been in all ages a conversational individual; but he should be sober, for obvious reasons. I confess I should not have fancied being shaved or clipped by this devoted admirer of the Bard of Avon in his then unsteady condition. He had, however, retired from the razor and scissor vocations, had amassed a little money, and had collected together a company of itinerant musicians, in command of whom he travelled through the towns of New England, giving concerts and entertainments. These fits of excessive imbibition of alcohol came on periodically, according to the account of his friends, at intervals of six months. They lasted, however, for a week or ten days, after which, for the next half-year, he was quite as sober as the most strenuous supporters of Prohibitive Legislation could desire.

There is no law against dancing in Maine, though, doubtless, among the old Puritan settlers it was deemed a grievous sin and transgression. But their enlightened descendants now leave Terpsichore quite free from the legal fetters with which they have in vain essayed to bind the God of Wine. I saw an advertise-

ment in the Portland newspapers to the effect that "A Social Dance" would take place that evening, and that the entrance fee to that scene of display and enjoyment was the modest sum of one quarter of a dollar, about one shilling of our money. When I asked the "gentleman" who presided over the office of the hotel some particulars as to the nature of the promised entertainment, he strongly advised me to go, and remarked, in a condescending way, that he thought he should "look in himself."

To this social dance I accordingly went at eight o'clock, and I must admit that any prospect of being amused was for the first hour very remote. I ascended by a precipitous flight of stairs to a spacious room, in the gallery of which I found a few small boys seated, and some young persons of the gentler sex, varying in age from ten to seventeen or eighteen, standing round a thin cadaverous man, who was constructing a small glass ornament, fusing the glass with a jet of gas, and twisting the heated vitreous substance into various fantastic shapes. What this had to do with "the social dance" I could not imagine; but, on inquiry, learned that the elegant but frail articles were to be given away as prizes in the course of the evening. One of the male juveniles varied the monotony of the proceedings by spitting from the gallery, whereupon the incensed artist in glass threatened, in a loud voice, that if that young gentleman repeated the act of expectoration he would "turn him out of the drawing-room."

In the course of an hour more Terpsichoreans, young and old, arrived, and after some delay the band played, and there appeared to be a prospect that the dancing would at last begin. But this was not the case. A skating match was part of the programme of the evening's proceedings. And so a few damsels, not devoid of personal attractions, invested their feet with skates, of the kind used in the well-known scene in "The Prophet," armed with a small wheel, which supplies locomotive power along a smooth floor. A jury of gentlemen was elected by ballot to decide upon the comparative merits of the fair competitors; and after a great deal of creaking and crashing along the floor, and the performance of all manner of evolutions not in the slightest degree elegant or graceful, victory descended upon the head of a girl of about fifteen, of sandy complexion, with hair in long tow-like ratsails clustering around her shoulders, of the colour of half-dried hay.

Another committee of gentlemen (to use the word in a wide and charitable sense) was now elected by ballot, whose perilous and invidious

duty it was to select "the prettiest lady in the room," and to present her with one of the valueless glass ornaments to which I have already alluded. I cannot say that I entirely agreed with the verdict of the jury, inasmuch as, had I been the Paris appointed to present the apple of discord to one of the goddesses of Portland, I should have done the *deter pulchriori* to a slight and delicate-looking tall maiden, with a soft, creamy complexion, blue eyes and dark air, who was not one of the competitors on the imaginary ice, but who walked about the room with a young, melancholy-looking Yankee (whom for the time being I hated), with such a graceful gait as Venus showed when she guided her pious son Æneas through the suburbs of Carthage. As it was, the fragile gift was presented to a middle-sized girl with bright complexion, rather too much colour, eyes as black as coals, and the most sparkling set of white teeth, and the merriest smile and laugh that my reader ever by any good chance gazed upon or heard. The women, next, had their revenge on the members of the male sex present; for a jury of ladies was balloted for to select and reward with a glass toy—it ought to have been a looking-glass—the "HOMLIEST" man in the room. When I first saw this part of the evening's proceedings on the programme, I must own it exceedingly puzzled me. But I learned by diligent inquiry—and I think I was looked on as terribly ignorant for asking the question—that in the American language "homely" is equivalent to "ugly" in the English tongue, while "ugly" is the substitute for "vicious" or "wicked." I began to fear that, by way of a joke, at the expense of John Bull (generally popular in Portland, because he travels through to Canada frequently and enriches the Portlandians, but just at that time an object of aversion everywhere in America), I should be fixed on as the "homeliest" male animal in the assembly. Not that I distrusted my personal comeliness; but thought that my style of beauty, which is of the retund and comfortable school, might not perhaps be appreciated in a land where many of the men are in figure as thin as a pipe-shank, and whose jaws are of the lantern pattern; and feared also that there might be a disposition to "dry up" the "Britisher."

Much to my relief of mind, their choice fell upon a thick-set, dark, middle-aged man, who was undoubtedly as "homely" or ugly a fellow as one might meet on the longest summer day's walk. He appeared to relish the joke at his expense quite as much as the remainder of the company; and I don't believe that his grins were of the Sardonic genus. He mounted a form, and delivered a speech to the ladies, not

devoid of a certain rough humour, in which he thanked them for the attention they had shown to him, and remarked that he was a great favourite with the fair sex, his "homeliness" notwithstanding; that in his own family he was by no means the "homeliest" of its members: and that he should like to exhibit to the company two of his brothers, who quite excelled him in this particular. All this was received with a great deal of laughter and cheering. It was evidently the joke of the evening, and was amazingly successful. After this followed the dancing, in which the Mainiacs evidently took much pride and delight. They danced very well; but as there are no marked features of contrast between English dancing and American dancing, I did not find anything sufficiently amusing to detain me at the "social" hop; and the luxury of a comfortable bed on shore in exchange for an uncomfortable berth at sea soon tempted me back to my hotel. I observed during the time I did remain, that the flirtations between the beaux and belles were of a cold, platonic, and mechanical kind; and any enthusiasm displayed was concentrated on the saltatory business itself.

The next day was Sunday. I have rather an asinine taste for browsing on theological thistles; and so numerous were the churches of various sects and denominations that I was in another respect like our old friend the donkey of the philosopher, and at first thought I should hunger for spiritual food in the midst of so many equi-distant bundles of it. As I was, however, travelling for the purpose of seeing and hearing all I could see and hear, I did not allow any prejudices to stand in my way; and I think I made a pretty good use of my time. In the morning I attended a Unitarian church, where the music was excellent; and I heard a most elegantly-written and well-delivered sermon from Dr. Stebbing. The music was confined to a few sweet voices in the gallery. The congregation did not join in it, but sat and listened. As my orthodoxy might have suffered in the morning, I went to the Episcopal church in the afternoon, where I heard the President prayed for, and not her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, which was, I think, the only difference between our service and the American. On my way back to the hotel I found some people coming out of the Agricultural Hall, while a few were entering it. I walked in, and found that a toothless old man was preaching in the prosiest style to a small congregation. He had approached his peroration when I entered, and he staggered up to it and stumbled through it after a very knock-kneed fashion. When he had concluded

he took off his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves, surveying the departing congregation; and when he had cooled himself by this arrangement he put on his coat again. I asked a whiteheaded patriarch, who looked like one of the Pilgrim Fathers, what the preacher's doctrines were. "He comes from Massachusetts," was his reply, "and preaches brotherly love and peace all over the world." I admitted that this was very sound doctrine, and especially applicable just at this moment, when North and South were tearing each other to pieces with a ferocity only to be met with in civil war.

Revelling in the joys of *terra firma*, I continued my walk, and went down to the docks, to the good ship that had conveyed me safe from England in the most rough and boisterous weather, to ask after my friend the doctor, who had fallen ill from a throat attack, caught by his unremitting attention to the dirty and unmanageable emigrant deck-passengers. I visited him in his berth, which he was not able to leave, and then took tea with the captain and officers in the saloon. Two of the officers accompanied me on my return to hear a young lady lecture under spiritualistic influence. We found the room very full; but secured some seats after paying a few cents each for admission. At the upper part of this tabernacle was a raised dais, and on it was a large red sofa, upon which reclined a young lady with profuse ringlets, a high forehead, a light dress, and a rather good figure. When some minutes had elapsed, during which general conversation in an undertone prevailed, this feminine herald of enlightenment rose and recited a long poem, whether her own, and whether written under spiritualistic influences, she did not say. It breathed lofty aspirations for the liberties of "the peoples," hurled defiance at despots, and fulminated anathemas against priestcraft. Some few persons, perhaps her regular audience and chosen disciples, seemed to be much roused by it; but the majority sat, like myself, very quiet, waiting to see what would happen next.

After a short pause she inquired generally of us all, on what subject we wished her to speak; when a gentleman in the front row of benches suggested, quite in an off-hand way, as if the thought had just struck him, and it was a nice easy subject for an extempore address, that she should lecture on "The Unity of the Human Race." I have no manner of doubt that he was an accomplice, and that the oration, which she of the ringlets and gauze delivered, was one of these elaborate impromptus which require a week's hard toil in their preparation. She threw herself imme-

diately on the sofa, was again recumbent for three or four minutes, and then rose, came forward to the edge of the dais, her hands pressed hard against her forehead, as if she was in an agony of physical pain and a fine frenzy of inspiration. She drew herself up to her full height, waved her hand majestically towards her hearers; and as there was a large sounding-board above her in the shape of a seashell, she might have looked like Venus rising from the sea if she had not more closely resembled a provincial Aspasia or parochial Laïs.

In a fine, loud, but too masculine and guttural voice, she poured forth the mighty truths with which her visitors from the unseen world had in so brief an interview on the sofa inspired her. She proceeded, without check or hesitation, for nearly an hour; and even with the notes that I made at the time before me I can scarcely give any account of her harangue. It very naturally consisted of *words*; but I think I must be so ungallant as to add that it consisted of words only. The ideas were like angels' visits. She praised her countrymen and countrywomen to their faces—not a bad device anywhere—as, according to the old saying, “it is easy to praise the Athenians at Athens.” She, as a matter of course, “did” a magnificent eulogy on the character and achievements of Washington. Next she called down imprecations on the South, and rose into what they call in America a “high-philuting” vein on the wrongs of the negro. The remainder of the oration was a crude and very unintelligible *rechauffé* of opinions borrowed from the “Vestiges of Creation,” Dr. Darwin’s “Origin of Species,” and Buckle’s “History of Civilization.” Altogether, it was a well-delivered, smooth, and easy medley of twaddle and infidelity, and consequently gave great satisfaction to those foolish and ignorant people who believed in it.

On the evening of the following day another exhibition of spiritualism took place, and was duly attended by the writer of this article. This was of a more entertaining and practical kind than that by the oratorical priestess of freedom on the previous evening. A lady and gentleman—wife and husband—had inserted an advertisement in the Portland journals, promising spiritualistic manifestations of the most satisfactory and convincing character. I learned at my hotel and elsewhere that they were well known and highly successful itinerant exhibitors of phenomena from the spirit world, but that for some reason or other they were unpopular with their professional brethren, and had in some way given offence to the great body of spiritualists in New England. They, however, drew a very large audience in the

largest public room in the town; and I placed myself, at an early hour, on one of the benches just in front of the platform. Mr. F., the male hierophant, delivered a short preliminary lecture in a jaunty, off-hand manner. He did not care to defend with words against its assailants the great truths of spiritualism. He had experienced them too frequently to feel any doubts himself. He was in daily, and almost hourly, communication with the invisible world. He pitied those who could not, and despised those who would not believe. The minority were usually right, and Truth was a stranger upon earth. After a few more platitudes, he promised to bring conviction home to the minds of all ingenuous persons present; and invited interrogation, discussion, investigation, and the closest scrutiny of all his proceedings during the evening.

He next opened the folding doors of a colossal apparatus on the platform, which closely resembled an immense and empty wardrobe, save that it had no drawers or clothes pegs, but had a single bench across it. There was also a chair in it, a violin, a tambourine, a large bell, and a copious supply of rope and cord of various degrees of thickness. We were invited to examine, and some of us at once inspected, this ponderous piece of furniture. We searched in vain for any false back, or shifting bottom, or any other device. There were, apparently, no traps, no secret springs, nothing that could aid in producing the results that presently followed. When we concluded our examination and resumed our seats, Mr. F. entered the wardrobe, seated himself on the chair, after having placed the bell on the floor on the other side, placed the tambourine on the bench out of reach of his hand, and suspended the bell to the top, out of reach also. He informed us that he should not leave his seat; but that the room must be darkened, and the doors of the wardrobe shut. We were therefore in this case bound to rely on his veracity; for though he declared that we could hear whether he moved or not, I am perfectly certain that we could do nothing of the kind. At a given signal the gas in the hall was turned nearly off, so as to create a dark twilight, or such a light as a small fire may shed over the distant parts of a large room. Mrs. F. now closed the folding doors on her husband, fastened them with a bolt, and then stood, as I thought, suspiciously near to them, though in what manner she could have aided him without being detected I must admit I could not see.

After an interval of perhaps two minutes, during which we all listened in breathless silence, to hear if the lecturer moved from his

seat, there commenced a series of rappings, very loud and distinct, against the sides of his lurking-place. Then followed a few, rather discordant, notes on the fiddle. The tambourine next took up the strain. The bell, getting excited, jumped down from its perch with a terrible tintinnabulation on the floor. Then appeared from a round aperture at the top of one of the folding doors a hand, which was thrust out and withdrawn rapidly twice or thrice, making a jerking, a waving movement, but not showing itself much beyond the fingers; and finally the said hand (spiritual or material, but visible and palpable enough to us all) thrust the bell out, and rang as loudly and pretentiously as if it was summoning us to a good dinner at least. Mr. F. now called out, as if in some alarm and trepidation, to his fair gaoler, and Mrs. F. opened the wardrobe doors. He appeared on the platform. The lights were turned on, and the audacious communicator with the other world looked much fatigued, if not frightened.

A few questions were now asked; and some discussion ensued, in which I, among others, was so bold as to suggest that inasmuch as he was a perfect stranger to me, I was, by nothing but the vaguest and most unmeaning courtesy, bound to place implicit belief in Mr. F.'s statements; that I believed it perfectly possible for him to have moved without our hearing him; and that, so far from being to the slightest extent satisfied, I was full of suspicion and scepticism.

He looked at me with a sickly smile of compassion; and a brace of his most loyal disciples muttered some sneering observations about "want of faith" and "want of intellect." I must confess that my serenity was not greatly disturbed by the polished sarcasm of these dupes and fanatics.

Mr. F., however, now suggested a severer test of the puissance of his spirit visitors. He arranged bell, fiddle, and tambourine, in the places they had formerly occupied, and then seated himself in his chair, and bound himself to it with cords. He invited the audience to examine the fastening of the ropes, and challenged us to make him even more secure by adding other small cords, of which there were an abundance in the wardrobe. This some of us accordingly did. We lashed him to his chair with cords arranged in every possible way, and tied them with all the Gordian knots we could invent. The doors were again closed, the gas lights lowered, and all sat in silence and suspense. On this occasion there was a considerable delay before the spirits would vouchsafe any manifestation. The believers averred that they were offended at the un-

reasonable incredulity of a section of the company assembled. The unbelievers—I among them—ridiculed this hypothesis.

After a time, however, the rapping at slight intervals commenced. Next the violin became noisy, if not musical; the tambourine took up the wondrous tale, and the bell again was loudly demonstrative. The hand appeared at the aperture in the door, held the bell out, and finally dropped it on the platform, with a tremendous clatter and jingling, and then the prisoner called out. His faithful spouse immediately opened the doors, and he was seen standing up, again apparently much agitated, but emancipated from his fetters by his friends and acquaintances from the other world.

A few of the sceptical party were now much disturbed in mind, and confessed themselves in great doubt and perplexity, and by no means such sturdy infidels as before. I endeavoured to re-assure them, by stating that Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, had, at Covent Garden Theatre, a few years ago, been bound in a similar way, and had loosed his chains without any supernatural aid whatever. The lecturer, however, proposed another test. "Let any lady and gentleman that like come into the recess with me. The audience shall see how we are seated. The doors shall be closed, and when they are opened they shall state, as fully as they like, precisely what may have occurred in the dark." Some one sitting near me instantly suggested that "the Englishman" should be one of the investigating couple. Loud and general cries of "the Englishman! the Englishman!" ensued. I rose, and stated that if there was any lady in the room who was not afraid to trust herself with me in the dark, under the protection of the lecturer and his friends the spirits I should be very happy to take my place within the folding doors, and narrate my experiences when I emerged from them, if, after all my unbelief, I was not destroyed by the insulted "invisibles." After a short pause, a lady, of no particular age or good looks, or the reverse (I really have not the slightest notion whether she was thirty or fifty, pretty or "homely") rose and very modestly stated, amid some laughter, that "she was not afraid of the English gentleman, and should be very happy to have an interview with the spirits."

We walked together to the platform, and entered the wardrobe with Mr. F. He placed me in the middle of the form, the courageous and confiding lady on my left, while he seated himself on my right. He put the tambourine upon my lap, and the bell in it. We were then posed in the following manner:—My left hand was placed on the forehead of the

lady, my right was twisted in the hair of the lecturer. I made a promise that I would not move either. My feet were tightly pressed upon his feet, and his two hands strongly clasped my arm above the elbow. The audience seemed satisfied that neither of us could move without one of the others knowing it. The doors were closed, and we were in total darkness, and in perfect silence awaited the celestial or infernal interference. I experienced no alarm, I need hardly say; but I was a little uncomfortable, under the impression that I was about to be made the victim of some carefully elaborated practical joke.

There was a pause of a few minutes, during which there was no rapping or noise of any kind. The violin was mute. No hand appeared from the aperture to the audience. The tambourine rested tranquilly on my knees, and the big bell within it, when all of a sudden the latter leaped out of the former and fell with a prodigious noise on the floor; and the tambourine itself flew up and struck me rather sharply on the forehead. Mr. F. called out, the doors were opened, and we were found sitting exactly as we had been originally posed, the sole difference being that the bell and tambourine were on the ground, and not resting on my knees. I stated to the audience exactly what had occurred; but hinted that I had more right to believe that what had happened was the result of clever conjuring than of spiritual agency.

This was the last performance of the evening, and as the lecturer and his disciples evidently thought it a great triumph, they were glad to leave off at this point. An elderly gentleman, with flowing grey locks and venerable presence—evidently, from his way of speaking, a man of ability and culture—made a few remarks to the effect that he was himself perfectly satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, and that he thought that all reasonable and unprejudiced persons should be equally convinced.

Neither the elderly gentleman's oratory nor the antics of the bell and tambourine brought home any conviction to my mind; and, without going into the large question of the gross improbability of the spiritual world employing itself so idly and trivially as in knocking and rapping, ringing bells, thumping tambourines, and playing fiddles, for the benefit of an itinerant show-man, I disbelieved, on the following grounds.

Why, in the last experiment, was there no rapping or thumping—no playing on the violin—no hand at the aperture—no bell dropped out of it on the platform? Because the lecturer was too close to me to be able to do anything of the kind. As to the upset of

the bell and the jump of the tambourine, I believe it was done in this manner.—Though his two hands were pressing my own, as I tried by subsequent experiments with friends, by increasing the pressure of one hand it is quite possible to take away the other without the movement being perceived. This, I have no doubt whatever, Mr. F. did, and upset the bell and jerked up the tambourine until it struck my forehead. By relaxing the pressure of the one hand he easily replaced the other in the dark before the doors were opened.

The lady was, I am sure, not an accomplice, and did not move at all. Again, why the long delay before any manifestations, when Mr. F. was so carefully bound to the chair? Because, during that time he was busily employed in extricating himself—by some very ingenious method, almost unintelligible and marvellous to the non-conjuring part of mankind, but known to Professor Anderson, and doubtless to Mr. F.

Next day I ran away from the believing and non-believing Mainiacs at Portland, and visiting Portsmouth Dockyard *en route*, reached Boston, the well-known capital of the Commonwealth of "Old Massachusetts," where I enjoyed for some weeks what Mr. Russell calls its "frigid intellectualism."

A PASTORAL.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;

Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;

I sat and woo'd her, through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap enshrouds

Wild summer-roses of faint perfume,

The while I sued her, kept hush'd and hearken'd,
Till shades had darken'd from gloss to gloom.

She touch'd my shoulder with fearful finger;

She said, "We linger, we must not stay:

My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;

Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answer'd bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,

And still be near you, and still adore!

No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling—

Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"

She whisper'd, sighing, "There will be sorrow

Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;

My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded—

I shall be scolded and sent away!"

Said I, replying, "If they do miss you,

They ought to kiss you when you get home;

And well rewarded by friend and neighbour

Should be the labour from which you come."

"They might remember," she answer'd wearily,

"That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild;

But if they love me, it's none so fervent—

I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glow'd quick within me,

And love did win me to swift reply:

"Ah! do but prove me, and none shall bind you,

Nor fray nor find you, until I die!"

She blush'd and started, and stood awaiting,
 As if debating in dreams divine :
 But I did brave them—I told her plainly
 She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
 Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes ;
 And homeward drave them, we two together,
 Through blooming heather and gleaming dew.



That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
 My Doris tender, my Doris true ;
 That I, her warder, did alway bless her,
 And often press her to take her due :

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
 With love exelling, and undefiled ;
 And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
 No more a servant, nor yet a child. A. J. MUNBY.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XI. THE TORN NOTE.

THE whole inquest-room, speaking metaphorically, was on its legs—coroner, jury, spectators—as the rushing tide of eager faces surged into it. What were the tidings they had brought?—what new evidence had come to light? Nothing very great, after all.

It was only a part of a letter. In the pocket of the dress which the unhappy lady had worn on the Friday, the day of her arrival at South Wennock, had just been found a half sheet of note paper, with some lines of writing on it and a great blot. It was a somewhat remarkable fact that this dress, hanging up the whole of the time behind the bed-room door, had been overlooked both by the police and by Mr. Carlton, and was not searched by either. The coroner smoothed the crumpled sheet of writing, read it aloud for the information of the jury, and then passed it round for their inspection. It ran as follows:—

"13, Palace Street, South Wennock,
Friday Evening, March 10, 1848.

"My dearest Husband,—You will be surprised to hear of my journey, and that I am safe at South Wennock. I know you will be angry, but I cannot help it, and we will talk over things when we meet. I have asked the people here about a medical man, and they strongly recommend one of the Messrs. Grey, but I tell them I would prefer Mr. Carlton. What do you say? I must ask him to come and see me this evening, for the railway omnibus shook me dreadfully, and I feel anything but——"

In that abrupt manner ended the writing. There was nothing more, except the great blot referred to. Whether she had been suddenly interrupted, or whether the accident of the blot caused her to begin a fresh letter, could not be told; and perhaps would now never be known.

But with all the excitement, the noise, and the expectation, it positively threw no light whatever upon the mystery—of the mystery of who she was, of her arrival, or the worse mystery of her death. The coroner sat, after the letter had been passed back to him, mechanically smoothing the creased sheet with his fingers, while he thought.

"Call Mr. Carlton," he suddenly said.

Mr. Carlton was found in the yard of the

inn, talking to some of the many outside idlers whom the proceedings had gathered together there. After the rebuff administered to him by the coroner, as to his having gone away before, he was determined not so to offend a second time, but waited within call.

"Wanted again!" he exclaimed, when the officer came to him. "I hope the jury will have enough of me."

"There's something fresh turned up, sir. You might have heard here the noise they made, bringing it up the street."

"Something fresh!" the surgeon eagerly repeated. "What is it? Not about the face!" he added, a strange dread mingling with his whispered tones.

"I don't rightly know what it is, sir. The crowd jammed into the room so that I couldn't hear."

"Mr. Carlton, look at this, will you," said the coroner, handing him the torn note, when he appeared. "Can you tell me if it is in the handwriting of the deceased?"

Mr. Carlton took the sheet, glanced at it, clutched it in his hand and strode to a distant window. There he stood reading it, with his back to the room. He read it twice; he turned it over and looked at the other side; he turned it back and read it again. Then he returned to the table where sat the coroner and jury, who had followed his movements in eager expectation.

"How can I tell, Mr. Coroner, whether it is in her handwriting or not?"

"You received a note from her. Can you not remember what the writing was like?"

Mr. Carlton paused a moment and then slowly shook his head. "I did not take particular notice of the handwriting. If we had the two together we might compare them. By the way," he added, "I may perhaps mention that I searched for the note in question when I went home just now, and could not find it. There's no doubt I threw it into the fire at the time."

Perfectly true. As soon as Mr. Carlton had got home from his examination-in-chief, he had set himself to search for the note. His conviction at the time was that he must have burnt it with the loose letters and envelopes lying on the table, those which he had thrown on the fire in a heap; it had been his conviction ever since; nevertheless he did institute a search on going home from the inquest. He

emptied some card-racks which stood on the mantelpiece; he opened the drawers of the sideboard; he went up-stairs to his bed-room, and searched the pockets of the clothes he had worn that night; he looked in every likely place he could think of. "It seemed rather a superfluous task to do it, and it brought forth no results; but Mr. Carlton wished to feel quite sure upon the point.

"Then you cannot speak to this handwriting?" asked the coroner.

"Not with any certainty," was the reply of the witness. "This writing, I fancy, looks not dissimilar to the other, so far as my remembrance of it carries me; but that's a very slight one. All ladies write alike now-a-days."

"Few ladies write so good a hand as this," remarked the coroner, giving the torn sheet a jerk upwards to intimate it. "Are you near-sighted, Mr. Carlton, that you took it to the window?"

Mr. Carlton threw his eyes full in the face of the coroner, incipient defiance in their expression.

"I am not near-sighted. But the rain makes the room dark, and the evening is coming on. I thought, too, it must be a document of importance, throwing some great elucidation upon the case, by the commotion that was made over it."

"Ay," responded one of the jury, "we were all taken in."

There was nothing more to be done; no further evidence to be taken. The coroner charged the jury, and he ordered the room to be cleared while they deliberated. Among the crowds filing out of it in obedience to the mandate, went Judith Ford. Judith had gone to the inquest partly to gratify her own pardonable curiosity—though her intense feeling of interest in the proceedings might be characterized by a better name than that; partly to be in readiness in case she should be called to bear testimony, as one of the attendants who had helped to nurse the lady through her illness.

She was not called, however. Her absence from the house at the time of the taking the medicine, and of the death, rendered her of no avail in a judicial point of view, and her name was not so much as mentioned during the day. She had found a seat in a quiet but convenient corner, and remained there undisturbed, watching the proceedings with the most absorbed interest. Never once from the witnesses, and their demeanour, as their separate evidence was given, were her eyes taken. Judith could not overget the dreadful death; she could not fathom the circumstances attending it.

In groups of fives, of tens, of twenties, the mob, gentry and draggletails, stood about, after their compulsory exit from the inquest-room, conversing eagerly, waiting impatiently. Stephen Grey and his brother, Mr. Brooklyn, Mr. Carlton, and a few more gentlemen collected together, deeply anxious for the verdict, as may be readily imagined; whether or not it would be manslaughter against Stephen Grey.

Judith meanwhile found her way to Mrs. Fitch. She was sitting in her bar-parlour—at least, when any odd moment gave her an opportunity to sit; but Mrs. Fitch could not remember many days of her busy life so full of bustle as this had been. She was however knitting when Judith in her deep mourning appeared at the door, and she started from her seat.

"Is it you, Judith? Is it over? What's the verdict?"

"It is not over," said Judith. "We are sent out while they deliberate. I don't think," she added, some pain in her tone, "they can bring it in against Mr. Stephen Grey."

"I don't think they ought, after that evidence about the cobwebs," returned the landlady. "Anyway, though, it's odd how the poison could have got there. And I say, Judith, what tale's this about a face on the stairs?"

"Well, I—don't know, ma'am. Mr. Carlton says now he thinks it was all his fancy."

"It has got a curious sound about it, to my mind. I know this—if the poor young lady was anything to me, I should have it followed up. You don't look well, Judith."

"I can't say but it has altogether been a great shock and puzzle to me," acknowledged Judith, "and thinking and worrying over a thing does not help one's looks. What with my face having been bad—but it's better now—and what with this trouble, I have eaten nothing solid for days."

"I'll give you a drop of cherry brandy——"

"No, ma'am, thank you, I couldn't take it," interposed Judith, more vehemently than the kind-hearted offer seemed to warrant. "I can neither eat nor drink to-day."

"Nonsense, Judith! you are just going the way to lay yourself up. It is a very dreadful thing, there's no doubt of that, but still she was a stranger to us, and there's no cause for its throwing us off our proper meals."

Judith silently passed from the topic. "I am anxious to get a place now," she said; "I shouldn't think of all this so much if I had something to do; besides, I don't like to impose too long on Mrs. Jenkinson's kindness. I suppose you don't happen to have heard of a place, Mrs. Fitch?"

"I heard to-day that there was a servant wanted at that house on the Rise—where the new folks live. Their housemaid's going to leave."

"What new folks?" asked Judith.

"Those fresh people that came from a distance. What's the name?—Chesney, isn't it? The Chesneys. I mean Cedar Lodge. It might suit you. Coming! coming!" shrieked out Mrs. Fitch, in answer to a succession of calls.

"Yes, it might suit me," murmured Judith to herself. "They look nice people. I'll go and see after it."

The words were interrupted by a movement, a hubbub, and Judith hastened outside to ascertain its cause. Could the deliberation of the jury be already over? Yes, it was even so. The door of the inquest-room had been thrown open, and the eager crowd were pressing on to it. A few minutes more, and the decree was spoken; was running like wild-fire to every part of the expectant town.

"We find that the deceased, whose married name appears to have been Crane, but to whose Christian name we have no clue, came by her death through swallowing prussic acid mixed in a composing draught; but by whom it was thus mixed in the draught, or whether by mistake or intentionally, we deem there is not sufficient evidence to show."

So Stephen Grey was yet a free man. His friends pressed up to him and shook him warmly by the hand. While young Frederick, with a cheek of emotion, now white, now crimson, galloped home through the mud and shut himself in his bed-room, there to hide his thankfulness and his agitation.

Wretched as the weather had been with its wind and its rain, the sun showed itself just before its setting, and broke forth with a glowing red gleam, as if it would, in compassion, accord a glimpse of warmth and brightness to the passing day which had been longing for it.

Its slanting beams fell on that pleasant white house on the Rise, the residence of Captain Chesney, glimmering through the trees and dancing on the carpet in the drawing-room. The large French window opening to the ground looked bright and clear with these welcome rays, and one of the inmates of the room turned to them with a glad expression; an expression that told of some expectant hope.

Seated at the table was the eldest daughter, Jane Chesney; a peculiarly quiet-looking, lady-like young woman of thirty years, with drooping eyelids and fair hair. She had some bits of paper before her that were wonderfully like bills, and an open account-book lay

beside them. There was a patient, wearied expression in her face, that seemed to say her life was not free from care.

Touching the keys of the piano with a masterly hand, but softly, as if she would subdue its sound, her brilliant brown eyes flashing with a radiant light, and her exquisite features unusually beautiful, sat Laura Chesney. Three-and-twenty years of age, she yet looked younger than she was; of middle height, slight and graceful, with the charm of an unusually youthful manner, Laura never was taken for her real age. She was one of the vainest girls living; though none detected it. Girls are naturally vain; beautiful girls very vain; but it has rarely entered into the heart of woman to conceive of vanity so intense as that which tarnished the heart of Laura Chesney. It had been the one passion of her life—the great passion which overpowered other implanted seeds whether for good or for evil, rendering them partially dormant. Not that vanity was her only failing; far from it; she had others less negative: self-will, obstinacy, and a rebellious spirit.

Latterly another passion had taken possession of her; one which seemed to change her very nature, and to which even her vanity became subservient—love for Mr. Carlton. It is her eyes which are turning to this bright sunshine; it is her heart which is whispering he will be sure to come! She was dressed in a handsome robe of glittering silk, hanging sleeves of costly lace shading her small white arms, on which were golden bracelets. Jane wore a violet merino, somewhat faded, a white collar, and small white cuffs on the closed sleeves its only ornament. The one looked fit to be the denizen of a palace; the other, with her plain attire and gentle manner, fit only for a quiet home life.

And, standing near the window, softly dancing to the tune of Laura's music and humming in concert, was the little girl, Lucy. Her frock was of similar material to Jane's, violet merino, but far more faded, the frills of her white drawers just peeping below its short skirt. She was a graceful child of eleven, very pretty, her eyes dark and luminous as Laura's, but shining with a far sweeter and softer light, and there was a repose in her whole bearing and manner, the counterpart of that which distinguished her eldest sister.

In the room above was the naval half-pay captain, unusually fierce and choleric to-night, as was sure to be the case when getting well from his gouty attacks. Far more noisy and impatient was he at these times than even when the gout was full upon him. The means of the family were grievously straitened, the

captain having nothing but his half-pay—and what is that to live upon? They were encumbered by debt. Life had long been rendered miserable by it. And in truth, how can these poor straitened men, gentlemen of connections as they often are, keep debt from their door? Captain Chesney was, to use a familiar expression, over head and ears in it. He had quitted the neighbourhood of Plymouth, where they had lived for so many years, simply because the place grew too hot to hold him, his creditors too pressing to be borne with. South Wrenock was becoming the same, and people were growing troublesome.

It was Jane who bore the brunt of it all. Perhaps no father had ever been loved with a more yearning, ardent, dutiful love than was Captain Chesney by his daughter Jane. To save him one care she would have forfeited her existence; if by walking through a sea of fire—and this is not speaking metaphorically—she could have eased him of a minute's pain, Jane Chesney would have stepped lovingly to the sacrifice. Not upon him, not upon the others, had fallen the daily pains and penalties inseparable from a state of debt, but upon Jane. The petty hourly cares and crosses, the putting-off of creditors, the scheming how to make their ten shillings go as far as other people's twenty, the anxiety for the present, the sickening dread of the future, and what might be the climax—Jane bore it all meekly, patiently. But it was wearing her out.

She sat now over the last week's bills, leaning her aching head—aching with care more than pain—upon her hand, and adding them up. Jane was not a good accountant; few women are; they are not trained to be so; and she had to go over the columns more than once. It was not the work which wearied and damped her; it was the dread glance at the sums total, and the knowledge that these bills could only be put away with those of many many weeks back, unpaid. She pushed them from her, but with a gentle action—there was gentleness in every movement of Jane Chesney—and leaned back in her chair with a sobbing sigh.

"Lucy, child, I wish you would not dance so. It puts me out."

The little girl looked half surprised. "I am not making a noise, Jane."

"But the movement as you wave about makes my head worse."

"Have you the headache, Jane?"

"Yes. At least—my head is so perplexed that it seems to ache."

Laura turned round, her eyes flashing. "You are worrying your brains over those wretched bills, Jane! I wonder you will get

them about! I should just let things go on as they can, and not torment myself."

"Let things go as they can!" echoed Jane, in a tone of pain. "Oh, Laura!"

"What good can you do by worrying and fretting over them? What good do you do?"

"Somebody must worry and fret over them, Laura. If I were not to do it, papa must."

"Well, he is more fit to battle with such troubles than you are. And it is his own imprudence which has brought it all on. But for the extravagance of bygone years, papa would not have reduced himself to his half-pay—"

"Be silent, Laura!" interrupted Jane, her tone one of stern authority. "How dare you presume to cast a reflection on my dear father?"

Laura's face fell, partly in submission to the reproof, partly in angry rebellion. Laura, of them of all, most bitterly resented the petty annoyances brought by their straitened life.

"Papa is as dear to me as he is to you, Jane," she presently said, in a tone of apology for her words. "But I am not a stick or a stone, and I can't help feeling the difference there is between ourselves and other young ladies in the same rank of life. Our days are nothing but pinching and perplexity; theirs are all flowers and sunshine."

"There is a skeleton in every closet, Laura; and no one can judge of another's sorrows," was the quiet answer of Jane. "The lives that look to us all flowers and sunshine—as you term it—may have their inward darkness just as ours have. Recollect the Italian proverb, '*Non v'è rosa senza spina*.'"

"You are going altogether from the point," returned Laura. "What other young lady—in saying a young lady I mean an unmarried one, still sheltered from the world's cares in her father's home—has to encounter the trouble and anxiety that you have?"

"Many a one, I dare say," was the reply of Jane. "For myself, if I do but save the trouble and anxiety to my dear father, I think myself amply repaid."

Too true; it was all that was thought of by Jane; the one great care of her life—the saving annoyance to her father. In the long night watches, when a dread of what these debts might result in for Captain Chesney would press upon her brain, Jane Chesney would lay her hand on her burning brow and wish that England's laws could be altered, and permit a daughter to be arrested in the place of her father. Laura resumed:—

"And who, save us, have to live as we live? barred up—it's no better—in a house like so many hermits; not daring to visit or be

visited, lest such visiting might increase by a few shillings the weekly liabilities? It's a shame!"

"Hush, Laura! If we take to repining, that will be the worst of all. It is our lot, and we must bear it patiently."

Laura Chesney did not appear inclined to bear it very patiently just then. She struck the keys of the instrument loudly and passionately, playing so for a few moments, as if finding a vent for her anger. The little girl had leaned against the window in silence, listening to her sisters, and turning her sweet brown eyes from one to the other. Suddenly there came a sound on the floor above as if a heavy walking-stick was being thumped upon it.

"There, Laura! that's because you played out so loudly!" cried the child. "To-day, when I was practising, I forgot myself and took my foot off the soft pedal, and down came papa's stick as if he would have knocked the floor through."

Laura Chesney rose, closed the piano, not quite so gently as she might have done, and went to the window. As she stood there looking out, her soft brown hair acquired quite a golden tinge in the light of the setting sun.

Thump! thump! thump! came the stick again. Jane sprang from her seat. "It is not the piano: papa must want something."

A voice loud and imperative interrupted her as she was hastening from the room. "Laura! Laura!"

Jane drew back. "It is for you, Laura. Make haste up."

And Laura Chesney, as she hastened to obey, caught up a small black mantle which lay on a chair and threw it over her white shoulders. It served to conceal her rich silk dress and the golden bracelets that glittered on her wrists.

CHAPTER XII. CAPTAIN CHESNEY'S HOME.

LUCY Chesney remained a few minutes in thought as her sister left the room. Things were puzzling her.

"Jane, why does Laura put that black mantle on to go up to papa? It must be to hide her dress. But if she thinks that papa would be angry with her for wearing that best dress and mamma's golden bracelets every evening why does she wear them?"

A somewhat difficult question for Jane Chesney to answer—to answer to a young mind which was being moulded for good or for ill.

"Laura is fond of dress, Lucy. Perhaps she fancies papa is less fond of it."

"Papa is less fond of it," returned the child. "I don't think he would care if we

wore these old merinos—oh, until next winter."

Jane sighed. "Dress is expensive, Lucy, and you know——"

"Yes, I know, Jane," said the little girl, filling up the pause, for Jane had stopped. "But, Jane, *why* should Laura put that best dress on at all? She had not used to put it on."

Now, in truth, this was a question which had likewise occurred to Miss Chesney. More than once of late, when Laura had appeared dressed for the evening, Jane wondered why she had so dressed. Not a suspicion of the cause—the unhappy cause which was to bring ere long a great trouble upon them—had yet dawned on the mind of Jane Chesney.

"And I want to ask you something else, Jane. What did you mean by saying there was a skeleton in every closet?"

"Come hither, Lucy." She held out her hand, and the child came forward and placed herself on a stool at Jane's feet. Jane held the hand in hers, and Lucy sat looking upwards into her sister's calm, placid face.

"If mamma had lived, Lucy, perhaps you might not have needed to ask me this, for she would have taught you and trained you more efficiently than I have done——"

"I'm sure, Jane," interrupted the child, her large eyes filling with tears, "you are as good to me as mamma could have been, and you teach me well."

"As we pass through life, Lucy, darling, troubles come upon us; cares, more or less heavy——"

"Do they come to us all, Jane? To everybody in the world?"

"They come to us all, my dear; it is the will of God. I do not suppose that anybody is without them. We know what our own cares are; but sometimes we cannot see what others can have—we cannot see that they have any, and can scarcely believe in it. We see them prosperous, with pleasant and plentiful homes; nay, with wealth and luxury; they possess, so far as we can tell, health and strength; they are, so far as we can see, a happy and united family. Yet it often happens that these very people, who seem to us to be so fortunate as to be objects of envy, do possess some secret care, so great that it may be hastening them to the grave before their time, and all the greater because it has to be concealed from the world. Then we call that care a skeleton in the closet, because it is unsuspected by others, hidden from others' eyes. Do you understand now, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes. But, Jane, why should care come to everybody?"

"My child, I have just told you it is the will of God. Sometimes we bring it upon ourselves, through our own conduct; but I'll not talk to you of that now. You are young and light-hearted, Lucy, and you cannot yet understand the need of care. It comes to wean us from a world that we can stay but a little time in——"

"Oh, Jane! we live to be old men and women!"

Jane Chesney smiled; care and its bitter fruits—bitter to bear, however sweet they may be in the ending—had come to her early, and made her wise.

"The very best of us live but a short time, Lucy—for you know we must speak of time by comparison. Threescore years and ten here, and ages upon ages, life without ending, hereafter. Well, dear, care and sorrow and disappointment come to draw our love from this world and to teach us to long for the next—to long for it, and to prepare for it. Care is permitted to come to us by God, and *nothing* comes from Him but what is good for us."

"Why do people hide their care?"

"It is our nature to hide excessive care or joy; they are both too sacred to be exposed to our fellow-mortals; they are hidden away with God. Lucy, dear, you are too young to understand this."

"I shall look out for the skeleton now, Jane. When I see people who seem a little dull, I shall think, Ah, you have a skeleton in your closet!"

"It exists where no dulness is apparent," said Miss Chesney. "I remember meeting with a lady—it was before we came to South Wenlock—who appeared to possess every requisite to make life happy, and she was light-hearted and cheerful in manner. One day, when I had grown intimate with her, I remarked to her, that if any one ever appeared free from care, it was herself. I shall never forget her answer, or the deep sadness that rose to her face as she spoke it. 'Few living have been so afflicted with anxiety and care as I have been; it has come to me in all ways; and, but for God's support, I could not have borne it. You must not judge by appearances, Miss Chesney.' The answer took away my illusion, Lucy; and the tears rose involuntarily to my own eyes, in echo to those which earnestness and remembrance had called up to hers."

"What had her sorrow been, Jane?"

"She did not say; but that her words and affliction were only too true, I was certain. She appeared to be rich in the world's ties, having a husband and children, brothers and sisters—having all, in short, *apparently*, to

make life happy. The skeleton exists where we least expect it, Lucy."

"Suppose it ever comes to me, Jane. Should I die?"

"No, dear," laughed Jane Chesney, the little girl's quaint earnestness was so droll. "It does not come to run away with people after that fashion; it rather comes to teach them how to live. I will repeat to you a sentence, Lucy, which you must treasure up and remember always, 'Adversity'—adversity is but another name for care and sorrow, no matter what their nature," Jane Chesney broke off to say, "'Adversity hardens the heart, or it opens it to Paradise.' When it shall come to you, the great ugly skeleton of adversity, Lucy, you must let it do the latter."

"Adversity hardens the heart, or it opens it to Paradise," repeated Lucy. "That is a nice saying, Jane; I like it."

But we ought to have followed Laura, who had hastened up-stairs at her father's summons. Captain Chesney was reclining in an easy-chair, his feet extended out before him on what is called a rest. The feet were swathed in bandages, as gouty feet sometimes must be. He was quite helpless, so far as the legs were concerned; but his tongue and hands were the reverse of helpless,—the hands kept up the noise of the stick perpetually, and the tongue its own noise, to the extreme discomfort of the household. Now that he was sitting up, it might be seen that he was a short man, as sailors mostly are. He bent his eyes with displeasure upon Laura from beneath their overhanging brows.

"Was that you playing?"

"Yes, papa."

"Oh, it was not Lucy?"

"Papa, you know that Lucy could not play like that."

"A good thing for her," roared Captain Chesney, as a twinge took him, "for I should have ordered her to be whipped first, and sent to bed afterwards. How dare you annoy me with that noisy squeaking piano? I'll sell it."

As a day never passed but Captain Chesney gave utterance to the same threat, it made but little impression upon Laura.

"Where's Jane?" he went on.

"She's at those everlasting bills, papa," was Laura's reply, who, truth to say, did *not* regard her father with the excessive reverence and affection that Jane did, and was not always in manner so submissively dutiful.

"Ugh!" retorted the captain. "Let her throw them behind the fire."

"I should," put in Laura; but the assenting remark greatly offended him, and for five

minutes he kept up an incessant scolding of Laura.

"Is that inquest over?" he resumed.

"I don't know anything about it, papa."

"Has Carlton not been up?"

"No," replied Laura, bending to smooth the pillow under her father's feet, lest the sudden accession of colour, which she felt rush to her cheeks, should be noticed. In doing this, she unwittingly touched the worst foot in the worst part; and the unhappy captain, one of the most impatient to bear pain that the gout ever came to, shrieked, shook his stick, and finally let off some of what Miss Laura was in the habit of calling his quarter-deck language.

"Papa, I am very sorry; my hand slipped," she deprecatingly said.

"Did you ever have the gout, Miss Laura Chesney?"

"No, papa."

"Then perhaps you'll exercise a little care when you are about those who do have it, and not let your hand 'slip.' Slip, indeed! it's all you are good for, to agonise suffering people. What do you do here? Why don't you let Jane come up?"

"Why, papa, you called me up."

"That cantankering piano! I'll send for a man to-morrow, and he shall value it, and take it away. What's the reason that Carlton doesn't come? He's getting above his business, is that fellow. He has not been here all day long. I have a great mind to turn him off, and call in one of the Greys. I wish I had done so when we first came here; they are attentive. You shall write him a note, and tell him not to put his foot inside my gate any more."

Laura's heart turned sick. Sick lest her father should execute his threat.

"He could not be dismissed without being paid," she said, in a low tone, hoping the suggestion might have weight; and the captain growled.

"Has Pompey come back?" he began again, while Laura stood submissively before him, not daring to leave unless dismissed.

"Not yet, papa. He has scarcely had time to come back yet."

"But I say he has had time," persistently interrupted the captain. "He is stopping loitering over that precious inquest, listening to what's going on there. One fool makes many. I'll loiter him with my stick when he returns. Give me that."

The captain rapped his stick violently on a table in his vicinity, pretty nearly causing the saucer of jelly which stood there to fly off it. Laura handed him the saucer and teaspoon.

"Who made this jelly?" he asked, when he had tasted it.

"I—I dare say it was Jane," she replied, with some hesitation, for Laura kept herself entirely aloof from domestic duties. She knew no more than the man in the moon how they went on, or who accomplished them, except that it must lie between Jane and the maid-servant.

"Is it made of calves' feet, or cow-heels, I wonder?" continued the captain, growling and tasting. "If that's not made of cow-heels, I'm a story-teller," he decided, in another minute. "What does Jane mean by it? I told her I would not touch jelly that was made of cow-heel. Wretched stuff!"

"Then, papa, I believe you are wrong, for I think Jane ordered some calves' feet a day or two ago," protested Laura. But she only so spoke to appease him; and the irascible old sailor, somewhat mollified, resumed his pursuit of the jelly.

"What did Clarice say?" he asked.

"Clarice?" repeated Laura, opening her eyes in wonder. Not wonder only at the question, but at hearing so much as that name mentioned by her father.

The ex-sailor opened his, and fixed them on his daughter. "I ask you what Clarice said?"

"Said when, papa?"

"When? Why, when Jane heard from her the other morning. Tuesday, wasn't it?"

"Jane did not hear from Clarice, papa."

"Jane did, young lady. Why should she tell me she did, if she didn't? So you want to keep it from me, do you?"

"Indeed, papa," persisted Laura, "she did not hear from her. I am quite sure that she did not. Had she heard from her she would have told me."

A cruel twinge took the captain's right foot. "You be shot!" he shrieked. "And serve you right for seeking to deceive your father. A pretty puppet I should be in your hands but for Jane! Here, put this down. And now you may go."

Laura replaced the saucer on the table, and went back to her sisters, thankful for the release.

"Papa is so cross to-night," she exclaimed.

"He is finding fault with everything."

"Illness does make a person irritable, especially a man," spoke Jane, soothingly, ever ready to extenuate her father. "And papa, you know, has been accustomed to exact implicit obedience in his own ship, just as if he were captain of a little kingdom."

"I think the sailors must have had a fine time of it," said Laura; and Jane forbore to inquire in what light she spoke it; she could

not always be contending. "What was the jelly made of, Jane, calves' feet, or cow-heel?"

"Cow-heel."

"There! papa found it out, or thought he did: though I am sure the nicest palate in the world cannot tell the difference, when it's well flavoured with wine and lemon. He said he wondered at you, Jane, putting him off with cow-heel. I was obliged to tell him it was calves' foot, just to pacify him."

Jane Chesney sighed deeply. "Calves' feet are so very dear!" she said. "I did it for the best. If papa only knew the difficulty I have to go on at all."

"And any one but you would let him know of the difficulty," boldly returned Laura. But Jane only shook her head.

"Jane, have you heard from Clarice lately?" resumed Laura.

Miss Chesney lifted her eyes, somewhat in surprise. "Had I heard, Laura, I should not be likely to keep the fact from you. Why do you ask that question?"

"Papa says that you heard from her on Tuesday: that you told him so. I said you had not heard, and he immediately accused me of wanting to hide the news from him."

"Papa says I told him I had heard from Clarice!" repeated Jane Chesney in astonishment.

"He says that you told him you heard on Tuesday."

"Why, what can have caused papa to fancy such a thing? Stay," she added, as a recollection seemed to come to her, "I know how the mistake must have arisen. I mentioned Clarice's name to papa, hoping that he might be induced to break the barrier of silence and speak of her. I said I thought we should soon be hearing from her. That was on Tuesday."

"Why do you think we shall soon be hearing from her?"

"Because—because"—Miss Chesney spoke with marked hesitation—"I had on Monday night so extraordinary a dream. I feel sure we shall hear from her before long."

Laura Chesney burst into a laugh. "Oh, Jane, you'll make me die of laughter some day, with those dreams of yours. Let us hear what it was."

"No, Laura; you would only ridicule it."

Lucy Chesney stole up to her eldest sister. "Jane, tell me, do tell me; I shall not ridicule it, and I like to hear dreams."

Jane shook her head in that decisive manner from which Lucy knew there was no appeal. "It was not a pleasant dream, Lucy, and I shall not tell it. I was thinking very much of Clarice on Tuesday, in consequence of the dream, and I mentioned her name before

papa. That is how the misapprehension must have occurred."

"Was the dream about her?" asked Laura; and Jane Chesney did not detect the covert irony of the tone.

"Yes. But I should be sorry to tell it to any one: in fact, I could not. It was a dreadful dream; an awful dream."

They were interrupted. A maid-servant opened the drawing-room door and put her head in. Rather a surly-looking sort of head.

"Miss Chesney, here's that coachman come again. He is asking to see the captain."

"Captain Chesney is ill, and cannot see any one," imperiously answered Laura before Jane could speak. "Tell him so, Rhode."

"It's of little good my telling him, Miss Laura. He declares that he'll stop there all night, but what he'll see the captain, or some of the family. He bade me go in, and not waste my breath over him, for he shouldn't take an answer from me."

"I will go to him, Rhode," said Jane, in a faint voice. "O Laura," she added, sinking into her chair again as the maid retired, "how sick these things make me! I could almost rather die, than see these creditors whom I cannot pay."

At that moment Captain Chesney's stick was heard in full play, and his voice with it, shouting for Jane. He brooked no delay when he called, and Jane knew that she must run to him. "He may keep me a long while, Laura; I do not know what it may be for—I do wish he would let me sit with him, to be at hand. Laura, could you, for once, go out to this man?"

"If I must, I must," replied Laura Chesney; "but I'd rather go a mile the other way. Though indeed, Jane, I have no more right to be exempt from these unpleasantnesses than you."

"You could not manage with them as I do; you would grow angry and haughty with them," returned Jane, as she ran up-stairs. "Coming, coming, coming, dear papa," she called out, for the stick was clattering furiously.

Miss Laura Chesney proceeded down the gravel walk which swept round the lawn, and looked over the gate. There stood a respectable-looking man in a velveteen dress. He was the proprietor of a fly in the neighbourhood, which Captain Chesney had extensively patronised, being rather given to driving about the country; but the captain had not been found so ready to pay. Apart from his straitened means, Captain Chesney possessed a sailor's proverbial carelessness with regard to money: it was not so much that he ran

wilfully into expense, as that he ran heedlessly into it. It never occurred to the captain, when he ordered the fly for an hour or two's recreation, and would seat himself in state in it, his legs up on the seat before him, his stick in his hand, and one of his daughters by his side, that the time of settling must come. Very pleasant and sociable would he be with the driver, for there lived not a pleasanter man, when he pleased, than Captain Chesney; and the driver would lean down from his box and touch his hat, and tell about this place they were passing, and the other place. But the time of settling had come, was long past; a good deal of money was owing to the man, and he could not get it.

"Captain Chesney is ill; he cannot be seen," began Laura, in a haughty, impatient tone. "Can you not take your answer?"

"I've took too many such answers, miss," replied the applicant. "Here I come, day after day, week after week, and there's always an excuse ready. 'The captain's out,' or 'the captain's ill.' It is time there was a end to it."

"What do you want?" asked Laura.

"Want! why, my money. Look here, miss. I'm a poor man, with a wife and family to keep, and my wife sick a-bed. If I can't get that money that the captain owes me, it'll be the ruin of me; and have it I must and will."

He spoke in a civil but yet in a determined tone. Laura wished from her very heart that she could pay him.

"Here you have been, miss, the captain and some of you ladies, always a-riding about in my fly, a-hindering me from letting it to other customers that would have paid me; and when I come to ask for my just due, nobody's never at home to me."

"Is it much?" asked Laura.

"It's seven pound twelve shillings. Will you pay me, miss?"

She was startled to hear it was so much. "I wish I could pay you," she involuntarily exclaimed. "I have nothing to pay with."

"Will you let me in then, to see Captain Chesney?"

"When I tell you he is ill, and cannot see you, I tell you truth," replied Laura. "You must come when he is better."

"Look here, miss," said the man. "You won't pay me; perhaps it's true that you can't; and you won't let me in to see the captain, who could. So I'll be obliged to you to give him a message from me. I'm very sorry to annoy any gentleman, tell him; but I must do it in self-defence; and now this is Thursday, and as true as that we two, miss, stand here, if the money is not paid me between this and twelve

o'clock on Saturday, I'll take out a summons against him for the debt."

The man turned away as he spoke, and walked rapidly down the hill. Laura leaned on the gate, giving way to her vexation. She was not so often brought into contact with this sort of unpleasantness as Jane, and perhaps it was well she was not, for Laura would not have borne it placidly. She felt at that moment as if any asylum, any remote desert, would be a haven of rest, in comparison with her father's home.

Suddenly she lifted her head, for one was approaching who had become to her dangerously dear, and she recognised the step. A rich damask flushed her cheek, her eyelids fell over her eyes that they might hide their loving light, and her hand trembled as it was taken by Mr. Carlton.

"My darling! were you watching for me?"

She neither said yes nor no; the bliss of meeting him, of being in his presence, of feeling her hand in contact with his, was all sufficient; rendering her far too confused to answer rationally.

And did Mr. Carlton love her? Yes, it has been said so—loved her with a powerful and impassioned love. He had been a man of wayward passions, stopping at little which could promote their gratification, and perhaps there were some passages in his bygone life which he did not care to glance back at; but his heart had never been awakened to love—to pure, spiritualised love—until he knew Laura Chesney. For some little time now it had been his ardent desire, his purpose, to make her his wife; and for Mr. Carlton to *will* a thing was to do it. Laura anticipated strong objection from her father and her family. Mr. Carlton cared no more for such objection than for the idle wind.

"Papa has been so impatient for you, Lewis," she murmured.

"Is he worse to-night?"

"Oh, no. But he is very irritable."

"I did not intend to come in now," remarked Mr. Carlton. "I have a call to make a little higher up, at Mrs. Newberry's, and I thought I would take Captain Chesney on my return. I could remain longer by coming afterwards."

"I think you had better just come in to papa first, if only for a few moments," said Laura. "Perhaps," she timidly added, "you can come in again when you have been to Mrs. Newberry's?"

She touched the spring by which the gate was opened, a spring unknown to troublesome customers, and Mr. Carlton entered. He held out his arm to escort her to the house.

"No, no," she whispered, with a deep blush. "Jane is at the window."

"So much the better, my dearest. Yes, Laura, I will have you take it," he said with firmness, placing her hand within his arm. "You tell me you prefer that they should become acquainted with this by degrees, rather than that I should speak at once to Captain Chesney. But, Laura, I promise you one thing,—that I shall speak to him ere much more time has passed over our heads."

Jane, who had merely been wanted for a minute by her father, was in the drawing-room again, and standing at the window with Lucy, when Laura advanced, leaning on the arm of Mr. Carlton. Jane's face expressed its astonished disapprobation, and even the little girl was conscious that—according to the notions of the family—it ought not to have been.

"Jane, do you see Laura?"

"Laura is thoughtless, my dear. She forgets herself."

Mr. Carlton went up-stairs at once to Captain Chesney. He did not stay; and in coming down stepped in at the open door of the drawing-room. Lucy ran from it as he entered, and Laura had evidently but that moment gone in. Miss Chesney returned his salutation coldly.

"You have made but a short visit to papa, Mr. Carlton," she remarked.

"I am coming in again after I have seen a patient higher up," he replied. "What an unfavourable day it has been!"

"Yes, it has. Do you know whether the inquest is over?" continued Jane, her reserve merging in her curiosity.

"It is only just over. And that is why my visit to Captain Chesney is so late this evening. They had me before them three or four times."

"What is the verdict, Mr. Carlton?" asked Laura; and the reader may remark that while she had called him by his Christian name, had spoken familiarly, when they were alone, she was formal enough with him now, in the presence of her sister. Deceit! deceit! it never yet brought forth good fruit.

"Nothing satisfactory," was the surgeon's answer. "They found that the cause of death was the prussic acid in the draught; but how it got into it they deemed that there was no evidence to show."

"What should you have called 'satisfactory'?" asked Miss Chesney.

Mr. Carlton smiled. "When I say not satisfactory, I mean that the whole affair still lies in uncertainty."

"Do you suspect any one yourself, Mr. Carlton?"

"Not of wilfully causing the death. But," he added, in a more hesitating tone, "I have, of course, my own opinion."

"That it occurred through the careless mistake of Mr. Stephen Grey?"

The surgeon nodded his head. "Through some mistake, undoubtedly; and it is impossible to look to any other quarter for it. But I should not care to express so much in public. It is not agreeable for a medical man to find himself obliged to cast reflection on a brother practitioner."

"I do not see that there can be the slightest shade of doubt upon the point," remarked Miss Chesney. "The medicine was taken straight from Mr. Stephen Grey's hands to the sick room, therefore how else could it have got in? And your having smelt the prussic acid when the draught was brought up, is a sure proof that it must have been done in the mixing. Has anything come out about the poor young lady's connections? who she was, or where she came from?"

"Not any thing," replied Mr. Carlton. "They cannot even discover her Christian name."

"And have you not found out who it was who recommended her to you, Mr. Carlton?" inquired Laura.

"I cannot find out at all. I wrote on Tuesday to the various friends in London whom I thought at all likely to have mentioned me, and have had answers from some of them to-day; but they deny all knowledge of Mrs. Crane. You see, there is great uncertainty in every way; for we are not even sure that she did come from London."

Laura resumed. "It is said she was very beautiful. Was she so, Mr. Carlton?"

Mr. Carlton paused ere he gave his answer. "In health, and up and dressed, she may have been so; but I did not see her dressed, you know. I saw her only in bed, and by candle-light."

He spoke the last final words as he crossed the hall to depart, for he was in haste to pay his visit to the house higher on the Rise.

(To be continued.)

THE MIDGE-LAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ICELAND: ITS SCENES AND SAGAS."

I.

It was eleven o'clock at night—if that may be called night when the Arctic sun was still kindling the mountain-tops and lighting the whole sky with its yellow and crimson rays—that I came out suddenly above the Midge-lake, the second largest lake in Iceland. I had been riding for many hours over a rolling

plain, strewn with volcanic ash and sand, as black as coal-dust, on which no blade of grass was to be seen, nor the cheery pink clusters of the moss campion, which grows where nothing else will grow, in Iceland. We had sent the black sparkling sand flying in clouds as we galloped over the desert, and now we drew up sharp above a forest-covered slope, which swept down to the marshy shore of the lake.

The forest, *skog* in Icelandic, consisted of willow and birch; the latter bright and fresh, with a glitter on its hardy, fragrant leaves; the former trailing along the ground, covered with yellow fluffy flowers. There were six or seven varieties of willow, some common in England, others very rare. The birch reached to the stirrup as I rode through it, but the willow did not grow as high. Some of the forests of Iceland are not so stunted, and I have seen birch-trees quite twelve feet high in one secluded and sheltered vale.

We paused to have a good look at the lake. It was a fine sheet of water, winding among the mountains for about twelve miles, broken into numerous inlets and bays, studded with countless lava islets. To our left shot up the burned Hli-tharfjall, a ridge 2404 feet high, of a bright brick-red hue, from the action of volcanic fires. Beyond it could be just distinguished the rocky heads of Krafla and its twin brother Leir-nukr; ugly fellows both, and as mischievous as ugly, for they are the centre of some of the most desolating volcanic action which has taken place in the island. A backbone of trachyte extends from Krafla along the east of the lake; it presents the most extraordinary appearance, seeming to be composed of gamboge and vermilion. Its colours are in glaring contrast with the sombre tints of the neighbouring trap mountains.

This range is, in fact, a chain of sulphur, which is being deposited by steam jets, which blow off from the glens among the reddened crags. From my position above the lake I could see before my eyes columns of steam rising from the sides, cut off by the wind as they rose above the mountain-tops, and then carried away in long vaporous streamers over the lowlands.

To the south a belt of precipitous mountains, dyed the deepest indigo, shut out the horizon. They are the barriers of that vast lava flood, the Odatha Hraun (Lava of Ill-deed), which covers a tract of country as large as Devonshire, and quite unexplored, for mortal

foot has never trodden its recesses. Between the band of mountains and the lake is a singular crater of erupted palagonite tufa, about four hundred feet above the surface of the lake. This was thrown up in an eruption which took place during last century; it never ejected lava. The edge of the crater is sharp as a church ridge; and when one stands upon it, one can roll down stones either outside or into the bowl. It would make a magnificent amphitheatre, the bottom being quite smooth, with the exception of a slight rise in the centre. A few



Interior of a Hut, Iceland. See p. 503.

miles beyond this crater, which is named Hverfjall, or the mount of hot springs, is another of equal symmetry, separated from it by a band of rough lava and black sand. The western shore of the lake is lost in morasses. Close to my right is a remarkable cone called Vindbelgr, of the Bellows, in shape much like a Chinaman's hat. It rises out of impassable swamps, and is completely composed of volcanic scoria, it having been an active volcano in pre-historic times.

When my eye was satisfied with this singular view, I urged on my horses through the wood, forded a small river which emptied

itself into the lake, and then began to scramble over an arm of lava which had flowed from Krafla and deluged the plain. The lava was broken into a chaos of angular fragments of all sizes, from the dimensions of a hayrick to that of a tombstone, and of all conceivable shapes. The sharp edges had been broken off in the trackway, and the hollows filled in roughly, or it would have been quite impossible for any horses to have scrambled over the lava. As it was, one of my ponies was thrown down, and another nearly tore his shoe off. Not unfrequently, a horse will thrust his leg into a lava crack and break it; and a caravan seldom crosses a lava field without some of the horses losing their shoes, the lava catching the iron and tearing the nails out. In this way one of my horses was lamed; and I saw, on one occasion, a farmer's pony with its hoof split, so that the poor creature stood in a pool of blood.

After another scramble over a hill, thinly sprinkled with sear grass, giving us a second panorama of the lake, we descended at the door of Reykjahlith farm (the steaming hill-slope), where there is a church, though not a parsonage, that having been overwhelmed in the great lava outbreak of 1724, when the inhabitants were warned of the coming eruption by repeated thunderings in the ground, after which lava flowed from Leirhnukr and Krafla like a mighty river, throwing up mounds of earth and sand before it as it advanced. By day a flame of a pale blue colour, like that of burning sulphur, flickered over the mass, but it was only dimly visible through the volumes of black smoke which rolled around the advancing flood.

By night the whole lava-stream glared out red-hot; and through the rents in the caked surface the liquid core was seen of dazzling brightness. The sky was tinged orange red; lightning-flashes and globes of flame shot through the air, warning the natives in distant spots of the fearful scene which was being enacted here. The lava broke into several branches; one flowed down the east side of the sulphur range; another poured over the hills above Reykjahlith. The stream then advanced with greater rapidity, and swept into valleys, choking them up; and rolling their fiery waves up their sides, they descended the slopes immediately above the church, which is a wooden building roofed with turf, and rolled down towards it. The parsonage was swallowed up in a moment; its wooden gables flamed up instantaneously; and then not a trace remained of the building. The molten flood reached within a hundred yards of the church, and then, parting into two arms,

encircled the building, and flowed into the lake. The little edifice was perfectly uninjured.

When the lava reached the lake, it is said "to have boiled like oil in the water." It killed all the fish, filled the lake-bed, drying it up so thoroughly, that it was not until nine months after that a little water began to collect again. It rolled out of the lake through the glen by which the superfluous waters had hitherto poured in the Laxá, or salmon-river, to the sea. The whole of this valley has its bed covered with lava as far as the sea-shore, where it spreads out into a broad sheet six miles wide. Whether the whole of this was poured forth from Krafla last century, or whether it comes from a former eruption, I could not learn; at all events, the distance it has run from its source is fifty miles.

During the eruption violent earthquakes were felt, the rivers sank into the earth and disappeared, and the surface of the ground was cracked for eight or nine miles; and the zigzag fissure remains visible to this day along the eastern shore of the lake.

We, that is, I and my two guides, were kindly and readily received by the bonder, Pjetur Jónsson, of Reykjahlith. We came upon him in a moment of great excitement. Some twenty horses, having overleaped his low hedge, were coolly cropping the grass of his tún, or home-meadow, the only piece of ground which an Icelandic dresses and mows for hay. Pjetur, a sturdy fellow in a short blue jacket, with his calves wrapped in sheep's hide, his head encased in a helmet-shaped hood-and-cap-in-one of black cloth, was yelling and dashing to and fro after the horses, ably seconded by five Esquimaux-like dogs, with heads like foxes, tails curled over their backs, and a prodigious ruff of hair about their necks. Pjetur, having at length succeeded in driving the horses away, came up to me and gave me a hearty kiss on both cheeks, the Icelandic national salutation; a greeting I could well have dispensed with, seeing that the bonder was very warm with his exertions. However, we must do at Rome as Rome does; and if we go among wolves we must learn to howl; so I returned the greeting affectionately, and we were at once on the best of terms.

Pjetur had large, honest, grey eyes, and a mighty beard grizzled with age. He led us into his house, a well-built farm for Iceland. Let me give you an idea of it. Facing the west is a gabled front of wood painted red, one gable with a window in it of four panes, and under a second gable a door with no lock on it, leading into the house; under a third is the saddle-room door; the fourth gable stands over the porch to the cowstall. The

apex of each is about twenty feet high, and is surmounted by a weathercock of pierced iron, creaking mournfully and monotonously in the wind, which in Iceland is never at rest. From every other side, the farm-house appears to be only an aggregation of turf mounds, grass grows over all, walls and roof. If we enter the door we stoop, and proceed through a tunnel paved and walled with lava blocks, which have never been squared, and are in all their native ruggedness, till after much groping we find ourselves in a labyrinth of minor tunnels; one leads into a black closet, four degrees darker than the passage; another opens into a room lighted by one window-pane three inches square, in which is a table, a loom, and some turf-cutters. If we try a third tunnel, or rabbit-burrow, we get into the kitchen, which is lighted through the chimney, the chimney consisting of a barrel stuck through the turf roof, with both its ends knocked out. When there is no fire this barrel is plugged up to keep out the cold. The fire-place is only a heap of lava-blocks, on which cakes of sheep's-dung smoulder; in the gloom of the back-ground the eye can just discern a heap of brushwood, cut in the forest I have already mentioned, and piles of dry stockfish, discoloured with smoke and dirt. One more tunnel remains for exploration, it leads to a ladder, up which we scramble, and find ourselves in a room containing some fifteen or twenty beds let into the wall, each furnished with an eider-down quilt, and a home-woven woollen coverlet of gaudy colouring.

In this apartment, the *bathstófa*, sleep all the family, the servants, and the least distinguished guests. In it also the winter is spent, the household congregating there to eat, work, and sleep, so as to keep themselves and their neighbours warm through animal heat, there being no fire in the room, nor fuel in the island to support one; the scanty amount which can be procured being wholly consumed in the kitchen.

If we return to the porch we observe a door opening out of the tunnel on the right, this gives admission to the guest-room, a comfortable chamber with boarded floor, walls, and ceiling. The colouring of this apartment is most extraordinary, every kind of paint having been applied to make it gaudy, without the slightest taste having been brought to bear on the decorations. But I must now beg you to accompany me on my ride to Námafjall (the mount of seething mud pits), and its sulphur and slime caldrons.

The road to Námafjall lies first over lava, and then over a tract of sand dotted with gigantic cinders, or aggregations of cinders

fused together, and presenting the most marvellous appearance. Some of these masses, twenty feet high, full of bubbles and holes, are stained red, yellow, blue, and black, and are glazed with olivine. From some, red stalactites of melted matter hang down; some have fallen and lie shattered on the sand, others are propped up on cairns of tuffaceous cinder. The ground sounds hollow beneath the horses' hoofs, and frequent cracks show that in many cases we are riding over the domes of huge caverns, which have been formed in the lava by the expansion of gases generated during fusion. The ponies run along with their heads to the ground, and are remarkably skilful in avoiding the cracks and holes; but the sudden swerve they make is not unlikely to upset the incautious rider.

I can hardly convey an adequate idea of the wondrous aspect of Námafjall as we entered its ravines. I did not take the altitude of the range, but suppose it to be about 2000 feet. It steams to its very top. A valley at its foot is hazy with the amount of rising steam; the ground is of a saffron yellow, from the sulphur which is being deposited. The ground is warm, it is sufficient for a stick to be thrust into it for steam to rise from the hole, and I noticed it curling up from the depressions made by my horse's hoofs in the soft red soil. High up the mountain side was a crag of trachyte split into two great masses, from the side of one a jet of steam was pouring out with a whistle against the other fragment, and then rolling off in white piles of cloud. Not a blade of grass was visible on the range; only in one ravine I found a dank, rotting patch of marraim (*Psamma arenarea*). The further side of the ridge was even more singular than that I had left; it swept abruptly down to a plain of red mud, which was bounded on the east by the lava stream from Krafla. This plain was perfectly enveloped in volumes of white steam, which rose in the cold clear air in huge glittering white domes, whilst from beneath their veil came the roar and growl of boiling matter.

Leaving my horses at a convenient distance, I walked with my guide into the midst of the steam. He warned me to be very cautious, as the rising vapours were blinding, and the sulphurous exhalations suffocating; the ground, moreover, was treacherous, the feet sinking over the ankles at each step, and the mud being so hot that I could feel it through my strong soles.

I first noticed several fizzing, slobbering holes, about six inches or a foot in diameter, out of which a grey slime flowed intermittently with jets of steam. The surface of the mud was everywhere cracked with the heat. Ob-

serving what I took to be a mud blister of considerable size, I ran up its side, and was startled to find myself at the mouth of a huge well, about twenty feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet deep, as far as I could judge. Clouds of steam rolled up from the roaring, furiously-boiling slime at the bottom, which eddied, seethed, rushed up the well, and spouted in hot splashes into the air. Not far from this was a second caldron, in which the fluid was more liquid; in it the inky water danced and leaped, gave forth great hissing bursts of steam, and then subsided with a sob,

again to break into a frenzy. There are twelve large caldrons, but I found it impossible to examine each of them, on account of the denseness of the steam which surrounded them, the irritating effect of sulphurous acid on the lungs, and the precarious nature of the soil.

I made my way, however, to the edge of a pond of blue slime, from the edge of which steam broke with a deafening scream. This pond, I understood from my guide, had originally been a caldron like the rest, but its sides had crumbled in before the scalding waves, and now it had become a quivering slime pond,



Hot Springs, Iceland.

through which steam-bubbles wriggle painfully to the surface and burst with a snap. If one lies down on the soil, one feels that the ground is in continual vibration; it has all the appearance of being no more than the skim upon a perpetually liquid lake of boiling mud. The openings in the surface are liable to continual changes, the spluttering fumerole which I amuse myself with choking to-day, may next year be a whirlpool of boiling slush, and the thundering caldron into which I look with a shudder now, may become a pool of gently steaming slime.

The mud-crust is composed of gypsum and sulphur, and is beautifully variegated; some I

gathered of a deep crimson colour, some of an ash blue, and some again was pure white; the sulphur is, of course, of a primrose yellow. The mud is used by the Icelanders in cutaneous disorders, being applied in a plaster. As I returned to my horses, threading my way among the growling caldrons, one with a harsh roar surged up in a jet of filthy black slime about five feet above its mouth, and then sank, leaving the mud to trickle down the side of the low mound it had raised.

My time was limited, so that I was obliged most reluctantly to leave this wondrous scene, that I might explore the sides of the volcanoes Krafla and Leirhnukr.

DETUR DIGNIORI.

(A TALE IN TWO PARTS.)



PART I.

I WAS lounging over a *very* late breakfast one fine autumn morning, with the "Times" by my side, which I really felt too lazy to read, and was on the point of handing over to my wife to tell me if there was anything in it.

That good little woman never could succeed in breaking me into the regular hours befitting a man that is a householder, and after one or two fruitless attempts resigned herself to making me happy in my own depraved way. I was looking forward to another half hour or so of

meditative repose, when the servant entered with a card, telling me that a gentleman was waiting in the library. I took the card, and read thereon, "Capt. Rupert Grant, —th Fusiliers," the regiment which had taken up its quarters at Orminster a few days before.

Well I remembered Rupert Grant, though eight years had passed since we served together in the old Rifle Brigade; and during that time I had not once seen him. Circumstances rather than natural inclination had induced him to adopt the army as his profession, for which in truth he was but indifferently fitted. His keen, highly cultured mind, that revelled in abstruse speculation, found nothing to interest it in military details; nor was his the gay, genial temperament, that can extract materials for enjoyment out of the most unpromising outward conditions. Under no circumstances would Grant, I think, have been likely to be a very happy man; as it was, the consciousness of wasted energies, and baffled hopes, had nearly made a misanthrope of him at five-and-twenty. Still, though he had but few friends, he was not unpopular in the corps, for he shrank neither from work nor wassail; and at times, when the revel ran high, would break out into a hard bright recklessness of talk that left far behind the wildness of our fastest subalterns. I had taken to him from the first day I joined. I always do feel drawn to mental power wheresoever manifested; and it was impossible even to look on Grant without perceiving that his was no common nature. A sickly boyhood and youth had led me to push my literary investigations beyond "Bell's Life" and the "Sporting Magazine;" and in me Grant, when he chose to talk, found at any rate an intelligent listener. We soon became fast friends, and it was not very long before I discovered that he was "going to the bad" at railway speed. The cynical Rupert Grant was no more an anchorite in his pleasures than the veriest curled darling who has ever "fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life." That excitement and interest which his life lacked he had sought for in play, and still more in deep draughts of "the new strong wine of love;" and in truth there were not a few Hebes willing enough to hold the chalice to his lips. He had lived freely on little more than his pay. Before two years were over it became necessary that something should be done. He rejected an offer of assistance that I made him, saying, that if he stayed in England the same thing would be sure to happen again, and effected an exchange into the Cape Rifles. So I lost sight of him, and shortly after I found that my health was too delicate for a military life; and at the same time that the little per-

sonage mentioned at the beginning of my story was willing to take charge of me and my fortunes. I married, sold out, and bought this pretty little place down here.

But all this time I am leaving Grant waiting in my library. Telling Milly to prepare herself to be "trotted out" shortly, I went hastily to greet him.

"Well, Rowley, old fellow," said he, as I entered, "I suppose you have not quite forgotten me, though I daresay I look a good deal the worse for wear."

He was altered, certainly, but not for the worse. The heavy beard which now hid the lower part of his face, burnt a deep bronze by tropical suns, suited him. His hair was thin, but his figure well knit and muscular as of old, and his eyes had lost none of their steady fire. Though he looked forty, which must have been half-a-dozen years beyond his real age, he had no need, as far as appearance went, to fear more youthful rivals.

"My dear fellow," said I, "I'm delighted, indeed, to see you at last. Where have you been? What have you been doing? How did you find me out? You know I'm a married man now."

"I have known it," said he, "a little more than twelve hours. At mess last night notes were being compared as to the capabilities of the place for restoring the energies of the wearied veteran, and some one mentioned Mr. Rowley, of Fenbrook Lodge. I had not previously felt much interest in the subject, but the name roused me, and a few inquiries put me in possession of the facts. Let me offer my somewhat late congratulations. I hope you find the holy estate suit you."

"It is no use telling you anything about it," laughed I, "unless your ideas have undergone a salutary change. But about yourself?"

"That is soon told. I stayed about four years at the Cape, and then exchanged into the —th, which was then in India. I served with them through the Mutiny, and by Jove, sir, we had some real work then. As soon as it was over they were ordered home. I liked India, and had no great desire to leave it, so I exchanged again into the —th, which everyone thought was safe for a long stay. But, as luck would have it, within a year it seemed good to the authorities to order us home too; and so here I am—glad at least to see you, old boy, though on the whole England has not pleasant associations for me."

"Well," said I, "I don't think you'll have much to complain of now, at any rate. You will find yourself a hero, and will be fêted and caressed to your heart's content."

"My dear fellow," answered Grant, "all that sort of thing is very well, but it loses its value when you know that those equally get it—and equally deserve it, too—whom you can't help considering big babies. Fame, to satisfy a man, must be won in the field of his own choice. However, *que sais-je*? I feel a gigantic failure now because I have never had my chance, but I might have had it, and been a bigger one. I strive for philosophy enough to accept what odds and ends of good one may pick out of this most queer muddle of life. 'Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,' as Thackeray has it, and perhaps some day I may make practical acquaintance with that incomprehensible virtue known as resignation, and effect a becoming *salut*. Meanwhile, suppose you introduce me to Mrs. Rowley, and give me some lunch."

We went to the drawing-room. Milly had often heard me talk of Grant, and felt it her duty to welcome him warmly, though she was amusingly afraid of him. But this soon wore off, and before long she was chatting with him quite at her ease.

"By-the-by," said Grant, "I have an impression that there is a cousin of mine in these parts—one Sir Charles Preston."

"What, of Westbridge? Of course there is. Why, I know him well, but I never knew he was your cousin."

"Likely enough that. He is my second cousin, but I never saw him in my life, and his father only once or twice, and never since I was eighteen, when we had a quarrel. It is a good property, I believe, is it not? What sort of young fellow is this?"

"Oh! a thoroughly good one in his way; but you had better ask Milly for details. She knows more of him than I do; and he is going to marry her bosom friend. His property must be worth at least seven thousand a-year, and his wife that is to be will have a good fortune too."

"Then, Mrs. Rowley," said Grant, "will you give me some account of this unknown relative?"

Milly laughed. "It would be rude to tell you, Captain Grant, that Sir Charles was perfection, because I am sure he is not the least like you. But I really don't think you could improve upon him. Everybody likes him; he is so kind to everyone, and is doing so much good on his estate. Then he is very handsome too, and so clever——"

"Clever," said I; "well, really, Milly——"

"Nonsense, Frank," said she; "you know he is clever. You know what a good degree he took at Oxford, and what a beautiful speech he made the other day at the Agricultural

Meeting. It is only because he doesn't understand your horrid way of talking sometimes (I suspect you taught it to him, Captain Grant) that you say he is not clever."

"I never said anything of the kind, my dear, and I don't think you have any skill in describing character. Preston is a very good young fellow, Grant, with plenty of common sense and very good average abilities. He seems trying to be in all respects a model country gentleman, and I think bids fair to succeed. He has, at any rate, drawn a prize in Alice Faulkener. I am in love with her myself, and Milly knows it; so I won't outrage her feelings by attempting a description, which, besides, would be a failure. But you must see her and judge for yourself."

"Oh! you need not mind me," said Milly. "I should comfort myself by thinking that Alice cares for no one but Sir Charles. It is quite a poetic attachment, I assure you, Captain Grant. They have been brought up together, and have been engaged ever so many years. Only Mr. Faulkener will not let her be married till she is twenty-one; but she will be in a few months, and the wedding is to be on that very day."

"You won't have long to wait, Grant," said I, "for an opportunity of forming your own estimate of this peerless pair, 'so justly formed to meet by Nature;' for I see them coming up the drive."

Grant moved to the window, and put his glass to his eye; it was no affection with him. Miss Faulkener's little pony carriage was just passing; and seeing me, she looked up with a laughing greeting.

I glanced round at Rupert; he smiled. "You would scarcely have done justice to that, I suspect, Rowley."

In another minute our visitors were in the room. Sir Charles hardly looked his age, which was about twenty-four. He was really an exceedingly fine, handsome young fellow, with a profusion of light brown curls, a healthy red and white complexion, and bright honest blue eyes. Anything more faultlessly lovely than Alice Faulkener I at least never saw nor dreamed of. It would require a much more eloquent pen than mine to give any just idea of clear pale cheeks, just tinted with the most delicate coral flush; eyes deep and dreamful as those of "imperial Eleanore;" and rich masses of the darkest brown hair. There was power and passion latent in the mouth and chin, which perhaps were somewhat too full and firm, though I think no one could have wished them otherwise; and the small head, with the perfect grace of its pose, and fairy-

like feet and hands, might have served as models for a statuary. She had spent part of two seasons in town with us, for Mr. Faulkener's infirm health made him unwilling to leave home, and, it is needless to add, had been acknowledged "queen rose" of many a *parterre*; but Preston was always with her, and their engagement was so universally known, that wise men rather held aloof, and kept their wings unsinged. Poor Jack Courtenay, however, an old comrade of mine, and an "irresistible" of many years' standing, kept lingering in the perilous presence, heedless of my warning voice, till at last vengeance for his many perjured oaths did verily overtake him. I left him,—

"Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing,"

unable to decide between the comparative advantages of permanent seclusion in a Levantine monastery and a prolonged tour in Mongolia.

I presented Grant in due form, as one of my very oldest friends. As I did so, I perceived Preston looked a little confused.

"I believe, Sir Charles," said Rupert, "I have the honour of claiming a not very remote cousinship with you. Possibly you may have heard my name from your father; and, if so, it was most likely mentioned in not very favourable terms. I see," he continued, smiling at the other's evident embarrassment, "that that was the case. We did not hit it off together, which, I daresay, was my fault. It is a long while ago. I was young then—several years younger than you are now. So I think we may fairly let bygones be bygones, and see how we like each other without prejudice. What do you say?" He held out his hand.

Preston's kindly nature was touched at once. It was positive pain to him to have hostile feelings toward any one. He grasped Rupert's hand warmly. "I'm sure," said he, colouring all over, "it's very kind of you. I'm delighted. You're staying here? Come and see me. When will you come?"

"Well," said Grant, "I can't directly, as I have promised Rowley to spend this week with him; and I know I shall not be able to get leave for longer at once. But I will come, and that gladly too."

"Alice," went on Preston, "this is my cousin. You know," he added to Grant, "that Alice—Miss Faulkener—and I—I dare say they told you here?"

"Yes," said I, "we've told him all about you."

Miss Faulkener's colour rose a little higher; but she was not the girl to be overcome by

any feeling of awkwardness, and held out her hand frankly to Grant.

He took it, and their eyes met for a second. I suppose she read in his what every man, in whose veins ran hot blood and not ice water, must have felt at the sight of her glorious beauty; for her colour deepened, the long eyelashes rested on her cheek, and there was the faintest smile on her mouth.

Preston had come specially to show Milly some plans for a school he was going to build; she was always one of his chief advisers. They began about this as we sat at lunch; and Miss Faulkener's opinion, of course, was called for. As they were thus employed, I asked Grant some questions about India. He had grasped the subject as he did every other that attracted him, and gave in a few words the results of much keen thought on our position and policy. I saw Miss Faulkener's attention flag over the plans. She was listening to him; it was something fresh and exciting to her.

A question from Preston roused her. "I beg your pardon," said she, "I was listening to what Mr. Rowley and Captain Grant were saying about India."

"Why, Alice," said Milly, "you don't mean that you care about Indian politics. What a strange girl you are!"

"I don't understand them, of course," said Alice, "and I don't know if I care about them. But I never thought of India in that way before. I like to get new ideas. It's so dull always going on thinking about the same things."

"You go in for the self-development theory, I see, Miss Faulkener," said I.

"I might, if I were a man. I am a woman, and what is the use? Women can do nothing."

"And very few men ever get a chance of doing anything, Miss Faulkener," said Grant. "I am disposed to think self-development a very doubtful good. Only I *must* think."

"Ah! but you *can* think. Men can always do *that*, and women cannot, at least in that way. I have no power at all."

"You think so, do you?" said Rupert in a somewhat constrained tone, as he looked in her face, more lovely than ever in its excitement. "You are certainly wrong there."

Again her eyes drooped before his, and she blushed; but looked anything but displeased. She was tasting the delight *principibus placuisse viris*.

Grant left us directly after lunch to make arrangements for getting leave for a week.

"So that is my cousin, Rupert Grant, is it?"

said Preston, after he was gone ; "and he is a great friend of yours, Rowley ? How very strange. I suppose he is a good deal changed now. I remember my father speaking of him several times, and he used to say—well, all sorts of bad things of him. He seems clever : don't you think so, Alice ? How do you like him ?"

He had nearly all his life been accustomed rather to rely on her judgment. The natural dependance of the wife on the husband seemed likely to be reversed in their case.

"Oh ! Captain Grant is clever," said she. "Everyone must see that ; but I hardly know what I think of him yet. There are some people one makes out directly one sees them ; and other people, the more one sees of them the more puzzling they are. I should think it would be a long time before one knew Captain Grant thoroughly, especially if he happened not to wish it."

"You are quite right," said I. "Grant is a very hard nut to crack. I know him, I should think, better than most men, and have long given up the idea of getting to the bottom of him. I won't say, Preston, but that your father may have had grounds for his condemnation of him in old days ; but that is long ago, and you must remember that Grant has been greatly tried."

I told them something of what I have already said as to Grant's early life. Miss Faulkener seemed interested, but said nothing ; Preston looked quite penitent.

"I hope, Rowley," said he, "you don't suspect me of not liking my cousin. Of course a man ought not to go wrong just because he has not got what suits him ; but I'm sure I don't want to be hard on him. If I can do anything for him now, and he would like it, I shall be delighted. I hope I shall see a good deal of him. He's new to me now, and I can't quite make him out ; that's all."

Preston was staying for a day or two at Beechgrove, Mr. Faulkener's house ; and we settled to bring Grant there with us next morning, and make an expedition to inspect some of the new model cottages. So they left us.

"Frank," said Milly, "I like Captain Grant extremely ; and I'm dreadfully afraid of him ; and I'm delighted to have him here ; and I wish he was not coming. Expound this riddle, sir."

"You absurd little sphinx," said I ; "tell me what you mean, if you know yourself."

"Well, Frank," she went on demurely, "I'm not very wise myself, perhaps ; but I have had the light of your superior intelligence

for some half dozen years, and I do see things. I like Captain Grant because he is a great friend of yours, and his talk is clever and strong ; but still,—Frank," she broke off suddenly, "why did he look like that at Alice Faulkener ?"

I burst out laughing. "Like what ? you little duenna. You had better ask him yourself."

"Don't tense," said Milly, seating herself on a low stool by my arm-chair, her wont when she wished to be very effective. "I want you to be very serious, please. Why did he look like that ? He knew she was engaged to Charlie. Frank, is Captain Grant good ? If he wants anything, will he not try to get it if he can ? Will he care much for making others unhappy ?"

"So that is what you are afraid of, is it !" said I,— "that Rupert will enter the lists against the incomparable baronet. My dear child, what a singularly unreasonable idea ! I daresay he did admire Alice, and I'm sure I don't wonder at it ; and I suppose he showed it. *Voilà tout*, as far as I can see. Why, I thought she was as much in love with Preston as a woman could be. She ought to be, at any rate, as she is to be married to him in six months' time. I can assure you that Grant is not at all the sort of man to go in for an unrequited attachment."

"Frank," said Milly, now rising and putting her arms round me, "I am sure Alice does love Sir Charles well and truly. How could she help it ? But I don't feel quite sure that she loves him *quite* in the same way that—that I did you before we were married. But I know she *will* love him as well as I do you now ; for how dearly he loves her, and how good he is ! Frank, is it not better to be good, even if we are not quite so wise ? I think so."

"Come, Milly," said I, kissing her, "you are a very dear little woman ; but don't let your liking for Preston make you unjust to everyone else. Until Grant shows the cloven foot, give him the benefit of the doubt, and suppose it doesn't exist. I don't think your apprehensions at all complimentary, either to Preston or Alice Faulkener. I don't share in them myself at all ; but I don't feel that they very much concern me. What does concern me—and should concern you, too, for my sake—is, that my old friend Rupert Grant, who is more to me, with all his faults, than any other man, should not fancy—and he is as sharp-sighted as a lynx—that there is any coldness or *arrière pensée* whatever in our welcome of him."

"Indeed, Frank," she replied eagerly, "I never thought of such a thing. Only you must not be angry with me for not liking him as well as Sir Charles."

"Certainly not," said I; "and now get yourself ready, and let us have a little fresh air this fine afternoon."

We were punctual to our appointment the next day; and as the distance was scarcely above a mile and a half, we determined to walk it. Sir Charles and my wife led the way, Miss Faulkener, Grant, and I followed. My two companions evidently found that, conversationally, they suited each other. I don't know if her face inspired him,—it might well have done so,—but I had never seen him to more advantage. Poetry, novels, even a little philosophy—for Miss Faulkener was omnivorous in her reading—were all discussed in turn, and each received a new light from his keen, subtle criticisms. We rather loitered on our way, and were some time behind the others in reaching the cottages. She looked almost sorry.

"Well," she said, with a half sigh, "we must come down from our heights now. I hope you care for model cottages, Captain Grant?"

"Can't say I do," said he. "Do you?"

"Oh yes, I do. I make myself. I am too much disposed, I know, to sit and dream about pleasant things and do no good to myself or anybody else. I'm sure Charles is an example. Captain Grant, he is, indeed, very anxious to make friends with you; but he won't know how to set about it unless you help him. You know you are rather a formidable person," she said, with a little laugh, "and I am rather astonished at my own boldness in saying this to you. Would it bore you too much to seem interested for ten minutes in this scheme of his? It would please him so much."

Grant's eyes searched hers as she spoke; but he could only have read there her desire to help in bringing the cousins together, and that almost sisterly care for Preston's happiness which she had never felt it needful to conceal. "Good-bye, then," he said, with a grave smile, walked up to Preston, and began asking him questions about his works, to the other's evident surprise and delight. Miss Faulkener looked after him as he moved away.

"It is very kind of him," she said; "how very clever he is, Mr. Rowley."

"Yes," said I, "as far as that goes, I have seldom met his equal,—never his superior; but benevolence is not at all one of his strong points. You may be proud of your power; Grant would not expose himself to be bored for

everybody." I might have added, "or for nothing."

When we turned back Miss Faulkener seemed half to expect that Rupert would again be her companion; but this time he devoted himself to Milly. Alice was a little silent and thoughtful on the way, but assented to Preston's praise of his cousin, who had quite gained his heart—not a very difficult task at any time. When we reached Mr. Faulkener's we found the carriage waiting to take us to Fenbrook Lodge. I heard Grant ask Alice, as he took leave, "Were you satisfied?"

Her eyes thanked him; but she hesitated.

"Thank you," he said, "I see you were. I only wanted to know if I had done what you wished. Good-bye."

"The deuce," thought I, "what if my wise little wife should be right after all!"

Grant's stay with us extended to about ten days, when his leave expired; though, as Orminster was but a couple of miles distant, he would still be our very near neighbour, and could, if it so pleased him, see nearly as much of us all. The Faulkeners, Preston, and ourselves always lived much together, so that Rupert had ample opportunity of improving his acquaintance with his cousin, and his cousin's future wife. The impression he produced on these was manifestly very different. The hard cynicism of his talk jarred painfully on a genial nature like Preston's, who had always been accustomed to see things *couleur de rose*; besides that the other's audacious freedom of speculation, and hardly disguised quiet contempt for much that he deemed sacred, really shocked him. Once he tried an argument. Something had put Rupert out that morning. We three men and Miss Faulkener had been walking in a pretty glen near Beechgrove, and, of course, the care of Alice over ricketty little bridges, and steep paths, devolved on Sir Charles. Perhaps he took a little more care of her than was absolutely necessary, and Grant's face at such times was not good to look on. It may have been this, or it may have been that he was endeavouring to smoke an obstinate cigar that *would* not draw; but he was singularly unamiable; and his antagonist fared at his hands much as a plucky schoolboy who should stand up against the champion. In a lazy, indifferent way, as if it were hardly worth the trouble to find the words, he quietly demolished him root and branch. Preston really was angry; and Rupert seemed to feel, after a while, that he had gone too far, for he resumed the subject shortly with a semi-apology, and suggested some considerations overlooked by the other, which saved his view from seeming ridiculous. Peace

was thus in a measure restored, though it is rather a trial to a man to find that he has to be indebted to an opponent for logical grounds for his own opinions.

Alice Faulkener, on the other hand, was greatly struck with her new acquaintance. It was a strictly intellectual fascination he exercised over her; but some one has well said, that if a man can once succeed in laying hold of a woman's imagination, her heart soon follows. I did not think it could be so in this case, for I knew how long her affections had been given to Preston; still I could not but notice that her face would flush and kindle as she talked or listened to Rupert as I had never seen it do before. Nevertheless, it did not at all follow that she thought of him in any other light than as a strikingly clever and original thinker, who interested her, and could throw new light on many subjects that attracted her. What Grant thought or felt I could not guess. He could be perfectly unapproachable whenever he liked. But at times I could not help an uneasy suspicion that, whilst I hoped and believed all was going on smoothly, and didn't see how it was to be helped if it was not, for some of us at any rate it might have been better if the —th Fusiliers had been kept six months longer in India.

Another fortnight or so passed without anything special to mark it. During this time Grant was a frequent visitor both at my house and at Beechgrove; for Mr. Faulkener, of whom I have not yet spoken, was greatly taken with him. He was now a confirmed invalid, and very rarely left home; but he was a man of abilities far beyond the average, had lived much in the world in his younger days, and was delighted to make an acquaintance of Grant's calibre. On the 27th October, the day on which I resume my story, I had gone into Orminster on some business, and had lunched with Grant. I was kept later than I anticipated, and only got home in time to dress. At dinner I saw that Milly had something on her mind, and was impatient for the servants to be gone. As soon as we were alone she began—

"Frank, I have something to tell you. The Faulkeners are going to Brighton, till Christmas, at any rate—perhaps longer."

"Going to Brighton?" said I. "Why, what's up now? Is he worse?"

"No," said my wife. "It's for Alice."

"But there's nothing the matter with her, is there?"

"I don't think she's very well," replied Milly, "and I think the change will do her good. But I will tell you all about it."

I may here remark that Milly had never

again spoken of her apprehensions with respect to Grant, and had in the interval got to like him much, and feel great interest in him. She saw that he really was attached to me, and that of itself would have been enough for her; and, besides, his manner had a subtle attraction for women which few could long withstand.

"Sir Charles came here this morning," said Milly, "soon after you were gone, on purpose to talk to me. He said he was afraid Alice was not well. She seemed altered, was easily tired, and did not take the same interest in her old occupations. He told me, too, poor dear fellow," went on Milly, smiling, "confidentially, and after some hesitation, that her temper was a little uncertain also. So he came in great trouble to take counsel with me. I had noticed the change he spoke of, though I hardly liked acknowledging to myself that I did so. You can guess why, Frank. I told him I thought it was very likely that Alice wanted a little change of air; why not go to Brighton for a month or two. He jumped at the bright thought of mine directly, and then was eager that I should go at once with him to Beechgrove and break the subject. He had already suggested to Alice that he thought she was not well; and she had at first laughed at him, and then got half angry. It would not do to talk to Mr. Faulkener about her,—that she never liked. So, as my assistance seemed indispensable, I went. We found Alice alone. She received us gaily enough; but, it seemed to me, a little forced. I had intended to be very diplomatic, but she is a great deal sharper than either of us, and before we had been ten minutes in the room said,—

"What is the matter with you two? You have something you want to say; what is it?"

"I told her that Sir Charles and I both thought she was not looking well, and felt anxious about her."

"Nonsense," she said. "Charlie has been infecting you with that folly of his, I can see. I'm quite well; I'm always pale, you know. What's the matter with me?"

"I don't know that there is anything decided the matter with you, Alice," said I; "but I've certainly thought you languid and out of spirits more than once lately, and you want some bracing sea air. If you were to go to Brighton for a few weeks—"

"She started up. 'Go to Brighton! leave home!' she broke in impetuously. 'Impossible! I can't go, we can't go; it's not to be thought of; and there's an end of it.'"

"She put me out of temper, and there was poor Charlie looking so distressed and anxious."

"'Really, Alice,' I said, rather warmly, 'if Mr. Faulkener is willing to go, and Sir Charles wishes it so much, I don't see the impossibility; I didn't know of anything that must keep you here.'

"Frank, I saw her shiver as I spoke.

"'Oh,' she said, very gently, 'I suppose it can be managed, if you think it ought. Perhaps you are right; I don't think I am quite well. I'm sure,' she went on with her old bright smile and winning way, 'I'm very much obliged to you for thinking so much of me. Poor Charlie, I've been savage to you once or twice, haven't I? and I know I've been "fractious" this morning. Let us make it up.'

"She came and kissed me, went up to Sir Charles, took his hand, then stooped, and just touched his forehead with her lips. I saw the tears start to her eyes. 'You dear, kind people,' she said, 'I'll be good, and go wherever you like to send me, if papa will come; only don't make a fuss about me. You know how I hate that.'

"Mr. Faulkener entered the room at that moment. 'Papa,' she said to him, 'here are Mrs. Rowley and Charlie insisting that I'm ill, and must go to Brighton. It's all their nonsense, of course, but I suppose they must be humoured; can you come?'

"Mr. Faulkener looked at her closely. Much as he dotes on her, it would not occur to him, you know, to watch her, or anyone else, enough to notice slight changes.

"'My dear child,' he said, 'you are not really ill, are you?'

"'Of course not, papa, I never am. But it's no use telling them so. Should you mind going there?'

"'Not at all, darling. Indeed I think it would be pleasant. Somebody must see to lodgings, and—and that sort of thing, you know,' he added, stretching himself in his arm-chair almost as lazily as you could, Frank.

"That was soon settled. Sir Charles has to go to town on business the day after tomorrow, and he will run down to Brighton and get lodgings, and then come back and fetch them, and they are all going there the end of next week.

"Alice took me into her little boudoir before I left. 'Milly,' said she, 'I'm quite ashamed of my ill-temper, but you must not think the worse of me or suppose I don't love you and dear Charlie as much as you deserve,—if that's possible. Did you really think me ill?'

"I told her I did, and that she had seemed to me not quite happy of late.

"'Oh, you are wrong, indeed you are,' she

said earnestly; 'I am sure I ought to be happy—and so I am—and so I mean to be; very happy.'

"There was a German book lying open on the table, with queer, crabbed pencil notes in it. I took it up, it was Goethe's *Faust*.

"'Ah! that's not mine,' said Alice. 'It is Captain Grant's. He brought it over, and was expounding some of it the other day, and forgot it. I was looking at it this morning; but I don't understand it, and I don't think I like it; and I know that that sort of reading does not do much good. I mean to reform, and give up reading so much, and learn to be useful;—not before it is time, you will say. Perhaps you had better take the book, if you don't mind. You will be sure to see him in a day or two, I suppose. But perhaps it will be more polite if I send it up myself. Good-bye now, dear Milly.'

"It was, altogether, an exciting morning, Frank; but, now I have thought it over, I feel so much happier."

"I understand," said I. "I daresay you do. And now I'll go into the conservatory, and take a quiet cigar."

I felt decidedly relieved by what I had heard. If (which I strongly suspected to be the case) Alice Faulkener's heart had somewhat wavered in its allegiance, it had done so, I thought, without her full consciousness. At the first glimpse she had of the truth she had determined to crush out the disloyalty. Her nature was strong beyond the average of women, and she might well succeed in the effort. For, after all, any feeling she might have for Rupert could not be very deep. The fascination which his rare powers had for her must be slender when weighed against the memories of long years of calm, unclouded attachment which bound her to Preston. This visit to Brighton was the very thing. The disturbing force withdrawn, the current of her life would again flow peacefully in its old channel. I admit that, much as I cared for Grant, I hardly thought of his feelings in the matter at all. I had no particular reason to think that Alice was more to him than a very beautiful and clever girl, whose conversation was very pleasant, and whose admiration was worth some slight exertion to gain. Even if he did feel more tenderly towards her—why, he was not very likely to hurt. It is difficult to believe in the wounded affections of a proud, stern man of five-and-thirty, who has lived some three lustres conspicuous for laxity among the lax. No. The little cloud that had at times caused me some faint disquiet was going to blow over, and everything was much for the best.

LOBSTERS.

THE universal popularity of that well-known member of the great crustacean family—the lobster,—and the vast demand for it as an appetising adjunct to our supper-tables, must render a few remarks on some of its peculiarities interesting to the majority of our readers.

Lobsters are found in almost all the salt waters of the habitable globe, but are always finer and better flavoured in northern latitudes than towards the south. The British Isles, and also the coasts of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, are especially celebrated for their lobsters. The demand in England for these shell-fish is so great that the entire quantity of lobsters taken annually on the British coasts is not nearly sufficient for the supply of the market; indeed, supposing every lobster caught on our coasts to be sent to London, and leaving out of our calculation all the other towns and cities of Great Britain, the supply to the metropolis alone would still fall short of the demand. Hence we import large quantities of lobsters from the northern countries of Europe, and more especially from Norway, the rocky coasts of which furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of these favourite crustacea. Lobsters, from their habits and the nature of their food, always frequent rocky shores, where there are inland creeks, shelving stones, and plenty of rough feeding-ground for them. Norway, from its natural peculiarities, is particularly qualified to afford these requisites to the lobster, and hence the rocky fiords and bays of that country are famous over the whole of Europe for the excellence and flavour of their shell-fish.

The lobster feeds upon fish, offal, shrimps and prawns, and marine insects. Of prawns he is exceedingly fond. And it is a curious sight to see (as may be sometimes seen in clear water) a lobster chasing the prawns of which his intention is to make a meal. In very clear water, and after a long-continued calm, it is sometimes possible to observe the rocks at a depth of several fathoms, when the movements of crabs, lobsters, and other fish, at the bottom of the sea, may very plainly be distinguished.

The usual method of taking lobsters is by using peculiarly shaped nets, called “pots,” which are, in fact, a sort of *basket*, stretched on hoops and covered over with netting. In the netting a circular hole is made, for the ingress of the lobster (on the same principle as that in a wire mouse-trap), so that, having once found his way into the net, the imprisoned shell-fish is unable to recede. These

“pots” are baited with dead fish or offal. Fish, however, are always to be preferred, and the fresher the better, as lobsters are choice in this respect, and will often decline to be enticed by a stale bait. The sorts of fish used are generally plaice, dabs, and small soles, and sometimes gurnards. The “gurnard” is a common fish, the size of an average whiting, and is taken in enormous quantities on all parts of our coasts in the “trawl-nets” employed for catching soles for the London market.

The lobster “pots” are sunk by means of heavy stones fastened to their hoops. Small ropes attach the “pots” to a line of floating corks on the surface of the water, which notifies to the men engaged in fishing the position of the nets. The “pots” are sunk just beyond low-water mark, as lobsters never travel far from the in-shore rocks, which furnish them with their food and lurking-places. As the tide flows in, the lobsters creep in with it, nearer and nearer to the shore, in search of their food, and are then attracted by the sight or smell of the bait in the “pots” set to catch them. All sea-fish feed on the *flood-tide*, and hence, as soon as the ebb has turned, and the tide begins to flow inward, there is a general bustle and stir amongst the inhabitants of the salt water.

In feeding, lobsters will often spring backward with surprising velocity of motion. If held fast to any obstacle by one claw, they will frequently “shoot” that claw, that is, throw it off, by which means they escape, leaving the shell behind, and being forced to retreat with the limb exposed. After the “pots” have been set about a couple of hours, they are hauled and emptied of their contents. Besides lobsters, large brown eatable crabs, of the species termed “pongers” or “pungers,” are taken in the “pots.” These are the crabs to be observed lying on every fishmonger’s slab. Green crabs, whelks, soldier-crabs, and small conger-eels are taken indiscriminately in the lobster-pot. Often a large lobster will cling to the outside of the net, unwilling to relinquish the sight of the bait, but unable to effect an entrance through the trap-hole. On such an occasion, as soon as the net is drawn to the surface of the sea, the tantalised crustacean flies off to a distance of several feet, and drops to the bottom, like a stone.

Lobsters, like all other shell-fish, shed their shells annually, and during this period are what is usually termed “sick” and unfit for the market. This change of shell occurs in the month of May, or very early in June; and whilst the transition is going on, the poor lobster retires to some secure crevice in the

rocks, out of the way of those enemies who would otherwise attack his soft, unprotected body. When the lobster is incautious in this respect he is often devoured by inches, by worms, crabs, and even those of his own species. The "ova," or spawn, of the lobster are heads of a brilliant red when boiled, and are carried under the tail of the female, which is always called a "hen" lobster. The spawn is familiarly spoken of as the "coral," and is used in making lobster-sauce, to give it that pink, inviting appearance which epicures esteem a *sine quâ non* in its preparation for the table. Lobsters, until boiled, are of a beautiful blue-black hue, which turns, as is well known, to a brilliant scarlet in boiling water. The "hen," or female lobster, is broader in the tail part than the "cock" lobster, and she is more prized on account, as above mentioned, of her furnishing gourmands with the colouring matter to the sauce which accompanies their salmon or turbot.

Cromer, on the Norfolk coast, has long had the reputation of furnishing excellent lobsters. Good they most certainly are, but not more so than those of the Yorkshire and Kentish coasts. As before said, the best furnished to the London markets are those of Norway, a "Norway lobster" being as much prized in the trade as "Colchester oysters" or "Yarmouth bloaters." Lobsters are most extraordinarily pugnacious, and when two of them engage in a combat (which they will even do on a fishmonger's slab if their claws be left untied), they seize one another with such ferocity that nothing but the loss of a limb to one or the other can cause them to relax the intensity of their hold. When a claw is lost another forms in the most surprisingly short space of time. From the frequent loss of one or other of its limbs in these conflicts, the lobster usually has its claws in different stages of formation; and, consequently, it is extremely uncommon for us to be able to purchase a lobster of which the claws are of equal size. Most often the disparity of size between them is strikingly great.

The lobster seizes its prey with great avidity, and persons who are in the habit of fishing with a hand-line on rocky ground, for codling, whiting, and other sea-fish, will not unfrequently capture a crab or a lobster thus. The hook does not fix in the lobster, but the lobster will clutch the bait tightly, and allow itself to be drawn into the boat rather than relinquish what appears a chance of a tempting morsel. The writer of this paper has, on his fishing excursions, unexpectedly taken lobsters in this fashion, more than once.

From a thoroughly reliable source, we gather the intelligence that more than 150,000% is

spent annually in the streets of London on shell-fish, and this amount includes about 70,000 lobsters, sold at prices from 3d. to 9d., and, of course, only the smallest sort. The customers of the costermongers and barrow-dealers are little tradesmen and mechanics, and do not like to go higher than 6d. or 9d. per lobster. Of course the regular fishmongers sell ten times the number, their prices varying from 1s. to 6s. per lobster, and averaging from 2s. 6d. to 3s. The average weight of marketable lobsters (without calculating those sold in the streets) is from one pound to one pound and a half. The number of lobsters sold annually in Billingsgate is about 1,400,000, most of which are used in the metropolis. Several of the towns and cities in the North of England are supplied from the Irish and Scotch coasts; and when we remember the quantities used in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns and cities, without including country supplies, we may see that some millions of lobsters are required for the consumption of the British Isles every year. The price of lobsters is exceedingly variable. Sometimes a fine lobster fetches a very low price, but usually the great demand keeps up the price to a high standard. Mr. Mayhew, in his work, "London Labour and the London Poor," records the fact that, on 24th of March, 1824, three lobsters were sold in Billingsgate for *one guinea each*! In the Haymarket and other night districts, the demand for lobsters causes them to fetch, on occasion, almost any price that the keepers of eating-rooms choose to impose upon the purchasers. During a hard frost, the supply of shell-fish is very often totally inadequate to the demand for them.

A very large number of lobsters are required for the sole purpose of making salads and sauces to eat with other fish. Curried lobsters and patties are also favourite dishes, and the lobster may be potted with advantage, and thus turned into a breakfast-relish; but it is, nevertheless, on the supper-table that he shines to the best advantage. Space does not permit, or we could say more of this interesting shell-fish; but enough has been, for the present, written of the qualities which will always cause the lobster to be the most popular of the large and important family of the marine crustacea.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

MARSHAL STORCK.

WHO WAS HE?

In this great year of Jubilee, the 300th of Shakespeare the first, and the last, it will be singular if something new concerning him, his family, his fellows, or his works, does not come to light. We fear the chance of learning any-

thing new, or corroborating anything old about him, is but small. As to his family, the mine has been pretty nearly worked out. Mr. Harness found a new husband for Mrs. Shakespeare, one *Richard James*; Mr. Collier provided the bard with a brother, of the name of *Edmund*; and forasmuch as the line of Shakespeare's own descendants ceased on the death of Lady Barnard, in 1670, it seemed difficult, to say the least of it, to furnish him with a new legal representative. Yet even that feat was essayed by one Lady Peshall, who, in 1841, made public her claim to that distinguished honour. We do not remember how she attempted to prove her claim; nor do we see how she could have done so, unless she established an illegitimate branch from the unknown lady who, thanks to the forgetive wit of Armitage Brown and Thomas de Quincey, has been celebrated as the joint mistress of Lord Pembroke and Shakespeare. But stay: the Lady Barnard we have mentioned was the granddaughter of Shakespeare, and the widow of Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon. Next to furnishing a new fact concerning Shakespeare's granddaughter, the best thing we can do is to find one for her husband. Here is one, then, both new and true. This Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, had a younger brother Francis, who was created a baronet in 1662; and Joanna, the daughter of Sir Francis's eldest son (Sir John) in 1770 married RICHARD BENTLEY. We may safely conclude, therefore, that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S granddaughter married the brother of RICHARD BENTLEY'S wife's grandfather. We challenge the Heralds' College to dispute our premises, and Professor de Morgan to dispute our conclusion.

This is a sample of the sort of lore yet to be garnered concerning the family connections of the bard. Of Shakespeare's fellows we know enough already; and all we know throws not so much as a stray star-beam across the great central figure. But his works? Thirty-seven plays constitute our stock in trade; ample for the furnishing forth of a "limbus" of Vegas, provided only that the material be beaten out into gold-leaf, or diluted after the manner of the followers of Hahnemann. We can expect no addition to that stock. He would be a very bold man who should venture to discover so much as the fragment of a lost drama of Shakespeare's. Let us, then, be content with such things as we have: and if we must have something new, who knows but that the precious volume may contain some hitherto undiscovered feature of momentous importance and of breathless interest—a new episode, or even a new *dramatis persona*. Very improbable such a

"find" will be universally pronounced. And yet, let us consider the chances that might have befallen what we already possess. We remember the reply which a critic once made to the remark, "The word you propose in the place of this undoubted misprint is inadmissible, for it does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare." "Oh, then, I suppose that had the word *agnize* got misprinted *agmize* (nothing very unlikely) you would not have allowed me to set it right." *Pariter*: Suppose the four brief remarks of the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet" had got tacked on to *Romeo's* speeches, and the entry of the worthy leech had not been notified in the usual way, we should have had to discover him, of course.

Something very like this was actually done by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his well-known "Illustrations." He observed that Macbeth had committed two murders before supper, yet that only one ghost appeared, to thrust him from his stool, and this ghost most unmeaningly rises again after having vanished before the taunts and gibes of the monarch. Accordingly Mr. Hunter came to the conclusion that the first ghost—he who was twitted by Macbeth with using dumb-show instead of speech—was, as the logicians say, "different in numero" from the ghost upon whose bones, blood, and eyes Macbeth lavished such personal, and by no means complimentary, remarks. The one, said Mr. Hunter, is the ghost of Duncan; the other is the ghost of Banquo. The Shakespearians will not have this at any price. If the two ghosts had risen together, the pundits would not have minded; but for two ghosts to rise in succession, and one of them unannounced, such a monstrous violation of ghostly ceremony is not to be thought of.

But in "Macbeth" there are *two* represented apparitions. No reader of the tragedy has ever been blind to that. So, in "Hamlet," there are three represented visitations of the ghost of *Hamlet père*—first, to the watchmen; second, to the watchmen and Hamlet *filii*; third, to the queen and prince. True it is, that on the first two occasions the ghost appears "armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie;" while, at the last visit, we have it on the authority of Dibdin, the bibliomaniac, who must needs have known all about it that was to be known, that the ghost enters "in his night-gown and slippers!" But no one, save the prince himself, ever thought of questioning the identity of King Claudius in these three ghostly appearances. Nor, on the present occasion, have we any intention of questioning it. At the most, we must own to feeling some diffi-

culty in understanding how the ghost contrived to change his attire. That the armour should "scald with safety" is appropriate to the condition of a spirit who, as I think he tells us, was made "*fast in fires*"; but it seems to me highly improbable that he would for an instant put up with that inconvenience, if he could at pleasure exchange his searing panoply for, say an asbestos shirt. But we have no desire to touch the integrity of the story. The only doubt we harbour is, whether readers and critics have not entirely overlooked another ghostly *dramatis persona*, and one, moreover, who plays no insignificant part in the conduct of the tragedy. At the first represented appearance of the ghost of the king, he does not speak; but he is spoken to. Now, we ask, is he addressed as a solitary phantom? On the contrary, does not Horatio's appeal necessarily imply that the ghost was not alone? Far be it from us to be captious or hypercritical; but only let our readers consider attentively the form of inquiry or adjuration which Horatio addresses to the ghost of Claudius:—

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
With which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march?

That's plain English, is it not? Nay, if you think we are not quoting correctly, overhaul your Bowdler, or whatever edition the decent readers of ONCE A WEEK are accustomed to use. We ask you then,—are there not here *two* persons spoken of, though only one is spoken to? Here we are told, as plainly as words can tell us, that the regal ghost addressed was walking the night *together with*, i.e., in the company of, that same fair and warlike form with which (the old word for *whom*) his deceased majesty was wont to march while in the flesh. This secondary and subordinate ghostly form, whoever he may have been, is, in fact, recognised by Horatio as an old campaigner who was once at the king's right hand in his expeditions against "Old Norway." Surely it is no impertinence to ask the bard, who knows everything, who was this "fair and warlike form," whom we thus find in attendance on the king in his post-obit excursions, as he had more than once been his companion in arms when repelling the aggressions of the hateful Polacks. Indeed, we may be sure that we shall fail to understand this most difficult drama, unless we obtain a categorical answer to this question.

Shakespeare has not done his work so clumsily or carelessly as to speak of an apparition without giving us the clue to his identity. Great has been the bedevilment which the

printers have made of his text; but in no place has the neglect of a typical punctilio been productive of so much mischief as in the passage we are about to quote; but here there is absolutely no excuse for the misprision of the editors, since the compositor of the first quarto (1603) furnishes the right text. He alone gives us the capital initial, and the correct spelling of the word which constitutes the requisite key.

Marcellus tells Horatio, after the first represented, or third recorded, visitation of the ghost (or the *ghosts*, as I should prefer saying).

Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With MARSHALL STALKE he passed through our
watch.

That's the man, beyond a doubt. *Marshal Storck*, as we should write him, was doubtless a marshal of the kingdom of Denmark, who probably died before the late king's murder. What a touching incident has been ignored by the commentators! The "pair of friends," so much together in the flesh, are still united in the spirit. The two warriors, monarch and marshal, who

th' ambitious Norway combatted,
And smote the sledded Polacks on the ice,

now "walk the night," in peaceful fellowship, and, probably, "for the day," together take their purgatorial fire-bath.

The fact of the double apparition being established, and the ghostly comrade of the monarch's spirit being thus identified, a new and important light is thrown upon various parts of this immortal drama which have failed to profit by the "farthing candles" of the commentatorial illumination.

In the first place, we have found a difficulty in Horatio's speech to Hamlet, describing the first visit of his late majesty's ghost. He says—

A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, *cap-à-pe*,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length.

What commentator has either pointed out any difficulty here, or attempted to remove it? Yet, is it not as plain as the nose on one's face that Horatio describes the ghost of the king as having walked *within his own truncheon's length*? As if it were possible for him to be out of the reach of his own baton, so long as he carried it with him. Now, it so happens that a friend of ours—we don't mind naming him, Mr. Perkins Ireland,—has a fine copy of the first folio edition, wanting the portrait and Ben Jonson's verses, indeed, and a few leaves in the middle, but annotated and corrected throughout

the play of "Hamlet" in a court hand of the 17th century; and by good fortune this very passage has received the attention of the corrector. Between the last two lines we have quoted he informs us that the true lection of the passage is—

thrice he walk'd

With Martiall Staulke by their surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length.

We might well have been puzzled to guess what the corrector meant by *Martiall Staulke*; but having determined that there was such an officer as Marshal Storck attached to the Court of Elsinore, and that he was the friend and comrade of the late king, we see at once that this MS. line is a declaration that the king's ghost was accompanied by the ghost of the deceased Marshal of Denmark, and that it was within the length of the *Marshal's truncheon* that the king walked, so close did they march abreast. We may add, by way of explanation, that what we call the Marshal's *bâton* was formerly called his *truncheon*, as in "Measure for Measure," where "the king's crown," "the deputed sword," "the marshal's truncheon," and "the judge's robe" are associated.

Secondly, in the scene with *Hamlet* and his father's ghost, there are two sentences which seem to have been intended to be spoken by the ghost of Marshal Storck. The king refuses to betray "the secrets of his prison house," and tells Hamlet that—

this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

Ghost of Marshal Storck: List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ghost of King: Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Is it likely that the ghost of the king would speak of himself in the third person? It seems clear to us that the Marshal, seeing Hamlet's amazement, and suspecting that his attention is wandering, recalls him to himself by the words "List! list! O list!" urging as a motive the love Hamlet bore his father, which the king adroitly turns to his own purposes of revenge. Johnson's "old lady," it is well known, proposed to give the line, "O horrible, horrible, most horrible!" to Hamlet; whereas all the old copies assign it to the ghost of the king. We would, in all humility, suggest that it should be given to Marshal Storck, who would know by his own experience of purgatory, how unpleasant were the consequences of going out of life "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd."

Thirdly, it has often puzzled us to account for the abrupt change of metre in the ghost's long speech about his own murder. The cor-

rector of the first folio, already mentioned, interpolates two lines after—

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen,

for which we may be thankful, as they finely complete the first stanza. We give the MS. lines in italics:—

*Mine was a brow like Mars' himself,
To threaten and command;
What a falling-off was there from me,
Whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand-in-hand,
Even with th' vow I made to her
In marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts
Were poor to those of mine.*

May we not suppose that the change of metre, so remarkable here, was intended to indicate that to this lyrical measure the two ghosts performed a *pas de deux*, which, however ludicrous it would appear on a modern stage, might have been an awful and affecting spectacle to an audience who saw nothing funny in the witches' cauldron-dance. After all, what was Marshal Storck? Is nothing known about him? Very little. The play of Hamlet furnishes only one point in his character. That worthy veteran, at least prior to his taking the marshal's bâton, had an intense dislike of that fishy condiment called *Caviary*, wherein, I dare say, he exercised a correct taste. To such an extent, however, did General Storck carry his aversion to it, that "Caviary to the General" became a proverbial phrase in Denmark, applied to anything that was distasteful. Thus Hamlet tells us that the Phrygian speech pleased not the million, "'twas caviary to the general;" i.e., as distasteful to the multitude as caviary was to General Storck. In fact, we know as little about this hero as about Shakespeare himself.

THE MADONNA DELLA SEGGIOLA.

I.

Own own dear Raphael, with the angel's face,
Wandered one evening, in the vintage time,
Far out of Rome into a country place,
Talking of pictures, stringing rhyme on rhyme,
Modelling cupids with some chance-found clay,
Discussing Buonarrotti's mighty work,
Rating proud cardinals, quoting Dante's verse,
Or heaping maledictions on the Turk.

II.

The nightingale was singing in the vines
That still remained untouched, and nearer came
The voices of the noisy vintage-men,
Whose faces through the green seemed all on flame
With sunset crimson, for a burning light
Rolled o'er the western sky, flooding the earth
With a deep fiery deluge. "Linger, night!"
We cried together in our greedy mirth.

III.

Drunk with our pleasure; time, and mood, and
scene

So well agreeing, then, by my device,
We stayed and sang an Ave, lute and voice
Making accord with blending harmonies.
Our Raphael sang the tenor, I the base;

Above us, in the olive boughs, the birds
Filled with their rival music the loved
place.

IV.

Raphael, with charcoal, on a wine-vat's top,
Drew a gay vintage scene, and trampling men,
Splashing among the grapes, and dancing boys,
When suddenly there came into our ken
A peasant mother with her rosy child,
Now roused from its warm sleep, ruffled and
shy,
Half-nestling to the breast, but yet half-turned
To watch the strangers with one startled eye.



V.

The mother, proud and happy, with a brow
Pure as a virgin martyr's, by her door
Sat there, to hear the singers, in the light
That streamed upon the humble cottage
floor,—

A very type of love, sinless, unstained,
Unselfish, and devoted. Lo! she smiled—
The centuries rolled back, and in the pair
We saw the Virgin and the Holy Child.

VI.

Then Raphael snatched a half-charred ozier-
stick,

And on the wine-cask, at the moment, drew
That child and mother, just then glorified
By the last sunshine's deepest, softest hue.

It was the brightest epoch of my life,
'That evening: lit by one bright, lonely star,
We wandered homeward, bearing in our hands
THE GREAT MADONNA DELLA SEGGIOLA. W. T.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE"

CHAPTER XIII. MISS CHESNEY'S FEAR.

Laura Chesney stood at the window, watching the retreating form of the surgeon, Mr. Carlton, as he passed hastily down the garden path in the growing twilight. A short while and he would be back again as he had promised; and Laura's heart beat at the thought, at the anticipated rapture of seeing him again, and she remained silent, losing herself in dreams of the sweetest delusion.

Only to be rudely awakened. Miss Chesney stepped to Laura's side and spoke, her gentle voice sounding strange in its sternness.

"Laura, could it be that I saw you walk through the garden when Mr. Carlton came, arm-in-arm with him?"

Laura turned her face away from her sister's view, or even in that fading hour Miss Chesney would have seen the red flush that overspread it at the words, dyeing it of a blood-red. She made no answer.

"It was not seemly, Laura. Mr. Carlton is but a surgeon: a man, so far as we know, without connections. And you are a Chesney."

"*With connections,*" retorted Laura, who was growing vexed and angry. "And much good they do me!"

"Laura dear, we are, as may be said, of the noblesse: we may not lose caste."

"I think we have lost caste already, with these wretched, paltry debts hanging over and following us about from place to place like a shadow," was the petulant answer. "They degrade us pretty well."

"You mistake, Laura. If you intend that as a refutation to my argument, you must look at things in a wrong light. In one sense of the word the debts degrade us, because there always is a degradation attaching itself to these petty debts; but they cannot in the slightest degree sully our caste; they cannot detract from our good birth or tarnish it. Do not again allow Mr. Carlton to put himself on a familiar level with you."

Loving him as she did with an impassioned, blind, all-absorbing love, Laura Chesney bitterly in her heart resented this reflection on Mr. Carlton. She was fast falling into that sadly mistaken, unhealthy frame of mind in which every consideration is lost in the one swaying passion—love. Openly she did not dare to dissent from her sister; it might have brought on an explanation for which Laura was

not prepared; and Jane, deeming she had said enough, passed to a different topic.

"What did the fly driver say?"

"He insisted on the money's being paid to him between now and twelve o'clock on Saturday; failing it then, he will proceed against papa publicly. Jane, I am sure the man will carry out his threat. He was not loud and angry, not even uncivil; but he was resolute."

"And how is it to be procured?" moaned Jane, leaning her head upon her hand. "I would almost sell myself," she added, with a burst of feeling, "rather than bring these annoyances before papa! Oh, if I could but take these troubles more effectually off him!"

"Papa can do battle with them a great deal better than you can, Jane," said Laura, who was far from sharing Jane's ultra filial feeling on the point. "And it is more fit that he should."

"It is not more fit," retorted Jane Chesney, whose usually gentle spirit could be roused by any reproach cast on him. "He is my dear dear father, and I ask no better than to devote my life to warding off care from him."

"Would you wish no better?" asked Laura, in a low, wondering tone, as she glanced at the bliss presenting itself for her future life—the spending it with Lewis Carlton.

"Nor wish better," replied Jane. And the younger sister gazed at her in compassion and half in disbelief.

"There are other petty cares coming upon us, Laura," resumed Jane, in a different tone. "Rhode has given me warning to leave."

"Rhode has!" quickly echoed Laura in surprise. "What for?"

"To 'better herself,' she said. I suspect the true motive is, that she is tired of the place. There is a great deal to do; and she hinted, somewhat insolently, that she did not like a service where applicants were continually coming for money only to be put off; it 'tried her temper.' I told her she might go the instant I could procure a fresh servant. I do not choose to keep dissatisfied people in the house longer than can be helped. She—What is it, Lucy?"

The little girl had come running in, eagerly. "Jane, a young woman wants to see you."

"Another creditor," thought Jane with a sinking heart. "Is it the woman from the fruit shop, Lucy?"

"Oh no. Rhode says it is a young woman come after the place. She has taken her into the kitchen and wished me to ask if you would please to see her."

Miss Chesney looked as though she scarcely understood. "A young woman come after the place!" she repeated. "Why it is not an hour since Rhode told me she must leave! Ring the bell, Lucy."

Rhode came in, in answer. Miss Chesney requested an explanation with quiet dignity, and Rhode turned red, and put on a defiant look, as if she could be again insolent if she saw fit.

"I have made up my mind to it some days, Miss Chesney, and I daresay I may have spoken of it abroad. The young woman says Mrs. Fitch at the Lion told her of the place."

"Show the young woman into the dining-room," said Miss Chesney. And she proceeded thither, encountering Pompey on her way, who informed her of the termination of the inquest, and its result.

In the dining-room stood Judith Ford. She had come straight up as soon as the inquest was over. Neatly dressed in good mourning, steady in demeanour, her face full of sense and thought, Jane Chesney took a fancy to her at the first glance. Judith gave a few particulars as to herself, concluding with observing that she had been informed by Mrs. Fitch it was a housemaid who was required, but the servant Rhode had now told her it was a cook.

"In point of fact, it may be said to be both," replied Miss Chesney. "We require a servant who can undertake both duties—a maid-of-all-work, as it is called. We are genteel people and highly connected," she hastened to add, not in a spirit of proud, mistaken boasting, but as if it were due to their own dignity to explain so far; "but my father, Captain Chesney, has a very limited income, which obliges us to keep as few servants as possible. Could you take such a place?"

Judith reflected a moment before giving her reply. In her time she had lived in the capacity of cook and was equal to its duties, but it was not the place she would have preferred.

"Should I be the only servant kept, ma'am?" she enquired, feeling, in the midst of her demur, that she should like much the gentle lady before her for a mistress.

"The only maid servant. We keep a man who attends on papa and waits at table; he helps a good deal also in the kitchen, gets in coal, cleans the knives, and such-like; and he answers the door in a general way. I do not think you would find the work too much."

"I think I might venture upon it," observed

Judith, half in soliloquy. "I once lived sole in a place. It was a gentleman's family, ma'am, too. I have never served in any other."

"We could not take a servant from a tradesperson's family," returned Miss Chesney, who was deeply intrenched in her aristocratic prejudices. "Where is it that you say you are staying?"

"Number fourteen, Palace Street."

The sound struck on Miss Chesney's ear. "Number fourteen, Palace Street! Why! that must be close to the house where that sad tragedy has just taken place!"

"It is next door to it, ma'am," was Judith's answer.

All Jane Chesney's curiosity, all her marvel—and the best of us possess a good share of it—was aroused. "Did you see the young lady?" she inquired, quite breathless in her interest.

"I saw her several times; I was with her," was Judith's answer. "Mr. Stephen Grey could not get the nurse for her that he wished, and he was glad that I could be with her; he saw a great deal of me, ma'am, in my last place."

"It was a terrible thing," remarked Miss Chesney.

"It was an awful thing," said Judith, "wherever the blame may lie."

"That of course lies with Mr. Stephen Grey. There cannot be two opinions upon it."

"There *can*, ma'am," dissented Judith, in an impressive but respectful manner. "The jury—to go no further—were of a different opinion."

"I can understand their verdict; that is, understand the feeling which prompted them to return it. They did not like to bring in one against their fellow townsman. Mr. Stephen has been so much respected in the town—as I hear; but we are little more than strangers in South Wenlock."

"The case is altogether shrouded in unaccountable mystery," said Judith, her own voice assuming unconsciously a lower tone as she spoke. "It may come to light some time; I trust it will; whenever it does I am sure it will be found that Mr. Stephen Grey was innocent."

"Do you think there was no mistake made in the medicine?"

"I feel persuaded there was none; that it was sent out from Mr. Stephen Grey's pure. That the young lady was murdered,—as deliberately and wickedly murdered as anybody ever was in this world, is my firm belief."

"By whom?"

"Ah, ma'am, there it all lies. That is the mystery that nobody can fathom."

"Pompey has been saying that the people were talking when they came out of the inquest room about the strange face on the stairs. They said that, but for that, the verdict might have gone against Mr. Stephen Grey."

This interposition came from Lucy Chesney; she had come silently into the room to look at the young woman who was seeking to live with them. The unfortunate affair in Palace Street with its strange circumstances had excited all her interest—as such affairs will and do excite the interest of children—and every little additional detail was eagerly picked up by Lucy.

"What strange face was seen on the stairs?" exclaimed Jane Chesney, forgetting reproof in her surprise.

"Pompey says that Mr. Carlton saw a man with a strange face by the lady's bedroom door, just before her death, Jane."

Jane Chesney recalled her scattered senses. "Lucy, go up to papa," she said. "You should not have come in here without asking my permission, and you must not listen to all the idle tales brought home by Pompey."

The little girl went away in obedience, but half reluctantly, and Miss Chesney inquired an explanation of Judith.

"When Mr. Carlton paid a visit to Mrs. Crane the night of the death, he thought, in leaving, that he saw a strange face on the stairs. Mr. Carlton now says he thinks it was only his fancy; but, ma'am, the coroner seemed to attach a great deal of importance to it. It is a pity," added Judith, again falling into soliloquy, "but all the circumstances could be brought into the full, clear light of day."

"Seemed to attach—you do not mean to say you were at the inquest!" exclaimed Miss Chesney.

"Yes I was, ma'am. I have now come from it."

"I never heard of such a thing," cried Miss Chesney, recovering from her astonishment. It did sound very strange to her that a servant should attend a coroner's inquest for—as she supposed—pleasure.

"I was anxious to be there," explained Judith, "and I did not know but I might be called upon also as a witness. Though I had known the young lady but three or four days, ma'am, I had learnt to love her, and since she died I have hardly touched food. I could not have rested without hearing the evidence. And I am very glad I did hear it," she added, pointedly and emphatically. "My having been at the inquest will not make me the less good servant, ma'am."

Miss Chesney could not avoid a smile. Of

course it would not, she answered; but the admission had sounded strange. However, she was not one to carry on gossip with a servant, and she quitted the subject for the other, which had brought Judith to the house.

The result of the interview was, that Judith's character was to be inquired into of her late mistress, and she was told to come again in a day or two for a final answer.

Miss Chesney, deep in thought, entered the drawing-room with a quiet step; and a choking sensation of pain, of dread, rushed over her, for she fancied she saw her sister Laura's face lifted hurriedly from the shoulder of Mr. Carlton. She *must* have been deceived, she repeated to herself the next moment; yes, she must have been deceived.

But he was certainly standing there; they were standing together in the slight remaining rays of light that came in at the window. Jane Chesney's eyes suddenly opened to much that had hitherto been obscure—to Laura's fastidiousness latterly on the subject of her own dress, to the beaming look of radiant happiness sometimes to be seen on her face, to her unaccountable restlessness when they were expecting the daily professional visit of the surgeon. Could it be possible that she was learning to love him?

Crossing the room, she stirred the black fire into a blaze, rang for the lamp, and turned to Laura; speaking sharply.

"Why are you in the dark, Laura?"

"Because Pompey did not bring in the lamp, I suppose," returned Laura, in a tone breathing somewhat of incipient defiance.

Jane pressed down her anger, her fear, and composed her manner to calmness. "I did not know you had returned, Mr. Carlton," she said. "Have you been back long?"

"Long enough to talk secrets to Laura," he laughingly replied, in a bold spirit. "And now I will go up to Captain Chesney."

He met the black servant carrying the lamp in as he quitted the room. Pompey was getting to be quite an old man now; he had been in Captain Chesney's service for many years.

"Let the shutters be for the present, Pompey," said his mistress; "Come in again by-and-by. What is all this, Laura?" she added impatiently, as the man left the room.

Laura Chesney remained at the window, looking out into the darkness, her heart full of rebellion. "What is what?" she asked.

"What did Mr. Carlton mean—that he had been talking secrets to you?"

"It was a foolish remark to make."

"And he presumingly spoke of you by your Christian name!"

"Did he?"

"Did he! Did you not notice it? Laura, I—I thought—I thought I saw your head leaning upon him," returned Jane, speaking as if the very utterance of the words choked her.

"You are fanciful," answered the younger sister. "You always were."

Were the words spoken in subterfuge? Jane feared so. "Oh Laura!" she exclaimed in agitation, "I have heard of young ladies allowing themselves to be on these familiar terms with men, receiving homage from them in their vanity, caresses even in their love! Surely nothing of the sort is arising between you and Mr. Carlton?"

Laura made no reply.

"Laura," continued Jane, in a sharp, ringing tone of pain, "do you like him? Oh, take care what you are about! You know you could never marry Mr. Carlton."

"I do not tell you that I like him," faltered Laura, some of her courage beginning to forsake her. "But why could I not marry him?"

"Marry him! You! The daughter of Captain Chesney marry a common country apothecary! The niece——"

"There! don't go on, Jane; that's enough,"—and the young lady stamped her foot passionately.

"But I must speak. You are Miss Laura Chesney——"

"I tell you, Jane, I won't listen to it. I am tired of hearing who we are and what we are. What though we have great and grand connections,—do they do us any good? Does it bring plenty to our home?—does it bring us the amusement and society we have a right to expect? Jane! I am tired of it all. There are moments when I feel tempted to go and do as Clarice has done."

There was a long pause—a pause of pain; for Laura had alluded to the one painful subject of the Chesneys' later life. Jane at length broke the silence.

"It would be better for you, even that, than marrying Mr. Carlton," she said in a hushed voice. "Laura, were Mr. Carlton our equal, I could not see you marry him."

Laura turned round from the window now, turned in her surprise. "Why?"

"I do not know how it is that I have taken so great a dislike to Mr. Carlton," continued Miss Chesney in a dreamy tone, not so much answering Laura as communing with herself.

"Laura, I cannot bear Mr. Carlton; it seems to me I would rather see you in your grave than united to him, were he the first match in England."

"But I ask you why."

"I cannot explain it. For one thing—but I don't care to speak of that. You have accused me before now, Laura, of taking prejudices without apparent reason; I have taken one against Mr. Carlton."

Laura tossed her head.

"But—in speaking with reference to yourself—we have been supposing for argument's sake that he was your equal," resumed Jane. "He is not; he never can be; therefore we may let the subject drop."

"What were you going to urge against him, the 'one thing' that you would not speak of?" returned Laura.

"It may be as well not to mention it."

"But I shall be very much obliged to you to mention it, Jane. I think you ought to do so."

"Well then—but you will think me foolish—Mr. Carlton was so mixed up, and unfavourably, with that dreadful dream I had of Clarice on Monday night. I never liked Mr. Carlton, but since that night I seem to have had a horror of him. I cannot help this, Laura; I daresay it is very foolish; but—we cannot account for these things."

How foolish Laura Chesney thought it, the haughty contempt of her countenance fully told. She would not condescend to answer it; it was altogether beneath her notice; or she deemed it so.

Jane Chesney took her work basket and sat down near the lamp. She was looking at some work, when a violent knocking overhead of Captain Chesney's stick was heard, and Lucy came flying down the stairs and burst into the room.

"Oh Jane!" she exclaimed, "Lady Oakburn's dead."

Jane dropped her work; Laura moved to the table, aroused to excitement.

"Dead!" repeated Jane. "And when she wrote to me last week she was so well!"

"Jane, Jane, you don't understand," said the child. "It is young Lady Oakburn; not our old aunt the dowager. And a little baby has died with her."

The thumping of the stick overhead had never ceased. Jane, recovering her scared senses, ran up-stairs, the others following her. Captain Chesney was on his couch, all turmoil and impatience, rapping incessantly; and Mr. Carlton sat near him, evidently at a loss to comprehend what caused the tumult. A shaded candle was on the table, but the blaze of the fire fell full on the surgeon's impassive face, curious and inquiring now. It appeared that he had been conversing with his patient when Lucy saw something in the Times news-

paper, which was lying partially folded on the table, having only recently been brought in, and she read it out aloud to her father.

Captain Chesney lifted his stick and brought it down on the table after his own fashion, as they entered. "Take up that newspaper, Jane," he exclaimed, "and see what it is that Lucy has stumbled upon in the deaths."

Jane Chesney ran her eyes downwards from the top of the column, and caught sight of something in the notice of births which she read aloud.

"On the 12th instant, in South Audley Street, the Countess of Oakburn of a daughter."

Then in the deaths:—

"On the 14th instant, in South Audley Street, aged twenty-one, Maria, the beloved wife of the Earl of Oakburn."

"On the 14th instant, in South Audley Street, Clarice, the infant child of the Earl of Oakburn."

Jane's voice ceased, and the captain brought his stick on the floor with one melancholy thump, as did Uncle Toby his staff, in the colloquy with Corporal Trim.

"Gone!" uttered he. "The young wife gone before the old grandmother!"

"Did you know the parties, sir?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Know them, sir!" returned the choleric captain, angry at having, as he deemed, so foolish a question put to him, "I ought to know them, for they are my blood relations."

"I was not aware of it," said Mr. Carlton.

"No, sir, perhaps you were not aware of it, but it's true, for all that. My father, sir, was the Honourable Frank Chesney, the second son of the ninth Earl of Oakburn and brother to the tenth earl; and the late earl, eleventh in succession, and father of the present earl, was my own cousin. It's a shame that it should be true," continued the captain, his stick noisily enforcing every other word, "a shame that I should be so near the peerage of England, and yet be a poor half-pay navy captain! Merit goes for nothing in this world, and relationship goes for less. If the late earl had chosen to exert himself, I should have been an admiral long ago. There have been Admiral Chesneys who distinguished themselves in their day, and perhaps I should have made no exception," he concluded, with a violent accession of the stick accompaniment.

"They named the little child 'Clarice,' you see, papa," observed Jane, after a pause.

"As if the old dowager would let them name her anything else!" cried the captain. "You don't know the Dowager Countess of Oakburn, probably, Mr. Carlton; the present earl's grandmother!"

"No, sir, I do not."

"You have no loss. She is his grandmother, and my aunt; and of all the pig-headed, selfish, opinionated old women, she's the worst. When Jane was born"—nodding towards his daughter—"she says to me, 'You'll name her Clarice, Frank.' 'No I won't,' I said, 'I shall call her by her mother's name,'—which was Jane. The same thing over again when Laura was born. 'You'll name her Clarice, Frank, and I'll stand godmother,' cries the countess. 'No I won't,' I said, 'I shall name her after my sister Laura'—who had died. And then my lady and I had a lasting quarrel. Her own name's Clarice, you see. Yes! I am as near as that to the great Oakburns (who are as poor as church mice for their rank, all the whole lot), and I'm a half-pay captain, hard up for a shilling!"

"Are there many standing between you and the title, sir?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"There's not one between me and the title," was the answer. "If the earl should die without children, I become Earl of Oakburn. What of that? He is a young man and I am an old one. He'll soon be marrying again, and getting direct heirs about him."

"I think if I were as near the British peerage as that, I should be speculating upon reaching it," said Mr. Carlton, with a genial laugh.

"And prove yourself a fool for your pains," retorted the blunt sailor. "No; it's bad enough looking after old men's dead shoes; but it's worse looking after young ones." I thank goodness I have not been idiot enough for that; I never, sir, allowed myself to glance at the possibility of becoming Earl of Oakburn: never. There was also another heir before me, the young earl's brother, Arthur Chesney, but he died. He got into a boating row at Cambridge a year or two back, and was drowned. Jane, you must see to the mourning."

Jane's heart sank with dismay at the prospect of the unexpected cost. "Need we go to the expense, papa?" she faltered.

"Need we go to the expense!" roared the captain, his tongue and his stick going together, "what do you mean? You'd let the young countess go into her grave and not put on mourning for her? You are out of your senses, Miss Chesney."

Mr. Carlton rose. He buttoned his coat over his slender and very gentlemanly figure, and contrived to whisper a word to Laura as he was departing.

"Be at ease, my darling. You shall be mine. Should they deny you to me, I will steal you from them."

Her hand was momentarily in his; his

breath mingled with hers, so low had he bent to her ; and Laura, with a face of crimson and an apprehensive heart, glanced round to see if Jane was watching. But Jane had stooped over the gouty foot, in compliance with some sudden demand of Captain Chesney's.

CHAPTER XIV.—MR. CARLTON'S DEMAND.

A SHORT while went by, just a week or two, and the excitement caused by Mrs. Crane's death was beginning in some degree to subside. No discoveries had been made, no tidings obtained as to who she was or what she was ; no light whatever had arisen to clear up the mystery of her death. It is just possible the police did not bestir themselves in the search so actively and perseveringly as they might have done : there were no distressed surviving relatives to urge them on ; there was no reward offered as a spur to exertion : and the poor young lady, who had arrived so strangely at South Wennock, apparently friendless and unknown, seemed likely to remain unknown.

Things were progressing at the house of Captain Chesney. Progressing to an issue that not one of its inmates as yet dreamed of. The Captain himself was *not* progressing. Through some imprudence of his own he had been thrown back in his recovery, and was still a prisoner to his room. The crape band placed on his hat for the young Countess of Oakburn had not yet been worn, and Jane Chesney was already beginning to be in trouble over the bills sent in for the mourning of herself and sisters. The disagreeable servant Rhode had departed, and Judith Ford had entered the house in her place.

So far, so good. But that was not all.

The relapse of Captain Chesney afforded an excuse for the more frequent visits of Mr. Carlton. The fractious invalid complacently set them down to anxiety for himself, and thought what an attentive doctor he had got. Jane was half in doubt whether the two visits daily—the short one in the morning, snatched while Mr. Carlton was on his round to his other patients ; the long, gossiping one in the evening—had their rise in any motive so praiseworthy : but as she saw no further reprehensible signs of intimacy between the surgeon and her sister, she hoped for the best.

Unknown to Jane Chesney, however, Mr. Carlton and Laura did contrive to snatch occasionally sundry stolen moments of interview. In one of these, Mr. Carlton told her that the time had come for his speaking out to Captain Chesney. His father, who had been—*he* emphatically said it—a bad father to him for years, who had turned a resolutely deaf ear to

any mention of his son's possible marriage, who would never suffer a hint of such a future contingency to be mentioned in his presence, nay, who threatened to invoke all kinds of ill upon his head if he contracted one, had suddenly veered round to the opposite extreme. Nothing brings a bad or careless man to his senses sooner than to find himself struck down with unexpected or desperate sickness, where the grave is seen as a near vista, its portals already opening. Such an illness had overtaken Mr. Carlton the elder, and perhaps had been the means of changing his policy. One thing it certainly effected : a reconciliation with his son. From his residence in the east of London, a handsome house in a bad district, where he lay, as he thought, dying, he sent forth a telegraphic summons to his son at South Wennock, as you have already heard tell of ; and though the immediate danger was soon over for the time, some of its penitential effects remained. Mr. Carlton urged marriage upon his son now, telling him it would keep him steady, and he made him a present of a good sum towards the setting up of his house for the reception of a wife.

The money was only too welcome to Lewis Carlton ; nobody but himself knew how he had been pushed, how pinched. He paid certain debts with some of it, and the rest he was appropriating to its legitimate purpose—the decorating and embellishing of his house inside. Many articles of new and costly furniture were ordered to come in ; and Mr. Carlton spared no pains, no money, to make it comfortable for her whom he loved so passionately—Laura Chesney.

It never occurred to him that he could be eventually refused. A demur at first he thought there might be, for Laura had confessed to him how exacting her family was on the score of birth, and Mr. Carlton had no birth to boast of, hardly knew what the word meant. But if Laura had birth, he had a good home, a rising practice, and the expectation of money at his father's death ; and he may be excused for believing that these advantages would finally weigh with Captain Chesney.

With Mr. Carlton, to determine upon a thing, was to do it. He had no patience, he could not wait and watch his time ; what he resolved to have, he must have at once. This acting upon impulse had cost him something in his life, and perhaps would again.

He did as he resolved. He spoke out boldly, and asked Captain Chesney for his daughter Laura. The captain received the offer—well, you had better hear how he received it.

It was proffered at an hour when Jane and

Laura were out. Mr. Carlton had an instinctive conviction that Jane Chesney would be against him, and Laura had confirmed him in it; therefore he judged it well to speak when she was out of the way. The captain's consent gained, he could snap his fingers metaphorically at Miss Chesney. He had paid his morning visit to the captain, and then gone further up the hill to see other patients, but he was not long, and as he was returning he saw the two Miss Chesneys come out of the gate, in their black silk dresses, and go toward the town. They did not see him. A moment's hesitating pause in his own mind, and Mr. Carlton entered. Lucy came looking from the drawing-room as he entered the hall, and he went into the drawing-room with her, while Pompey went up to inquire if his master would allow Mr. Carlton five minutes' private conversation.

"Are you drawing?" Mr. Carlton asked, as he saw the signs of employment on the table.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "I am so fond of drawing, especially landscapes. Jane draws beautifully; she teaches me. Laura likes music best. See, I have to fill in these trees before Jane comes home; she set me the task."

"You won't half do it," said Mr. Carlton, looking down at the cardboard at which Lucy was now working steadily. "You will be wanting to run away to play, long before that's done."

"I may want perhaps, but I shall not do it. I would not disobey Jane. Besides, it is my duty to attend to my studies."

"Do you always do your duty?" inquired the surgeon, with a smile.

"Not always, I'm afraid. But I try to do it. Mr. Carlton, I want to ask you something?"

"Ask away, young lady," said he.

Lucy Chesney laid down her pencil, and turned her sweetly earnest eyes on Mr. Carlton; they were beaming just now with saddened light.

"Was it really true that that poor sick lady was poisoned wilfully?—that some wicked man put the prussic acid in the draught?"

How his mood changed! The question appeared to excite his ire, and an impatient word escaped him.

"What have I done now?" exclaimed Lucy in excessive wonder. "Ought I not to have asked it?"

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Lucy," he said, recovering his equanimity. "The fact is, I have not had a moment's peace since the inquest. South Wennock has done nothing but din these questions into my ears. I think sometimes I shall be turned into prussic acid myself."

"But was it wilfully done?" persisted Lucy, forgetting the rebuff in her anxious curiosity.

"That question had better be asked of Mr. Stephen Grey: perhaps he can answer it. No, of course it was not wilfully done."

"And, Mr. Carlton, please tell me, have they found out whose face that was upon the stairs?"

A sudden shade arose to the face of Mr. Carlton, discernible even by Lucy. The child thought it looked like dread.

"That was all nonsense," said he. "There was no face there."

"The captain says Misser Doctor go up," interrupted the black servant, coming in with his broken English. And Mr. Carlton went.

Captain Chesney was a prisoner still, as to his legs; they were raised on the rest. A table was on one side of him, bearing various articles that he might want, and his stick at hand on the other.

"What are you back for?" he asked, with some abruptness.

"I have a petition to make to you, Captain Chesney," began the surgeon, as he took, uninvited, a chair opposite the invalid, and perhaps for the first time in his life Mr. Carlton may have been conscious of a nervousness of manner quite foreign to him. "I have been hoping to speak to you these many weeks, and the time has at length come when I trust I may do so without great presumption. Before I enter upon my immediate subject, you will allow me a word of explanation as to who I am. My father is a medical man in London, in extensive practice; I am his only child, and expect at his death to inherit something very considerable. I think—I fear—that death will not be long delayed, and then I shall be what may be called a rich man."

"Sir," interrupted the plain-spoken sailor, "wherefore tell me this? Were your father Chancellor of the Exchequer, and could endow you with the country's revenues, it would be no business of mine."

A flush rose to the brow of Mr. Carlton.

"Permit me a moment yet, Captain Chesney, while I speak of myself. I am well established here; am getting into extensive practice—for the Greys are going down; and down they will go, after that fatal mistake of Mr. Stephen's. In a little time, sir, I expect to be netting a thousand pounds a year."

"But what is it all to me?" wondered the captain. "I'm sure you're welcome to it."

"Even had I only that in prospect, it would not be so bad an income; but when my father's money is added to it, I shall hold my own with any one in Wennock. Captain

Chesney, I want one to share this with me. I want you to give her to me. Your daughter."

Mr. Carlton spoke in a low tone of emotion, and it may be doubted whether the captain heard him aright. Certain it is that he made no reply, but stared at Mr. Carlton as if he had become moonstruck.

"I speak of Miss Laura Chesney," continued the surgeon. "Oh, sir, give her to me! I will make her a loving husband. She shall want for nothing to render her happy that the most anxious care and tenderness can bestow."

Captain Chesney wondered whether he himself had gone mad, or whether Mr. Carlton had. He had a firm conviction that it must be one or the other. He no more believed it within the range of possibility that any common country practitioner should presume to aspire to an alliance with the aristocratic family of Chesney, than that he, the captain, should dare to aspire to one of the royal princesses. His stick trembled ominously, but did not as yet come down.

"WHAT did you say, sir?" he demanded, with set teeth.

"Sir, I love your daughter; I love Laura Chesney as I have never yet loved, and never shall love another. Will you suffer me to make her my wife?"

Down came the stick in all its thunder, and out roared the captain's voice as an accompaniment, shouting for Pompey. The black servant flew up, as if impelled by something behind him.

"Was massa ill?"

"Ill!" chafed the captain. "*He* is!" he added, pointing the stick at Mr. Carlton. "He's mad, Pompey; gone stark staring mad: you've shut me up here with a mad fellow. Get him out of the house, somehow."

The bewildered Pompey stood in confusion. He knew his choleric master said anything that came uppermost, and he glanced at the calm face, the still, self-possessed bearing of Mr. Carlton; certainly he looked like anything but a madman.

Mr. Carlton rose, his manner haughty, his voice cold. "Captain Chesney, I am a gentleman; and my proposal to you at least required courtesy. Have the kindness to favour me with an intelligible answer."

"I'll be shot if you get any other answer from me. You *are* mad, sir; nobody but a fool or a madman would dream of such a thing as you have now been proposing. Do you know, sir, that my daughter is a CHESNEY?"

"And I am a Carlton. If the names were to be picked to pieces in the *Heralds' College*, the one might prove equal, if not superior to the other."

"Why—goodness bless my soul!" retorted the amazed captain, "you—you are a common apothecary, sir—a dispenser of medicine! and you would aspire to a union with the family of Chesney?"

"I am a member of the Royal College of Surgeons," angrily repeated Mr. Carlton, who was beginning to lose his temper.

"If you were the whole College of Surgeons rolled into one,—their head, and their tail, and their middle,—you wouldn't dare to glance at my daughter, had you any sense of propriety within you. Do you mean to show this gentleman out, you rascal?" added the inflamed captain, menacing with his stick the head of the unhappy Pompey.

"Door open, Misser Doctor," cried Pompey. But Mr. Carlton motioned him away with a gesture of the hand.

"Captain Chesney, I have told you that I love your daughter; I have told you that my prospects are sufficiently assured to justify me in marrying. Once more I ask you—will you give her to me?"

"No, by Jove!" raved the captain, "I'd see your coffin walk first. Here—stop—listen to me; I'd rather see *her* in her coffin, than disgraced by contact with you. You wed Laura Chesney? Never, never."

"What if I tell you that her hopes—her life, I may almost say—are bound up in me?" cried Mr. Carlton in a low tone.

"What if I tell you that you are a bad and wicked man?" shrieked the captain. "How dared you take advantage of your being called into my house professionally, to cast your covetous eye on any of my family? Was that gentlemanly, sir? was it the act of a man of honour? You confounded old idiot, standing there with your great goggle eyes, what possesses you to disobey me? Haven't I ordered you to show this—this person—to the door!"

The last two sentences, as the reader may divine, were addressed to the bewildered Pompey. Mr. Carlton wore a resolute expression of face just then. He took it with him, and stood before Captain Chesney, folding his arms.

"It is said in Scripture, that a woman shall leave father and mother, and cleave unto her husband. I would ask you a question, Captain Chesney. By what right, her affections being engaged, and my means suitable, do you deny me your daughter?"

"The right of power, sir," was the sarcastic retort. "And, now that I have answered your question, allow me to ask you one. By what right did you seek her affections? You came into my house with one ostensible object, and clandestinely availed yourself of your foot-

ing in it to pursue another ! Sir, you had no right to do this, and I tell you that you are a sneak and a coward. Begone, Mr. Surgeon ; send me up your bill, when you get home, and never attempt to put your foot inside my door again, or to cast a thought to Miss Laura Chesney."

"That is easier said than done, Captain Chesney," concluded Mr. Carlton, but he did not turn to leave.

"Now, you black villain ! the door, I say ; and both of you may thank your stars that I am this day powerless, or your skins might learn what it is to be heard a quarter-deck commander."

But Mr. Carlton was already out, and Pompey also. A good thing that they were, for the stick of the roused captain came flying through the air after them ; whether meant for one or the other, or both, the sender best knew. It struck the door-post and fell clattering on the floor, denting another dent into the gold top, which already had so many dents in it—as the meek Pompey could testify.

Leaning against the door, shivering and sick, was Lucy Chesney. The noise in the chamber had attracted her notice, and she ran up, but stopped at the entrance, too terrified to enter. She touched the arm of Mr. Carlton.

"Oh, tell me what has happened ? I heard Laura's name. What has she done ?"

Mr. Carlton shook off her hand, and moved forward, buried in thought. Before he had descended above a stair or two, his recollection apparently came to him, and he went back to the child.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear ; it is nothing to tremble at. I made a proposition to Captain Chesney, and he forgot his good manners in answering it. It will be all right ; mind, I tell you that it will, and you may tell Laura so, from me. Forgive my having passed you rudely, Lucy ; at that moment I was not myself."

He quitted the house, turned out at the gate, and there came face to face with the Miss Chesneys. Something that they intended to take to the town with them had been forgotten, and they were returning for it. Mr. Carlton stood before them and raised his hat. Jane wondered at his presumption in stopping them.

"Can I speak a word with you apart ?" he suddenly demanded of Laura.

She blushed violently, but after a moment's indecision would have stepped aside with him, had not Jane interposed.

"You can have nothing to say in private to Miss Laura Chesney, that may not be said in public, Mr. Carlton. I must beg her to decline your request."

In direct defiance to her sister, Laura could not grant it. Mr. Carlton saw she could not,

and his resolution was taken. He addressed Laura, allowing Miss Chesney to hear, but taking no more notice of her than if she was not by.

"I have been speaking to Captain Chesney. I have been asking him to allow me to address you, and he received my proposals as if they were an insult. He would not hear me make them, or listen to any explanation ; he treated me as I should think no gentleman was ever treated yet. Laura, I can now only depend upon you."

She stood before him, her whole face glowing ; frightened, but happy.

"But Rome was not built in a day," added Mr. Carlton. "Brick was added to brick, stone to stone, mortar to mortar, pillar to pillar. Ill as Captain Chesney has this day received me, I forgive him for your sake, and hope the time may come when he will be induced to listen to us. We must both strive to subdue his prejudices."

Jane moved a step forward ; she knew what her own course would be, had the proposition been made to her, and she had little doubt it must have been her father's.

"Has my father forbidden you the house, sir ?"

"He has. But, as I say, I and your sister must hope to subdue his prejudices. Miss Chesney," he added, seizing her unwilling hand, "do not you be against us. I cannot give up Laura."

"You say 'against us,'" returned Jane. "In making use of those words it would almost lead to a belief that my sister has an understanding with you in this matter. Is it so ?"

"It is," replied Mr. Carlton, in a deep tone ; "the understanding of love. Miss Chesney, it is no child's affection that she and I entertain for each other ; it is not one that can be readily put aside, even at the will of Captain Chesney. Will you aid us to overcome his opposition ?"

"No," said Jane, in a low but firm tone. "I am deeply grieved, deeply shocked, to hear you say this. What you are thinking of can never be."

"I see," said Mr. Carlton, in a cold accent, "you share Captain Chesney's prejudices against me. Miss Chesney—allow me to say it—they may not yet be unconquerable. I tell you, I tell Laura in your presence, that I will do all I can to subdue them ; I will do all I can to win her, for mine she shall be. My darling"—and his voice changed to tenderness—"only be true to me ! it is all I ask. I am not to be admitted again to your house ; but I shall see you elsewhere, though it be but a chance road meeting, such as this. Good morning, Miss Chesney."

He passed on towards the town, and a conviction of future trouble arose in Jane Chesney's heart as she gazed after him. But she never guessed how bitter that trouble was to be.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN PULPIT.

SOME men simply *purchase* sermons and preach them. It would not be correct to say that they serve God and their congregations with what "costs them nothing," although manuscript sermons—as we discover from advertisements in the Times, and other papers—can be had cheap.

With some preachers sermonising is a labour of love, with others it is a work of great ingenuity. Sermons are supposed to be manufactured out of texts of Scripture. Some may, possibly, doubt this, on account of the small number of modern sermons which retain anything like the meaning or spirit of the text. Like the logwood port manufactured in England, they possess no true flavour of the grape, of "wine on the lees."

The division of a text of scripture into various parts for the production of a sermon is sometimes called a skeleton, and sometimes a plan. Both terms are equally happy, and graphically descriptive of the process. Some sermons are composed to such an extent of divisions and sub-divisions, that they are not inappropriately called "skeletons," or "bags of bones."

In making a skeleton—that is, a real skeleton, of man, beast, or bird—it is necessary to scrape away all the flesh, and work and rub till the bones are *very dry*. When brought to this state of perfection, it is put on wires. The sermoniser adopts a similar plan. He divests his text of everything but the mere words, which he separates from each other.

After such a separation of parts, we could scarcely expect the original words or thoughts to be re-arranged in their natural order, were this even intended. It requires some skill and practice, after taking a watch to pieces, to put the wheels and spindles, and spring, and the rest of the parts into their proper position, so as to produce regular motion.

The discourses put together in this way by the sermoniser, after the inhuman process of dissecting the "living words," are as curious, as specimens of composition, as they are deficient in natural arrangement,—

For rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky.

But, strange to say, while we might defy even Milton himself to create a soul under their ribs, or to produce a healthful circulation of divine truth through their frames, the preacher manages to ride off upon them with ease and rapidity; they are not unsuited for the parade and exercise of the modern pulpit.

But the effect of such a process on a passage of scripture is to divest it of its divine nature—of its inspiration. It is now no longer what it was; it is not even like it. The author of the words would not know them in their skeleton form. Were St. Paul to see one of his sentences reduced to this condition, he would deny that any word, or bone of it, belonged to him.

Sermonising consists of two parts, the constructive and the destructive parts. We have given an analytical outline of the destructive part, the synthetical, or constructive, requires a more perfect illustration.

The skeleton of a sermon is often called the "division" of a discourse. By division we are not to understand a logical division, which requires a logical differentia, or such a division as exhausts the subject, and brings the whole of it under consideration. The reader may perhaps call to mind divisions stated in this way:—

- I. Notice what the text contains.
- II. Notice *what it does not contain*.

Here, it is true, we have "a neat logical division," and there can be no doubt that it exhausts the subject. Whether the illustration of the second head would be likely to exhaust, most, the patience of the hearer, or the power of the preacher, would depend on circumstances.

Here we are reminded of one of the most pungent and witty things ever penned on the subject of bad sermons. It is given in the work of an old German, on retributive punishments, in which he says that in the next world all unworthy and prosy clergymen will be condemned to pass the whole of their time in reading the bad sermons they have composed in this. A most horrible punishment.

How often have we admired the patience with which pious people hear some of these preachers out. "Here's at you, till twelve o'clock to-night!" exclaimed a good Presbyterian, placing his great coat beneath him on the hard bench, when the preacher came to "twenty-sixthly."

The division of a discourse, as we have already observed, is sometimes called a "plan." The sermoniser works out these plans or divisions with all the ingenuity and perseverance of the Chinese in cutting and putting

together the parts of a mosaic cabinet, or of bees in the construction of their hives. The former illustration is the most correct, for a bee displays a high degree of mathematical skill in its work. The angles of the cells of a bee-hive are so arranged as to occupy the least possible space, and to contain the largest quantity of honey. Reaumur proposed to Kcenig, an eminent mathematician, to determine what should be the angles of a hexagonal cell with a pyramidal base to require the least material in construction. He ascertained that the greatest angle should be 109 degrees 26 minutes, and the smallest 70 degrees 34 minutes, the very angles made by the bee, whose object is to store the greatest quantity of honey in the smallest possible space.

The divisions of some modern sermonisers are made for the purpose of occupying space, for without these divisions, which, large and small, may amount on a fair average to about fifteen, he could not occupy the pulpit five minutes. We are not aware that they are constructed according to any of the acknowledged principles of mathematics, or that when constructed they are capable of containing a large quantity of that truth which is "sweeter than honey or the honey-comb."

But we are free to confess that the discourses of some of the most eloquent and popular preachers contain a large quantity of pollen, or flower dust.

The Chinaman at work at his cabinet and little pieces of ebony, and bone, and ivory, is the apter illustration, for some of our preachers are really distinguished for the "neatness"—this is the technical phrase—of their divisions: one part is made to fit into another with perfect exactness, while the contrasts of thought, and the antithesis of expression, are beautifully represented by the blacks and whites, the squares and diamonds.

Some plead the necessity of adopting such a division in order to break "the bread of life" sufficiently small to suit the capacities of their hearers. The preacher in this affair acts like the indulgent and careful mother, who first makes glass windows on her boy's bread-and-butter, and then cuts it into little square pieces to suit the size of his mouth.

There was nothing like this modern division of sermons adopted by the early teachers of the Christian Church. This mode of division was borrowed from the schoolmen. The ancient fathers confined themselves to the exposition of scripture, and remarks, in the way of exhortation, flowing from the passage.

The mode of sermonising which we have

described is practised to a greater extent by dissenting ministers than by clergymen of the Established Church. The sermons of the latter are generally simple in style and arrangement, though it often happens that in this consists their only excellence. As a considerable portion of these sermons are purchased ready-made, they seldom or never fit the mind of the preacher, who makes but an awkward exhibition in the pulpit.

A large number of preachers manufacture new sermons out of old ones, a far less objectionable practice than that of purchasing them ready-made.

It is generally known that British watch-makers are in the habit of getting most of the inner works of their watches from abroad—from France and Switzerland. They are manufactured in a better style, and at a cheaper rate, in those countries than at home. The English watchmaker merely puts them together and gives them a polish. Something analogous to this takes place in the manufacture of English sermons. Germany and America send us a pretty large supply of inner works, of springs and wheels in brass and steel, which we file, and fit, and polish for the English pulpit. The Germans are famous for their steel, we therefore get many of our main springs from them, while America supplies us with brass.

Many of our sermonisers are in the habit of 'gutting' the sermons which were manufactured in England during the last two or three centuries, and working them up into modern shapes. The value of discourses wrought out in this way cannot be great, but they are more showy than sermons wrought out of the mind of the man who delivers them. In the former case the sermoniser may choose amongst the works of the most eminent, and select what parts of them best suit his purpose and please his taste; in the latter case he is circumscribed by the powers of his own reason, invention, or imagination. That a very large proportion of the congregation will be better pleased with a figured and flaunting piece of foreign patchwork than with the more homely and sober garment without seams, there can be no manner of doubt, and it is more than we can expect from mortal man, or even minister, to sacrifice popularity, and the smiles of his auditors, by adopting a practice which will profit them more and please them less. The great end and object of the modern preacher is to please. If he does not succeed here he is nothing: he must quit the pulpit and profession. If he resolves to spin his web out of his own bowels, like the spider, he must be satisfied with the spider's corner. This we believe is the position of many of the

best and wisest of the ministers of the Christian Church.

O popular applause ! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms.
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution, in thy gentlest gales ;
But swelled into a gust, who then, alas !
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power.
Praise from the rival'd lips of toothless, bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
And craving poverty, and on the brow
Respectful, of the smutch'd artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Pour'd forth by beauty, splendid and polite,
In language soft as adoration breathes.
Ah ! spare your idol ! Think him human still.

C. B. GIBSON.

THE MIDGE-LAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ICELAND : ITS SCENES
AND SAGAS."

II.

LEIRHNUKR, whose height is only about 2,500 feet, has four heads, three of which are craters, whilst the fourth is a cone of tufa fragments. This mountain has none of the majestic beauty of Hekla, which stands up royally out of a dead level plain of marsh. It is low and insignificant ; its outline is wanting in picturesqueness ; yet its utter barrenness, its burned sides and reddened top, the bristling lava streams which gird its base, make it worth a visit. The craters are small inverted cones, the walls formed of cinder and lava, the sides sloping down rapidly to the bottom. It is a singular fact, that none of the great Icelandic volcanoes have craters such as those of Etna and Vesuvius. Hekla can show only a few saucer-like holes. Skapta, whose eruption in 1783 is the most fearful on record throughout the world, has no crater whatsoever ; it is simply a long rolling hill with a snowy head. Katla has a long ragged chasm in the place of a crater. The small craters of Leirhnukr have eminences rising like sugar-loaves opposite each other on the rim of the circle, but in nothing approach the magnificence of Baula, where an ancient crater, now existing only as a semicircle, is broken by a cone of trachyte on one side, thrust up to the height of 3,500 feet, and by a second diminutive crater on the other side, containing a cone far o'ertopping its walls.

Leirhnukr is well known for its fearful and desolating eruptions during a course of years from 1725 to 1729. During a violent earthquake in 1725 a large mouth was formed, and fiery columns, accompanied by dense clouds of smoke, burst forth from it. Ashes and fragments of lava in a molten condition were shot

like rockets into the air. This continued with slight intermission till 1726 ; and numerous boiling springs, and sulphur and mud wells, were formed on its flanks and in its neighbourhood. In 1727 the rocks gaped at the roots of the mountain, and a stream of lava gushed forth, which desolated the grass land north-east of the volcano. The whole of the country as far as Eyflir and beyond, within a range of ten miles, was buried in black dust and sand, and strewn with ashes. I crossed this tract, and could not find a trace of vegetation on it. It is impossible to tell the depth to which the former soil is buried, but it must be considerable, judging from the cuttings made by torrents in the sand-banks. The third outbreak took place in 1728, and in 1729 the fourth and last occurred, which was accompanied by an outpouring of remarkably fluid lava, which swept over the country with the rapidity of water. This began to flow on the 30th of January ; on the 7th and 27th of July fresh streams rushed down the mountain-sides from the craters at the summit, and from vents at the side ; and the flood reaching Myvatn, rolled into the lake. The view from the summit is striking. To the south lie the yellow and red sulphur mountains, enveloped in the steam which ever rises from them.

A little to the left is the bristling fringe of the Odatha Hraun already spoken of ; out of which, like a blue island, rises the precipitous Herthubreith to the height of 5,290 feet, covered with vast masses of eternal snow and ice. Near at hand is the singular cone Hjo-rendr, with yellow stains of sulphur on its side ; and below us a dozen or more bubbling pools send forth clouds of steam. These lie in a vale between us and Krafla, on whose flanks is a jet escaping with a harsh scream, and shooting far out its whirling wreath of white steam. To the north is the red gable of Hlitharfjall, and the Goosedale Fell 2,809 feet high. At the side of Krafla is a gloomy chasm about 100 feet deep, at the bottom of which is a circular pool of vitriol green water. This fearful spot, now so calm, was but a few years ago the site of a geysir. Henderson saw it in full action in 1814. He describes it thus :—" At the bottom of a deep gully lay a circular pool of black liquid matter, at least 300 feet in circumference, from the middle of which a vast column of the same black liquid was erupted with a loud thundering noise ; but being enveloped in smoke till within about three feet of the surface of the pool, I could not form any idea of the height to which it rose. Having continued some minutes to disgorge its muddy contents, the violent fury of the spring evidently began

to abate; and as the ground along the west side of the hollow seemed sufficiently solid, I got the guide to accompany me to the immediate precincts of the pool. On the northern margin rose a bank, consisting of red bolus and sulphur, from which, as the wind blew from the same quarter, we had a fine view of the whole. Nearly about the centre of the pool is the aperture whence the vast body of water, sulphur, and bluish-black bolus is thrown up, and which is equal in diameter to the column of water ejected by the Great Geysir at its strongest eruptions. The height of the jets varied greatly, rising on the first propulsions of the liquid to about twelve feet, when they began to ascend, as it were, by leaps, till they gained the highest point of elevation, which was upwards of thirty feet, when they again abated much more rapidly than they rose; and after the spouting had ceased, the situation of the aperture was rendered visible only by a gentle ebullition, which distinguished it from the general surface of the pool. During my stay, which was upwards of an hour, the eruptions took place every five minutes, and lasted about two minutes and a half. I was always apprised of the approach of an eruption by a small jetter that broke forth from the same pool, a little to the east of the great one, and was evidently connected with it, as there was a continual bubbling in a direct line between them. None of its jets exceeded twelve feet, and generally they were about five. While the eruption lasted a number of fine silver waves were thrown round to the sides of the pool, which was lined with a dark blue bolus left there on the subsidence of the waves. At the foot of the bank on which we stood were numerous small holes, whence a quantity of steam was unremittingly making its escape with a loud hissing noise; and on the west side of the pool was a gentle declivity, where the water ran out, and was conveyed through a long winding gully to the foot of the mountain." This geysir has ceased completely, and the Farmer Pjéður could tell us nothing about it. The water in the pool is now intensely cold, and remarkably transparent.

East of Krafla extends a desert to the horizon, studded at intervals with small craters of erupted scoria; one, which I examined, was about two hundred yards in diameter, and was singularly perfect, with the exception of the north-east portion of the ring, which was completely broken through by a rill of lava. Another goes by the name of the Hrossa-borg, or Castle of Horses, as it is sometimes used for a stable. This desert tract is here and there sprinkled with heather and low-creeping willow, and it is a favourite resort for reindeer in the

winter. I found a magnificent pair of horns which had been shed, and saw sawn fragments in the farms about Myvatn, where, during the winter, they are carved into spoons and knife-handles. In summer the reindeer leave the desert, and ascend the mountains, to escape from the flies, which drive them nearly mad. The heat of the sun, and the thickness of their hide, make the plains quite insupportable to them. The natives have no love for the reindeer, which devour the Icelandic moss, which is one of their own staples of food, and they hunt them down most ruthlessly. Excellent sport may be had in their chase, but the animals are very shy. There were no reindeer in the island previous to 1770, when thirteen head were brought over from Norway. Of this latch only three survived the voyage, but these rapidly increased, and now they exist in considerable herds, in the most barren and uninhabited portions of the island.

The flies which torment the deer are a perfect plague to men as well. The air, on a calm day, is quite black with them; they enter the ears, nose, eyes, and mouth, and their sting is very painful. They are grey, hunchbacked insects, with rather long, glossy wings. They settle in multitudes on the horses, especially on black ones; and the poor brutes have been known to rush, in the madness of pain, to the lake, and drown themselves, to escape from their diminutive tormentors.

The Icelanders around Myvatn wear a peculiar cap, fitting tightly to their heads, covering their cheeks, their necks, chests, and shoulders, with a small semicircular tongue cut out over the eyes and nose, and turned up upon the forehead. This cap serves as some preservative against these detestable creatures. I had fortunately provided myself with a gauze butterfly net, which I put over my head and tied round my throat, so that I could ride or walk without suffering any very considerable inconvenience from them.

Three friends — Englishmen — arrived at Myvatn whilst I was there; they had been visiting a different portion of the island, and were now intent on studying the birds of Myvatn. As the guest-room was full, my host, Pjéður, volunteered to make up beds for them in the church. This is customary in Iceland, the church being regarded not merely as a place of worship, but also as the lumber-room and guest-house to the adjoining farm. My friends declined the feather-beds from the house, knowing well that they would be alive with vermin, and contented themselves with making up their own beds with horse-rugs, blankets, and fox-skins, within the altar rails. By shutting the shutters to keep out the light

—night and day being indistinguishable during an Arctic summer—the three made themselves very comfortable for the night, and I found them loth to move on the following morning, when I came to rouse them for breakfast. Of what that breakfast consisted you may perhaps be glad to hear.

The staple was wind-dried stock-fish, which had been beaten with lava-stones till they were as hard and firm as a bit of leather. They had never seen the fire. In order to eat them—no easy matter!—we had to peel off the skin and pick out the backbone, then rip and tear with our teeth, becoming quite black in the face with the exertion; for I am not exaggerating when I compare their toughness to that of leather. We were given also fresh boiled alpine trout, with red flesh, from the lake—eaten with melted-butter, but not brought to us till they were quite cold. Cold boiled junks of mutton were placed on the table, but we did not touch them, having learned by experience that such junks were to be avoided. The moment a sheep falls ill, the Icelanders kill it, boil it, and, after having chopped it up, lay it by for consumption *next year*. As a considerable number of sheep had been afflicted with the rot in 1861, the larders in 1862 were pretty well filled with half-putrid meat, and it was only when driven to it by extremity that I could eat it. For drink, we were given a transparent spirit, called corn-brandý, served in tiny glasses, and drunk neat. Nearly an hour after breakfast is over coffee is brought in.

And now, in conclusion, I must introduce you to the flora and bird-fauna of this gloomy lake.

Perching itself on all the old lava is the glorious mountain avens, with its eight cream-coloured leaves and golden eye, starring the black rocks and dusky sands. In the hollows grow clusters of the purple meadow orchis and green winged orchis, and in the crannies of the stone are the roots of the rue-leaved saxifrage, the tufted saxifrage, and the white flickering wall-pepper. Intensely blue is the Alpine veronica, which looks out of the scanty grass. The meadow-rue is all a-quiver in every puff of air; the crow-berry shelters under its leaves multitudes of skulking flies, waiting for calm weather to sally forth on their troublesome errands. An ancient Icelandic bishop, by the way, used crow-berry juice in the place of wine for the Sacrament.

One might almost fancy that the soot and gold of the Fates was tossed down here, when one comes upon a black heap of sand sprinkled with the yellow marsh saxifrage; or that one had lighted on a daisied slope, when one meets

with a turfy patch speckled with the pink or white flowers of the erigeron.

Look at the birds! A snowy Greenland falcon watches us from yon crag; tern, with their coraline beaks and legs, and spotless white breasts, sail jauntily round us, displaying the perfect beauty of their long wings; a flight of wild geese passes over us; swans, with the sound of a trumpet, sail high up, sun-lit, on their way to distant lakes; horned grebes float dreamily on the waves around their quaint mud-plastered nests, which are tied to rushes, and rise and fall on the wavelets; a skua, dark grey, fierce, and rapid in its flight, wheels over head, and darts suddenly upon some cowering kittiwake. I hear a rustle among the reeds, and catch a glimpse of a water-rail stealing along to its nest. With a laugh like an evil spirit from yon little tarn, cut off from the lake by an arm of lava, springs a northern diver, and flies away large and dark against the northern sky, leaving the pool quivering behind him. And up among the heather I hear the croak of the ptarmigan, the mournful pipe of the plover and wail of the whimbrel, or the harsh zag-zag of the snipe.

The sun is down, but the birds are not still; they rejoice sleepless in the brief summer. But not so I: I must to bed. I see Pjétur at the door of the farm, signing to me that it is time for rest, if I purpose starting early on the morrow.

MAY-DAY PRAYER.

GIVE me, gods, a maiden fair,
And of wine an ample share;
The lass the youngest Love has shot,
The wine the oldest Bac has got.

Wine is better far than gold,
By the poets we are told;
But poets tell, or I divine,
Love is better far than wine.

All my friends shall freely drink;
The wine is theirs and mine, I think:
But the damsel, I declare,
With fierce Jove I would not share.

Give the wine a double zest;
Clasp young Beauty to thy breast:
Death is hastening to destroy
All our pleasure, all our joy.

Wine may melt our age's snow,
But youth there's no renewing, no;
Not Love can stay Joy's rapid pace,
Or keep the rose on Beauty's face.

When the wine is all drained dry,
When Beauty's latest rose shall die;
With the next wave to the sea
Let the river carry me!

PAUL RICHARDSON.

DETUR DIGNIORI.

(A TALE IN TWO PARTS.)



PART II.

I passed the next three days in this state of placid optimism, and during them saw nothing of Grant. On the third day we dined at Beechgrove, and everything seemed smooth; Alice and Mr. Faulkener had apparently come rather

to enjoy the prospect of their visit, and had extracted a half-promise from me to bring Milly down whilst they were there. On the next day Milly and I spent the whole afternoon in paying some visits, which led us a long way from home. We had dined, Milly had left

the room, and I was on the point of doing so, when the door was thrown open, and Grant came in.

"No dinner, thanks," said he, in answer to my offers. "I can't stay long, but I want to talk to you by yourself. Can you give me an hour?"

"With pleasure," said I. I rang the bell and desired that my wife should be told that Captain Grant was with me, and that she was not to wait for us; and then composed myself to listen.

Up to this time Grant's face had been in the shade. As he now sat the light was full upon it, and I saw an expression I had never seen there before—it was lit up with the pride of a great triumph.

"Rowley," said he, "I know there are not many men who would do more for another than you would do for me; but I believe I shall try you before I've done. I don't know how you will take it. I must tell the tale, and that at once: it won't keep. So I'll begin: at any rate you must hear me out."

But I shall tell his story in my own way, which will enable me to fill in the outlines which he then gave me with sundry details which have since by degrees come to my knowledge.

I had altogether underrated the intensity of Grant's feelings for Alice. He had known love—or what goes by the name—often enough; but he had always felt that he was more or less wearing the fetters because such was his pleasure,—he could at any moment throw them off and be free. He had never before felt utterly *possessed* by love for a woman. In Alice his whole nature—intellect, taste, and sense—was fully satisfied; and his whole nature, with all the impetuous passion that lay in it, urged him on to win her. He knew that he did exercise an influence over her; but he was still in the dark as to what amount of tension this would bear, and fairly shrank from putting it to the proof. There would be heavy drawbacks on success: failure would be hardly endurable. Besides, it would be unjust to him to deny that other motives had enough weight to make him at least hesitate. Hard and unscrupulous as he was as to the rights of others when they crossed his path, neither he nor any man could feel anything but extreme repugnance to inflicting pain where he felt no hate; and, except when Preston irritated him, by coming between Alice and himself, he had rather a liking for the good-tempered young fellow. And, even if Preston and his claims had never been heard of, he knew that he, a captain in a line regiment, who could at no time command a few hundred pounds without

difficulty, was no suitable husband for the wealthy and beautiful Miss Faulkener; and the obstacles of this sort that would have to be contended against would be especially trying to him. For many days he had kept away from Alice, telling himself that the game was really not worth the candlelight. It was mere folly, of which a boy might be ashamed, to suffer his whole mental balance to be upset for any woman. He would get a long leave; go to Scotland, Ireland—anywhere, to be out of the way, and get over it. But on the morning of this day, the longing to hear her voice, touch her hand, and look into her eyes, had become a craving that could not be resisted. He "set his face as a flint," and went off to Beechgrove.

Alice was alone. Mr. Faulkener had taken advantage of the day, which was almost as soft and warm as summer, to drive to Orminster, to see his solicitor. She received Rupert with much greater constraint and much less cordiality than had been her wont. She had clothed herself in that subtle atmosphere of iciness which it seems given to most women to assume well-nigh at will, and which at times men find chilling and irritating beyond endurance. The conversation flagged. Grant mentally cursed himself for an idiot for coming; felt out of conceit with Alice and the whole world, and resolved that his visit should be very brief, and that when he took leave he would tell her that he was going away for some time. At length she said,—

"Here is your 'Faust,' Captain Grant. I think you had better take it, as we are going to Brighton in a few days for a couple of months."

He uttered some commonplace, he had no idea what. Strong as was his self-control, he could scarcely master himself at once. He had intended to leave her;—he had not thought of her leaving him. He felt as though he had received a challenge, and all the fierce energy of his nature was roused.

He rose from his seat, and stood with his back leaning against the fireplace. "Well," he said, "I don't know that I ought to be sorry, Miss Faulkener. Capua is dangerous winter-quarters, you know. I was beginning to believe that life had its rose-gardens, and that sort of thing. I suppose it's wholesome to be reminded that if it has, I, at any rate, have not the *entrée*."

She turned a little paler, and her hands trembled. That was all Grant could see. She did not look up.

"Really, Captain Grant," she said, "you seem to delight in dark sayings this morning." She was nervously anxious to keep

the conversation at the lowest level of sentiment.

She might as well have tried with her little hands to pull in a team of wild horses as check Grant then. The tide of passion was rising to its height in him, and he let it come. The present was everything to him. All care for consequences had vanished.

"I mean, Miss Faulkener," said he, "that I am likely to pay heavily for the three weeks of happiness I have had since I met you. I don't know that I grudge it, though. I can at least say, *Ich habe geliebt—und geliebet.*"

He spoke the last words very low, but distinctly.

Miss Faulkener did not look up: her face was very cold and pale, and she said gravely, but not angrily,—

"Captain Grant, I do not think you are quite yourself this morning. We have been very good friends, and I wish to continue so. This is the first time you have used such words to me. Remember, if you please, that it must be the last. We will talk of something else."

His eyes flashed fire at the rebuke. "A thousand pardons!" said he; "but you *must* know what you are, and what an imperfect mortal you have before you. I have held my tongue often enough. It is more than unlikely we shall meet again, and you must not be angry that this once I spoke as the spirit moved me." Her head bent still lower, and she clasped her hands together. "Indeed, forgive me," he said, as he looked on her, in that soft tone that came so winningly from him, "I did not mean to vex you. I would not for the world."

"No, no," she answered hurriedly, "I am not angry. Perhaps it is my fault. There are some things cannot be talked of. But I don't feel very well to-day; and perhaps—" she broke off, and looked towards the door.

"I understand," said Grant; "I will go. You will wish me good-by, and give me your hand, and look at me once, won't you?"

He moved to where she sat motionless, with bent head. He was a strong man, but his whole frame quivered as he looked down on her matchless beauty. She seemed to feel his intense, burning gaze overcome her; and slowly raised her head. Their eyes met. He saw in hers—all that he most longed to see.

"Alice," he said, taking her hand, "if you only knew how I love you! Do you love me at all?"

"Hush, hush!" she said. "You must not ask me that. Spare me a little. I am so miserably weak. You are strong and great. Help me to be good. Leave me now, leave me."

She spoke more and more earnestly, looking up into his face; but there was no response there to her appeal for help.

"Alice," he went on, "will you kill me and yourself too! Will you send me away from you for ever. Tell me, do you love me?"

His hand was on her shoulder now, and his face close to her. Her pale cheeks flushed. She sighed, "God help me! I cannot bear more. Yes, yes! You know I do."

A moment more and she was drawn up, and folded closely in his arms, and their lips met in the lingering kiss of passion.

She was silent a while, fairly exhausted by the struggle she had gone through. At last she lifted her face, flushed and tearful, but smiling, and looked at him.

"My own," he said, as he looked into her clear eyes.

"Is it so?" she murmured. "I can hardly believe it. Does it make you happy? I am so happy, all but—well, I can't help it. Poor Charles, I used to think I loved him, till you came."

"Alice," he said, as his face darkened a little; "you have counted the cost. You know what you are giving up, and what you are getting. You know that you—both of us, will have to go through many difficulties."

"Are you afraid?" she asked.

He smiled. "If I ever wanted anything and did not take it, it was certainly not because I was afraid," said he. "But you will hear a great deal against me, and, what is worse, I can't tell you not to believe it, for much of it will most likely be true."

"Yes, I know," she answered; "I have heard something—you have not been a good man. But it seems all past and gone. I don't think I care—if you love me."

She freed herself from his arm, and stood up, her face glowing with the fire that was kindled within her.

"Rupert," she said, "I think it makes you happy to have me, and you can take me. I know now that I never could really belong to anyone but you. Perhaps it is wicked of me. I am afraid it is; but I can't help it. I won't let any claim that anybody may have on me stop me. I won't give you up, whatever they say. Oh, I ought not to tell you all this, and I ought to think more of other people," she went on, as he again drew her to his arms, "but I am so happy, and I love you. You don't love any one else now, do you?"

What reply Grant made is unimportant, but I should think it likely that it was characterised by an exaggeration and want of accuracy far from creditable to so clear and logical a thinker.

Their talk lasted much longer, and it was at last decided that Grant should see me that night, and take counsel with me, if I were willing to act as adviser. It was absolutely necessary to act at once.

"And now, Rowley," said Grant, when he had ended his story, "what do you say? May I count on your help, or do you mean to throw me over altogether."

"Of course I shall not do that," said I; "but I wish to God this had not happened. Grant, this should not have been. Poor Preston, what will he do?"

"I am really very sorry for him," said Grant. "And if there's anything I can do to make it better for him, rely on it it shall be done. But you see one of us had to go to the wall, there was no help for it; you'll admit the fight was a fair one—and I've won. I suppose in some respects I am the stronger, and, as far as I can see, *vox victis* is the rule throughout all nature."

"That may be all very well in speculation," said I, "but it does not make it the less hard practically. Now, what is it you want of me? for I tell you candidly, that if you want me to go in for unqualified approval and defence of you, I can't."

"My dear fellow," said he, "form what moral judgments you please, and welcome; all I want is that, accepting what has happened as a *fait accompli*, you will advise with me what is the best course of action to make matters go as easily as may be for every one."

So far I promised him my help; he had a claim to it; and I could not have done any good by standing aloof. At last he left me, after it had been settled that he should come over again early the following afternoon, when we should know more. In the morning Alice was to tell her father; she had insisted on doing this herself.

Milly's distress at hearing my news may be imagined. In the first outburst of her wrath she declared that she should feel sorry to see Grant or Alice again, and was utterly averse to our having anything to do with them or their affairs. I was obliged to combat this strenuously. I told her that I could not and would not throw Grant over, even if he had done much worse deeds. Then she wanted to know if it might not still be stopped—might she talk to Alice.

"Of course you can, my child," said I, "and to Rupert too, if you like; but I know well that nothing you or anyone else can say will have any effect now. Alice has had a hard struggle between her duty and her love. I am quite sure that all you could say she has felt much more keenly than you could put it

to her, but she has yielded to her love at last, and taken her line. Indeed, if by any miracle you could make her drawback, what good would you do? It would be very cruel kindness to Preston to persuade Alice into marrying him when she loves another man ever so much better. You would only make three people unhappy instead of one."

Milly could not but acquiesce in this, and promised to be guided. I felt certain that we should hear something from Beechgrove early the next day, and I was right, for shortly after breakfast we had the by no means usual honour of a visit from Mr. Faulkener himself—in a state of anger and worry that was quite a new sensation for that calm and amiable person. Alice had gone to him in his dressing room that morning, as soon as he was visible, and had quietly and firmly—though with pale cheeks and downcast eyes—told him of her love for Grant, and her determination to be his wife; and that Preston must be told forthwith that the engagement must be broken off. He could hardly believe his own ears. He had long been accustomed to rejoice in the reflection that his daughter's lot in life was settled, and that there was no cause to fear any anxiety on that score. True, with her birth and fortune—for he could leave her more than 50,000*l.*—besides her rare beauty, he might have looked for a coronet for her; but that would not have had any special attraction for him, and the existing arrangement had grown up so naturally, and seemed in every way so desirable, that he had been delighted to accept it. He was, as I have once before said, a clever man and by no means weak; but tranquillity was before all things essential to his happiness. He lived chiefly in himself, in his favourite authors, pictures, and antiquities; his life had got into a groove, and it suited him. And now he saw nothing before him but trouble and annoyance. Alice had told him that she could not marry Preston, an excellent fellow, of good property, whom he had become thoroughly used to, and had long looked on as as good as his son-in-law; and that her mind had set on marrying Rupert Grant—a clever and striking man, he admitted, but about whom he knew nothing, save that he had little or no money. In spite of his irritation against us, as having been the means of introducing this enemy to peace, he was so bewildered that, after telling Alice she must be out of her senses, and he couldn't hear of anything of the sort, he had come to us to find out what we knew, and see if we could give him any light. Would Mrs. Rowley favour him by returning to Beechgrove with him, and talking to this foolish girl? She

would know what to say better than he would—would have a woman's tact in dealing with woman; and Alice was so fond of her, and thought so highly of her, that she might listen, and this most miserable affair go no further. He knew of course what his duty as a father demanded of him, but he could not but admit that the paternal authority had slept so long in his hands, that he should feel utterly out of his element in having recourse to it. And then we thought Alice was not well, did we not? and opposition or restraint might be dangerous. But it could not be: what *could* he say to Preston? Did I think it would be any good for him to see Captain Grant, for whose intellectual powers he had conceived a very great respect, and explain the whole case to him, and put it to him, as a gentleman and man of honour, to withdraw pretensions that should never have been urged? *What* was he to do?

He paused at length, evidently lost in astonishment at the injustice of Fate, in thus wantonly disturbing a man who asked no more from her than to be let alone.

I could hardly help smiling at Mr. Faulkener's idea that his blandishments might win Grant to self-sacrifice, but I intimated my very decided opinion that such an effort would be utterly useless. My wife, however, readily agreed to go back with him and see Alice; the scheme chimed in with her own desires too well for her to offer any opposition. Rupert rode over whilst they were away. I told him the present state of affairs.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow," said he, laughing; "do keep Faulkener from coming to talk to me in that strain. It couldn't do either of us any good, you know. And so Mrs. Rowley has gone to talk to her."

A proud smile lit up his face: he evidently had no fear of the result.

"Well," he said, rising; "as you have nothing decisive to tell as yet, and the enemy may return, I'll be off, and come to you again later. I want to know is it to be peace or war. Rowley," said he, suddenly, "will Preston want to have me out, do you think?"

"I have thought of that," said I, "but it must not be."

"My dear fellow," said he, "it most certainly must, if he wishes it. It would be a bore though to be shot, I admit, *now*."

His face softened, he was thinking of Alice.

"No need to talk of this yet, at any rate," said I; "come here again presently."

He rode off.

After a long absence Milly returned, looking much agitated, but not altogether so unhappy.

"You were quite right, Frank," she said,

in answer to my inquiries; "it was no use talking to Alice. She stopped me very soon, telling me that I could not wish her to marry one man when she loved another. And she told me so much of her love for Captain Grant, and how she had struggled against it, and how she had nearly lost him (she seemed quite frightened to think of it), and about their interview yesterday, that at last—I know you'll laugh at me, Frank—I quite forgave her, and promised that we would both help her all we could."

"It was a defection, no doubt," said I; "but I confess I am glad to hear of it. Did you see Mr. Faulkener afterwards?"

"Yes, I had a long talk with him, and told him that there was nothing to be done with Alice, and that a marriage between her and Sir Charles was not to be thought of. He could, of course, forbid her marrying Captain Grant. I did not tell him out and out that I thought she would disobey him, but I made him understand that he would have a great deal of opposition to meet with. And now he wants to see you."

"I'll go to him with pleasure," said I; "he'll give in, or I'm much mistaken. He would not in the least know how to set about living in permanent opposition to Alice; it would upset him thoroughly. I suspect that he wants me to undertake to see Preston, and tell him; I am quite prepared to consent if he does."

"Yes, yes; let us both go and tell him," said Milly, "it would be much the best."

Leaving a note for Grant to await my return, I repaired to Beechgrove. It was even as I had anticipated. Mr. Faulkener's fondness for his daughter and abhorrence of disturbance were tending strongly to make him yield. He confessed this to me frankly, saying he knew he ought to be ashamed of himself, but he had gone on in one way for many years, and was too old now to begin a different system. He had seen Alice; he could not bear to see her unhappy; in fact, many such days as this would be insupportable to him. Sir Charles must be told immediately; would I undertake the task? He owned he shrank from it.

It was no doubt a thoroughly painful one, but I felt that, under the circumstances, he had a right to lay it on me; and that it would be best for every one that I should undertake it. With regard to Grant little was said. Mr. Faulkener admitted that his own interest and his daughter's fortune made the want of means on Rupert's part no positive barrier to receiving him as a son. He expressed a wish to see him, and it was settled that they should

meet at my house the following day. We thought it would be more delicate that he should not go to Beechgrove until Preston had been communicated with. I foresaw that the paternal consent, though it would not be given willingly or cordially, would not be absolutely withheld.

When I left him, Alice's maid was waiting for me, and said that her mistress wished to see me. I followed her. I could not but be conscious of a subtle, indefinable change in Alice; her beauty, which before I had thought supreme, seemed softened and enhanced. She looked up at me eagerly.

"You have seen papa?" she said.

"It's no use trying to be angry with you," said I, "but really you deserve it. What a day's work you have given us all. I don't think Mr. Faulkener has opened a book all day."

She blushed. "I could not help it, Mr. Rowley," she said; "I'm sure you can understand it."

"Well," said I, "I believe you are to have your own way. I am going to London to-morrow morning—I need not say what for."

"No," said she, sadly; "I know it is very kind of you." She handed me a letter. "Will you give this to Charles?" she continued; "if you can say anything for me to him, pray do. But I fear there is nothing to say."

Another tiny *billet* was put into my hands. No need to ask who that was for.

"Perhaps you won't mind giving him that," she whispered. "You will see him before you go, I'm sure."

"Yes," said I, "I shall find him waiting for me at home, most likely. Now, good-by, and be sure that I will do my best to do all that I know you want done."

Early the next day I was on my way to town. Besides Alice's letter, I was the bearer of another, which Grant had put into my hands when he left me the night before. It was to an old military friend whom he knew to be at that time in London. This was to be delivered should Preston insist on a meeting, and empowered Major Temple, who had already acted for Grant under similar circumstances, to make the necessary arrangements. He himself was to be telegraphed to, in that case, forthwith.

I knew Preston always stayed at Long's Hotel when in town, and there I accordingly put up. He was out when I arrived. I gave directions that I should be informed directly he came in, and resigned myself to wait. Many hours passed heavily enough, and it was

far on in the evening when I was at last told that he had just returned.

I went at once to his room.

"Why, Rowley," he called out as I entered; then, seeing my grave face, asked anxiously, "What is the matter? Is anything wrong? Is Alice ill?"

As I looked on his frank, eager face, I could not help regretting I had undertaken my task. It is a miserable thing to be the bearer of ill news—and such ill news—but there was nothing for it now but to go on.

"Preston," said I, "I wish to God you were going to hear what I have to tell from any one else. Read this," and I handed him Alice's letter.

He took it, read a few lines, and uttered a cry as if he had been stabbed: but he went on to the end. Then he started up,—

"Rowley, what is this?" he said. "I don't understand; it is not true, is it?"

"It is quite true," said I, sadly; "I know that."

"But I can't bear it," he went on, almost piteously; "Alice never would do it. The villain," his tones rose shrill in anger, "he has been telling her lies about me."

"No," said I, "I am not here to defend or excuse Grant, but he has not done that."

"Defend him! Rowley," he turned on me fiercely, "this is your doing; you knew what a villain he was, why did you bring him there?"

"You shall not quarrel with me, Preston," said I; "if you'll think twice you'll see you are doing me wrong."

He clutched his chair convulsively, he could hardly control his voice. "By Heaven, I can't endure it. What does she think me to treat me so? And he——" he broke out into a torrent of passionate incoherent invective against Grant. "I'll be revenged; I'll go down and expose him before his whole regiment; I'll flog him in his own mess-room."

"Preston," said I, "this is childish. I don't wonder at your being enraged. You wouldn't be a man if you were not. But if you quarrel, quarrel like a man of sense and a gentleman. You have lived long enough in the world to know what sort of sympathy you would get if you went and made a *scena* before those fellows at Orminster. And, naturally and justly angry as you are, you would hardly like to have all these matters dragged before the public as the cause of a disgraceful brawl."

His face changed. "There's one way, at any rate," he said, "though, God knows, I never thought it would come to that. He'll meet me, I suppose. He is not a coward, as well as a traitor, is he?"

"No," said I. "Whatever else he may or may not be, Grant is no coward. He will meet you, if you demand it. I have a letter from him to deliver, in that case, to a friend of his who will see any friend you may select to act for you."

"The sooner the better—the sooner the better," he went on, in great excitement. "Wilbraham will do. I'll write a line at once." He drew paper towards him, and tried to write; but his hand shook so, he could not guide the pen. "What a fool I am!" he said. "I can't ask him, and I can't write to-night. I must think of some one else."

"Preston," said I, "will you listen to me? Do believe that I am speaking as your friend. What will you get by this? If you go out with Grant you almost put your life in his hands, for his aim is sure. But I daresay you don't think much of that, and you need not; for I am fully convinced in my own mind, though of course I have no authority to say so, that he won't fire at you. Will it do you any good to shoot him? My dear fellow," I went on, "I've known you long, and I know you are not the man to go through life with another man's blood on your head, even if he had wronged you more than Grant has. It would drive you mad." He shuddered as I spoke. "I say nothing," I added, "of higher considerations. It would be impertinent in me to press them on you, who are so much more keenly alive to them. But think over what I have said, and see me to-morrow. You will lose nothing. If you still insist on a meeting, I pledge you my honour you shall have one."

I saw that my words produced an effect, and left him to let it work. It is needless to say I slept but little that night, and rose early. As I was dressing, a message was brought to me from Preston, asking me to come to him as soon as I could. He looked ill and haggard when I joined him. Pain soon tells on faces like his.

"You are right, Rowley," said he, with a sickly smile. "I should not do for a duellist. I could not bring myself deliberately to attempt Grant's life. And I have thought it all over, and read her letter; and perhaps I have not so much to complain of after all. I always felt I didn't quite understand her. But I loved her."

He went on, in short, hurried sentences, as if he feared to trust his voice.

"Give her my love, please, and say I quite forgive her, and hope she may be happy. I can't tell you to say I forgive *him*, it would not be true now; but I'll try not to hate him."

I could only say I would. His agitation made me nervous.

"I have had a great blow, Rowley," he

said; "it seems now that there is nothing to live for. But I shall go abroad—to Spain, I think—and time, you know—There are the schools, and those things. Perhaps Mrs. Rowley——"

But here, as the image of the happy and useful life he had laid out for himself with Alice rose before him, it was fairly too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and a great sob struggled forth.

I walked to the window. It was a wretched sight. "Good God," thought I, "what a life this is! Is Grant right, that the weaker must suffer because weak? *Vix victis* indeed!"

Preston partially mastered himself in a few minutes. "I'm ashamed, Rowley," he began.

I grasped his hands warmly. "Not a word," said I. "You are a noble young fellow, Preston, and it is an honour to know you. I wish,—but it's no use talking. Don't spare me or Milly if we can do anything to further your wishes. It is best you should go; but let us hear from you."

"I'll write to you," he said, "as soon as I can; but just now I think I'm better left to myself."

Again I grasped his hand, and left him, and in an hour later I was on my way home.

Some few months later, in the spring of the next year, the Faulkeners, Grant, my wife and I, were all together at Genoa. We had been there some time. We had all tacitly acknowledged that it was better that Alice's marriage should not take place at home; and it was finally arranged that we should all spend the winter at Genoa, and that Grant and she should be united there early in the spring. On the evening of the day preceeding that fixed for the wedding I missed Milly, and thinking she must be in the Faulkeners' rooms, I went to seek her. The room I entered was still unlighted, save by the moon, which was then at the full. It was empty, but I heard voices on the balcony; and advancing a few steps saw Grant and Alice standing there. They were too much occupied with themselves to notice my approach.

"Papa is getting so proud of you," I heard her say, "I shall be quite jealous before long. He told me to-day,—only it was to be a great secret,—that he was going to write to his old friend, Lord Milthorpe, about you. He means you to go into Parliament the first opportunity. That was why he was so anxious about your selling out. How shall you like that, sir?"

Grant smiled. "I believe he is right," he said; "it is my *metier*, I think. It may come at last, after all. *Tandem triumphans*."

"And, I suppose," said she, "I shall be

nobody then. I shall only be some one to sit at the head of your table and 'keep up your political connection.'"

A silent caress was his answer.

"Oh!" she said, "I do so want you to be happy,—to be all that you want to be, and ought to be. I am so glad that it comes to you through me, a little. But, Rupert," she went on, nestling close to him, "don't shut me out from you. Let me be as much to you as ever I can. I think I can understand whatever interests you. You are a man, and I know you want excitement and success—different from me. I only want *you*."

"My dearest," said Rupert, and his voice was deeply moved, "you *are* everything to me,—more than everything. I have brains, I know, and should like to make them tell; but success or failure is a very small thing to me now. I am come into port at last. I have you, and am 'more than conqueror.'"

Their lips met, and they were silent, and in that silence I quietly withdrew.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

To force a man to do a thing he inwardly disapproves, there is no method more successful than to persuade him that to act in accordance with his inclination would be a proof of his unenlightenment, of his being behind the age; of being, in fact, a "fogy." In the opinion of some persons the new light is everything, and they are apt to consider those who are content with the old as mere barriers in the path of progress; they wilfully shut their eyes to the difficulties of adopting the changes they themselves advocate, and only open them to see their advantages. Such is the case with those who propose the substitution of the metrical and decimal system for that we now employ. We will admit, at the outset, that if we had no system at all, and it were merely a question of choice, we might be disposed to accept that in general use in other countries, and this we should do even if we could devise one more simple. But the case as regards our weights and measures is altogether different. That which we use is rooted in the national mind, and no legislative enactments, however penal, could extirpate it. Between the total abolition of the existing system, however, and a modification of it there is a wide difference. It is of no advantage to us, but the contrary, that we have so many different denominations for the same quantity, and that one denomination has so many different meanings, according to the locality in which the term is used. That it may not be supposed we have any desire to conceal these discrepancies, we will quote them

from the report made by the committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into this subject, as well as from the pamphlets issued by the society formed for the purpose of introducing the foreign system. To commence with the article which influences the price of most others, viz., wheat. A bushel of wheat at Bridgend is 168 pounds; at Worcester it is 62; at Darlington it is 73½; at Shrewsbury it is 75; at Wolverhampton, 72; at Monmouth, 80; at Manchester, 60 if it is English wheat, 70 if it is American; at Carmarthen it is 64, and at Newcastle 1 pound less than that quantity. Then, again, a load in one place is not a load in another; for example, it may signify 5 bushels, or 3, or 40, or 5 quarters, or 448 pounds, or 144 quarts. In other markets it is sold by the quarter of 480 pounds, by the bag of 12 scores, or 11 scores 10 pounds, or 11 scores 4 pounds, or 11 scores. Then, again, at Malton it is sold by the "weight," which there means 40 stones; while at Nottingham it is 36, and at Whitehaven only 14. At Swansea we are told they sell it by the "stack" of three bushels; at Barnard Castle, by the "boll" of 2, which at Glasgow signifies 240 pounds, and in the case of maize 40 pounds additional. At Pwlheli they sell by the hobbet of 252 pounds, the same denomination at Wrexham meaning only 168 pounds. At Preston they sell it by the windle, and at Beccles by the coomb; at Chester by the "measure," and at Holmfirth by the strike. At Dublin it is sold by the barrel, which there means 282 pounds, but at Cork 268. In the case of other kinds of grain, there is not more uniformity in the measures used. Turning from bread to butter, the pound may be either the minimum of 16 ounces, or it may be 18, or 20, or 24. It is also sold by the roll, by the pint, and by the dish. As regards another article of food, potatoes, they are sometimes sold by the sack of 3, 4, or 5 bushels; sometimes by the cwt. of 120 pounds, by the bag of 140 pounds, and by the load of 240 pounds, and the measure of 84, unless long measure be given, and then it is 90. A corf of coals at Sheffield is 1 cwt. or 3 cwt., or from 3 to 4 tons. At Hyde they sell coals by the peck, and at Downpatrick by the barrel of 2½ cwt. To the uninitiated, however, the woolstaplers seem to have the strangest method of doing business, for though they both buy and sell by the tod of 30 pounds to manufacturers and each other, 8 such tods making one pack, when they buy wool from the growers it is by the pack, and each pack must contain 13 tods of 28 pounds. The variety of stones is considerable, depending on the nature of the article and the place where it is sold. A stone

of meat in the London markets weighs 8 pounds, while in other matters it is as low as 5 pounds, and ranges as high as 32 pounds. A truss of hay or straw may weigh 36, or 56, or 60 pounds. A land yard is described as meaning 3 feet, 16½ feet, 18 feet, or 21 feet, according to the locality. There are eight roods, differing so widely in their lengths that it would take about seven of the shortest to make one of the longest. To a less extent the same diversity exists as to superficial measurements.

Now it is very clear that nothing would be more easy than to argue that, with such a confused system of weights and measures, there must be a great deal of sharp practice carried on, and great delay and much wrangling in the transaction of business; in short, of making out a strong case for legislative interference. Practically, however, there is really no such difficulty in the way of buying and selling as would seem inevitable from the use of such a variety of weights. In the first place, we must bear in mind that these have been raked together from all parts of the kingdom; and, secondly, that they are only used in particular localities, and that it is not of the smallest consequence whether we buy our butter by the dish, by the roll, by the pint, or by the yard, provided we know (as, of course, everybody does know where such terms are used) what we are going to get for our money. As to the diversity in the number of ounces given to the pound of this article, that is easily explained. It is not in the shops where a pound is construed so liberally, but in the market; and the reason is that dairymen and farmers put in the scale along with the pound weight one of the old pennypieces, and sometimes he puts in two; but the commoner practice, we believe, is to make the butter up in rolls weighing two pounds, and to put in the scale with the weight three pennypieces,—the object being to make up any loss that may arise from the oozing out of water, and to compensate the retail dealer, who has to cut it up in small pieces, for what he calls the turn of the scale, which every customer expects to have in his favour. In those very rare cases where the same denomination signifies two different quantities, it would be to assume that the people of that locality are idiots to suppose that, knowing this fact, they do not specify in their dealings precisely what they mean. A long experience of the cases brought into our law courts does not enable us to recall a single instance of an attempt being made to void a contract on the plea of misconception. Even in the case of wheat, dealers do not appear to have any difficulty in coming to an understanding; and yet there are two considerations

which have to be taken into account in dealing with this article. A bushel of wheat is expected to weigh a certain number of pounds, yet no man would accept that as a bushel which weighed less than this number; nor, on the other hand, would he deem that number of pounds a bushel even if in bulk it exceeded that quantity, because such wheat might be next to worthless. So likewise a butcher who buys the carcass of a sheep, or an ox, which he is told weighs so many stones, knows perfectly well that a stone of eight pounds is meant, and no more expects that he will get fourteen pounds to the stone than does the glazier who orders ten stones of glass and gets fifty pounds. In point of fact, these modifications of the stone are peculiar to certain trades; and that which is generally used throughout the kingdom is the legal stone of fourteen pounds.

But the existence of this diversity in the number of pounds contained in a stone is the strongest argument that can be adduced to prove how futile any attempt to force the nation to accept a new system would prove. If we cannot obtain uniformity of weights and measures under a law which has been in operation for thirty years past, how can anybody imagine that it would be possible to induce people to abandon that with which they are familiar for something totally new. The Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Will. IV. fixed the imperial standard yard, pound, gallon, and bushel, abolished all local and customary and heaped measures, and inflicted a penalty varying from 40s. to 5*l.* on any person selling by any other weight than those specified in the Act, as well as on any person who issued a price current or list in which the denominations of weights and measures quoted, denoted a greater or less measure than is denoted or implied by the same denomination of the imperial weights and measures. The Act is precise enough; but what we have already said will be sufficient to show how little its provisions are regarded. From the language used by some of those who speak on this subject, a foreigner might suppose that in the matter of weights and measures every man does that which seems right in his own eyes. Great stress is laid on the fact that the committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into this subject made their report in favour of the introduction of the metrical system. But with all respect for the opinions of the gentlemen who formed this committee on other subjects, their recommendation of the foreign system carries very little weight with it. If their report was based on the evidence they received, as it probably was, they could hardly arrive at any other conclusion, seeing that

most of the witnesses who volunteered their evidence were partisans of the change. If they had desired to know what was the general opinion of the country with respect to the adoption of the foreign system, they should have had the opinions of as many tradesmen whose dealings are confined to this country. So one-sided was the evidence they heard that they did not even know when they concluded their inquiry what the cost would be of altering the weights: a most important consideration. It is true that one of the committee asked the question; but this was a question which no one present was prepared to answer. The desired information we have obtained from one of the principal firms in London whose business it is to manufacture scales and weights. They say the average cost to the following trades to substitute new weights and measures of the metrical system in exchange for their old ones would be—Butchers, 2*l.* 10*s.*; bakers, 3*l.*; cheesemongers, 4*l.* 10*s.*; grocers, retail, 6*l.*: wholesale, 30*l.*; tobacconists, 1*l.* 10*s.*; oil and colour men, 8*l.*; Italian warehousemen, 3*l.* 10*s.*; millers, 6*l.*; porkmen, 2*l.*; fishmongers, 15*s.*; chemists and druggists, 2*l.*; ironmongers, 3*l.* 10*s.*; iron merchants, 20*l.*; brassfounders, 5*l.*; ironfounders, 10*l.*; shipbuilders, 20*l.*; distillers, 30*l.*; brewers, 10*l.*; silversmiths, 7*l.*; greengrocers, 1*l.*; coal dealers, 1*l.* 10*s.*; coal merchants, 10*l.*; bullion dealers, 10*l.*; papermakers, 20*l.*; wholesale stationers, 10*l.*; silk merchants, 5*l.*; wool dealers, 10*l.* When it is considered that these are only a few of the trades that would be affected by the change, and that an immense number of private families also use weights, we can form some idea of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of compelling a substitution of new weights for the old ones. As to their voluntarily adopting them, that is altogether out of the question.

There was one witness examined by the committee whose opinion may be taken as representing that held by almost every uninterested person in the kingdom. This was Mr. Henley, a former President of the Board of Trade, and therefore possessing a knowledge of the subject. He admitted that uniformity was desirable; but he could not see what more Parliament could do to effect this than was done by the Act of Will. IV. He believed that the weights and measures in general use were in accordance with this Act. While he was at the head of the Board of Trade he received more than one deputation on the subject of weights and measures, and he said that the difficulties which surrounded the question were such that no two persons agreed on any proposition that was made.

We need not go into a consideration of the question whether the metrical system possesses advantages over our own. That is by no means necessary; for if it were far more simple than it really is, that would not induce the nation to give up a system with which they are familiar for one that they know nothing about. Apart from the other objections to the proposed change urged by Mr. Walter in the late debate in the House of Commons, there was one he mentioned which of itself would be a fatal bar to its acceptance, that of nomenclature. The abhorrence of foreign terms felt by the generality of Englishmen is intense, and increases in intensity as we descend from the higher to the lower classes. The great bulk of buyers at the retail shops are women, and to expect them to ask for so many grammes or a kilogram of tea, coffee, butter, or other article of consumption, would be as hopeless as to expect them to give up the use of crinoline because men have condemned it, and so many of their own sex have been burnt to death through wearing it.

The public at present pays very little attention to this question, because, as we believe, it does not contemplate the possibility of Mr. Ewart's bill becoming law. It is undeniable that to scientific men, who are so much interested in the proceedings of men similarly engaged in France and elsewhere, it would be a great convenience if they were spared the trouble of reducing foreign weights and measures into English, and probably, what they may think more of, of turning their own calculations into French denominations. So also it would be to a less extent with merchants who have dealings with continental countries, and to manufacturers who supply them with machinery; but what proportion do these bear to the nation at large? It is quite natural that foreigners, so far as they are interested at all in the matter, should desire to see their system introduced into this country. Their manufacturers have everything to gain by any change which facilitates the introduction of their products into English markets. But what we have to consider is, not the convenience of a small section of the community, but the convenience of the whole.

The reasons assigned by those who advocate the change are, some of them, deserving of very little consideration. The parent of the Bill urged its acceptance by the House of Commons because "it would be a convenience to watchmakers and the makers of the wheels of railway carriages, and to persons who wanted to buy something sold at three farthings per ounce." But if there are many transactions

of the latter kind, that would be a very good argument for issuing half-farthings, but no reason at all for doing away with farthings altogether. We presume that such a coin as a half-farthing would be no novelty, for we have one before us which bears the date of 1843; in appearance and dimensions it is precisely the same as the centime. That other countries should have adopted the metrical system is not surprising. Their commercial transactions with each other must, to some extent, resemble the trading between two English counties; but even in those countries we are by no means sure that the metrical system has altogether superseded that which existed previously. Our doubts on this point are excited by what we know of France. There the metrical system is of old standing; yet who in the least degree familiar with the habits of French people is not aware that a number of terms of weight and measure are commonly used which have no connection with that system? and this not merely among the lower classes, but even in the newspapers, where writers, in speaking of the height of an individual, far more frequently follow the example of the author who, describing the claims to distinction of M. Godibert, said he had cinq pieds six pouces, and had slain six Arabs, than they obey the law which directs them to say one metre and so many centimetres. We could collect almost any number of instances in proof of this if there were any advantage in doing so, examples as flagrant as this we have just met with:—"La longueur de chaque monitor est de 201 pieds; la largeur de 46, et la profondeur de 11 pieds 10 pouces." Moreover, the confusion which existed in Germany and Holland has no parallel here. Our measurements of length, height, &c., are commonly given in feet, and the foot is in every part of the United Kingdom of the same length; but we have the authority of one of the foreign witnesses who gave evidence before the committee for saying that in Germany alone there were no less than thirty different feet. The case of England, too, as regards foreign commerce, is different to that of any continental nation. To adopt the proposed plan would be to wilfully raise an obstacle to our dealings with America, with India, China, and our colonies, where the metrical system is unknown. As to those whose dealings are chiefly with France, it is only reasonable that they should master a system which is described as being so very easy of comprehension. Professors of chemistry do now very commonly use the French terms in making and recording their experiments, and there is nothing to prevent other scientific persons from doing the

same thing. In short, we are thoroughly persuaded, that while it would be absolutely impossible to compel the nation to use the metrical system, its permissive use can only lead to confusion. Our present system is, on the whole, a very good one. It is in use in those countries with which our trade is greatest, and if we want greater uniformity we have only to enforce the existing law.

LEGENDS OF THE NURSERY.

It is much to be regretted that this wide field of historical research has been so little worked, for there is no question but that very many of the babblings put into the mouths of English infants, through the instrumentality of nurses, really cover much that is interesting, not to say curious and learned. As a first illustration of our meaning, let us take the well-worn "Rhyme" known as the "House that Jack built." Tradition tells us that the original of this celebrated poetic legend is to be found in a Chaldaic hymn, which was first interpreted by a M. Leberecht, at Leipsic, in 1731. It is not, probably, unfamiliar to some of our readers, and it commences thus:—

A kid, a kid my father bought

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid.

It goes on accumulating in each verse much as does the "House that Jack built," the chief actors in the different verses being the *cat* that ate the *kid*, the *dog* that bit the *cat*, the *staff* that beat the *dog*, the *fire* that burned the *staff*, the *water* that quenched the *fire*, the *ox* that drank the *water*, the *butcher* that slew the *ox*, the *Angel of Death* that killed the *butcher*, and the *Holy One* that killed the *Angel of Death*; each historic information repeating as in the "House that Jack built" the several events recorded in the preceding verses. Excepting for the peculiarity last mentioned, it requires some ingenuity to discover the relationship of these two legendary rhymes to one another, but the interpretation given of the "Kid" will perhaps lead the antiquary to investigate that of the "House." Thus the *kid* being a pure animal is supposed to denote the Jews. "The Father" who bought it is the Almighty, and the means by which he purchased it, namely the two pieces of silver, are Moses and Aaron, by whose aid Israel was redeemed from bondage. "The Cat" represents the Assyrians, the "dog" the Babylonians, and the "staff" the Persians, under whose yoke the Jewish nation was successively brought into subjection. The "fire" is the Empire of Alexander the Great, and the "water" that of Rome. The "ox" reminds us

of the Saracens during the time of the Crusades, and the "butcher" the Crusaders themselves. The "Angel of Death" is interpreted as the Turkish power which still holds Palestine, and the "Holy One" that hand which is one day to wrest the Holy Land from bondage, and to restore it to God's chosen people.

Whatever be the plausibility of this interpretation, it would not, perhaps, require much human inventiveness to find another still more appropriate, such as suggesting that the last figure, namely the "Holy One," represents the era of the "Redemption," and to find other illustrations for the three which immediately precede it. But, as our present purpose is more to record what has been traditionally accepted as the real meaning of these nursery rhymes, than to hazard speculations of our own, we will not proceed further in this direction. Those who like to pursue the question for themselves will find an ample field of amusement in treating the "House that Jack built" in a manner similar to that which the German *savan* adopted in relation to the "Kid."

Apart, however, from this portion of the subject, the historical value of nursery rhymes is capable of still further illustration. Here are a stanza or two of different versions of the same song, supposed by Mr. Halliwell to refer to the rebellious times of Richard II :—

My father he died, I cannot tell how,
But he left me six horses to drive out my plough,
With a wimby lo ! wimby lo ! Jack Straw, blazey
boys,
Wimby lo ! wimby lo ! wob, wob, wob.

Another version gives us the information that the fortunate legatee sold his horses and bought a cow, with the view, it would seem, of making a fortune, "though he did not know how"—how the cow was replaced by a calf, a transaction that does not seem materially to have assisted the owner in carrying out his intention—how in its turn the calf gave way to a cat, and how the cat was sold for a mouse, who—

Carried fire in his tail and burnt down my house.

It is somewhat to be regretted that no full interpretation of this song is (as far as we are aware) extant, but the refrain, or chorus, or whatever we may call it, at the end of each verse, is still more quaint than the last. It runs thus :—

With my wing wang waddle, oh !
Jack sing saddle, oh !
Blowsey boys, bubble, oh !
Under the broom.

A third version gives the refrain in this fashion, but though the general mode of rendering the different events of the legend is on the whole the best, it is hardly so striking.

With my whim wham waddle, oh !
Strim stram straddle, oh !
Bubble, oh ! pretty boy,
Over the brow.

The next rhyme we shall quote is far more easy to understand, indeed it may be said to speak for itself ; it is taken from the Douce MS. :

See-saw, sack a day,
Monmouth is a pretie boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy,
And why should I these three destroy
To please a pious brother ?

One more and we have done. The following four lines refer to William and Mary, George, Prince of Denmark, and his consort—the future Queen Anne—and James II. :—

William and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man ;
They turned their father out of doer,
And called their brother ———.

a bad name, which we omit. These are but a few of the pickings to be found in the collection of nursery rhymes which have an historical bearing, but, as we have said, the entire field containing tales, conundrums, and games, &c., is immense. ERNEST R. SEYMOUR.

THE STALKING-HORSE.

IN THREE FYTTES.

"Wherefore, if that you be mynded to compasse such daintie fowle, faile not in usyng of y^e stalkyng-horse of y^e which I wrote above ; for, advancynge it by craftie conduct towards youre marke, and nothing discouraged thof y^e latter bee for a while somewhat timid, you shall presentlie have oportunite of a surer aime." —"Friende to Fowlynge," 1621.

I. TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

L.

"You will come, then ; you heard what a stress mama laid on your coming, and often
I have thought (it was foolish, perhaps) wish of mine had some power to compel ;
I have thought you had no mood so hard that would fail at my bidding to soften,
And now to have begged as a boon is, it seems, to have broken the spell."

F.

"Will I come ? It is scarce a command to enforce with such pleading expression ;
You might set harder tasks, Lady Laura, and find me not slow to obey :
And you know ('twill not humble me more than the fact does—the silly confession—),
Though you vexed me with coldness to-morrow, I should still be the slave of to-day.
You smile——"

L.

"Is the bond, then, so galling ?"

F.

"Ah me ! for the blast of defiance,
The lists and the shock of the lances, and one you may guess for my foe !
I with my hope as a shield, and he with the might of ten giants,—
I with that glove on my casque, as the badge of my thralldom, you know."

"And if lances are blunt now o' days, if the shock is with title or fortune,
Is it worthy the knight to draw back where the prouder pretensions press in?
Or are we to kneel at the barrier, to woo, to invite, to importune,
To press on the champion a guerdon he dares not one tourney to win!"

F.

"Nay, but your parallel fails: every hour your award seems to shame it;
All vainly the challenge rings out, and the pulses of chivalry beat,
When honour secures not the prize for the knight that did battle to claim it,
When it flies to the coronet's glitter, though soiled with the dust of defeat.
Well, well, I am hasty, presuming; but you are so good, you forgive it,
If my heart be too bold in its hope, which one cruel word might undo;
In its vision so dear I could die, were it life's bitter boon to outlive it,
That hope you have held to my longing, that dream, Lady Laura, of you."

II. CLUB CRITICISM.

D.

"So it's really to be?"

C.

"Yes; she throws over Freddy;

I thought she would do it.
You and I, my dear fellow, are wisest—old birds that are proof to the snare;
Bless your soul, I have studied them well; always told the young fool he would rue it,
Always bade him beware of the sting in a creature so faultlessly fair;
And sometimes I thought he would see it, would see how she lured and cajoled him,
With a restless side-glance at the marquis, she flirting with Freddy the while;
She had taken his measure by May, she had seen what a slight thread would hold him,
And weighed all the worth of a pout, and strained all the stress of a smile;
But what puzzled me, too, was the mother——"

D.

"Aye, Charles, there you have it—the mother. If girls could be born without mothers, by Jove, what a boon it would be!
There's a moral."

C.

"And here's a cigar; yes, we just shall have time for one other.
If you want to know how it was done, you may take the denouement from me.
'Twas the party at Richmond that did it; I went with the Lakes and the Wyvills,
And but for this drama to study I must have been terribly bored:
Lady Laura was there, and the countess, of course, and, as usual, the rivals;
Master Fred, with a son-in-law manner, affecting no fear of my lord.
For to see how the countess assumed him (we walked in the park before dinner),

How she whispered and leaned on his arm, as if all her ambitions were his!
If she had a voice in the sequel, you'd have backed him at odds for the winner;
Not the shrewdest of Fashion's reporters would have ventured to prophesy this.
And the fair Lady L. looked divine: 'pon my honour her beauty's alarming,
Agayante, with soft looks and bright sallies, and petulant perverseness, you know;
And she beckoned poor Fred to her side with a glance that had really seemed charming,
If one could but ignore all the art that had fitted two strings to her bow.
But I saw, when her manner to Fred grew a little too close and confiding,
Though the marquis dropped back to the mother, he eyed the sweet schemer still hard,
And I guessed by the bite of his lip, and his quickened and ominous striding,
He thought, if he was to pull through, it was time to be playing his card.
In short, on the balcony, late, whether dinner had served to embolden
The peer, or the syren had managed some charm in the wine-cup to press,
They two passed a whispering hour, looking down on the river-reach golden,
While the dowager prisoned our friend over politics, poems, and dress.
What passed, all the soft things they said, why I need not repeat, if I knew 'em.
It's the novel's last chapter that tells us the gist of the story all through;
And I thought, 'My poor Freddy, it's plain' (as I took him to town in my brougham),
'They've made a fair bag of my lord, and a STALKING-HORSE simply, of you.'"

III. THE IDOL BROKEN.

F.

"'Tis better,' they sing, 'to have loved and have lost'—how I quoted the language
That now on my spirit, all numb, seems to jar like an idiot creed!
'To have loved'—but I cannot have loved; I should feel less of shame, more of anguish:
'And lost,'—had I ever possessed her, my heart would more cruelly bleed.
I am shamed; all the spirit that slept awakens up with a passion of scorning,
To have fawned on a falsehood so long, to have knelt to a schemer's caprice;
Not a vision I cherished but fades with the cursed mirage it was born in,
Not a feeling I fettered for her but her meanness of perfidy frees.
'We shall meet,' she writes, 'shall we not? Meet, as old friends, content to look kindly,
With an interest still in each other through change of ambition and scene,
Not judging too harshly,' she writes, 'if we both misinterpreted blindly,
What was for what seemed in our hearts, words of friendship for more than they mean!
And I think,' she says, 'feel we were blind, little heeding (so foolish) if knowing
What light links bound each to a fancy that never, you know, could come true;
But you won't hold aloof when I claim all the kindness you have for bestowing;
If my fault seem to need your forgiving, come and see me, and tell me you do.'

Never again, Lady Laura. Forgive?—have I aught
to forgive you?

I call not forgiveness the pride that has saved me
heartwhole from the wreck;

All that courtesy claims I will write, nay, a crown of
good wishes I'll weave you,

But not as the serf bears his tribute, his mistress's
foot on his neck.

No, if one thing there be to forgive, 'tis yourself you
may pray for the pardon,

Yourself, who have poisoned the shafts flung at
woman's deceit, by your own;



Who have preached woman's mission to lie, and man's
every feeling to harden,
As I do, all infidel now to the fondest of faiths I
had known.

So, go to your bridal. I, I who was captive, am free
by your going

To be glad in the glow of the moorland again, in the
breath of the brine;

And I freight all your ladyship's life with the best
wish I have for bestowing,—

That your memory of peril escaped may be ever as
thankful as mine."

R. A. B.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XV. THE FACE AGAIN.

A CONFLICT was going on in the mind of Laura Chesney. Two passions, bad and good, were at work there, each striving for the mastery.

Should it be obedience or disobedience? Should she bear on in the straight line of duty, and be obedient to her father, to all the notions of right in which she had been reared; or should she quit her home in defiance, quit it clandestinely, to become the wife of Mr. Carlton? Reader! It has indeed come to this, grievous as it is to have to write it, at the present day, of a well-trained gentlewoman.

On the day that Mr. Carlton had asked for Laura, Captain Chesney commanded her before him. He did not spare her; every reproach that the case seemed to demand was lavished upon her by the indignant captain; and he finally forbade her ever to give another thought to Mr. Carlton. The abuse he heaped upon the unconscious surgeon would have been something grand if spoken upon the boards of a theatre; it simply made Laura rebellious. He told her that, except in his professional capacity, he disliked Mr. Carlton, and that nothing in the world would ever induce him to admit the man to his family. And this he confirmed with sundry unnecessary words.

Laura retired, apparently acquiescent. Not to him did she dare show disobedience, and the captain concluded that the affair was settled and over. Whether Laura's rebellious feelings would have subsided afterwards into duty had she been let alone, it is impossible to say; but Mr. Carlton took every possible occasion of fostering them.

He did not want for opportunity. Laura—careless, wilful, reprehensible Laura—had yielded to his persuasions of meeting him in secret. Evening after evening, at the dusk hour, unless unavoidably kept away by the exigencies of patients, was Mr. Carlton in the dark grove of trees that skirted Captain Chesney's house; and Laura found no difficulty in joining him. The captain and Miss Chesney would as soon have suspected her of stealing out to meet a charged cannon as a gentleman, and Laura's movements were free.

But it was not possible that this state of things could continue. Laura had not been reared to deceit, and she did feel ashamed of herself. She felt also something else—a fear of detection. Each evening as she glided,

trembling, into that grove, she protested with tears to Mr. Carlton that it must be the last; that she *dared* not come again. And suppose she made it the last, he answered, what then? were they to bid each other adieu for ever?

Ah, poor Laura Chesney's heart was only too much inclined to open to the specious argument he breathed into it—that there was but one way of ending satisfactorily the present unhappy state of things; that of flying with him. It took but a few days to accomplish—the convincing her that it would be best for them in every way, and inducing her to promise to consent. So long as she was Miss Laura Chesney, Captain Chesney's obstinacy would continue, he argued; but when once they were married, he would be easily brought to forgive. Mr. Carlton believed this when he said it. He believed that these loud, hot-tempered men, who were so fond of raging out, never bore malice long. Perhaps as a rule he was right, but in all rules there are exceptional cases. With many tears, with many sighs, with many qualms of self-reproach, Laura yielded her consent, and Mr. Carlton laid his plans, and communicated them to her. But for his having been forbidden the house, Laura might never have ventured on the step; but to continue to steal out in fear and trembling to see him, she dared not; and to live without seeing him would have been the bitterest fate of all.

In the few days that had elapsed since the rupture between her father and her lover, Laura Chesney seemed to have lived years. In her after life, when she glanced back at this time, she asked herself whether it was indeed possible that but those few days, a fortnight at most, had passed over her head, during which she was making up her mind to leave her home with Mr. Carlton. Only a few days! to deliberate upon a step that must fix the destiny of her whole life!

But we must hasten on.

It was about a month subsequent to the death of Mrs. Crane, and the moon's rays were again gladdening the earth. The rays were weak and watery. Dark clouds passed frequently over the face of the sky, and sprinkling showers, threatening heavier rain, fell at intervals.

Gliding out of her father's door, by the servants' entrance, came Laura Chesney. She wore a black silk dress, the mourning for Lady

Oakburn, and a black shawl was thrown over her head and shoulders. She stepped swiftly down the narrow side-path which led from this entrance to the foot of the garden, and plunged amidst the thick trees there. It was between eight and nine o'clock, and but for this watery moon would have been quite dark. Laura was later than she had wished to be. Captain Chesney was about again now, and it had pleased him to keep the tea waiting on the table, before he allowed Jane to make it. Laura sat in a fever of impatience; was Mr. Carlton waiting for her?—and would he go away? Swallowing down one cup of tea hastily, Laura declined more, and, saying she had a headache, quitted the room.

Unheeding the drops of rain which began to fall, unheeding the many drops which fell when the shrubs and trees were shaken, Laura plunged into their midst. Leaning against the trunk of one that was thicker than the rest, stood Mr. Carlton. Laura, who was in a state of perpetual and continuous terror during these interviews, flew to him for shelter.

"O, Lewis, I feared you would be gone! I thought I should never get away to-night. Papa was reading the newspaper, and Jane would not make the tea unless he told her. I dared not come away until it was made, because they would have been calling me to it."

"Only one night more, Laura, and then it will be over," was his soothing answer.

At least, he had meant it to soothe. But the step she was about to take seemed to yawn before Laura then in all its naked and appalling sternness.

"I don't know that I can do it," she murmured with a shiver. "It is an awful thing. Do you mind me, Lewis?—an awful thing."

"What is?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"The running away from my father's home. I have read of it in books, but I never knew any one who did it in real life; and now that the time is coming close, I cannot tell you how I seem to shrink from it. We have been brought up to be so obedient."

"Hush, Laura! You are falling into an unnecessarily grave view of this."

She did not answer aloud, but she began asking herself whether too grave a view could be taken of a daughter's leaving clandestinely her father's home. Laura's conscience was unusually alive to-night. A glimmer of the watery moon fell on her face through the trees, and Mr. Carlton saw how grave was its expression. He divined her thoughts, as by instinct, and answered them.

"Laura, believe me, you *can* take too grave a view of it. When a father is unreasonably despotic, a daughter is justified in breaking

through her trammels. Surely you are not wavering! Laura, Laura! you will not be the one to frustrate our plans! you will not draw back from me at the last hour!"

She burst into tears. "No, I would not draw back from you," she sobbed. "But—I don't know how it is, I feel to-night frightened at everything; frightened above all at the unknown future."

Mr. Carlton did his best to reassure her. Loving arguments, all too specious; sophistries, whose falseness was lost in their sweetness, were poured into her ear. It was but the old story; one that has been enacted many a time before, that will be enacted many a time again; where inclination and conscience are at war, and the latter yields.

"I could not live without you," he passionately reiterated. "You must not draw back now."

It may be that she felt she could not live without him. She suffered herself to be soothed, to be satisfied. Gradually, one by one, her scruples melted away from her sight; and she discussed with him finally their plans for getting away undetected, unpursued. The time for their purposed flitting was drawing very near; four-and-twenty hours more would bring it.

But it grew late; time for Mr. Carlton to be away, and for Laura to be in-doors again, lest she should be missed. Mr. Carlton, with many a last word and many another, at length quitted her. Laura remained for a few minutes where she was, to still the beating of her agitated heart, to live over again the sweet, stolen interview; only a few hours, and, if all went well, she should belong to him for ever.

The shrubs and trees around afforded a secure shelter. It was pretty dry there, and she had suffered the shawl to fall from her shoulders, never heeding where. But now she turned to look for it, and just at that moment the moon burst from behind a cloud, and Laura looked up at its glitter through the leaves of the trees. It was brighter than it had been yet that night.

Gathering up the shawl, she had thrown it round her, when a cry escaped her lips, and every pulse in her beating heart stood still. There, amidst the trees, stood some one watching her; some one that certainly bore the form of a human being, but a strange one. It struggled itself forward and came nearer; near enough to speak in a whisper, and be heard:

"Laura Chesney, what have you to do with Lewis Carlton?"

She stood paralysed with fright, with awe, leaning against the trunk of a tree, and saying

nothing : her hands clutching the shawl, her eyes dilated.

"Have nothing to do with Lewis Carlton," went on the voice ; "if you care for your own happiness, perhaps your life, have nothing to do with him. Ask him what he did to Clarice. Ask him if he deals in poison."

With the faintest possible rustling, the figure and the voice died away to her sight and hearing. Laura Chesney felt as if her own heart, almost her life, were dying with it.

Now it happened that Mr. Carlton, after letting himself out at the gate, remembered a word he had forgotten to say to Laura, touching those plans of theirs for the following evening. He had gone a few paces down the road when he thought of it ; but he retraced his steps, put his hand over the gate, pressed the spring, and turned in again. But a few yards from him, right in front of the path, enveloped in what looked like a travelling cloak and cap, stood a man, a stout and very short man—as it seemed to Mr. Carlton. He supposed it to be some traveller coming perhaps from a journey, who might have business at the house ; he supposed he had passed in at the gate in the minute that had elapsed since he himself had passed out of it. Conscious that he was not upon Captain Chesney's premises on pursuits of the most honourable nature, the surgeon felt somewhat embarrassed. At that moment the stranger turned and raised his cap, and to Mr. Carlton's horror he saw beneath it the face he had seen once before.

It was the same face he had seen on the staircase in Palace Street, the night of his patient's death ; the same severe face, with its intensely black whiskers, and its ghastly white skin. A creeping horror, as if the dead were about him, overspread Mr. Carlton : he knew not whether the figure before him was ghostly or human ; he leaned his brow on his hand for one single instant to recover self-possession ; and when he looked up, the figure was gone.

Gone where ? Mr. Carlton could not say, could not think. That it had not come down the path, was certain, because it must have brushed passed him ; and it was equally certain it had not gone on to the house, or it would not yet have been out of sight ; neither was he disposed to think it had disappeared amidst the trees, for he had heard no sound of their being moved. He had hitherto considered himself a brave man, a man bolder than the common run, but he was strangely shaken now. The same undefined terror which had unnerved him that other night, unmanned him this. It was not a fear that he could take hold of, and grapple with : it was a vague, shadowy dread, perfectly undefined to his mind, partly indis-

ting ; one moment presenting the semblance of a real tangible fear, that might be run from or guarded against ; the next, wearing to his conviction but the hues of a fanciful superstition. Never, in all his life, had Mr. Carlton believed in ghostly appearances ; he would have been the first to laugh at and ridicule those who did believe in them ; most singular, then, was it that the face he had seen that ill-fated night should have conjured up any superstitious fear in his mind of its being a visitant from the other world ; it was singular that the same idea should arise, uncalled for, now.

With a face quite as ghastly as the one he had seen,—with shaking nerves that he strove in vain to steady,—with a sickening fear that ran through every fibre of his frame, Mr. Carlton stood still as death, taking a few moments' respite ; and then he penetrated to the spot where he had left Laura Chesney. Not to her did he purpose breathing a syllable of what had passed ; what then was his astonishment to find her dart up to him, clasp him tightly for protection, and burst into deep sobs of terror, a terror as great as his own !

"Laura, my love, what means this ?"

"Oh, Lewis, did you see it ? did you see it ?" she sobbed. "That figure which has been here ?"

Mr. Carlton's heart beat more violently than before ; but still he would not betray that he knew anything.

"What figure, Laura ?"

"I don't know ; I don't know who or what it was. It was behind me, amidst the trees, and I saw it when I turned to look after my shawl. At the first moment I thought it was a woman, its voice sounded like a woman's, but afterwards I thought it was a man ; I don't know which it was."

"Its voice !" repeated Mr. Carlton. "Did it speak ?"

"It spoke, and that was the worst ; it warned me against you. Otherwise I might have thought it some curious passer-by, who had heard us speaking, and came intruding in at the gate to look. Oh, Lewis !" she added, with a burst of agitation that almost shook Mr. Carlton as well as herself, "it is not true, is it ? Lewis ! Lewis !"

Her emotion was so excessive that she lost all self-control, all recollection of the necessity for secrecy. Another fear attacked Mr. Carlton—that they might be betrayed.

"Hush, hush !" he whispered. "Be calm, and tell me what you mean. Is what true ?"

"It—I say 'it,' because I don't know whether it was a man or a woman—it warned me against you," panted Laura. "It told me

that I must have nothing to do with Lewis Carlton ; that if I valued my own happiness, perhaps my life, I should not."

"Some envious fool who has penetrated our secret, and who would step between us," interrupted Mr. Carlton in a tone of bitter scorn.

"Hear me out," she continued. "It told me to ask you what you had done with Clarice ; to ask if you dealt in poison."

Mr. Carlton stood as one transfixed—as one confounded. "What Clarice?" he presently asked. "Who is Clarice?"

"I don't know," said Laura Chesney, her sobs subsiding into a wail. "Do you know any one of the name?"

"I do not know any Clarice in the world," he answered.

"But about the poison?" shivered Laura ; "what could the words mean? 'Ask him if he deals in poison!'"

"I suppose they meant 'deals in drugs,'" was the answer. "A medical man, in general practice, must deal in such."

There was something in Mr. Carlton's tone that frightened Laura worse than anything that had gone before. She started away to gaze at him. He was looking forward with a vacant stare, as if he had lost all consciousness of the present.

"Was it a pale face, Laura, with black whiskers," he presently asked.

"I could see nothing distinctly, except that the face was ashy pale—or perhaps it only looked so in the moonlight. Why? Have you seen it?"

"I believe I have seen it twice," returned Mr. Carlton. He spoke in a dreamy tone of self-communing, quite as if he had forgotten any one was present ; and indeed it seemed that he had lost self-control just as much as Laura had lost it. "I saw it outside that room the night of the death," he continued, "and I saw it again this minute as I was coming back to you."

The particular information, and the associations it conjured up, did not tend to reassure Miss Laura Chesney.

"The face you saw outside the lady's room in Palace Street?" she said, with a faint shriek. "It never could be *that* face," she added, relapsing into another fit of trembling. "What should bring that face here?"

"I know not," cried Mr. Carlton ; and it seemed that he was trembling too. "I am not sure, Laura, that it is either man or woman ; I am not sure but it is a ghostly apparition."

"Where did you see it? Where did it go?"

"I saw it in the path, but I did not see where it went. It seemed to vanish. It is either that, or—or—some base villain, some sneaking spy, who steals into houses for his own wicked purposes, and deserves the halter. What should bring him here? here on your father's premises. Was he dodging my steps? or yours?"

"Lewis, whose *was* the face, that night?"

"I would give half my allotted life to know."

"There was a suspicion that *he* poisoned the draught. I am sure I heard so."

"Just as he would poison the happiness of our lives," exclaimed Mr. Carlton, in agitation ;—"as he would have poisoned your mind against me. Laura, you must choose between me and him ; between his insidious falsehoods and my love."

"Do not speak in that way," she passionately uttered ; "the whole world could not poison me against you. Oh, Lewis, my best-beloved, soon to be my husband, do not be angry with me that I repeated his words ; had I kept them to brood over alone, they would only have rankled in my heart."

"Angry with you," he murmured, "no, no. I am not angry with you. I am angry with—with that wicked one, who would have tried to separate us. One more night and day, my love, and then we may defy him and all the world."

Laura stole back to the house by the path she had come, the side-path leading to the kitchen. Mr. Carlton stood and watched her safely in-doors, and then departed on his way to his home. The garden, for all that could be seen of it, was perfectly free from intruders then, and Mr. Carlton could only believe it to be so.

But as he went down the road, lying so fanciful and still—still in the calm night, in its freedom at that hour from passengers, fanciful with its quaint patches of light and shade—Mr. Carlton walked as though he feared an enemy at every turn. Now he peered before him, now he glanced over his shoulder behind him, now he half turned to see what might be by his side ; and once, as an old hare, lurking in the hedge, sprang out before him and scudded to the field opposite, he positively started from it with a sudden cry. Strangely unnerved that night was Mr. Carlton.

And Laura, after all, did not escape without detection. It happened subsequently to the removal of the tea from the drawing-room that Miss Chesney wanted an embroidery pattern, and went to Laura's bed-room, to ask her for it. Laura was not there : and Jane, fancying she

heard a movement overhead, turned to the foot of the upper stairs, and called.

It was not Laura who was up there, but the maid, Judith. She came out of her chamber, looked down, and saw her mistress standing below.

"Did you speak, ma'am?"

"I called to Miss Laura, Judith. Is she up-stairs?"

The only room in which Laura was likely to be, if she was up-stairs, was the one occupied by Jane. Jane Chesney, ever self-denying, had given up the best lower rooms to her father and Laura, herself and Lucy sleeping above. Judith went and looked inside the chamber.

"No, ma'am, Miss Laura is not here. I'm sure she has not come up-stairs, or I should have heard her."

Jane called again, but there was no answer. She looked everywhere she could think of, and at last went into the kitchen. Pompey was there alone.

"Pompey, do you know where Miss Laura is?"

Pompey was, as the saying runs, taken to. He had had his eyes and ears open this last week or two, and had not been unconscious of Miss Laura's stolen interviews outside the house in the dusk of evening. Pompey had no idea of making mischief; old Pompey was fond of pretty Miss Laura, and had kept the secret as closely as she could have kept it; but on the other hand Pompey had no idea, could have no idea, of denying any information demanded of him by his mistress, Miss Chesney. So Pompey stood and stared in bewildered indecision, but never spoke.

"I ask you, Pompey, if you know where Miss Laura is," repeated Jane, certain anxieties touching Laura taking sudden possession of her and rendering her voice sharp. "Why do you not answer me?"

"She there, missee," replied Pompey at length, pointing to the garden. "She not catch cold; she got great big black shawl over her."

Who is with her? Pompey, I ask you who is with her?"

She spoke with quiet authority, though she had laid her hand on her heart to still its tumultuous beating; authority that might not be disputed by poor Pompey.

"I think it Misser Doctor. But she no stay over long with him, missee; she never does."

Jane Chesney leaned against the dresser, feeling as if an avalanche had fallen and crushed her; feeling that if an avalanche fell and crushed the house for ever, it would be more

tolerable than this disgrace which had fallen on it. In that moment there was a slight rustle of silk in the passage; it whirled by the kitchen door, and was lost on the floor above; and Jane knew that Laura had come in and taken shelter in her room.

Come in from the clandestine meeting with Mr. Carlton the surgeon; and the words of Pompey seemed to imply that these meetings were not altogether rare! Jane Chesney turned sick at heart. The disgrace was keen.

CHAPTER XVI. THE LETTERS.

An incident occurred the following morning to cause some surprise at the house of Captain Chesney. When Pompey brought in the letters he presented them to Jane, as was customary. There were three. The first was addressed to Captain Chesney, and Jane immediately handed it to him across the breakfast table; the second was addressed to herself; and the third bore the superscription "The Right Honourable the Earl of Oakburn."

It was not a pleasant morning, for the rain was pattering against the window panes. The breakfast-table was laid near the window in the drawing-room, where the captain, in his despotic will, chose that they should breakfast. He had taken a liking to the room; to its pretty glass windows that opened on the lawn.

Captain Chesney unsealed his letter the moment it was handed to him, and became absorbed in the contents. Jane kept glancing at the one addressed to Lord Oakburn, but she would not interrupt her father to speak of it. When he had finished reading his letter he looked up.

"Are both those for you, Jane?"

"Not both, papa. One is directed to Lord Oakburn. See. I cannot make out why it should have been sent here."

Captain Chesney stretched out his hand for the letter, and turned it about to regard it, after the usual manner of people when a letter puzzles them.

"Yes, it is for him, sure enough. 'The Right Honourable the Earl of Oakburn, Cedar Lodge, the Rise, South Wennock,'" continued he, reading the full superscription aloud. "He must be coming here, Jane."

"I suppose he must, papa. It is the only conclusion I can draw."

"Very condescending of him, I'm sure," growled the captain. "It's an honour he has not accorded me since he was at Eton. What is bringing him here, I wonder? Wants change of scene perhaps."

Jane took alarm. "You don't think he

can be coming here to stay, papa? We have nothing fit to receive him; no establishment, no accommodation. He cannot surely be coming to stay!"

"If he comes he must take things as he finds them. I shall not put myself out of the way, neither need you. 'Not able to do it, my lord,' I shall say to him; 'Frank Chesney's too poor; had his family bestirred themselves, old Frank might have carried his head a notch higher.' All you need do, Jane, is to see that he has a shake-down, a hammock slung for him, somewhere. I suppose that can be managed; there's the spare room off mine; and for the rest, let him take what he finds."

"Still I can hardly understand why he should be coming," resumed Jane, after a pause. "He——"

"Is he in London or at Chesney Oaks?" interrupted Lucy, looking up from her bread-and-milk.

"At Chesney Oaks, my dear," said Jane. "He went down a month ago, when his poor young wife was buried, and I think he has remained there."

"Whew!" interposed the captain, "I can understand it. He is coming cutting across the country from Chesney Oaks to Great Wenlock for a day or two on some political business, and so intends to make a convenience of my house to stay in and to have his letters sent to. *Very* condescending of him indeed!"

"Papa," said Lucy, somewhat anxiously, "don't you like Lord Oakburn?"

"Well—yes, I like *him* well enough, what I know of him; but I hold that I had great grievances against his father. What's the post-mark of the letter, Jane?"

Jane Chesney turned the letter over and made out the mark "Pembury." It was the post-town in the vicinity of the Earl of Oakburn's seat, Chesney Oaks.

"He must have started then, I should think," remarked Jane, "and this has been sent after him."

"How did he know our address here, papa?" asked Lucy.

"How did he know our address here?" repeated the captain, in choler. "What should hinder his knowing it? Do I live with my head under a bushel, pray? When I changed from Plymouth to this neighbourhood, the family received intimation of it; and didn't I write to the earl the other day when his wife died? Was I not asked to the funeral, stupid; and couldn't go because of that confounded gout?"

"Lucy's only a child, papa," soothingly interposed Jane. "She does not reflect."

"Then she ought to reflect," said the cap-

tain, "and not show herself a simpleton. He'll be wanting another wife soon, I suppose, so you had better look out, Miss Laura, and set your cap at him when he comes. You'd not make a bad countess."

The grim sailor spoke in jest. To give him his due, he was not capable of scheming for his daughters in any way. Laura, however, seemed to take the words in earnest. She had sat silent over her nearly untasted breakfast, her face bent; but it was lifted now, flushing with a vivid crimson. Captain Chesney laughed; he thought his random and meaningless shaft must have struck home to her vanity, exciting visions of a peeress's coronet, pleasing as they were foolish. But Jane, who had also noticed the blush, attributed it to a different cause, and one that pleased her not.

"Papa," resumed Lucy, venturing on another question, "how far is it from this to Chesney Oaks?"

"About thirty miles, little mouse."

"I think I ought to have holiday from my lessons to-day, as Lord Oakburn is coming," continued the child, glancing at Jane.

"Wait for that until he comes," said the captain. "He's as uncertain as the wind; all young men are; and it may be days before he gets here. He may?"—the captain drew up his head at the thought—"he *may* be coming to consult me on business matters connected with the estate, for I am—yes I am—the next heir, now he's a single man again. Not that I shall ever inherit; he is twenty-five and I am fifty-nine. Have you the headache this morning, Laura?"

Again came the rush of red to her face. What self-conscious feeling induced it?

"No, not this morning, papa. Why?"

"You are as silent and look as *down* as if you had fifty headaches. Jane," concluded the captain as he rose, "we must have soup to-day in case he arrives."

Jane acquiesced. This expected coming of Lord Oakburn's was only an additional care added to the many household ones that daily oppressed her.

Breakfast over, the captain strolled out. There was a lull in the storm, and the rain had momentarily ceased. He looked up at the skies with his experienced sailor's eye, and saw that it had not ceased for long. So he did not go beyond the garden, but went strolling about that.

Laura had departed immediately to her room. Jane placed the letter for Lord Oakburn on the mantel-piece and opened the one addressed to herself, which she had not done at breakfast. As she was reading it Captain Chesney came in to ask her for

a piece of string to tie up some bush in the garden.

"Is your letter from——?"

The captain stopped without concluding the sentence, stopped abruptly, and Jane's heart fluttered. She believed he had been going to say "from Clarice," and she felt thankful that the long barrier of silence observed to her by her father in regard to that name, should at length be broken. No such thing, however; the captain's obstinacy was unconquerable.

"It is only from Plymouth, papa."

"Oh," said the captain indifferently; and, taking the string which she had been getting for him he moved away, all unconscious that even in that slight incident she was sparing him pain in her duty and love. The letter was from a creditor at Plymouth, pressing for money on account of some long-standing debt.

Jane set Lucy to her lessons, and then went up-stairs to her sister's room. Laura had flung herself upon the bed, and lay there with her hands pressed to her temples. It may be questioned which of the two sisters had passed the more unhappy night. The discovery of the previous evening had been one of dire dismay to Jane Chesney, and she had lain awake in her distress, wondering how it was to end, wondering whether Laura *could* be recalled to a sense of what was right. In her own simple rectitude of feeling, Jane looked on the affair, on Laura's having allowed herself to meet in secret Mr. Carlton, almost as a crime, certainly as a heavy disgrace. And Laura? Laura could not but regard with shrinking fear the step she was about to take. She had tossed on her uneasy bed, asking herself whether she should not yet draw back from it. Even now the conflict was not over, and she lay there in dire perplexity and distress.

"Laura," began Jane in a low tone as she entered, "this must end."

Laura sprang off the bed, startled and vexed at having been found on it. "I feel tired this morning," she stammered with a lame attempt at apology, "I did not sleep well last night."

"I say, Laura, this must end," continued Jane, too agitated with grief to set about her task in any artistic manner. "You have permitted yourself to meet in secret that man—the surgeon, Carlton. O, Laura! what strange infatuation can have come over you?"

Laura laid her hand upon her chest to still its heavy beating. Found out! In her dismay and perplexity it seemed to her that there was nothing for it but *denial*. And she stooped to it.

"Who says I have? Whatever will you accuse me of next, Jane?"

"Hush, Laura! falsehood will not mend wrong-doing. Evening after evening you steal out to meet him. Last night I wanted you and I heard you were outside. I saw you come in, Laura, with the disguising shawl over your head. Laura, my dearest sister, I do not wish to speak harshly, but surely you cannot have reflected on how great is the degradation!"

Strange to say, the effect of the discovery was to harden her. With every moment, now that the first startling shock had passed, Laura's spirit grew more defiant. She made no reply to her sister.

"I speak only for your own sake," pleaded Jane. "It is for your sake I beg you to break off all intimacy with Mr. Carlton. Laura, I feel certain that he is not the man to make you happy, even were attendant circumstances favourable."

"It is a strange prejudice, this that you have taken against Mr. Carlton!" resentfully spoke Laura.

"I am not singular in it; papa dislikes him also. But, Laura, answer me a question; what end do you, can you, propose to yourself in this intimacy with him?"

Laura coloured, hesitated, and then took courage to speak out. But the answer was a partially evasive one.

"Mr. Carlton speaks of marriage. In time, when all your prejudices shall be overcome."

"Do not cherish it, do not glance at it," said Jane with emotion. "Our objections to Mr. Carlton never can be overcome. And I tell you that he would not make you happy."

"We must see—wait and see. If the worst comes to the worst, and everybody remains obdurate, we must then—we must then—join common cause against you for ourselves."

Laura spoke with agitation, but her agitation was as nothing compared to that which seized upon Jane at the words. It was impossible for her to mistake their hidden meaning. Her lips were white, her throat was working, and she held her sister's hands in hers.

"You do not know what you say. Never so speak again; you would not were you to weigh your words. I pray you—Laura, by the remembrance of our dead mother I pray you—never suffer so mistaken a thought to enter your mind, as that of quitting clandestinely your father's house to become a wife. A marriage entered upon in disobedience and defiance could never prosper. Laura, I don't think you are happy."

Laura burst into a flood of hysterical tears and laid her face down on the dressing-table,

almost in abandonment. Never had the inward conflict between right and wrong been so great as at that moment. Which should she give up? her father, her friends, her duty?—or him whom, with that all-impassioned love, she loved.

Jane stooped to kiss her. "Let it end from this day," she whispered. "Do not forget again what is due to yourself and to us by running out of the house for any stolen interview. It is not seemly; it is not right."

Jane quitted the room; it was best to leave Laura's sobs to subside alone. As she descended the stairs and passed the staircase window, she saw her father coming up one of the garden paths. Almost at the same moment, a blow, a crash of glass, and a shriek of terror, sounded from below. Jane flew down the stairs; Judith rushed forth from the kitchen; and Pompey, his great eyes glaring, emerged from some peculiar sanctum of his own, sacred to knives and boots. They stared at each other in the hall.

"Who is it?" exclaimed Jane. "What has happened? I thought it must be you, Pompey, come to harm amidst the bottles."

"Don't stand there asking who it is," burst from the choleric captain, as he came flinging into the hall. "It's Lucy. She has fallen through the drawing-room window, and perhaps killed herself."

They ran to the drawing-room. Lucy lay on the carpet close to the window, which opened, you know, on the ground. In running heedlessly towards it to say something to her father, her foot had slipped and she fell with her arms against the window, breaking two of its panes. The palm of one hand was cut, and the inside of the other wrist. They raised her and placed her in a chair, but the wrist bled dreadfully. Judith grew pale.

"There may be an artery divided, sir," she whispered to her master. "If so, she may bleed to death."

"You rascal, to stand there gaping when the child's dying!" cried the hot captain. "Go along and get help."

"Is it Misser Carlton I am to get?" asked the unlucky Pompey.

Down came the captain's stick within an inch of Pompey's head, and Laura, all dismayed at the disturbance, came in just in time to hear the captain's answer.

"That villain Carlton! No, sir, not if the whole house were dying together. Get Mr. Grey here, you useless animal. Not the one who poisoned the lady's draught, sir, do you hear? he shouldn't come within a mile of me. Find the other one, and be quick over it."

Poor, affectionate, well-meaning Pompey would certainly have been as quick as his best legs allowed him, but he was saved the trouble of using them. At the very instant they were speaking, Mr. John Grey was seen driving past in his gig. Judith ran out.

The groom heard her call, and pulled up, and Mr. Grey hastened in with Judith when he found what was the matter. In ten minutes the wounds were washed and strapped together with adhesive plaster. Lucy had cried very much with terror.

"Shall I die? Shall I die?" she asked of Mr. Grey, her little heart beating, her hands trembling.

"No, of course not," he replied. "What made you think of that?"

"I heard them talk about my dying; I am sure I did," sobbed Lucy, who was of an excitable and also of a timid temperament; "and I heard them say perhaps the artery was divided. Does that kill people?"

"Not always," said Mr. Grey. "Keep your hands still, like a brave little girl."

"Are you sure I shall not die?"

"Quite sure; you are not in any danger. Look here," he added, turning up his coat-sleeve and wristband, and exhibiting his wrist to Lucy, while the others stood around, the captain in rather a subdued mood. "Do you see that scar?"

"Yes, sir," was Lucy's answer.

"Well, once, when I was younger than you, I fell against a window just as you have done, and cut my wrist. There was danger in my case, and shall I tell you why?—the cut divided the artery. Though who made you so wise about arteries," added Mr. Grey smiling, "I don't know. But you see, Miss Lucy—I think I heard them call you Lucy, and I like the name, it was my mother's—you see, where there is great danger there is generally great help. My father, a surgeon, was in the room when I did it: he took up the artery immediately, and the danger was past. Now with this foolish little hurt of yours, although the strappings of diachylon look so formidable, there has not been any danger, for the artery is not touched. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, "and I believe you. I shall not be afraid now. Shall you come and see me again?"

"I will come in this afternoon just to see that the strappings remain in their places. And now good-bye, and be sure you keep your hands still."

"I think there must be holiday after this," said Jane, with a smile.

"Oh, decidedly holiday," returned Mr.

Grey, nodding pleasantly to Lucy. "Nursing to-day, lessons to-morrow."

Captain Chesney went out with him, and linked his arm within his. A rare condescension for the captain, and one that proved he had taken a fancy to Mr. Grey.

"She will do well, Captain Chesney, and I am glad I happened to be passing. It might have been an awkward accident."

"Sir, I thank you," said the captain; "and sir, I see that you are a gentleman, and a man to be esteemed. And I can only regret one thing."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Grey.

"That I ever took up with that fool of a Carlton. I dislike him, sir, and he shall never darken my doors again; he has proved *himself* anything but a gentleman. He's not fit to tie your shoes, socially, Mr. Grey, I can tell you that; and I don't suppose he is, professionally."

John Grey laughed, said a word to the captain to set him right as to Mr. Carlton's professional skill, which was really superior, and ascended to his gig amidst the pelting rain, and drove away.

Lucy meanwhile was giving *her* opinion in-doors as to the relative merits of the two medical men. "How glad I am it was Mr. Grey to do my hand and not Mr. Carlton!" she exclaimed.

Laura fired at the remark. "Has Jane been setting you against Mr. Carlton?" she resentfully asked.

Lucy lifted her eyes in surprise. "Jane has never set me against Mr. Carlton. I don't like Mr. Carlton, Laura. He frightened me one day; it was the day I was drawing, when I asked him about that dead lady. He was angry with me, and his face looked so that it frightened me; but I did not like him before that. Judith, you like Mr. Grey, don't you?"

"Oh yes, miss," replied Judith, who was on her knees washing the stain from the carpet. "I have seen a good deal of the two Mr. Greys, and I like them both."

"And do you like Mr. Carlton?"

"I can't say I do, Miss Lucy, what little I have seen of him. But I have not seen him many times."

Laura flung her head back with a haughty gesture and quitted the room in displeasure. She believed they had leagued themselves together to speak against Mr. Carlton; she never believed it possible that the dislike they expressed was genuine.

The day went on. The evening post brought another letter for the Earl of Oakburn, though the day had failed to bring the earl himself.

They dined at five as usual, and afterwards Captain Chesney went into the town to meet the omnibus from Great Wennoek, thinking it might possibly bring the earl, or news of him. It was after his departure that this second letter came, and Jane saw that it bore the London postmark. Mr. John Grey, who had not been able to get up before, called in towards dusk.

As he stood at the table, talking to Jane, Lucy sitting in an easy chair at the fire, his eye happened to fall on the letter that lay there, directed to the Earl of Oakburn.

"Do you know the earl?" he exclaimed, the remark appearing to escape him involuntarily.

"Yes," replied Jane; "we are related to him."

"Then perhaps you can tell me how he is?"

"I suppose he is well. We have been expecting him here all day."

"Expecting him here all day!" repeated Mr. Grey in an accent of astonishment. "I beg your pardon, Miss Chesney, I believe I cannot have caught your meaning."

"We have been expecting Lord Oakburn here since the morning," resumed Jane, "and we still expect him here to sleep. This letter and another have come to await him."

"You must, I fancy, be labouring under an error," returned Mr. Grey, in a tone that seemed to say he did not fully comprehend Miss Chesney. "Lord Oakburn is dangerously ill; ill almost to death. Two days ago very slight hopes indeed were entertained of him."

"What is the matter with him?" exclaimed Jane, puzzled in her turn, and looking as if the letter must contradict Mr. Grey's assertion. "Is he at Chesney Oaks?"

"He is lying at Chesney Oaks, ill of typhus fever. I know it in this way. The day before yesterday I had to go fifteen miles from this, to meet a physician from Pembury: we were to meet half way. He did not come, but sent a friend, another medical man, who explained to me that the first was detained by the alarming illness of Lord Oakburn. He has been staying at Chesney Oaks since the funeral of the countess, went into a house where the fever was raging, and caught it. On the day I met this gentleman he told me that a few hours would probably terminate his life."

Jane was silent, silent from positive bewilderment. Lucy spoke up from her chair.

"But, Mr. Grey, if Lord Oakburn should not be coming why should he have his letters sent here?" Lucy felt disappointed, she had been anticipating great pleasure from the visit of Lord Oakburn.

"That is what I am thinking of," said Jane. "It is not only one letter, it is two; the one is from Pembury, the other from London. Unless Lord Oakburn should be intending to come here, why, as Lucy says, should letters be sent to meet him?"

"You may rely upon it that the Lord Oakburn who was lying ill at Chesney Oaks is not intending to come here yet awhile, Miss Chesney. Probably you may know the next heir?"

"Papa is the next heir," said Jane.

"Captain Chesney is the next heir to the earldom of Oakburn?" quickly repeated Mr. Grey.

"Yes, he is."

"Then, my dear young lady, it is explained, I fear," returned Mr. Grey, after a grave pause. "Rely upon it, the young earl is dead; and that these letters are addressed to your father as Earl of Oakburn."

(To be continued.)

ITALY AND ENGLAND.

THE arrival of Garibaldi in England has been hailed with an enthusiasm which has astonished even those who were most inclined to welcome the peerless hero of Italy. The universality of the feeling is singular, unless we consider a little the slow and silent causes which have been preparing the national mind to sympathise so fully with the country of which he is the representative and the life. We think one of these has been the ITALIAN MASTER. When we were a school-girl he was an essential aid in the completion of a first-rate education; and, though Italian has been slightly overborne by German as a fashionable study of late years, we believe few educated women are ignorant of the language of Dante and Petrarch.

We were at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 16, when that wonderful welcome was given to Garibaldi which those who witnessed never can forget; and one circumstance which particularly struck us was, that the ladies who surrounded us talked Italian, involuntarily as it were, under the excitement of the moment. And, as we heard, our thoughts flew back to the days when we were reading Silvio Pellico with one of Italy's patient political martyrs, and hearing from him, during the needful time for conversation, the wrongs and aspirations of his countrymen.

The Italian master (of whom he was a good type) did not at all resemble the old French teacher who made French a popular tongue years before. The abbé and the ruined marquis of our grandmother's days were simply

aristocrats who had by some means to earn a living, and taught as they best might, with very little idea of conveying grammatical or literary information to the minds of their pupils. They spoke elegantly; would be shocked at the bad "turning" of a phrase; and bowed and took snuff with an infinite grace, which doubtless slightly influenced the generation of the Regency in manners.

The Italian master was generally of the middle classes. He was a well-educated man; frequently he had been a tutor in some noble family; sometimes he was a writer, who dared not publish in his native land. But he was always imbued with a strong love of his country—an ardent patriotism—which tinged all he taught and said.

We will return to our own teacher, who was, as we have observed, a fair type of the class, and fancy we sit again in the library that sultry July day when the leaves hung mutely on the trees of the square, and only the distant roar from busy Piccadilly told that we were in a great city. His voice came full and sonorous on the air as he read Iclio's speech in Alfieri's *Virginia*—the one beginning "*Popolo Rè.*" We can see now the look of power and determination in his fine dark countenance. The poet spoke his very thoughts; Alfieri was his delight; and we read it so often, and heard it so often discussed, that our knowledge of the Italian dramatist is only rivalled by that which we have of Shakespeare.

Our master had been the friend of Silvio Pellico; and often, when we read that most charming and touching of records, he would pause over the mournful story, to add some personal reminiscence to it. We remember how, that very summer day, he told us an incident, which would have been comic but for the disgraceful tyranny it revealed.

The Podestà of Brescia (at least such, if my memory serves me, was the dignitary of whom he spoke) was a creature of Austria, perhaps an Austrian himself. This man was so often in the habit of condemning persons suspected of disaffection to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*) and all its attendant horrors, that he would occasionally go to sleep during the so-called examination and trial of the prisoner, and awake to pronounce his usual sentence. One sultry day, while the magistrate slumbered through his duties, a case respecting the disposal of certain sacks of wheat, which had been discussed some time previously, came before him. He was awakened by his clerk to give sentence, and, half rousing up, gravely condemned the sacks of wheat to "*carcere duro* for ten years." We would not smile, then, at an act which so fully illustrated the condition

of an oppressed people. Our hearts used to burn within us at such injustice, and we did all we could to enforce on our male relatives the shameful thralldom to which Italy was subject. Now in many homes, such teaching came with every London season. In others the Italian master was a guest and a friend. There were strong points of sympathy between him and the substantial burgher, or commercial man, who welcomed him to his hearth; and thus, in the homes of England, he quietly and unobtrusively kindled a fire which needed only Garibaldi's presence to burst from smouldering into flame.

To these men—unknown and nameless as many of them have lived and died—Italy owes the deep interest of England, apart at least from that feeling of hero-worship still remaining amongst us, which renders us capable of receiving into our heart of hearts the spotless hero of Marsala.

We hear people around us talking of their fear of a reaction after all this enthusiasm; of John Bull waking one morning and thinking he had made a fool of himself, and drawing back into his old coldness and insular reserve, as shy people are wont to do after such betrayals of their hidden nature. We anticipate nothing of the sort; because this enthusiasm has been of slow growth, and is not the gourd of a night. Not all Garibaldi's wonderful gifts, his rare personal advantages, his self-negation, his fidelity, his Quixotic gallantry, would have won for him the interest of the English to the degree in which he possesses it, had it not been for the slow years of patient patriotism of the Italian master.

Not that we would deprive Garibaldi of a single laurel leaf, or England of the greatness she shows in appreciating greatness. We mean only that it is an understanding love,—a perfect and long-growing sympathy we offer him.

We (like most other European nations) owe much to Italy. Our Shakespeare, whose 300th anniversary happily coincides with the visit of one worthy to have clasped hands with him, drew much of his inspiration from her; and—vast debt of gratitude! which only youth and love and genius can fully feel—we owe to her the immortal vision of a "Romeo and Juliet." "The Taming of the Shrew" is derived, so far as the love intrigue goes, from a piece of Ariosto. "Much Ado About Nothing" is a dramatised version of the story of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the same author. In "Cymbeline" Shakespeare has combined a novel of Boccaccio's with a traditional tale of the ancient Britons. "Othello" is the "Cristoforo Moro" of Henry VIII.'s time,—the real

Moorish general of the Venetian Republic, mentioned in the "Letters of Giustiniani," the ambassador from the Doge to England. One cannot fail to observe, indeed, how Italianised was our Shakespeare's fancy. The scene of nearly all his comedies is in Italy. Venice, Padua, and Verona possess the glory of having given a "local habitation" to the glorious beings of his imagination. And though on all he bestowed the wondrous lustre of his genius, and they became *his* and *his only* through that power, nevertheless he has linked the thought of himself with Italy while England shall have a language.

Those lovers of Verona are absolutely as much the delight and glory of our countrymen as if they had been born in London, and—dead—reposed in our own great city. We cannot here refrain from relating a little incident told to us recently by an Indian officer, apropos of "Romeo and Juliet." There are two great gates at opposite sides of Lucknow—one of which was called, before we took the town, Roum or Rome. Our soldiers, a little puzzled by the pronunciation of the name, at once christened it "*Romeo's Gate*," and, to make things even and shipshape, named the opposite one "*Juliet's Gate*"; and such are now, and probably will ever be, their designations, to the possible amazement of some future Indian antiquary.

Who does not know the Rialto as well as London Bridge? Who does not feel that Padua is *ours*, and Shakespeare's also?

Indeed, Italy was to us, in the days of Elizabeth, very much what Greece had been to ancient Rome. "To have swum in a gondolo" was essential to the finish of the travelled Englishman. Surrey lingered delighted in the land of art and poetry and learning. Spencer absolutely *translated* from Tasso! For example, read his description of the "Bowre of Blisse," and compare it with Tasso's "Garden of Armida," especially the stanza,

So passeth, in the passing of a day
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flowre,

and the one in the "Gerusalemme," beginning,

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno, &c. &c.

Everybody knows how Milton learned the speech of Italy well enough to write sonnets in it; and how the Eve of his imagination was supposed to be the Italian lady who placed in his unconscious hand Guarini's pretty lines addressed to eyes closed in sleep.*

* See, as an example of Milton's Italian, his "canzone," beginning,

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M'accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Versoggiando d'amor, e come t'osi? &c. &c.

What other language ever won so much love from the proud islanders as this of Italy? Addison wrote *con amore* of the "belle contrade;" Johnson had an Italian—the learned Baretti—for his friend; Byron chose Italy for his home before he went to die in Greece; and (next to Shakespeare) his genius was most at home when he sang of Venice—of Italy.

The Italians, also, have ever had a yearning for the Briton. Our Free Lances fought in their feudal quarrels. Petrarch was moved to tears as he heard Chaucer's "Griselda" read. Is it the mingling of the old Roman blood with the British which has thus drawn the nations together? Be it what it may, we gladly hail, as the representative of Italy in England, the warrior who realises in his own person the myths of our matchless King Arthur, and is as good, as fate and opportunity have made him great.

L. V.

ON SPRING.

"LENT," in the Saxon language, means "Spring;" thus, we have *Spring-fast*, or Lent. There is something in the word *Spring*, which brings with it delightful associations. All nature seems at once to start into new life. The birds chaunt their songs of bliss and harmony; the fig-tree and the vine put forth their blossoms; the snowdrop and crocus, those early Spring flowers, peep forth modestly, after having been concealed so long in their winter prison; while numerous bees sally forth to partake of the sweets they yield. And then how joyously the rooks resort to yonder high elms, and begin to repair their old nests, performing their graceful gyrations in the air, while some may be seen continually fighting and pulling each other's nests to pieces. It is impossible to watch these proceedings of a colony of rooks in the Spring, without being struck with the affectionate manner with which the male birds feed the hens, who receive the offered food with fluttering wings, and all the little blandishments of love.

Early in the month of April, swallows begin to visit us, and their arrival is hailed by every lover of nature with infinite pleasure. Nothing can be more graceful than the way in which they describe their rapid and elegant circles in the air, reminding us of what has been said of them—

The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play.

Sometimes they will settle for a short rest on the roof of a house or barn, where they sing their soft, sweet song, and then take wing again with that hilarity which is always so pleasing for a lover of nature to witness.

Amidst the rural sounds which delight the ear in the Spring, the song of the thrush may be heard from the upper branches of some tall tree, which it pours forth in a great variety of tone, sometimes appearing to imitate some well-remembered words, or then subsiding into plaintive notes. A blackbird answers from some adjoining "bosky bourn," and its tone contrasts agreeably, and may be called a sort of bass to the song of the thrush. In fact, one song of harmony and happiness may be heard from various of the feathered race, for the robin, the wren, and the fly-catcher all add to the general chorus. Thus Spring bursts upon us with peculiar enjoyments. The hum of the bee may be heard as it flies from flower to flower, collecting sweets; the cuckoo proclaims its arrival, and is soon followed by our favourite nightingale, who selects some thick thorn-hedge, where he pours forth his sweetest songs in hopes to attract a mate, for he arrives in this country a week before the female birds. How sad is it to know that this artless songster is too often captured, in the midst of its happiness, by marauding poachers, who confine it in a cage till they can sell it, although the poor bird seldom survives its captivity.

But let us walk in yonder meadow, redolent of sweets from cowslips, primroses, and blue-bells, and hear the lark carolling high in the heavens, while our pretty birds of passage are singing in every bush. We may at the same time hear the sharp and *stridulous* notes (as Mr. White calls them) of the field-cricket or grasshopper, as it takes its leaps on the grass—

The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green.

It is one amongst our many pleasing country sounds.

If we walk to the purling brook at the bottom of the meadow, meandering so playfully amongst reeds and pebbles, and its waters clear and bright, we may see the dragon-fly settling on a bullrush, or feeding on the ephemera which haunt the stream, and which are also preyed upon by numerous small fishes. The cooing of wood-pigeons may be heard—rural sounds, which inspire

Vernal delight and joy,—

and then may we see the joyous swallows lightly dipping their wings in the transparent stream.

A little later, as the Spring advances, the mowers may be heard whetting their scythes, another rural sound; and these are followed soon afterwards by the maidens of the farm turning the new-mown grass to the sun. All appears joyousness and happiness, and the merry laugh may be heard as the labourers

assemble under some wide-spreading tree to partake of their mid-day meal.

Such are some of the sights and melodious sounds to be witnessed and heard in the country during a cheerful Spring, when the sun bursts forth to enliven the world, and the air is soft and balmy. These influences cause the sap to ascend into the branches of trees, which gradually unfold their new buds, and then their leaves and blossoms. All nature,

in fact, is active, and every bird pours forth its varied melody, for the arrival of Spring is attended with a thousand new delights; even the very insects appear to participate in the general joyousness of the season.

The above little picture of the Spring has been drawn from the life, and it is submitted to those who, like the writer, have watched the effects of it upon all nature, whether animate or inanimate.

EDWARD JESSE.

FIELDING'S GRAVE.

OPPOSITE to the great Basilica of the Heart of Jesus, usually called the Church of the Estrella, in Lisbon—which, by the way, is a model of Saint Peter's at Rome—on the hill-side, is the beautiful English cemetery. There—deep in the shadow of cypresses, and grown all around with

flowers—is the resting-place of the great novelist, Henry Fielding. It is a pleasant pilgrimage for a moonlit evening, after a summer's day in those parched streets. The air is soft, and fragrant with fresh flowers and dew. Rows of tall, dark cypresses stand out clearly against the pale sky, motionless as the dead over whose graves they grow. Nightingales fill the air with melody. Here I linger undisturbed, and recal the life and work of him whose influence English literature can never lose, though the finer sense of modern days has banished his books from our drawing-room tables.

The charm that made Fielding's works so popular in their own time is the true charm still of all popular novels. It is no longer possible to pass over the coarseness of many scenes and sayings in Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. They put themselves beyond the pale of modern society's attention. But they are still valuable as careful photographs of the men and manners they describe. Few besides literary men will discriminate sufficiently between the things told and the inimitable wit



Tomb of Fielding, English Cemetery, Lisbon.

that tells them. Yet there is a crafty delight to be found in one, where the other can now hardly fail to offend. The faults in Fielding's works are the faults of the days in which he lived. Their excellences are his own. We have to thank him, first of any, for rescuing modern novels from

"impossible virtues and improbable heroisms," and for originating that school of writers which finds in ordinary life the material for our deepest and healthiest interest. He has well earned the title of "Father of the English Novel."

His own manner of life is a cause of wonder and sorrow. Of noble descent and liberal education, he was forced, first by poverty and afterwards by illness, to give up the learned profession for which he had studied, and to support himself and his family by his pen. To this, in all likelihood, he owes his fame. Dissipated in youth, and extravagant to the last, he was nevertheless more upright than many around him, and more full of domestic tenderness and affection. In middle life his labours were considerable, as magistrate and as author. But though he has done so much and so well, with talents so great as his, and a heart so honest, we may fairly regret that he did not leave behind him a still fairer and more fruitful fame.

In June, 1754, Fielding went to Lisbon for his health. Four months later he died there,

at the age of forty-seven. On his monument is the following inscription :—

HENRICI FIELDING

A SOMERSETENSIBUS APUD GLASTONIAM ORIUNDI,
VIRI SUMMO INGENIO,
EN QUÆ RESTANT !

STYLO QTO NON ALIUS UNQUAM,
INTIMA QUI POTUIT CORDIS RESERARE, MORES HOMINUM
EXCOLENDOS SUSCEPIT.

VIRTUTI DEOREM, VITIO FÆDITATEM ASSERUIT, SUUM
CUIQUE TRIBUENS ;

NON QUIN IPSE SUBINDE IRRETIRETUR EVITANDIS—
ARDENS IN AMICITIA, IN MISERIA SUBLEVANDA EFFUSUS,
HILARIS, URBANUS, ET CONJUX, ET PATER ADAMATUS,
ALIIS, NON SIBI VIXIT.

VIXIT : SED MORTEM VICTRICEM VINCIT. DUM NATURA
DURAT, DUM SÆCULA CURRUNT,

NATURÆ PROLEM SCRIPTIS PRÆ SE FERENS,
SUAM ET SUE GENTIS EXTENDET FAMAM.

On the reverse are these few words :—

FIELDING

LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DARI
FOVERE NATUM.

But his truest monument is not of stone ; neither this, where his body lies, nor that in Westminster Abbey, where his nation delights to honour him. And his most enduring epitaph is written with ink and pen, and read wherever the English language is known.

J. C. H.

MY DOUBLE-BLOSSOMING CHERRY-TREE.

"The flowers are as large and double as a cinnamon-rose, and these being produced in large bunches on every part of the tree, render it one of the most beautiful trees of the spring. It doth not produce fruit ; but this defect is sufficiently recompensed in the beauty of its flowers."—"Miller's Gardener's Dictionary."

Grows 'neath my windows a cherry-tree,
Double and treble its flowers,
It stands, like a bride,
In the broad noontide,
In bloom among April showers ;
Like a phantom bright,
In the shade and light
Of the mystic midnight hours.

As soft as silk,
And as white as milk,
Are the blossoms that clothe my tree ;
Like plumes in air
Wave its branches fair,

'Tis a triumph of purity !
By the nightingales and the linnets
Beloved beneath sun and moon ;
'Tis haunted by musical spirits
Alike in the night and noon.

My fruitless beauty ! no cherry bright
On thy summer boughs will glow ;
Thou wast giv'n me as a pure delight,
To cheer my fancy and charm my sight,

By angels at work below—
Artificers the Creator sends
To minister to their humbler friends,
To fashion and guard the gifts he lends
To a kindred pilgrim race :
Gifts that with promise and type are rife,
That teem with hints of a higher life
In a brighter dwelling place !

For here I've seen,
Though the earth were green,
That snow on my cherry fell ;
And the north-east blast
The garlands cast

Aground that I loved so well !

'Twas always the same,
For always came
The snow and the bitter sleet,
Chilling and rending,
In showers descending,
Fell the petals at my feet.

If a few remain
They fade i' the rain,
And darken until they die,

While hardier flowers in beauty again

Look up when the storm goes by.

"Even so," said a voice in mine ear
(Keen, thrilling, and small was that voice),

"If we would live, we must dry the tear,
Work while the sun and the sky are clear,
Take heart again, and rejoice.

Late in the day
Come touches of grey,
And lines on their brow and hair,
Who put the past from their thoughts away,
And at will can banish care.

Be tender and wise, and face thy fate,
And, though the clouds break ever so late,

Enjoy St. Martin's summer—

Listening, unsoured by memories sad,
To the cheery voices of children glad,
Watching each blythe new-comer—
In thoughtful peace often brought by Time
To those he hath robbed of bloom and prime,
Not of faith in God, nor His hope sublime."

As the late swallows on sunny tiles
Bask, gath'ring strength for their wintry flight,
Let human love and innocent smiles
Warm those who wait by the gates of night.

My double-blossoming cherry-tree,
When thy dazzling bloom is past,
And over the graves of memory,
In the spring's gay morning, cast,
A sober dress of enduring green,
For the heat of summer days,
For the burden of the year is seen
On thy slender fruitless sprays.
And the nightingales and the linnets
They love thee the best no more,
They've vanished the musical spirits
Now thy reign of flowers is o'er !

But a lusty thrush sings clear and strong
On the topmost branch his evensong ;
In noons of summer some feathered sprites,
From thy lower boughs, take flashing flights

After winged insect prey,
Or doze and brood
On thy solitude,
And dress out their plumage grey.

All these will pass
With thy leaves, alas !
In the first autumnal frost :

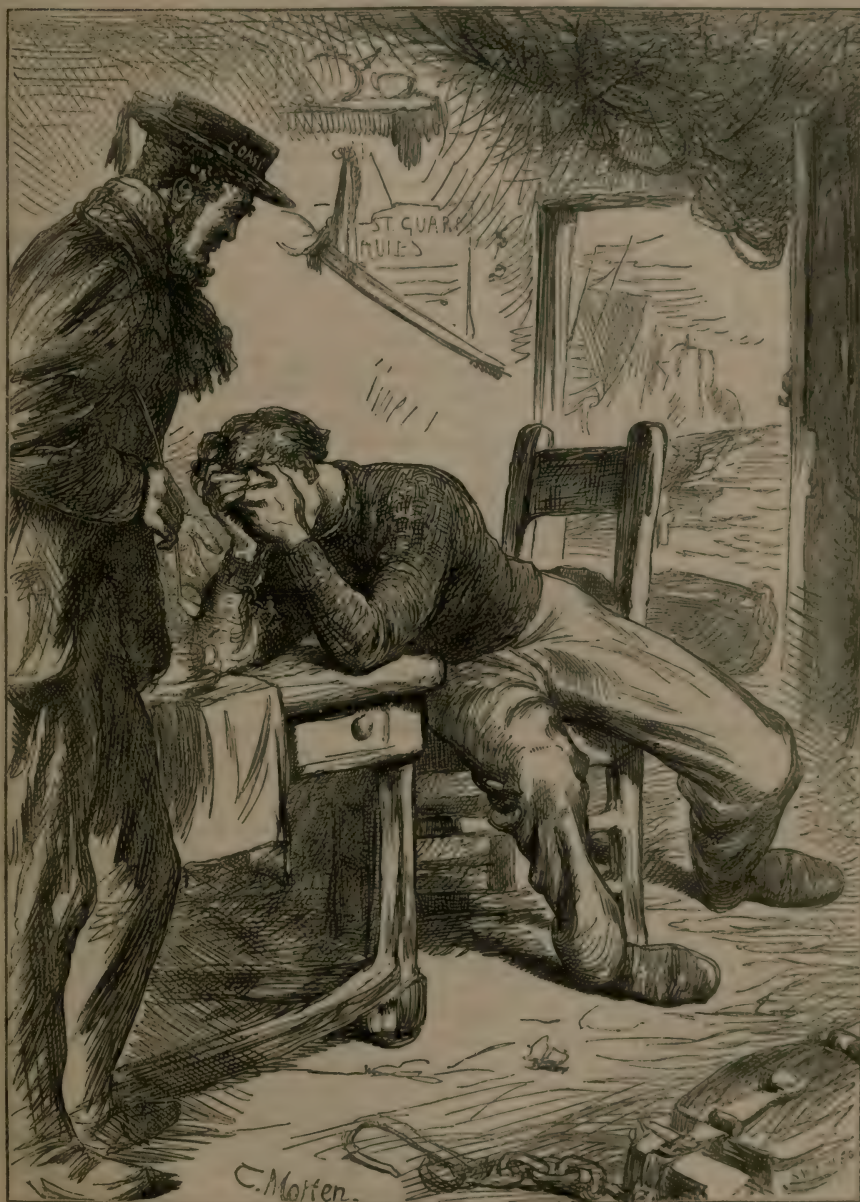
But I'll remember,
In dull November,
Thy beauty so early lost.

Inanimate friend,
The spring will lend
Us again thy clusters fair ;
But each vanish'd grace,
Each dear dead face

I must trace in thought on air !

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

THE COAST GUARDSMAN'S TALE.



"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening. A fine night, this."

"Yes, sir,—a niceish sort of night. Pity for us we don't have more of them."

The scene was on the south coast of Corn-

wall, where I had retired a few days before the commencement of the long vacation, to seek a short repose from the turmoil and worry of the law; leaving behind me the old time-worn buildings of Lincoln's Inn, where the

old sundial, with its quaint motto,* seldom looked at, and still seldomer heeded, is perpetually reminding us of the frail tenure by which we hold our lives; leaving the barristers, in their gowns and wigs, hurriedly passing from courts to consultations (or, in other words, from fee to fee); the lawyers, in their black dress, and with their bundles of papers under their arms; and the office-boys, with big bags, stuffed full of—what it would be hard to enumerate—briefs, cases, opinions, and all the other multifarious paraphernalia of the profession, evidently looking upon themselves as no mean part of their respective establishments; leaving all this busy scene (and only too glad to do so), to seek a little rest and quiet, in about the quietest part of England. I had taken rooms in a little village about half a mile from the sea; and the short walks gradually extended, the regular hours and the quietness of everything internally and externally was fast bringing me round again, when the circumstances I am about to relate took place.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and I stood gazing out of my window at the few strangers still passing up and down the village street, when a sudden wish came into my head to take a walk along the cliffs by moonlight. I had often thought of doing this, wondering what sort of life the Coast-guardsmen had of it—those men by whom every inch of England, so they say, is walked round every night, as they pace up and down, night after night, and year after year; and so I resolved, at last, to put my long-fancied scheme into execution.

I had been sauntering along for about half a mile, looking at the blue waves, reaching far, far out into the distance, and chequered here and there by the distant sail of some fishing-boat, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and at the long golden track, reaching from far away up to the base of the cliffs—the footpath of the fairies, as I had been told long ago—and peopling it, in my fancy, with the light spirits of the air, tripping along in many a fantastic maze, on the glittering surface, and calling to their sister sprites in the water below, when I was startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up, saw a man close to me, while the inviting smell from a short pipe quickly recalled me from my fancies to the sense of ordinary existence.

All that I noticed of his dress was that he had on a rough pilot-coat, with a low hat, while a thick walking-stick formed his only apparent weapon of offence and defence. In short, it was with him that the sentences “first above written” were exchanged.

I soon found that my new acquaintance was one of that very body of men that I had so often pondered about; and so, having fallen into conversation, I walked on a bit with him.

“I suppose you don’t have much to do now besides walking up and down, do you?”

“Why, no, sir. There’s not so much doing as there used to be, once on a time, though I have seen some goings on in my time—Mind where you are treading, sir!” he exclaimed. “The cliff is not very safe along the edge, and if it gave way you would be smashed on the rocks below, like a poor fellow I knew was some time ago. God rest his soul!”

“What of him?” I said. “Did any one fall over here?”

“Why, no, sir. He didn’t exactly fall over, and it wasn’t over this cliff, neither, but the one we shall come to next. My beat ends there, and, as I am a bit before my time, I expect my mate won’t be up for ten minutes or so; and, if you like to hear the tale, though it’s not so much after all, I will tell you on the spot where it all happened. Indeed, to say the truth, I shall be very glad of your company, for its a whisht* spot, and, often as I have waited there, I am always glad to turn my back on it again.”

We soon reached the bay by the light of the moon. After looking along the cliff, to see if there were any signs of his companion, and, not finding any, he sat down on a stone, and I lighted a cigar, and, taking my place beside him, he began:—

“It is not so many years ago, sir, eight or nine, maybe, when a young gentleman came down here, as it might be you, to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place, like. He wasn’t a bad-looking sort of fellow, and had small and white hands. Indeed, most people would have called him handsome, though there was always a kind of look about his mouth I didn’t like to see. He was staying up at the Miner’s Arms, and there soon got tales about the town, of the way in which he and two or three other wild young fellows about here, as there are everywhere, used to go on; the sitting up at nights, the drinking and card-playing, and the wild freaks they used to be at. But as he always had plenty of money, and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish), Polmarthen, the landlord, sir, never cared to say anything to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and no doubt he made plenty of money out of his customer; but it would have been better for him if he had never let Mr. Hendon under his roof. His daughter, pretty Kate Polmarthen as she was always called, was the prettiest girl

* Ex hoc momento pendent a ternitas.

* Cornish for “dull—melancholy.”

for miles about (I see you guess what's coming), and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honour, and many a young man would have given much to have stood well in her good graces ; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favour in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva—a likely young fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to young Tregarva, who was only a fisherman ; but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more ; and though I hear there was some trouble about it, yet, in the end, he gave way to her in this. It was not long, however, after Mr. Hendon came down here, that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She would sit silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would speak sharply and harshly to him, and then sometimes burst into a flood of tears, and beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest and best of men, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow. I was sitting in my cottage, one day, towards the evening, thinking it would soon be time to be going off on my beat, when young Tregarva burst in, with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. 'What is the matter, man, said I ; have you seen a ghost ?' but he staggered to a chair, and fell, rather than sat, down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs that burst from him seemed to shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood by him for some little time, but he seemed to grow worse instead of better, and at last I laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Come, Ralph, be a man ; what is all this about ?' He turned on me like a tiger. 'Leave me alone, curse you. Do you too mock at me ?' and, with one spring, he was past me, and out at the door like a madman. I followed in haste, greatly alarmed, as you may suppose, but could see nothing of him. There was a mist rising, and any one would have been invisible at any moderate distance ; and it was with deep forebodings that I went my rounds that night. When I returned to my cottage, I noticed a small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hendon to Kate, evidently written in a hurry, and was all crumpled up as if it had been clenched in the fingers. No doubt it had dropped from Ralph's hand, though how he got it I do not know. It left no room for doubt. He urged her to fly from the village before her condition became known, and promised that he would provide for her.

Soon after, I heard more. That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That morning her bedroom had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was, that her father made no search after her,—for he made none. He knew only too well why she had gone. Hendon was still in the village, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I each keeping our own counsel. What need to publish the certainty of her shame ? We heard nothing of Ralph for three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh ! so haggard and wild he looked, and with a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gaiety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him out into conversation were met with such bursts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself. And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high-tide, and the sand gets quite covered. It was high-water about half-past eleven on the September evening, when I was on my beat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the top of the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a voice down below, on the beach, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this, I looked over, and I saw that there was a figure there, and that he was rushing about, and shouting up. I could recognise the voice of Hendon, and called out,—'Holloa, there !' 'Help ! help !' he cried. 'I am cut off by the tide. I can't swim. Send a boat. For God's sake, help me !' So it was. Sauntering along, he had, I suppose, waited there, and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I saw him, so that he must have waited at least that time with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done. True, I had a rope, and instinctively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry a bit about with me. It often comes in useful ; but what good was it now ? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my beat and went for assistance, he would be drowned long before I could return. Even while I hesitated, I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side. 'I can go down that cliff,' said he, in the measured, dogged tone he had always used since *then*, though there seemed to be an expression of savage exultation in his tone that night that made me shudder. 'I will go. Give me that

rope.' 'Good God !' I exclaimed, 'it is certain death !' While I spoke, however, he had snatched the rope out of my hands, let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down, hand-under-hand, clutching at every little bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip, and he would have fallen, literally 'smashed' on the rocks below ; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for still I could see him going down, further and further, crawling like a lizard, till he was only some eight or nine yards from the bottom. There he stopped. There is a flat ledge of rock there, and he lay down on it. It was a still night, and I could hear him, as plainly as I could you, sir. 'Mr. Hendon !' he called out. 'Oh, thank God, you are come at last !' I heard Mr. Hendon answer. 'Here I am. How can I reach you ?' 'I have a rope with me ; if I throw it you, can you get up here ?' 'Yes, yes ; be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I am half-dead with cold.' 'Just so,' was the strange answer of Tregarva. 'Quick ! quick ! do not trifle with me ; I shall drown.' 'You will not drown for half an hour yet, Mr. Hendon,' replied Tregarva, with a laugh. But such a laugh ! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend. 'Oh, for mercy's sake, be quick.' 'Mercy !' echoed Tregarva. 'Such as you have shown shall be shown to you. Where is Kate Polmarthen ?' 'I do not know. I do not, indeed. Quick ! the water is over my knees.' 'Liar !' returned Ralph, heedless of his agonising entreaties. 'I have ventured my life to come here. Did you think it was to save you ? No ; it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. When I heard of her flight, I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter, from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. She had dropped it in her hurried departure. But never shall you meet her in this world. Liar ! seducer ! Your last hour is come. I have but to throw you this rope, and you are safe. Your life is in my hands ; but had I a thousand lives, and were each of them entwined in your one, I would give up all, all, to punish you.' Again the scream arose,—'Mercy ! mercy !' 'Mercy !' again echoed Tregarva. 'Such mercy as the lion shows to his prey, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins ; and, as the water mounts higher and higher, think of her whose body and soul you have murdered,—think of me, whose peace of mind, you, in your wantonness, have utterly wrecked, and then ask for mercy. Never.' Oh, that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Hendon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave

almost tore him away from his frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieking out mingled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up, with a hoarse boom, against the rocks, while, above all, rose the frantic yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terrors and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. The crisis arrived. One mountainous wave came rolling in, and while his death-shriek still rings in my ears, Hendon was torn away from his hold. His white face appeared gleaming amongst the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bleeding and shattered body was borne out to sea. Ralph was reascending the cliff, when, losing his scanty foothold, he slipped away. For one moment he hung suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight he fell—down into the same tomb to which he had consigned his victim. *His* body was never found. That of Hendon was recovered next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of 'wilful murder' was returned against Tregarva. I have little more to tell. Poor Kate and her babe, lie side by side in the churchyard. And now, sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone ? But I see my mate is coming, just in time, so I will bid you good night, sir."

"Good night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser, man.

C. O. WELBY.

MAÏA.

CROWNED with a rainbow wreath
Made bright by the April showers,
Robed in the royalty of spring,
Comes Maïa scattering flowers :
Studded with diamond drops,
Dew-tears all glittering rare,
The thick white lilac, fragrant and sweet,
Gleams wet in her golden hair :
Their pendant tassels now
Do the shy laburnums sway,
Tossing them to and fro in the breeze,
In an arch coquettish way.
In the breeze, the health-giving breeze,
Blossom-laden and soft,
Old eyes grow bright and young limbs
spring firm,
And we carry our heads aloft.
Ah ! the little May-sprite lurks
In the bells of the nectarine bloom,
In the pink of the apple, the white of the plum,
And the gold of the cowslip's womb.
And the first rose nestleth proud
To the side of the warm south wall,
As the slanting rays of the sun-king bold
On her crimson petals fall.

Oh ! that is a dangerous game,
 For a maiden, my belle of belles,
 In love, I've heard (though I know
 not where),
 'Tis the first false step that tells.
 Is there any human Rose—
 Who deems it the summit of bliss
 To attract a thousand curious eyes—
 Who will take a lesson from this?
 Trust me, dear English girls—
 For I speak with a kindly will—
 That a Rose who flaunteth not in the sun,
 Is a Rose of roses still;
 Since to beauty she adds the pearl
 Of a modest maidenly mien,
 And hidden treasures have twice the worth
 Of those that are often seen.
 Round the vane of our village church
 The quick, sprightly swallows throng,
 The blackbird pipes from the briar-bush,
 And the woods are alive with song.
 In the fork of the grand old pear
 Hath the bulfinch made her nest,
 And she presses her callow babies four
 To the matron-gray of her breast.
 Life is astir on the earth,
 Life is afloat in the air,
 Life is in valley, o'er hill, and in dale,
 It exulteth everywhere.
 O Heaven ! thy cup is full
 For thy children here below ;
 Sure one drop more would the measure brim
 And the wealth of joy o'erflow.
 Thou hast given us each a place,
 Each one in thy world a part,
 To our lips thou raisest thy cup of love,
 May we drink with a grateful heart !
 ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

"THE GREATER LIGHT."

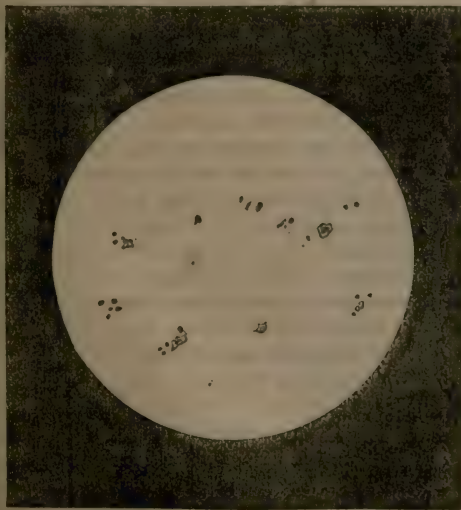


Fig. 1. Telescopic appearance of the Sun.

AMONG the multitude of objects of the visible universe that claim the attention and excite the admiration of mankind, pre-emi-

nence will be indisputably acceded to the great source of light and heat, the all-animating heart of that gigantic system of which our little world is but an insignificant member. For when we regard its wondrous power and stupendous influence over our pleasures, our requirements, and even our sufferings, and observe the mysterious workings of that power in all its various influences over the earth we inhabit, the food we eat, and the air we breathe—generating the gentle breeze and fanning it into the devastating hurricane ; drawing up the waters of the sea in vapours and causing them to descend in rains to irrigate the land ; exciting the various electrical processes of our atmosphere, and the magnetic phenomena of our earth, even producing the volcano and the earthquake ; inducing the seed with life, and feeding the young plant with vitality drawn from the inorganic earth, ripening its rich fruits or scenting its many-coloured flowers ; and by mysterious links influencing the moral and intellectual state of man's being, and the serene and melancholy tone of his disposition—when we regard all this, we can scarcely wonder at the superstition of a bygone age, that led its votaries to raise proud temples for the worship of the sun, or withhold our sympathy from the poor untutored savage of our own day, who at its rising, prostrates himself to receive its earliest beams. For we, in a higher state of mental culture, must feel for the sun a reverence almost amounting to adoration ; but, in an age of enlightenment the spirit of adoration gives place to one of inquiry into the nature and attributes of the object we adore.

We wish that it lay in our power to furnish from the records of science a reply to the interesting question as to the source of the sun's light, but it is as unanswerable now as it was centuries ago. Nevertheless, observation and inquiry have been, and still are, active and persevering in seeking a key to the mysteries of the solar agency ; and from the shores of the wide ocean of research we may gather a few pebbles to amuse and divert our minds—from the well-husbanded field of analogy we may glean a few grains to enrich the garner of our knowledge.

It is exceedingly difficult for the human mind to form an adequate idea of the large numbers that have to be employed in representing the scale of magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies. And, although the new determination of the solar parallax, or in other words the latest measure of the sun's distance from the earth, reduces our previous estimate of that distance by nearly 4,000,000 miles, the interval between us is so immense, that a railway train, travelling at the

express speed of sixty miles an hour, would occupy one hundred and seventy-five years in performing a journey to the sun. Sound would occupy fourteen years in traversing the distance; and, fleetest of all messengers, a ray of light cannot reach us from the sun in a less time than eight minutes; so that, if it were possible to fire a cannon-shot from the sun to the earth, the flash of the gun would not be seen till after the expiration of eight minutes, and the report would not reach our ears till a lapse of fourteen years, while the ball would not probably arrive till a few years later. So vast is the sun's magnitude, that the sixty-mile-an-hour train would take five years to travel round it, whereas it would roll round our little earth in seventeen days. It would take one million four hundred thousand worlds the size of ours rolled into one, to produce a globe equal in dimensions to the sun. Its heat has been determined to equal many times that of the blast furnace, and its light is so intense that the most brilliant flames we can produce, appear as black spots when held before its disc; by comparison with the light of the full moon, it is found that it would require eight hundred thousand full moons to yield us the same illumination.

But the sun has not perpetually shone with its familiar brightness, its wonted lustre has more than once been dimmed and tarnished, its "eye" has "had a sickly glare." For instance, we learn that after the death of Julius Cæsar, the sun was for a whole year paler and gave less light than usual, so that the air was thick, cold, and misty, and the fruits of the earth failed. At the time of the crucifixion, according to St. Matthew, "from the sixth hour there was darkness over the land, unto the ninth hour;" St. Luke adding to the parallel passage, "the sun was darkened." In the year 409, when Alaric appeared before Rome, the darkness was such that stars were seen in the daytime. In 536-7 its light was dim and obscure for upwards of a year, and again in 626 for a period of eight months. Some time during the reign of Leo the Third, about A.D. 800, "the sunne was darkened and lost his light for eightene days, so that shippes ofte on the sea wandred to and fro." On the 21st of September, 1091, a darkening took place, which lasted three hours, and after the obscuration had passed away, the solar disc remained of a peculiar colour. And in 1547, and again in 1569, the sun appeared to all Europe of a blood-red colour. It will perhaps be expected that we should here allude to the standing-still of the sun recorded in the Book of Joshua, but as such a phenomenon cannot be referred to, and is, in fact, at variance with

the operations of physical laws, it can hardly be included in the category of established scientific facts, and must therefore be either received as a miracle or rejected as poetry. According to Dean Milman, "some have supposed this miracle only apparent, and have imagined a preternatural refraction of the sun's rays after it had really sunk below the horizon. Others conceive that it is a highly wrought poetical passage from the Book of Jasher (which, there is good reason to believe, was the great collection of national lyrics), and hence abounding, according to the genius of Hebrew poetry, with the most daring apostrophes, and delighting in figures drawn from the heavenly bodies." The before-mentioned darkenings of the sun have been more or less satisfactorily accounted for, and we shall take occasion to refer to the proffered explanations when the reader has been made acquainted with the data upon which such explanations are founded.

We will now proceed to offer a few remarks upon the telescopic appearance of the sun, and the deductions that have thence been made concerning its structure and constitution. In order to fix the attention we will divide the features presented by the solar face into two classes: the *general*, or those referring to the whole surface of the sun; and the *special*, or those confined to particular regions, and of variable or transitory character. Taking the general, although by far the least striking features first, we observe that the disc of the sun is invariably brighter in the centre than at the circumference; there is a gradual but unmistakable diminution of light as we approach the borders of the disc. This appearance is not shown in fig. 1 on account of the difficulty of representing it with sufficient delicacy by a wood engraving. There is but one reason to account for this, and that is, that the globe of the sun is surrounded by a partially opaque atmosphere, which diminishes the light of the visible disc near the borders, by reason of the solar rays coming from the furthestmost part of the sphere having to pass through a much greater thickness of this atmosphere than the rays from the centre. This conclusion is supported by a phenomenon seen during total eclipses of the sun, when the solar disc is entirely hidden by the moon. On these occasions the black moon appears to be surrounded by a "glory" or halo, which is called the "corona;" and, as this is observed to be connected with the sun and not with the moon, it can only be attributed to such a cause as the existence of an atmosphere of considerable extent encompassing the sun. In this atmosphere there float masses of denser

vapour, or clouds, that are *only* visible during solar eclipses, and which are always of a splendid crimson colour. They are variously described as "red flames," "luminous prominences," and "rose-coloured protuberances." Their outline often much resembles those clouds of our own atmosphere sometimes compared to mountains, and known as "cumuli," or by sailors as "ball-of-cotton clouds." They are regarded with some probability as condensed vapour or smoke, arising from the supposed incandescent surface of the sun, and it is suggested that they may consist of infinitesimally small particles of the metals believed to exist in a state of vapour in the sun's atmosphere.*

We next observe that the entire surface of the sun, or, as it is called, the *photosphere*, is peppered over with minute dark dots or pores, that give it an appearance somewhat resembling the skin of an orange; or, to use the simile of another observer, like the head of a fine cauliflower. Sir J. Herschel compared the solar surface to the appearance of a slowly subsiding flocculent chemical precipitate, when viewed perpendicularly from above. But by far the most important and interesting acquisition to this branch of observation is the discovery, made by Mr. Nasmyth three or four years ago, that the sun is entirely covered with leaf-shaped or grain-shaped particles, or rather masses, of luminous matter, the interstices between which form the dark dots or pores we have above alluded to. Mr. Nasmyth likens them to willow leaves interlaced with and superposing one another, "without any approach to symmetrical order in the details, but rather, if the term may be used, in a sort of regular random scattering." He further describes them as in constant motion, comparing their movements to the volutions of a shoal of fish. There is a substantial agreement between these observations and those of Herschel made thirty years ago, from which he assimilates the photosphere to a luminous medium pervading a non-luminous atmosphere "in vast sheets or columns like flame." Some observers have suggested that these rapid motions are due to the tremulous state of our own atmosphere when heated by the rays of the sun, which causes every object under observation to appear to be quivering or dancing, an opinion the writer is disposed to endorse; as, although he has repeatedly observed the grain-shaped phenomena, he has never seen them in a state of such rapid change as to justify their comparison to a shoal of fish. The size of these bodies is prodigious, the smallest of them have an area equal to that of the British Isles, and the largest are probably equal in superficial extent to the continent of Europe. The

engraving (fig. 2), represents a highly magnified portion of the sun's disc, and shows well their shape and distribution. To give some idea of their dimensions, we may state that the cut includes about one hundred millions of square miles of the sun's surface.

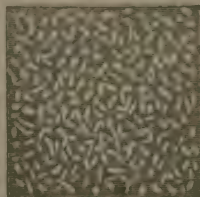


Fig. 2. Granular appearance of the Sun's surface.

What these bodies are cannot at present be conjectured. There can be little doubt that they are intimately connected with the immediate origin of solar light, and comparing small things with great, the chemist is reminded by them of "incandescent arsenic emitting light in the combustion of arseniuretted hydrogen."

We will now proceed to the second class of features, alluded to as *special*, and of more transitory character. The first of these that we shall notice are what are termed the *faculae* or *luculi*. These appear to represent bright streaks or veins, of much greater brilliancy than the general surface of the sun, and, to borrow an humble object for comparison, look like glowing or golden worms creeping about, or rather basking, on the sun. They are determined to consist of blisterings in the surface, or heapings-up of the luminous matter of the photosphere into ridges or mountainous heaps, and perhaps, to arise from conglomerations of the mysterious grain-shaped particles already described. They are mostly seen near the edges of the disc, where the light is less intense than in the central regions, and where their sides are presented to view. A group of them is represented in fig. 3. Their magnitude is

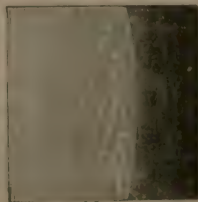


Fig. 3. Faculae.

sometimes enormous, extending, as they do, like chains of mountains, for hundreds of thousands of miles on the surface of the solar globe.*

* In contemplating these immense distances, and others mentioned in the course of this paper, due regard must be had to the insignificant proportion they bear to the total area of the sun, which is equal to two trillions, four hundred and forty-three billions, one hundred and twenty-nine millions of square miles!

* See Vol. VIII., p. 708.

These faculæ are always the forerunners, and also the followers, of the most striking of all the peculiar features of the sun—the last we have to notice—namely, the *maculæ* or “spots.” Whenever a group of faculæ appears there is sure to be a turbulence in the luminous matter composing the photosphere, that in the course of a few hours breaks out into a small black spot. This spot will go on increasing its size and continually changing its form, sometimes only for hours, sometimes for weeks and months, and will then split up and disperse itself, eventually becoming quite invisible, and leaving behind it a group of faculæ more or less extensive, in proportion to the magnitude of the eruption or the size of the spot; and finally, the faculæ themselves subside, and again leave the surface of the sun in its original condition.

The discovery of solar spots was contemporaneous with that of the telescope, but the honor of first observing them has been contested by three persons—Fabricius, Galileo, and Scheiner, a German Jesuit, who was a professor of mathematics in the University of Ingoldstadt. Their discovery inflicted a heavy blow against the follies of ancient philosophy, for it was one of the fundamental doctrines of Aristotle that the heavens were incorruptible and immutable, and that therefore the surfaces of the heavenly bodies could undergo no change of appearance; and when Scheiner communicated his observations to the Provincial of the Order of Jesuits, an astute follower of the teachings of Aristotle, that dignitary refused to credit his assertions, and told him, “I have read Aristotle’s writings from end to end many times, and I can assure you that I have nowhere found in them anything similar to what you mention. Go, my son, tranquillise yourself, and rest assured that what you take for spots in the sun, are the faults of your glasses or your eyes.”

Our engraving (fig. 1) shows a good sprinkling of spots; not, however, more than are frequently seen at one time, for it represents the actual appearance of the sun one day in March, 1860. It does not very frequently happen that no spots whatever are visible, but such occasions sometimes do occur. Long continued observations prove, without a doubt, that a frequency and a paucity of spots recur at regular intervals of about ten years: from a series of observations extending from 1826 to 1850, we gather that a maximum number was observed in each of the years 1828, 1837, and 1848, while a minimum number is recorded in each of the intermediate years 1833 and 1843, during each of which there were about 150 days on which no spots were seen. It has been sup-

posed that the greater frequency of spots, denoting an increased activity in the heat-producing process of the sun, has some effect in increasing the temperature of the earth’s atmosphere, and Herschel went so far as to compare the varying price of wheat, during a period of over sixty years, with the observed condition of the sun, and obtained a curious result showing that the more spotted the sun, the cheaper the wheat. Social and political causes, however, interfere too much to render this comparison worthy of any important consideration; and a more extended series of observations, similarly compared by a later observer, proves the argument untenable. But there is little doubt that there is one system of terrestrial phenomena subject to their influence, and that is the variation of the magnetic needle, for an augmentation in the number of spots invariably produces an amplitude of the variation of the compass.

One of the earliest fruits of the observation of these spots was the discovery of the rotation of the sun upon its axis; for it was easily noticed that the spots which made their appearance on the eastern edge of the disc, traversed across to disappear on the western edge in about thirteen days, reappearing again on the eastern border after a lapse of the same interval, and so on; thus determining the revolution of the sun to take place in about twenty-five days, but a little uncertainty is attached to this period on account of the fleeting nature of the spots, which have apparently a motion of their own, independent of their motion round the axis of the sun. The spots are by no means scattered indiscriminately over the surface. They are confined to two belts or zones, one on each side of the solar equator, extending to about thirty degrees north and south latitude on the sun’s globe, and it is remarkable that they are seldom seen absolutely on the solar equator. This confinement within these limited regions, answering to the torrid zone of our earth, has led to the conclusion that they are produced by some action in the luminous atmosphere of the sun, analogous to that which causes the tornadoes that prevail in the tropical regions of the earth, and this conclusion is supported by the fact that the spots, like the tornadoes, are frequently subject to a rotatory or gyratory motion.

We will now pass to a description of the appearances presented by an individual spot when made the subject of examination and scrutiny with high telescopic power. They are all so nearly alike in character that an illustration of one will suffice to embrace the features of them all. They almost always consist of a

dark blackish spot, surrounded by an extensive dusky or ashy-grey shading called the *penumbra*, and it has recently been found that within the dark spot first mentioned there is a smaller, intensely black region which forms the *nucleus*. For the purpose of illustration we select a spot observed by the writer in the early part of February of the present year, shown in fig. 4.



Fig. 4. Solar Spot.

Within the penumbra of the spot are seen several of the blacker portions or nuclei; it represents, in fact, a spot in the course of breaking up or dispersing. In the middle of the triangular patch just above the centre of the cut, is seen the intensely black region above noticed as forming the *nucleus proper* (although the term *nucleus* is often employed to represent the whole of the dark portion of a spot as distinguished from the penumbra). The penumbra, it will be remarked, presents a curious streaked or radiated appearance, which cannot at present be accounted for. As we have already remarked, when a spot is about to break out in any part of the sun's disc, a number of faculae appear there. In a short time a dark point or apparently a little hole is seen; this goes on enlarging and throwing out its penumbra, sometimes for days, at others only for a few hours, until it is fully developed, when it begins to disperse or break up; the black nucleus separates into several portions, the penumbra becomes jagged and broken, and the parts, both of it and the nucleus, dwindle away in periods varying, like the time occupied in the spots' formation, from weeks to hours. A few days before that on which our illustrations were depicted, this spot appeared of a nearly circular form, with the contour of the nucleus and penumbra regular and unbroken. A few days after it was so mutilated that not a single feature could be recognised. To realise the magnitude of the disturbance or convulsion that produced and so altered this spot, we have only to remark that the boundary line of our engraving represents a space on the sun's sur-

face embracing seven hundred and fifty-six millions of square miles—nearly four times the entire area of the earth—in a state of turbulence and commotion, compared to which the earthquakes of our globe are as insignificant as the turning of a sod, to which the tornadoes of our atmosphere are as feeble as an infant's breath. Yet this is by no means an exceptionally large one. Compared with the entire surface of the sun, it was not greater than some of the larger spots shown in fig. 1. Sometimes they have appeared of such immense size as to be visible to the naked eye. In 1837, Herschel observed one that occupied an area of three billions seven hundred and eighty millions of square miles. Sometimes they assume grotesque shapes, or arrange themselves in fantastic groups. On Sunday the 4th of January, 1863, a group was observed that bore a striking resemblance to a human skeleton. What could Zadkiel, Raphael, and Co. have been about that they failed to discern the portent of this ominous apparition?

To account for these spots two theories have been proposed. One of these is, that they are masses of non-luminous matter floating over the sun's surface, or clouds in its atmosphere; the other is, that they are openings or chasms in the luminous photosphere. The second of these is that generally adopted as best agreeing with observed effects. The various shadings that are seen in a spot—the penumbra, the intermediate darkening, or *umbra*, and the nucleus—have led to the conclusion that the sun consists of an opaque or non-luminous body, surrounded, first, by a shell or envelope, giving off or reflecting very little light; next, by a second shell or envelope outside the first, giving off rather more light; and, last, by the intensely luminous covering that forms the visible surface or the photosphere.

"As happy anticipation and imagination," says Baron Humboldt, "long antecedent to all actual observation, sometimes contain the germ of true views; so we find, as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, in the writings of Cardinal Nicolaus of Cusa, in the second book of the treatise '*De Docta Ignorantia*,' the opinion clearly expressed that the body of the sun is only an earthy kernel, surrounded by a luminous shell, as by a thin veil, and having in the middle a mixture of water-bearing clouds and clear air, similar to our atmosphere; and that the power of radiating forth the light which animates vegetation on the surface of the earth belongs not to the earthy kernel or nucleus of the sun, but to its bright surrounding covering." This conjecture, it will be remarked, bears a striking resemblance to the accepted result of long investigation.

If we refer to the diagram (fig. 4), the foregoing explanation will be made clearer by regarding the intensely black portion as the nucleus or kernel; the next degree of shading immediately surrounding it as the first shell or envelope; the next lighter stratum, or the penumbra, as the second shell; and taking the white paper to represent the outer covering or photosphere. Now in order to explain the formation of these cavernous openings through the various envelopes, it is supposed that a quantity of vapour or gas is discharged with prodigious force, either by volcanic or some other powerful agency, from the solid body of the sun; that this bursts through the various envelopes just described, becoming more intensely heated and more expansive as it passes through each of them, and so producing in each a larger aperture than the one it has previously passed through, until it escapes into the surrounding atmosphere described in an earlier part of this paper. There is little doubt about the fact of the spots being chasms or depressions; but there may be doubt about the above-described cause that produces them. But we must reason with the hope of probability that which we cannot at present ascertain with certainty.

Now, having witnessed the commotion and activity that is constantly going on in the sun, it is not difficult to assign highly probable explanations for the obscurations or diminutions of lustre to which we have alluded. Two such explanations have been given by Humboldt: one accounting for the phenomena as the effects of a possible impediment to the radiation of the solar light and heat arising from the formation of unusually large or dense clouds in the sun's atmosphere; another ascribing them to disturbances in the process by which light is evolved, or a lessening of the intensity of the photosphere, perhaps by the formation or accumulation of an extraordinary number of spots. The variations of light that even the usual numbers of spots produce, has led astronomers to the belief that the sun belongs to that class of bodies known as *variable stars*; so that to an observer on a distant star, our sun appears to vary in brightness, just as some stars appear to us.

The very natural question often arises, How is such an immense conflagration sustained? And, considering the enormous emanation of light and heat, does not the sun undergo some important diminution in volume? Observation cannot aid us in the solution of this mystery; for if the sun were gradually consuming away at the rapid rate of two feet of surface matter in every day, it would be three thousand years before the diameter of the sun would be de-

creased by a measurable quantity. It has indeed been suggested that the light may be generated by friction, or excited by electrical discharges, rather than by the combustion of material fuel; but, with the present state of our knowledge, this can only be regarded as conjecture.

There is always an amount of popular interest attached to the question of the habitability, or possible habitability, of the heavenly bodies. So far as this question refers to the sun, we may sum up an answer in the words of the illustrious Arago, who said, "If you were to put to me the simple question, is the sun inhabited? I should reply that I know nothing about it. But if you asked me if the sun could be habited by beings organised in a manner analogous to those that people our globe, I should not hesitate to reply in the affirmative." For although the intense heat of the sun precludes the idea of life existing on its outer envelope, we must remember that this envelope is removed by thousands, or even perhaps millions, of miles from the actual surface of the solar globe; and that there are intermediate envelopes, to shelter and screen the habitants, if such there be, from the fierce heat of the exterior shell, just as the inner casing of a fire-proof safe protects the contents from the red-hot exterior. But the muscular development and constitution of solar beings must differ widely from ours; for if a ten-stone man were to be transported to the sun he would weigh about two tons, and so would be crushed to pieces by his own gravity. But to pursue this subject further would drift us into the trackless ocean of unsupported conjecture.

J. CARPENTER.

"BLACKLEGS."

THE derivation of the slang term *blackleg* applied to a rogue at a race, or a cheat at cards, is not very clear. Captain Grose, the antiquary, in his curious work "The Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," suggests that gamblers or sharpers on the turf or in the cock-pit are probably called *blacklegs* "from their appearing generally in boots, or else from game-cocks whose legs are always black."

The latter appears to be a rather far-fetched and not very satisfactory explanation. But bearing upon and in favour of the former view of the case, a story may be found in the Autobiography of Frederick Reynolds, the dramatic author, published in 1827. Reynolds was born in 1764, and when quite a lad lived with his parents in the Adelphi, Garrick being the opposite neighbour and

intimate acquaintance of the family. Reynolds relates that walking with his father one wet day in the most miry part of the City, they were overtaken by Garrick. The father and son wore white stockings, but the player, better equipped for the weather, was booted to the knees. Pointing to their mire-sprinkled stockings, Garrick asked if his friends had ever heard the story of Lord Chancellor Northington and the blacklegs? and then proceeded to tell them how one wet day the Chancellor, plainly dressed, was walking up Parliament Street when he picked up a handsome ring, which was almost immediately claimed by a passer by, bearing the appearance of a country gentleman, who expressed the greatest joy at the recovery of his lost treasure, and insisted that there should be an immediate adjournment to an adjoining coffee-house, in order that a bottle might be cracked at his expense in celebration of the happy event, and in recognition of the finder's kindness in at once restoring the ring.

Lord Northington, in the humour for an adventure, followed his new friend to the coffee-house, and over the promised bottle was soon busily occupied discussing the topics of the day. Presently some other gentlemen—who dropped in apparently by the merest chance—joined the party. The bottle circulated, and great friendliness and good fellowship appeared to prevail. In the course of half an hour a game of hazard was boldly proposed, and while the Chancellor was meditating upon his reply he overheard one of his companions whisper to the other—"Damn the loaded dice, he's not worth the trouble; *pick the old flat's pocket at once!*" His lordship had fallen among decided *blacklegs*. Of course the whole affair had been pre-arranged, the "ring-dropping" being at that time a favourite method among sharpers, by reason of its presumed naturalness, of obtaining an introduction to anyone who bade fair to become a prey to their confederacy. Lord Northington now plainly avowed himself, while at the same time he told his astounded companions that if they would inform him what could have induced them to suppose that he was a man likely to fall into the trap they had laid for him, he would overlook their misconduct and take no further proceedings in the matter. Upon this, one of the sharpers said frankly:—"We beg your lordship's pardon, but whenever we see a gentleman in *white stockings* on a dirty day, we consider him likely to prove a capital pigeon, and we pluck his feathers accordingly, as we hoped to have plucked your lordship's to-day." "And now, my story ended," said Garrick, bowing to his friends

the Reynoldses, "I leave you, gentlemen, to deduce its application, and I wish you both a very good morning."

Certainly there may be held to be in this case the sort of connexion which is understood to exist between extremes. "White stockings" being accepted as indicative of the innocent pigeon, "blacklegs" may be looked upon as the natural antithesis, and be fairly understood, at any rate until some happier explanation of the term is forthcoming, to represent the villainous rook.

GARRICK'S MULBERRY TREE.

AMID the bustle and excitement connected with the celebration of our great dramatist's natal day, one or two localities indirectly associated with his name or that of his descendants have been inadvertently overlooked. Such a place is Abington, in Northamptonshire. It is a small village, consisting of a few thinly scattered farm-houses and labourers' cottages, situated about a mile and a half from the busy town of Northampton, familiar to the readers of "King John." Shakespeare has so identified the name of Northampton Castle with the tragedy of Prince Arthur's death, that it is difficult for a reader of that play to visit the site of the ancient edifice and not recall the touching passage wherein the poor, blind, and helpless prince appears on the castle walls, and imploringly murmurs:—

The wall is high, and yet I will leap down;
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not.

It is scarcely possible—such is the force of the dramatist's genius—to believe the whole scene is merely a fiction. Still, King John was a frequent visitor at Northampton Castle, from the battlements of which he could descry the grand old woods which at that time formed the background to the pleasant meads of Abington—or Abintone, as it was then called—and Weston Favell. And, in good sooth, to this day the neighbourhood of Abington is so eminently picturesque and suggestive of anything but its immediate vicinity to the great emporium of shoe-leather, wax, and bristles, that it is not surprising the road to the village should, during the bright golden days of summer, form the favourite promenade of the disciples, both male and female, who claim Saint Crispin as their tutelary deity. This is especially the case on Sundays, and holidays in general, when the crowds of pale-featured artisans, released for a few happy hours from the cares of toil, stream forth in their best attire from the closely pent-up streets and lanes of the town, for the purpose of enjoying the pure and refreshing breeze which sweeps

over the yellow corn-fields that smile in the hazy distance, recalling many a happy line of poor John Clare. Some of these holiday-seekers wander onwards towards Kingsthorpe, others proceed over the grassy slopes of Abington Park towards Weston Favell, so long associated with pleasant memories of the gentle-hearted Hervey, while a few are perchance tempted to enter the little church, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which stands on the rising ground in the centre of the park.

Picturesque as is the exterior of the sacred edifice with its ivy-covered walls—the trailing parasite, like Charity, covering a multitude of sins—flanked on one side by the tastefully laid-out churchyard, and on the other by the well trimmed lawn belonging to the ancient manor-house, antiquarians and archaeologists will be sadly disappointed with the interior, which resembles a quakers' meeting-house rather than what we generally associate with our idea of a parochial place of worship. This was occasioned by the edifice's having been blown down, with the exception of the chancel, some forty years since, and afterwards rebuilt in the then prevailing tasteless fashion. Fortunately, most of the monumental inscriptions were preserved, also the two altar tombs to the memory of Sir Edmund Hampden and Eleanor his wife. Sir Edmund came from Hampden, in Buckinghamshire, and was uncle to the celebrated John Hampden, of whom, by-the-by, there is preserved a miniature likeness at Earl Spencer's seat at Althorpe. Eleanor Hampden had for her first husband Baldwin Bernard, whose family had possessed the Abington estate ever since the time of Edward III. By this husband she had two sons, William and John, the latter of whom married Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Nash, Esq., of Wilcombe, Warwickshire, and grand-daughter of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. She was the daughter of John Hall and Susannah, the eldest daughter of the immortal bard; and after her marriage with Sir John Bernard, she is believed to have resided for several years at the manor-house which adjoins the church, no other buildings being then existing in the park, which occupies a space of about eighty acres. In 1669 or 1670 she died, and on her death Sir John Bernard sold the estate to William Thursby, a wealthy and distinguished member of the legal profession, and who was descended from one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Mr. Thursby rebuilt a portion of the manor-house, and modernised the remainder, so far as the exterior was concerned, but fortunately allowed the interior to retain many traces of its former possessors. It is now used as a private lunatic asylum, but my visit being unexpectedly

made, and during the absence of the medical superintendent, I was refused that access to the interior which would otherwise have been readily accorded. There is, however, no reason for questioning the general accuracy of the description furnished some years since by Mr. George Baker, in his "History of Northamptonshire": "The hall is a lofty Gothic room, with open timber roof, a recess at one end, and mullioned windows. . . . The dining-room is wainscotted, and [has] the arms and quarterings of Bernard intermixed with a variety of grotesque devices introduced into the panels."

As might have been expected, the memories of the former owners of Abington yet lingered in the thoughts of the new possessors; and the circumstance that Shakespeare's favourite grand-daughter had dwelt so many years at the manor-house, was sufficient to impart an air of interest to the place. Towards the latter part of the last century the Thursbys appear to have been on very friendly terms with David Garrick, who occasionally visited them at Abington. During one of these visits he planted a mulberry tree on the lawn in front of the manor-house. This tree is still in existence, and formerly bore a silver plate, on which was inscribed:

THIS TREE WAS PLANTED BY DAVID GARRICK, Esq.,
AT THE REQUEST OF ANN THURSBY,
AS A GROWING TESTIMONY OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP.

The plate is now missing, but the tree itself is yet popularly known as "Garrick's Mulberry Tree." It affords a choice subject for the pencil of the artist, its long spreading branches trailing towards the ground in wild and luxuriant profusion. At the rectory, which is situated in another portion of the park, there is, I believe, a bust of Garrick, which is stated to be "a most excellent likeness." Garrick's admiration, real or assumed, of Shakespeare's genius, led him to profess an almost idolatrous kind of regard for every place or locality associated in the slightest degree with the name of Shakespeare. Hence Abington, the residence of Shakespeare's favourite grand-daughter, would possess a charm in his eyes, and it is not improbable that during his temporary sojournings at the manor-house, he visited the little village of Naseby, some few miles distant, for the purpose of viewing the source of that stream which, under the name of the Avon, has been rendered classic by the muse of him whose praises rare Ben Jonson and noble-hearted Milton have so melodiously sung.

Naseby is indeed worth a passing visit. Traversing the rising ground, formerly moorland but now enclosed as meadows, where

Charles I. lost his crown and the star of Cromwell rose in the ascendant, we enter the small collection of farm-houses and labourers' tenements which form the village, whose name has become connected with one of the most important events in English history. The Rev. John Mastin, who was Vicar of Naseby towards the end of the last century, published a history of Naseby, in which he informs us that it is the most elevated place in the county, the three rivers, Ise, Nene, and Avon, having their source therein. Avon Well, as the source of the celebrated river is named, is situated in the garden of an inn, the spring flowing into a small circular pool, whence it slowly winds its silvery course through grassy meadows, rush-covered banks, and silent woods, until, passing the quaint-looking town of Rugby, it flows musically onwards towards the Mecca of Warwickshire. If Garrick ever did visit the place, its calm and quiet beauty must have contrasted strangely with the noise and bustle of that world in which he loved to shine a "bright, particular star;" and for once awakened holier and less selfish thoughts in the breast of the actor who so successfully delineated the characters which our great dramatist drew.

JOHN PLUMMER.

A'BECKETT'S TROTH.

PRISON'd in Palestine, A'Beckett saw
An Eastern maiden flutter to and fro,
Bringing a sunshine to his prison-house;
And while she waited on him silently,
And heard his speech she could not understand,
His eyes that hunger'd on her coming said
"I love thee;" and her Eastern eyes replied
"I love thee." Wherefore, in the secret night,
She ope'd his prison door, looking the words,
"Fly—for I love thee!" and what time he paused
In act to wander forth, his eyes replied
In toneless speech her soul could understand,—
"I go—but I will come to make thee mine!"
So fled he forth, and, touching English shore,
Forgot the angel of his prison-house;
But she, the Eastern maiden, treasured up
The promise of his face, and moved about
With an uncertain step like one who dreams,
Murmuring evermore, in her own tongue,—
"Gilbert, thou wilt return to make me thine!"

Two little words, two little honey'd words,
Were all the maiden's store of English speech—
"Gilbert" and "London"—words that she had heard

The prisoner breathe when looks interpreted
Their beauteous meaning; and with these she soothed

The weary waiting for her love's return:
She murmur'd them awake and in her dreams,
And they were sweeter than all human sound;
And one brought back the tender glorious eyes
That swore with truth sure as the silent stars;
And one called up a pleasant western land,
Where she should dwell with Gilbert till the end.

But slowly, surely, passed the nights and days,
And Gilbert came not: days and months and years,
And still he came not. Therefore, doubting not,
"He cannot come," she said, "though he has sworn
He loves me. I have also truly sworn;
Therefore I will arise and go to him."

Fearing not, doubting not, she wander'd forth,
And journey'd till she stood beside the sea,
And heard the murmur of the waves, that seemed
Like Gilbert's speech she could not understand.
Then, after many days, passed fearlessly
On shipboard; for when rude men hinder'd her,
She murmured, pointing westward, sunset-ward,
"London"—half the whole language of her Soul.
And rude men drew aside, and harmed her not.
For, though her face was strange, her garments poor,
There was an errand in her eyes which seemed
Too sanctified for rough impediment.

Upon the sun-kist strand of Italy
She landed: passing on, with face that still
Turned westward, like the sunflower sunward;
still

"Gilbert" and "London" sweetly made for her
A melody such as a bird's twin wings
Murmurs in flying. Here the monk stopped short

And blessed her for the errand on her face;
The soldier, shrugging shoulders, mutter'd
"Mad!"

But felt as if a spirit passed him by;
The very lazzaroni in the streets
Grew bashful at the truth of her sweet smile.
So walked she onward to the setting sun,
Piloted by those twin sweet English words;
Till barbarous peasants in the wilds of France
Glared at her under rugged locks unkempt,
And when she murmured "London" dumbly gazed

Toward sunset. Many days, and weeks, and months

She journey'd, till again she saw the sea,
And heard the murmur of the waves that seemed
Like Gilbert's speech she could not understand;
Till standing, looking to the west, she heard
One call unto another in a tongue
She knew was Gilbert's tongue; and eagerly,
With asking eyes, she clung to him who spake,
And utter'd her Soul's speech; and at the last
He pointed dumbly to a ship that rode
With murmurous sails at anchor in the bay.
Then, once again, unhinder'd by rude hands,
She calmly passed on shipboard; and, ere long,
Standing on English ground, heard everywhere,
A beauteous speech she knew was Gilbert's speech,

A hollow murmur deafening soul and sense,
A blessed tearful memory, a voice
Like the sea's voice she could not understand.

Not yet her search was ended. Days and nights
She wander'd, shone upon by rich and poor
With charity-giving smiles and silent prayers;
But, lastly, standing in a populous street,
What time the air was rent with joyous cries,
Beheld a pageant sweeping proudly past,
And Gilbert in the midst, erect and proud,
With stately eyes forgetful of their troth.
Then, first the sweet tears came, and, white as snow,

She fell at Gilbert's feet, who knew her not ;
 Next, knowing her, turned crimson, and was
 shamed.
 But, when she rose erect and clung to him,

Murmuring "Gilbert," with an angry joy
 He caught her to his heart, crying aloud,—
 "O eyes, more true than truest human speech !
 O lips, that need no language but the Soul's !



O heart, that utterest against mine own
 Love plainer than all false and spoken vows !"
 Whereat the Eastern maiden clung to him
 And could not understand ; but when he stooped

And looked into her eyes, she knew he said
 "I love thee—love thee—and will make thee
 mine !"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XVII. DISAPPEARANCE.

JANE CHESNEY sat in the darkening twilight of the evening, gazing at the outsides of the two letters which had caused so much speculation. The conviction was gradually forcing itself upon her, that the view taken of the case by Mr. John Grey was the only one that offered any reasonable solution; for if the young Earl of Oakburn was lying ill of fever at Chesney Oaks, it was out of the range of probability to suppose that letters would be sent to him to Captain Chesney's house at South Wennock.

Lucy's voice broke the stillness of the long pause that had followed on Mr. Grey's departure. The little girl, gifted with much sensitive feeling, had not liked to speak before, and even now her tones were timid and low.

"Do you think it can be true, Jane—that papa is Earl of Oakburn?"

"I—I think it must be, Lucy. I cannot see anything else that the coming of these letters here can mean."

Lucy rose from her low seat by the fire, and was running to the door. "I'll go and tell Laura," she said; but Jane drew her back.

"Not yet, Lucy. Let us be sure that it is true first. Somehow I do not like to speculate upon it. It is so sad, it is so grievously sad for the young earl to have died like this—if he has died."

Lucy sat down again, disappointed. She had all a child's love of imparting marvellous news. But Laura would be coming down-stairs directly, she supposed, and then Jane would no doubt tell her.

Jane sat on in silence. She was possessed of extreme right feeling, she had no selfishness, was just in her regard for others, and she did not like to dwell upon the probability of this being true—or, as she had phrased it, to speculate upon it. If Lord Oakburn was dead, had been cut off thus early, none would feel more genuine regret for him than Jane. And yet, in spite of this, in spite of herself, certain thoughts intruded themselves and would not be driven back. No more privations, no more pinching, no more care; no more dread of that horrible prison for one whom she so loved, which had been ever present in her mind, a shadow and a dread. Strive as she would, she could not wholly drive these thoughts away from her brain; she *could not* do it; and yet

she almost hated and despised herself for their being there.

By-and-by, just as Pompey brought in the lamp, the step of Captain Chesney was heard on the wet gravel. The rain ever since morning had been incessant, drenching; but it had cleared up now.

"I can't get any news of Oakburn," said the captain, when he came in. "The omnibus brought no passengers at all to-night. What's that, Jane? Another letter for him? Well, it's strange that he should not be here to meet them."

"Papa," said Jane, her pulses beating at what she had to say, "I fear we may have been under a mistake in expecting him at all. Mr. Grey has been here since you went out, and he says Lord Oakburn was lying at Chesney Oaks two days ago, dangerously ill of typhus fever; it was feared then that he had not many hours to live. Mr. Grey thinks it certain that these two letters are for you."

"For me!" repeated the puzzled captain, not having discerned the drift of the argument.

"Yes, papa," replied Jane, bending her head and speaking in a very low tone. "For you, as Earl of Oakburn."

Captain Chesney stared at Jane, and then made her repeat exactly what Mr. Grey had said. It subdued him greatly. He was as unselfish as Jane, and he thought of the young earl's fate, not of his own advancement.

"I'll risk it, Jane, and open one of the letters," he said. "If—if it should be all right, why the poor fellow will forgive me; he was always good-natured. I'll just tell him how it happened, and why I did it. Give me the one that came this morning."

Jane selected the morning's letter, and Captain Chesney opened it. He ran his eyes over its contents, standing by the lamp to do so, and then he sat down in a very humble fashion and in deep silence.

"It's true, Jane," he presently said, with something very like a sob. "The poor lad is gone, and I am Earl of Oakburn."

The letter was from the steward at Chesney Oaks. He wrote to acquaint the new earl of his young master's death, and to request his immediate presence at Chesney Oaks. The earl (as we must henceforth call Captain Chesney) flung it on the table in a momentary access of his customary choler.

"Why didn't the simpleton write to me by my own name?" he exclaimed. "But that steward always was wanting in common sense. Give me the other letter, Jane."

The other letter proved to be from the lawyers in London, solicitors for many years to the Oakburn family. They were offering their services to the new peer.

The new peer seemed to have his work cut out for him. Of course the first obvious step was to depart for Chesney Oaks. With his characteristic impulsiveness, he started up to go; then; without the loss of a minute.

"I can't wait, Jane. What do you say?—stop for tea? Tea! What other rubbish would you like me to stop for? If I can get a gig at the Lion, I may catch the cross-train at Great Wennock. Dead! The poor fellow dead, and none of his kith and kin near him!"

"But, papa, you must take a carpet-bag with you! You will want——"

"I shall take nothing with me," interrupted the earl, catching up his glasses, and buttoning up his coat in a desperate bustle. "You send Pompey after me in the morning to Chesney Oaks with a shirt and my shaving tackle. There! there! I have not a moment to lose, Jane. One kiss apiece, girls, and then—where's Laura?"

Lucy rushed out of the room, calling "Laura, Laura!" The captain rushed after her, as well as the stiffness left by the gout permitted. He caught up his hat and his cloak as he passed through the hall.

"Never mind her, Lucy, I can't wait; she's gone to sleep, I should think. Give her a kiss for me, and ask her how she likes being my Lady Laura."

It all seemed to pass in a minute, before Jane had time to gather her bewildered senses. She said something to him about the danger there might be of his catching the fever, but he was deaf to it all, and walked down the garden path, fastening his cloak. Jane knew how useless it would be to repeat her words, and she stood at the open door with Lucy, and watched him out at the gate by the light of the moon, which had struggled from amidst the grey clouds.

Lucy ran back to the foot of the stairs and called to Laura with all her might. But there came no response.

"I think she must have gone to sleep, as papa said, Jane. How strange!"

"I will see, my dear. You go back to the drawing-room, Lucy, and ring the bell for tea."

A disagreeable fear had come over Jane Chesney's heart that Laura was not up-stairs;

that she had stolen out again to the garden to meet Mr. Carlton. She looked into Laura's room, and spoke. It was empty.

"Yes! with him again!" she murmured. "I will go after her, for it *shall* not be."

She went softly out at the front door, and walked down the wet gravel in her thin home shoes. But nothing came of it. It was quite evident that her sister was not there; and an idea arose to Jane that Laura must have gone out with Mr. Carlton.

Could it be possible that she *had* so far forgotten herself as to go out walking with him at night, in the face and eyes of South Wennock? In the bitterness of the conviction that it was so, Jane almost hoped that they might be met by her father, for she was beginning to find that she was not herself strong enough to cope with this.

She asked for a light, and went into Laura's room and looked for the black cloth mantle and bonnet that she ordinarily wore. They were not in their places: a proof that her suspicions were correct.

Jane stood for a moment, her elbow resting on a chest of drawers, her head pressed upon her hand. She could do nothing, except wait until Laura came in and then remonstrate with her. "This is the result of my having discovered the meetings in the garden," thought Jane. "She feared to trust herself there again."

Jane returned to the drawing-room. The tea-things waited on the table, and Lucy looked up with an air of expectancy.

"Where's Laura, Jane? Is she coming?"

What was Jane to say to the child? It was very desirable that the fact of Laura's absence from the house should be concealed from her; indeed Jane trusted it would not transpire beyond herself. She put Lucy off with an evasive answer, and told her she might get out the book of fairy tales again that she had been reading in the afternoon.

"But are you not going to make tea now, Jane?"

"Not just yet, dear. Papa's away, and there's no hurry. I have a bit of work that I will do first."

Of course she so spoke hoping Laura would come in. She reached out her work and did it; very prosy work it was; the mending some wristbands of a shirt of Captain Chesney's. And the time went on until the clock struck nine: Lucy's bedtime, and the child had not had her tea!

Where could Laura be?

Jane began to feel angry at the suspense, the perplexity altogether. She could not longer delay the tea, and then the household and

Lucy would inevitably know of Laura's absence. Just then Judith came in.

"Why, where's Miss Laura?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I was in her room a minute ago, and found this on the floor, miss. I came in to bring it to her."

It was Laura's purse; the one she ordinarily used. Jane supposed Laura had dropped it from her pocket. It was quite empty. Jane had seen her recently making a new one with green silk and steel beads; perhaps she had taken that into use.

"Is Miss Laura out?" asked Judith.

There was no denying it; there could be no smoothing the fact down, no plausible excuse offered for it; and Jane Chesney's heart ached with its own pain.

"She—she may have stepped out to purchase something in the town that she was in a hurry for, some trifles for her worsted work," breathed Jane. "She is sure not to be long. I'll make the tea, Judith."

The tea was made and partaken of, and still Laura did not appear. But when the time went on to *ten*, Jane grew terribly uneasy; not that a suspicion of the dreadful truth—all too dreadful as it would in every sense be to Jane—had yet penetrated to her brain.

She threw a shawl over her head, took an umbrella, and went to the garden-gate. There she stood looking up and down the road, as well as the darkness would permit—for the night had become very dark now. Nothing could be seen; nothing heard save the rain as it poured down.

Judith met her as she returned indoors, divining her uneasiness. "Can I go after her anywhere, Miss Jane?" She was Lady Jane now—but let that pass. Jane herself never so much as thought of it.

"You should, if I knew where to send," replied Jane. "I can only think that she has taken shelter somewhere, perhaps in a shop, waiting for the storm to abate. We do not know any one in South Wrenock."

There was nothing for it but to wait; nothing, nothing. And Jane Chesney did wait until it was hard upon eleven. An idea kept intruding itself into Jane's mind—at first she rejected it as entirely improbable, but it gained ground, redoubling its force with every passing minute—that Laura had been so thoughtless and foolish as to take shelter in the house of Mr. Carlton.

Lucy began to cry; she got frightened: "Was Laura lost?" she asked. Judith came in with a grave face, and Pompey stood outside the kitchen door and stared in discomfort, the hall lamp lighting up the alarm in his eyes. Such a thing had never happened in all his

service, and he was longing to ask whether his favourite Miss Laura could be lost—as Lucy had asked.

"Miss Jane," said Judith, apart to her mistress, "I had better go somewhere. Perhaps—perhaps she may have been overtaken by the heaviest of the storm on her way home, and may have stepped into Mr. Carlton's?"

Jane felt almost thankful for the words; they saved her the embarrassing pain of confessing to Judith that her own thoughts tended that way.

"I cannot think she would do so, Judith; but she is very thoughtless; and—Mr. Carlton's house may have seemed like a welcome shelter from the rain. Perhaps—if you don't mind going—"

Judith gave no time for the sentence to be finished. Another instant, and she reappeared in her bonnet and cloak, a large umbrella in her hand.

She went splashing down the Rise. To a quick walker, Mr. Carlton's residence was not more than five minutes' distance from Captain Chesney's, for it was all down hill; but in the present sloppy and muddy state of the road, Judith could not get on so fast, and the church clocks were striking the quarter past eleven when she turned in at the gate.

She turned in and felt somewhat embarrassed, for the house appeared all dark and silent, as if its inmates had retired for the night. Even the coloured lamp was not burning. It certainly did not look as if the young lady were inside the house sheltering; and Judith felt all the awkwardness of ringing them up, with the question—was Miss Laura Chesney there?

She could only do that, however, or return home as she came; and she knocked at the house door. There was no answer; and presently she rang the night bell.

Neither was there any answer to that, and Judith rang again and again. At the third ring, a window was heard to open at the top of the house, and Judith stepped from her shelter beneath the portico and looked up.

"What's the good of your keeping on ringing like that?" cried a woman's remonstrating voice—which was, in fact, Hannah's. "You might have told by seeing the perlessional lamp unlighted that Mr. Carlton was away from the town."

"Is he away?" asked Judith.

"He went away sudden this evening. Leastways, it was sudden to us, for he didn't tell us of it till he came down from his room with his hat on, and his portmanteau in his hand, and his carriage at the door to take him," continued the voice, in rather an aggravated tone, as if the sudden departure had not altogether given

the speaker pleasure. "He said then he was going out, and should not be home for some days."

"Well," said Judith, "it's not Mr. Carlton I want. I came to ask whether one of our young ladies had stepped in here to shelter from the rain."

"Who is your young ladies?" came the next question.

"The Miss Chesneys. One of them went into town this evening, and, as she's not come home, she must have taken shelter somewhere. We thought perhaps it was here."

"No young lady has took shelter here. There's been nobody here at all but Mrs. Newberry's servant, saying her mistress was worse, so I had to send her on to Mr. Grey's. She was as impudent as could be when she found Mr. Carlton had gone away for some days, wanting to know why he could not have told them of it."

"My young lady is not here, then?"

"She's not here, and she has not been here. I'll make Evan paste a notice on the lamp to-morrow night, 'Mr. Carlton's out of town,'" pursued the voice, wrathfully. "There's no fun in being rung up for nothing, just as you get into your first sleep."

"Well, I'm sorry to have done it," said Judith, "but I couldn't help myself. Good night."

"Good night."

Judith halted at the gate, wondering what should be her next step. As she stood there a sudden thought like a ray of light—only not a pleasant ray—flashed upon her, and her mind was suddenly opened to a conviction of the truth. A conviction as sure and certain as though she had seen the drama of the night enacted. Mr. Carlton's sudden journey and Laura's disappearance only too fully proved what the drama had been.

She went home with lagging steps:—why hasten to impart the news she carried? Her mistress, whose anxious ear had caught the sound of the advancing footsteps, met her at the gate, and saw that she was alone.

"O Judith! have you not found her?"

"No, miss. I—I—"

"What?" said Jane.

Judith entered upon her task in the best manner that she could, hinting at first very remotely at her fears. Not immediately did the appalling meaning, *the truth*, become clear to the unhappy listener—that Laura Chesney had abandoned her father's home.

CHAPTER XVIII. A DELIGHTFUL JAUNT.

SOUTH WENNOCK, as you may readily imagine, was up in arms the following morning.

Such a dish of news had not been served out to it since the death of the ill-fated lady in Palace Street. There were *two* dishes now: the accession of Captain Chesney to the earldom of Oakburn, and the elopement of one of his daughters with Mr. Carlton.

Very cleverly had the getting away been accomplished; and if some mishaps overtook the bride and bridegroom elect before the close of the night's journey, why, they did not materially retard the flight.

Mr. Carlton had laid his plans well. He was a clever plotter. The scheme arranged with Laura was, that he should be in a lane leading from the Rise, in his open carriage at dusk, and that Laura should join him there. This lane, called Blister Lane, and other lanes and by-roads, little frequented, led to a small place named Lichford, where some of the railway trains stopped for passengers. It was seven miles distant from South Wennock, and Mr. Carlton knew that his open carriage would skim over the ground as quickly as any other conveyance; and it would have this advantage, that nobody but himself would then be cognisant of the departure. He did not dare to appear with Laura at the more frequented station of Great Wennock; a hundred eyes would have recognised them.

Cleverly did he keep the secret. He went about his business that day as usual, seeing his patients; he visited them on foot, that his horse might be fresh for the night journey. He said not a word to any one of his invalids of his proposed absence; it would not have been expedient; he said not a word at home. He dined as usual; afterwards he went upstairs to his room; and when it grew so dusk that candles had to be lighted, he rang the bell and ordered the carriage round. Not a minute did he keep it waiting at the door, but came down with a portmanteau in his hand. The woman servant was in the hall as he crossed it, and looked at the portmanteau.

"I am going out for a few days," he said.

She was too much surprised to make any reply or ask any question; it seemed so strange that he should be departing in that sudden manner. Mr. Carlton passed out to the gate, where his carriage waited. Evan was at the horse's head, dressed as usual to accompany his master. It was the same horse which had come to grief that Sunday night; Mr. Carlton had had him in use again about a week; Evan had been well much longer.

"I shall not want you with me to-night, Evan," said his master, when he had taken the reins to ascend.

Evan, as Hannah had done, wondered where his master was going; but it was no concern

of his, and he was rather pleased to hear he was spared driving on that rainy night. He placed the portmanteau under the seat, and Mr. Carlton settled himself comfortably on it, under the protecting head of the carriage.

"You need not wait up for me," said the surgeon.

"And the horse, sir?" returned Evan, opening his eyes.

"The horse will not be back to-night."

He drove away, leaving Evan standing there and looking after him. Mr. Carlton was not a communicative master at any time, but Evan did marvel that he had given no further explanation now. Was he to be up earlier than usual in the morning to receive the horse and Mr. Carlton? All that Evan supposed was, that he was going to some patient where he was likely to be detained for hours. But then, what of the portmanteau?

"Where's the master gone?" was Hannah's rather sharp question to him as he turned into the house.

"Who's to know?" retorted Evan. "He told me I was not to sit up for the horse. I suppose they'll neither of 'em be home to-night."

"To-night!" somewhat sarcastically repeated Hannah. "He's not coming home for some days, so he told me. It's always the way! I wanted to have asked him for three parts of a day's holiday to-morrow, and now I can't take it."

Mr. Carlton drove quickly up the gentle ascent that led to the Rise, and was about to turn into the lane fixed upon as his place of waiting, when advancing footsteps met his ear.

"Good evening," said Mr. John Grey. "A nasty night."

"Very," emphatically pronounced Mr. Carlton. "Have you been far?"

"Only to Captain Chesney's."

"To Captain Chesney's! Why! who is ill there? Not the captain, for I saw him go by my house not half an hour ago."

"I have been to the little girl. She met with an accident this morning; fell against the window and cut her hands badly. You don't happen to have heard mention in the town whether the Earl of Oakburn is dead, do you?" continued Mr. Grey.

Mr. Carlton had heard nothing at all of the Earl of Oakburn; but the name occurred to him as being the same as that mentioned by Captain Chesney the night of the coroner's inquest. "Why do you ask?" he said.

"Well, I have not heard of his death; but it strikes me that he is dead," replied Mr. Grey. "Two days ago I know that he was lying almost without hope, ill of typhus fever; and

as letters have come to Captain Chesney's addressed to the Earl of Oakburn, I think there's no doubt that the worst has occurred. In fact, I feel sure of it. I thought perhaps you might have heard it named in the town."

Mr. Carlton was a little at sea. He did not understand the allusion to the letters addressed to the Earl of Oakburn which had come to Captain Chesney's.

"Why, if he is dead, Captain Chesney is Earl of Oakburn, and the letters must be meant for him. I have just suggested that view of the thing to Miss Chesney."

Mr. Carlton was of too impassive a temperament to betray surprise. Other men might have dropped the reins in their astonishment, might have given vent to it in fifty ways; him, it only rendered silent. Captain Chesney the Earl of Oakburn? Why, then his daughters were the Ladies Chesney!

"You think it is so?" he asked.

"I don't think," said Mr. Grey; "I feel certain of it. Good evening."

"Good evening," repeated the younger surgeon, and touching his horse with the whip, he turned into the lane and waited.

Not for long. A very few minutes, and Laura Chesney came up, panting with agitation and fright. The storm was then pelting cats and dogs, as the children say. Mr. Carlton left his restive horse—for the horse did seem untowardly restive that night—and sprang forward to meet and welcome her. She burst into a flood of tears as he hurried her into the carriage and under cover of its shelter.

"O Lewis! I could not go through it again!" she sobbed. "I was all but stopped by Mr. Grey."

It was a somewhat singular thing, noted afterwards, that John Grey should have encountered both of them on that eventful night, in the very act of escaping. Laura Chesney, watching her time to steal away unobserved, took the opportunity of doing so when she knew Mr. Grey was in the drawing-room with Jane and Lucy. But she was not to get away without a fright or two.

She stole down-stairs, along the kitchen passage, and out at the back door. There she saw Judith coming from the brewhouse with a lighted candle in her hand, and Miss Laura had to whisk round an angle of the house and wait. When the coast was, as she hoped, clear, she hastened on down the side path, all the more hastily perhaps that she heard the drawing-room bell give a loud peal, and was turning into the broader walk near the gate, where this path and the one conducting from the front entrance merged into one and the same, when she came in contact with Mr.

Grey. The drawing-room bell had rung for him to be shown out, but he had forestalled it in his quickness. Laura Chesney's heart gave a great bound, and she felt frightened enough to faint.

"Good evening, Miss Laura Chesney. Are you going abroad such a night as this?"

"Oh no. I—I—I was going to look at the weather," stammered Laura, feeling that the Fates were certainly putting themselves in opposition to her expedition.

"The weather is nearly as bad as it can be," observed Mr. Grey. "It may clear up in a few minutes, but only to come on again. We shall have an inclement night. Don't come farther, my dear young lady; it's enough to drown you."

She turned back, apparently all obedience. But she only slipped in amidst the wet trees until Mr. Grey should be at a safe distance. Her heart was beating wildly: her conscience, even then, suggested to her to abandon the project. Of course, people who are bent upon these romantic expeditions cannot be supposed to remember common sense in the fitting; and Miss Laura Chesney had come out in thin kid shoes and without an umbrella. Neither was she wrapped up for travelling; she had not dared to put on any but her ordinary attire, lest it should attract attention, were she met. Mr. Grey gone, she came forth from her hiding-place, and sped on in the mud and rain to the spot in Blister Lane—it was not five minutes' distance—where Mr. Carlton was awaiting her.

They started. Mr. Carlton drove along at the utmost speed that the lane and circumstances allowed; and Laura gradually regained tolerable composure. But she felt sick with apprehension; her heart was fluttering, her ears were strained to catch any noise behind, so apprehensive was she of enemies in pursuit. Mr. Carlton asked her what it was that had arisen in connection with letters and the Earl of Oakburn, and Laura mechanically answered. In a moment of less agitation, she would have enquired how he came to know anything about it; but the question never occurred to her in this.

"We have been expecting Lord Oakburn all day," she said. "He is related to us; his father and papa were first cousins."

"You have been expecting him?"

"Yes, but he had not arrived when I came away. Two letters have come addressed to him; and therefore we know he must be coming. When Jane was worrying about a room for him this morning, I could have told her, had I dared, that mine would be at liberty."

It was evident that Laura knew nothing of the earl's illness, or the view of affairs suggested by Mr. Grey. Mr. Carlton suffered her to remain in ignorance. Did the idea occur to him that the Lady Laura Chesney, daughter of the Earl of Oakburn, might not be so ready to take flight with a country surgeon struggling into practice, as Miss Laura Chesney, daughter of the poor and embarrassed half-pay post captain, was proving herself to be? It cannot be told. South Wennock had its opinion upon the point afterwards, and gave vent to it freely.

They were within a mile and a half of Lichford, and Mr. Carlton was urging his horse madly along, like a second Phaëton, afraid of missing the train, when there occurred a preventative. The horse fell down. Suddenly, with as little warning or cause as there had been on that memorable Sunday night, the animal came suddenly down, and the carriage turned over on its side, one of the wheels flying off.

Mr. Carlton and Laura were not thrown out. The hood over their heads, the tight apron over their knees, they were too well wedged in to be spilled. Mr. Carlton extricated himself, he hardly knew how, and got out Laura.

The horse was plunging violently. Planting the terrified girl on the bank as much out of harm's way as it was possible to place her, Mr. Carlton had to turn his best attention to the horse. There was nothing for it but to cut the traces. Fortunately he had a sharp knife in his pocket, and succeeded in severing them; and the horse started off into space, it was impossible to tell where.

Here was a pretty situation! Did Mr. Carlton remember the ridiculous words of the woman who had come to his help on that Sunday night? Had he been of the same belief that she was, he might surely have taken this upset to be a warning against persisting in the present journey. Mr. Carlton was not half so metaphysical. He simply threw an ugly word after the offending horse, and blamed his own folly for trusting to the surefootedness of an animal that had once fallen.

Mr. Carlton looked around him in the dark night. The rain, which had ceased for half an hour or so, was coming down again violently. Laura shivered against the bank, where he had placed her, too sick and terrified for tears. It was of the utmost importance that they should gain the station for the next train that passed, and be away, if they would escape the pursuit that might follow on detection at South Wennock. But Mr. Carlton did not see how they were to get on to it.

He could not leave the disabled carriage in

the narrow road; he could not—at least Laura could not—get to the station without procuring another. He did not know this locality at all personally; he had never traversed it; it was a by-road that led to Lichford, and that was all he knew about it. Whether any assistance was to be obtained or not, he was in complete ignorance.

As he peered about, wondering if anything more human than trees and hedges was between the spot and Lichford, a faint glimmer of light on one side the lane gradually disclosed itself to view through the misty darkness of the night. At the same moment the voice of his companion was heard, its accents full of lamentation and affright.

"What is to become of us? What shall we do? Oh Lewis! I wish we had never come!"

He felt for her situation more keenly than she could. He implored her to be tranquil, not to give way to fear or despondency; he promised to extricate her from the embarrassment with the best exertion of his best efforts, and moved forward in the direction of the light.

He found that it proceeded from a candle placed in a cottage window. Mr. Carlton shouted, but it elicited no response, so he went close up, through what seemed a complete slough of despond, if mud can constitute that agreeable situation, and opened the door.

The room was empty. A poor room bare of fire, with a clock in one corner and the candle in the window. Mr. Carlton shouted again, and it brought forth an old man from some back premises, in a blue frock and a cotton nightcap.

A thoroughly stupid old man, who was deaf, and looked aghast at the sight of the gentleman. He began saying something about "th' old 'ooman, who had gone to some neighbouring village and ought to have been home two hour afore and hadn't come yet, so he had stuck a candle in the winder to light her across the opposite field." Mr. Carlton explained his accident, and asked whether he could get a conveyance near that would take him on.

"Not nearer nor Lichford," answered the old man, when he had mastered the question by dint of putting his hand to his ear and bending it forward until it nearly touched Mr. Carlton's lips.

"Not nearer than Lichford!" repeated Mr. Carlton. "Are there no houses, no farms about?"

"No, there's nothing o' the sort," the old man rejoined. "There's a sprinkling o' cottages, a dozen maybe in all, atween this and Lichford, but they be all poor folks's, without as much as a cart among 'em."

"Halloa! what's to do here?" came forth on Mr. Carlton's ear in hearty tones from the outside. Glad enough to hear them, he hastened out. A couple of labouring men, young and strong, had come upon the overturned carriage in going along the lane to their homes after their day's work. They almost seemed like two angels at the moment to Mr. Carlton, in his helpless position.

By their exertions—and Mr. Carlton gave his aid—the carriage and wheel were dragged under a shed belonging to the old man's cottage. They confirmed the information that no horse or vehicle was to be had nearer than Lichford, and Mr. Carlton was asking one of the men to go there and procure one, when he was interrupted by Laura.

Oh, let her walk! let her walk! she said. She should not dare to trust herself again behind a strange horse that night; and, besides, if they waited they should inevitably lose the train.

"You cannot walk, Laura. Think of the rain—the mud. You can have shelter inside this old man's cottage until the conveyance comes."

But Laura, when she chose, could be as persistent as anybody, and she was determined to bear on at once to Lichford, braving all inconveniences and discomforts. Poor thing! the chance of pursuit, of discovery, appeared to her a vista of terror and disgrace; she had embarked on this mad scheme, and there was nothing for it but to go on now.

So they started: one of the men carrying Mr. Carlton's portmanteau and a small parcel brought by Laura, and a lantern; the other, bribed well, entering on a search with another lantern after Mr. Carlton's fugitive horse. But it was a comfortless journey, that mile and a half of lane; a wretched journey. Umbrellas appeared to be as scarce an article in the locality as were carriages; the old man confessed to possessing one—"a old green un, wi' ne'er a whalebone i' th' half o' him"—but his missing wife had got it with her. How they gained the station, Laura never knew, Mr. Carlton almost as little. He had taken off his overcoat and wrapped it about her; but the rain was drenching them, and both were wet through when they reached the station at Lichford.

When within a few yards of it, the whistle and the noise of an advancing train sounded in their ears. Laura shrieked, and flew onward.

"We shall be too late! Lewis, we shall be too late!"

Instinct, more than the lights, guided her through a waiting-room to the platform.

Mr. Carlton, in little less commotion than herself, looked about for the place where tickets were issued, and found it closed. The rattle he gave at the board was enough to frighten the ticket clerk inside, had one been there; which did not appear to be the case: the place maintained an obstinate silence, and the board continued down in the aperture; Mr. Carlton was in a frenzy, and knocked and called, for the train was dashing into the station. Not a soul was about that he could see; not a soul. The labourer with the portmanteau and parcel stood behind him, staring helplessly, and Laura had gone through.

Yes, Laura Chesney had gone through, and she stood on the platform hardly knowing what she did, her upraised hands imploring by their gesture that the train should stop. But the train did not stop, it did not even slacken speed. The train went whirling recklessly on with the velocity of an express, and by the light of a lamp that hung in a first-class carriage Laura saw, quietly seated in it, the form of Captain Chesney.

With a faint cry, with a shiver of dismay, she fell back against the wall. We know how different was the object of Captain Chesney's sudden journey, but Laura naturally concluded that he had come in pursuit of her. He had not seen her; there was some comfort in that; he had his face bent rather from her, as he conversed with a passenger on the opposite side of the compartment, and never looked towards her at all. Laura stood there in helpless fear, gazing after the train, in expectation that it would stop and backen.

Mr. Carlton came forth from the room in an accession of rage not easily described, at the neglect (as he supposed it) of the officials of the station. He looked after the train also, now nearly whirled beyond view, and could not understand why it had not stopped. A man with a band round his hat, who appeared to belong to the station, was advancing leisurely, a huge lantern in his hand, from some remote part of the platform. Mr. Carlton attacked him vigorously.

What was the meaning of this? Passengers waiting to go by the train, and nobody in attendance to issue tickets! He'd complain to the company; he'd write to the Times; he'd—he'd—in Mr. Carlton's explosive anger it was impossible to say what he would not do.

The man received it all with stolid equanimity, simply saying in reply that the gentleman was mistaking the trains if he had thought to get tickets for the one just gone by. It didn't stop there.

"Not stop here?" repeated Mr. Carlton, a

little taken aback. "But there is a train stops here at this time?"

The man shook his head. "One stopped here twenty minutes ago," he said. "The one just gone on never stopped at Lichford yet, since I have been on the service."

And Mr. Carlton, hastily taking out his watch, which he might have consulted before, found that they had lost their intended train by more than twenty minutes, thanks to the accident.

"When does the next train pass that stops here?" he inquired.

"At midnight. Take tickets ten minutes afore it."

Mr. Carlton drew Laura's hand within his, and asked for the waiting-room. There was no waiting-room, he had the pleasure of hearing, save the small, cold, bare place where he had stood thumping for the ticket clerk. The fire was nearly out; Mr. Carlton stirred it into a blaze and demanded more coal.

Placing her in a chair before him, he paid the man who had brought the portmanteau and dismissed him. Then he asked the porter, who had gone into the little place where the tickets were kept, whether refreshments could be obtained from anywhere for the lady, and was answered by the same stolid stare. Such a question had never been put in that station before, and refreshments were no more procurable than tickets. It appeared that Mr. Carlton could only resign himself to his situation.

Laura was shivering inwardly and outwardly. Mr. Carlton took off some of her things and shook them and hung them on a chair. Indeed it was not a pleasant plight to be placed in: arrested midway in this most provoking manner, in all this discomfort.

"I am so sorry!" he murmured. "If you don't mind waiting here alone, I'll go on to the village and bring you back something in the shape of refreshment. There's sure to be an inn in it. You are trembling with the cold and rain."

"It is not that; it is not that; and for refreshment, I could not touch it. Did you see him?" she continued in a shivering whisper.

"See whom?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Papa."

He looked at her in surprise. "See him? Where?"

"In that train just gone by. He was in one of the carriages."

Mr. Carlton truly thought she must be wandering; that the disasters of their unpropitious journey had momentarily obscured her intellects.

"Lewis, I tell you he was there—papa. He was in one of the carriages, sitting forward on the seat and talking to somebody opposite.

The light from the lamp fell full upon his face. It was papa, if I ever saw him."

That she was clear and rational, that she evidently believed what she asserted, Mr. Carlton saw. And though he could not give credence to so improbable a thing, nevertheless a feeling of uneasiness, lest Captain Chesney should be in pursuit, stole over him. He went to look for the stolid porter, who had disappeared, and found him at length in an outer shed, doing something to an array of tin lanterns. There he inquired about the fast train just gone by, and learnt to his satisfaction that it went whirling on, without stopping, on quite a different line of rail from that on which he and Laura were bound. He went back and told her this, observing that she must have been mistaken.

"Lewis, it is of no use your trying to persuade me out of my own eyesight. I wish I was as sure of forgiveness as I am that it was my father."

He busied himself in many little cares for her, quite neglecting his own wet condition. Happening to look down, he perceived that of the two muddy feet she was holding to the fire, one was shoeless.

"Where's your shoe, Laura?"

"It's gone."

"Gone!"

"It came off somewhere in the road as we walked along. Oh, it is all unfortunate together!"

"Came off in the road!" repeated Mr. Carlton, "But, my dear, why did you not speak? We could have found it; the man had the lantern."

"I was afraid to stop; afraid that we should miss the train. And I don't think I knew when I first lost it: the mud was up to my ankles."

Not a very comfortable state of affairs, in truth; and poor Laura shivered and sighed, shivered and sighed, as they waited on for the midnight train. Don't you ever attempt a similar escapade, my young lady reader, or the same perplexing griefs may fall to you.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

DE QUINCEY, commenting upon some charges of apparent plagiarism brought against Coleridge, takes occasion to observe, "Continually he fancied other men's thoughts his own; but such were the confusions of his memory, that continually, and with even greater liberality, he ascribed his own thoughts to others." And in another place, "An author can hardly have written much or rapidly who does not sometimes detect himself, and perhaps

therefore sometimes fail to detect himself, in appropriating the thoughts, images, or striking expressions of others. It is enough for his conscientious self-justification that he is anxiously vigilant to guard himself from such unacknowledged obligations, and forward to acknowledge them as soon as ever they are pointed out."

The above is such a very fair explanation of many cases of supposed literary dishonesty, that it may properly be quoted here before proceeding to cite one or two curious instances of "parallel passages," in the assembling of which it must by no means be supposed that any direct charges of plagiarism are for a moment contemplated. It is true that Mr. Puff, detected in pilfering from "Othello," has given rather a ludicrous character to the explanation, "that two people happened to hit on the same thought, and that" (in his case) "Shakespeare made the first use of it." But notwithstanding, the plea has much good sense at the bottom of it; resemblance may be *primâ facie* suspicious; but it is nothing more. Certainly it is very far from being conclusive evidence of plagiarism. And two authors, acting independently, may light upon the same fancy, even to a similar form of expression and choice of words, just as honestly as inventions have been made, or planets discovered, coincidentally, by experimentalists or astronomers acting in entire ignorance of each other's operations. Prejudice, however, will naturally be always on the side of the author who has the advantage in point of priority of production.

There is the less harm in adducing a suspicious passage from Sheridan, by reason of his having been the subject of the most wholesale charges of literary liabilities to others; and one more unit of accusation cannot matter much in his case. He was charged with having derived the plan of the "School for Scandal" from a MS. play sent into Drury-Lane Theatre by a young lady. Details were forthcoming; and the authoress was stated to be the daughter of a merchant in Thames Street, Bristol, and to have been carried off at an early age by a rapid consumption. Mr. Boaden and other patient investigators, however, could learn nothing of this youthful genius, in spite of repeated inquiries. That there is some indebtedness to Fielding's "Tom Jones" is a more reasonable charge; while the resemblance of certain scenes both in the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" to passages in a forgotten book by Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of Richard Brinsley, called the "Memoirs of Sidney Biddulph," is a fair matter for comment. It is even stated as a probable thing, that Mrs. Sheridan left among her papers two

weak comedies, which her son afterwards embellished by his wit, as he subsequently graced the translations from Kotzebue, "The Stranger," and "Pizarro," by his energy and pathos. After this there need be no hesitation in pointing out the strong likeness which some lines from the "Critic" bear to a passage by an earlier author.

SHERIDAN.

Sir Fretful. I can tell you, it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What!—they may steal from you, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir Fretful. Steal? To be sure they may. And, egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them, to make them pass for their own.

CHURCHILL ("The Apology").

By need compelled to prostitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride,
His character is shifted with his side.
Question and answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit in modern tragedy,
Who, to patch up his fame or fill his purse,
Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worse;
*Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.*
In shabby state they strut, and tattered robe,
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe, &c.

Take an instance from a different author.

Goldsmith, in the "Haunch of Venison" (1765), wrote the well-known lines—

But, hang it, to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat:
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.

But some fifty years before, Tom Brown had written his "Laconicks, or New Maxims of State and Conversation," in which this passage occurs:—

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill a snuff-box, is like *giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.* Put money in his pocket.

Look at the famous passage in the Plymley Letters:—

Nature descends to infinite smallness. Mr. Canning has his parasites; and if you take a large, buzzing, blue-bottle fly and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little, ugly insects crawling about it, which, doubtless, think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.

Was the Reverend Sydney Smith haunted by a memory of Addison?

The whole creation preys upon itself. Every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him, &c. Thus, every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.—*The Teller*, No. 229.

In this case, however, while the illustration is identical, the propositions it is made to serve are entirely dissimilar.

Burns sang:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Did he know that Wycherly, in his comedy of "The Plain Dealer," had previously written:

I weigh the man, not his title, 'Tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier?

Lastly, is it possible that such a book as "Boswell's Life of Johnson" could have been studied by such a person as Mr. Samuel Weller?

Who can forget the glorious story of "the man as killed himself upon principle," narrated by Mr. Pickwick's faithful friend and servant? The whole story is too long to quote. The reader must turn to his "Pickwick" for himself. Here is only the concluding portion of it:—

"Wot's the matter?" says the doctor. "Werry ill," says the patient. "Wot have you been a eatin' on?" says the doctor. "Roast weal," says the patient. "Wot's the last thing you dewoured?" says the doctor. "Crumpets," says the patient. "That's it," says the doctor; "I'll send you a box of pills directly, and don't you never take no more of 'em," he says. "No more o' wot?" says the patient. "Pills?" "No, crumpets," says the doctor. "Wy?" says the patient, starting up in bed; "I've eat four crumpets every night for fifteen years, on principle!" "Well then, you'd better leave them off on principle," says the doctor. "Crumpets is wholesome, sir," says the patient. "Crumpets is *not* wholesome, sir," says the doctor, very fierce. "But they're so cheap," says the patient, coming down a little; "and so werry fillin' at the price." "They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you was paid to eat 'em," says the doctor. "Four crumpets a night," he says, "will do your business in six months!" The patient looks him full in the face, and turns it over in his mind for a long time, and at last he says, "Are you sure o' that ere, sir?" "I'll stake my professional reputation on it," says the doctor. "How many crumpets at a sitting do you think 'ud kill me off at once?" says the patient. "I don't know," says the doctor. "Do you think half-a-crown's worth 'ud do it?" says the patient. "I think it might," says the doctor. "Three shillins' worth 'ud be sure to do it, I s'pose," says the patient. "Certainly," says the doctor. "Werry good," says the patient; "good night." Next morning he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillins' worth of crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out.

Boswell's account is infinitely more prosaic, less dramatic. He says:—

Mr. — (supposed to be Johnson's friend, Mr. Fitzherbert), who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing he should not be troubled with indigestion.

Boswell's story is as the raw material; Mr. Weller's, the manufactured article.

HROLF KRAKE.

THE old sagaman must have had some insight into futurity when he said, "This name of Hrolf Krake shall be famous as long as the world lasts." The gallant doings of the Danish iron-clad are certainly sufficient to bring the name of the old hero into prominence in these our times, and probably will ensure the name being perpetuated. Few know anything of the original Hrolf Krake, though they may have a dim recollection of having seen the name in the pedigrees of the early Danish kings, among those whose history is either wholly mythical, or so much mixed up with fable as to render their very existence uncertain. A little more information may be obtained from Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish historian of the middle ages; but most will be got from the sagas themselves, from which the monkish Latin historian drew his information. It is from the saga of Hrolf Krake, inaccessible to most in its Icelandic or Old Norse form, that we propose supplying the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* with a sketch of the old warrior king.

I. *How Hrolf Krake angered King Hjörvard.*

In the good old days, when Denmark and the isles were covered with fragrant birch woods, there ruled in Leidre, on the Ice-fjord, a mighty king called Hrolf. His great hall was of wood, hung within with tapestry, and glittering with arms. Near the high seat were suspended the twelve bucklers of the king's champions; but the twelve swords were not hung up: they were ever in the hands of the twelve strong men. Next to the king, at one time, sat twelve Berserkirs, men whom neither sword nor flame could hurt, who rushed to battle foaming at the mouth and gnawing at their shields; and the rims of brass around the shields were many times bitten through.

The mother of King Hrolf was Yrsa, and she was queen of Sweden, for Adils the Swedish king had taken her by violence, and had slain Hrolf's father, Helgi. The sister of Hrolf was Skulda, and she was of evil heart, for her mother was an elf-woman. She was married to King Hjörvard, with the advice of King Hrolf and of King Adils of Sweden. Now it fell out one day that Hrolf was standing on the sands by the edge of the sea, and Hjörvard was beside him. Then Hrolf said, "My belt is unfastened, hold my sword whilst I buckle it tightly about my loins." So Hjörvard held the sword. Now when Hrolf had done girding himself he said to his kinsman, "Thou hast held my sword whilst I buckled my belt: that is the act of an under-king; so now thou art king under me, and must pay me skat every year." Skat is

tribute. King Hjörvard became as red as blood; he answered not, but thenceforth he paid yearly skat. Yet more came of this, as you shall presently hear.

II. *How King Hrolf fought with the king of Sweden.*

Bödvar Bjarki urged the king often to make war with the king of Sweden, and avenge the blood of his father, whom King Adils had treacherously slain. And when Hrolf thought that his might was equal to that of the Swedish king, he set out in his long ships and landed on the flat white shores of Sweden. He and his men went up into the woods, and left few men to watch the vessels. The first night they came to a little farm planted in the midst of the forest, where no sound reached save the moan of the wind among the pines, and the rattle of the falling cones, and the cry of the ravens, or sometimes the song—glorious as a trumpet blast—of the swans flying north to the lakes, where to nest and hatch their young. In this farm dwelt an old man with one eye; he went out and greeted the king, and bade him be his guest with all his men for that night. Now Hrolf wondered whether the old man would be able to entertain them all, but he accepted; and, sure enough, neither ale nor meat was wanting, nor any manner of good cheer. King Hrolf had with him his twelve champions, his twelve Berserkirs, and one hundred fighting men; all these and their horses were well fed and well looked to that night. After that the king and his men had feasted well, they went to rest. But they awoke, for the cold became intense, and their teeth chattered in their heads, and they crept close to each other for warmth, and gathered all the coverings they could find to keep in heat. Yet the twelve champions lay still, and they sought not fresh coverings; and they set their teeth lest they too should chatter. When the morning came, the old farmer asked how all had slept. Bödvar answered, "Very well." Then said the bonder to the king, "You think of attacking King Adils at Upsala with all these men, and are about to lead them into fierce conflict, yet but few of them have the courage to endure a little cold. There is a colder place than my hall, and that is the grave, and those who fear cold will fear the grave. Send back half your troops."

"Well said," answered the king, and he sent fifty men to the ships. Then he bade farewell to the aged bonder, and went on his way. After travelling all day, by nightfall they reached a little farm, planted in the midst of the forest, where no sound reached save the moan of the wind among the pines, and the patter of the falling cones, and now

and then the song, glorious as a trumpet blast, of the swans flying north. Outside this farm stood an old man with one eye, and lo ! the king and his company beheld before them the very farm and farmer they had left in the morning. The bonder asked why his guests of the previous night had returned : and the king hesitated about asking for another night's lodging. But the old man invited all in, and feasted them right well : he stinted them neither in meat nor in drink ; and after they had feasted they went to rest. A great thirst came on all the sleepers that night, so that their tongues became quite dry in their mouths, and awaking from sleep, they ran to a vat full of costly wine, which they tapped and drank to the dregs,—all but the twelve champions, who bit their swords, and cooled their parched tongues on the blade.

Next morning, the bonder said to the king, shaking his head, "You ride against Adils, king of Sweden, with but a feeble folk, for there is a thirst for wine and a thirst for blood, and he who thirsts for the one cares little for the other. Send back the second half of your men-at-arms."

"Well said," answered the king ; and he prepared to dismiss the second fifty. Presently a violent storm burst over the farm, so that every timber creaked, and the vanes on the gables shrieked like the Huld-folk when the wild huntsman binds them to his saddle-bow. Thus the king was detained another night with the aged bonder. And now, as they feasted in the hall and the wind sobbed without, the farmer heaped on more and more wood, till the fire reared up to the rafters and the hall was red and fiery as a furnace. One by one the Berserkirs retreated from their seats and fled from the heat to cooler nooks of the hall ; only the twelve champions and King Hrolf sat still over the fire, their faces scarlet in the glow.

Then the bonder came up to the king, and said : "You go against King Adils with poor folk, for there is a fire hotter than this blaze, and that is the fire of battle. Those who flee the lesser fire will shun the greater. Send back the Berserkirs."

"Well said," answered the king ; so, when he rode from the bonder's farm on the Upsala road, he had with him but the twelve champions.

At last King Hrolf and his champions came to Upsala, and rode into the king's great hall. They had concerted amongst themselves not to declare which of them was Hrolf ; and also that Svipdag, who was a Swede, and known to King Adils, should be their spokesman. Svipdag accordingly went to the high

seat in the great hall, and it was murky within. There sat Adils on his seat, and no man was with him. Svipdag greeted the king, and asked whether he gave peace. "It is peace," said Adils. But the hall was hung with purple drapery, and the hangings trembled, and then were thrust aside, and there rushed forth a band of armed men, who thought to fall upon the thirteen and slay them in the hall. But Hrolf and his champions fought well : they smote on the right and they smote on the left, and they heaped up the dead at the feet of the Swedish king, till he feared, and cried aloud that he proclaimed peace in the hall. So arms were dropped, and the dead were carried out, and the blood was wiped up.

"Guests," said King Adils, "you must be cold." So he ordered the long fires to be lighted,—these are fires running down the middle of the hall from top to bottom. Hrolf and his men sat before the fire on one side, and Adils sat on the other with his men, and he was near the door. Then Adils thought : "I have heard that my kinsman Hrolf has sworn neither to fly from sword nor flame : I can find out now which is Hrolf." And he commanded more and more wood and pitch to be heaped upon the fire, till the hall glowed like a furnace, and Hrolf and his twelve were cut off from the door by a wall of fire. Búdvar and Hjalti, with the others, endeavoured to screen the king from the heat, without at the same time drawing attention to him ; but at last they marked how Adils and his men were outside the door, and that they only rushed in to add fuel to the fire. Their clothes began to smoke and turn brown, and their beards to frizzle. So they flung their shields into the fire, and leaping over the flames, caught each man another who was quickening up the fire and cast him into the blaze, saying, "Ye have kindled a flame, enjoy the glow ;" and Hrolf said, "The fire is not fled if leapt over."

Now Adils fled away. But Queen Yrsa, mother of Hrolf, entered the hall, and kissing him, gave him of the treasures of King Adils her husband as much as he listed : and the best of all the gifts was Sviagris, a glorious gold ring of Adils. She gave them also horses,—red horses for each of the champions, and one of the purest white for her son, Hrolf Krake ; and she bade them ride away with speed, as Adils was collecting men to destroy them.

Then King Hrolf and his men rode out of Upsala laden with gold and silver, with crowns and rings and silken cloaks, and no man dared withstand them till they reached the great grassy

plains of Fyrisvellir. When they were on the plains they looked behind, and Adils with a large body of men was in pursuit. So they strewed gold upon the grass, and when the Swedes saw the scattered treasure they sprang from their horses and paid no attention to the threats of their king, for they were intent on gathering up the strewed silver and gold. Now is Hrolf midway across the plain, and the Swedes are again in full pursuit. King Hrolf plucks off the glorious ring, and drops it twinkling as it falls upon the grass. When Adils saw his loved ring Sviagris, he could not restrain himself, though he was now close upon Hrolf; but he bowed himself and struck his spear through the ring, endeavouring thus to secure it without dismounting. Now turns Hrolf Krake, wheeling his white horse round and brandishing his bright sword Sköfnung. The blade descends as the Swedish king is still bowed over the ring, and the Dane has smitten him on the hams and made a grievous wound, and avenged the murder of his father Helgi.

So Hrolf Krake and his champions rode on unmolested; and by sundown they reached a little farm in the midst of the forest, where no sound reached save the moaning of the wind among the pines, and the patter of the falling cones, and, now and then, the song, glorious as a trumpet blast, of the swans flying north. Outside this house stood an old man with one eye, and lo! the king had lighted on the same farm and farmer as he had lighted on before. The old bonder greeted Hrolf courteously, and asked whether all had not fared well with the king. "Very well," answered he. "And were you not as successful with your twelve champions as you could have been had you taken with you the twelve Berserkirs and the hundred men-at-arms to boot?" "Quite so," answered the king. "Now," continued the old man, "I will make you a goodly present beseeeming your worth," and he entered his byre. Soon he came out again, bearing a sword, a corselet, and a shield. The corselet was rusted with blood, the sword hacked and notched, and the shield all but cloven. "Those are grimly weapons," said the king; and he would not receive them.

Then the old bonder waxed wroth, and he cried, "Thou takest thyself to be wise and strong, but thou art not either wise or strong!" His face became dark with anger, and his one eye sparkled like a burning coal. For it is an insult to a man to reject an offer which he makes. Yet Hrolf did not desire to insult the bonder, but he refused the present as he believed it to be offered in foolish jest. Then the bonder would not ask the king and his

champions into his house, and they rode away through the wood, though it was night.

Presently Böldvar drew rein. "Death-doomed men are blinded!" he cried. "We were wrong in not receiving the present of the aged man." And the king answered, "You think the same as I do: we were blinded to our destruction. That old carle was Odin the Aged, and we have angered the god." Then said Svipdag, "Let us ride back!" So they rode back; but the farm and the farmer had vanished quite away, and there was only green turf where the byre had been.

After this Hrolf Krake rode unmolested to his ships, and sailed over the rough seas to the Danish isles; and now he enters the Ice-fjord, and the ships dance on the light waves; and now he disembarks before the castle of Leidre.

I have not told you of half his fights in Sweden, and of the blood that was shed; but you may still see what a great and brave king was Hrolf Krake.

III. *How Hrolf Krake fell with all his champions.*

In time Hrolf became old, and his twelve champions with him; and they sat every evening in the great hall at Leidre, drinking and telling of their deeds in the days when their hearts were fresh and their arms full of vigour.

In King Hjörvard's heart had long rankled the thought that he had become under-king to Hrolf, and that he must avenge himself for all the skat he had paid. Skulda, his queen, urged him on with great vehemence.

Once he sent to ask King Hrolf to excuse him from paying skat during three years, and the fourth year he was to bring the tribute for four. Hrolf Krake agreed to this. But Hjörvard secretly spent the money in collecting men of renown and men strong in battle; and at last he went to Leidre and planted his tent outside the walls. Hrolf paid no attention, for he thought that Hjörvard had come with the skat, and he dreamed not that treachery lurked so near.

So he ate and drank and sang blithesome songs till late at night, and then all retired to their beds. But presently Hjalti, the wise of head, went forth. The moon was shining, and the Ice-fjord quivered in its glory like molten silver. There was a clink of arms in the booth of Hjörvard, and dark figures were stealing along in the tree shadows, making a circle around the hall. When the moon touched their weapons they flashed like northern lights.

Hjalti walked back to the hall door, for he saw that treachery was intended; and when he stood in the door, half in the moon, half in

the shade, he lifted up his voice and began the great Bjarkamal.*

Day is dawning,
Pale the morning
Brusheth sweetly singing by ;
Wets each feather
On the heather,
Lights a streak of eastern sky.
Wake ! awaking,
Slumber shaking
From each dull and drowsy head ;
Dreaming banish !
Wine-fumes vanish !
Lithely spring from couch and bed !
Gather foemen,
Sword and bow men,
In a wreath around this hall ;
Nearer creeping,
Fuel heaping
In a flame to fold us all.
Awake, awake,
Thou old Hrolf Krake !
Bödvar Bjarki ! Hromund true !
Champions, waking,
Gird you, taking
Battleaxe and broadsword blue !

Then up sprang the twelve and armed themselves with speed. King Hrolf strode to his high seat, and bade all the champions take their places. Then he said, "Bring us drink, that we may be right joyful, and show what men we be ! Bear message to King Hjörvard and to Skulda, and their knights, that Hrolf Krake and his champions are having a toast before they receive the skat which is due !" This was done as the king commanded, and Skulda said, "Surely the like of King Hrolf, my brother, is not to be seen,—he is the greatest of men !"

Now Hrolf sprang out of the high seat, and the rest followed him ; but the king went immediately after his banner, and they came out of the hall. Then the fight began. There might one see great blows struck on helm and corselet ; many a sword and spear glittered in the air, and so many corpses fell that the ground was hidden. Hjalti, the wise of head, cried, "Many breastplates are now slit, and many good weapons spoiled, and many helmets cleft, and many gallant knights overthrown. Our king is of good heart, for now is he as glad as though he were drinking ale as fast as he might, and he slays, smiting with both hands. He has the strength of twelve kings, I trow ; and Hjörvard may mark how the sword Sköfnung bites, and how it chimes shrilly whenever it tastes blood ; for that is the wont of Sköfnung, which rejoices with him who wields it at the noise of battle."

Bödvar swept with his sword and mowed down many a brave man, desiring to do his

best before he fell. The blood was up to his shoulders, and he stood in the midst of a circle of corpses.

Hrolf was surrounded by his champions, who made a wall of shields about him ; but the wall was broken through, and one brave man fell after another, till they all sank down, all twelve into one heap, and the old king fell in the midst.

Hrolf and his champions were buried in a great cairn ; and Sköfnung, the good sword, was laid by the side of the king, and his battle-axe by the side of Hjalti ; but Bödvar Bjarki was laid holding his sword clenched in his hands ; and every man who was there laid was laid with his weapon beside him. Hjörvard, the king, had also fallen in the battle, and a mound was thrown up over him. Many years after came Skeggi, of the Middlefrith, in Iceland, and he dug into the cairn of King Hrolf and took from him his sword. This sword he afterwards gave to his son Eidr, who gave it to Thorkel Eyjólsson. Thorkel was wrecked on the coast of Iceland, and lost in the dark sea ; but the sword Sköfnung was fixed in a piece of timber, and it came safely to land. Thorkel's son, Gellir, bore the good weapon to Rome, and died on his way back.* He was buried in the great church of Rosenkilde, where are buried the kings of Denmark ; and there he lies with his sword in his hand to this day. But when Skeggi opened the cairn of Hrolf he could not withdraw the sword from Bödvar Bjarki ; for the dead hands were clenched too firmly around the hilt, and the dead hands of Bödvar were stronger than the living hands of Skeggi. S. BARING-GOULD.

"CONFIDENCE."

ALL is silent, lonely, free ;
Perfumed winds alone disclose
Where the startled hare, retreating,
Dash'd aside the drooping rose.

Rest we on this fragrant bank,
Harebells in the grass half-seen,
Wide dark woods around us meeting,
And a clear stream rolled between.

Happy scene ! more lovely face
Press'd near mine, above the stream.
"Love, what means thy heart's quick beating,
Sighs more fit a troubled dream ?"

"Full of happiness with thee,
Beats this heart so close to thine ;
Yet I sigh'd to think how fleeting
May be passion so divine."

"Looks, not hearts, may have a change :
Changing face this stream does show ;
Yet the same translucent current
Tranquil ever flows below."

R. G. H.

* The famous Bjarkamal has perished. Only a few poor fragments remain of the ancient poem. Saxo Grammaticus gives a Latin version of it, however. The saga gives a mere outline of the substance in prose.

* Gellir Thorkelsson died in the eleventh century.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP.



CHAPTER I.

It was a fine May evening when, encompassed by a great deal of luggage, I drove up in a noisy "four-wheeler" to the door of No. 6, Wilhelmina Street.

No. 6 was to be my residence, as I supposed, for two months. It was not wonderful, therefore (considering I had never been in the neighbourhood before), that I should look about me in some anxiety as the vehicle

stopped. A glance at the house set my mind, to a certain extent, at rest. Its aspect was unquestionably respectable. I noted with satisfaction the spotless doorstep, and the broad, newly-painted front-door. And further, the page, who promptly answered the cabman's ring, was so trim and smart, and the hall within spoke so clearly of comfort, that I quickly laid aside my misgivings altogether.

On entering, I was met by Dr. Duncome, the owner of the house, who, although hitherto a total stranger to me, greeted me with the greatest cordiality, and entirely dissipated the feeling of awkwardness which I usually experience upon introduction to unfamiliar scenes and persons.

And my host's politeness extended beyond words. So soon as my numerous packages were safely lifted from the cab, he proceeded to conduct me to my rooms himself.

"You will like," he said, "to see your quarters before joining us in the drawing-room. I hope we have been able to meet your requirements with regard to a temporary studio. You shall see."

I did see, and was well satisfied. Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the frank courtesy of the doctor's manner.

"There is," he said, in an apologetic tone, as he was about to leave me, "one circumstance connected with the household which, by your leave, I will mention."

I bowed.

"We have residing with us," proceeded the doctor, "a young lady whose painful position makes us anxious to treat her with the greatest consideration and indulgence. She is beautiful, and accomplished; but sorrow and misfortune have rendered her remarkably shy and sensitive. Her father, once possessed of large property, lost the whole of that property in a single day, and is now, unfortunately, in a county lunatic asylum. The daughter, with praiseworthy effort, is maintaining herself by teaching. But I fear—I fear—lest her reason— Sometimes I even fancy— But I merely mention these facts that you may be enabled to avoid such subjects of conversation as might be painful to her. You understand me?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"And what refreshment may I order you?" inquired the doctor as he went away.

I said I would "go in for tea," having dined already.

"Very good," was the answer. "Tea is just going up. It will be quite ready by the time you are prepared to join us. As soon as you please, come to the drawing-room, when I

shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Duncome."

And here let me tell the reader that I am a painter, residing in the West of England, and possessed of a small private fortune; that at the time of which I write I was on a visit to London (partly professional), and just then aged thirty years; and that an old friend of mine had been the means of introducing me into the establishment of Dr. Duncome. I may add that Dr. Duncome—or, more properly, Mr. Duncome—was a surgeon, whose practice, although (as I had been informed) considerable, was not so remunerative as to render him superior to the necessity of receiving boarders into his house. My friend, having some slight acquaintance with Mrs. Duncome's family, had secured for me the convenient quarters I have described, knowing it to be my wish to board in some respectable household, where I should avoid, on the one hand, the heavy expenses of a West-end hotel, and, on the other, the numerous petty inconveniences of ordinary lodgings. So far, I felt entirely satisfied with my friend's choice.

Having completed my toilet, I went down to the drawing-room. It may be confessed that I did so with some trepidation. I am a shy man, and have a dread of new people. Besides, the description given me of the young lady inmate had awakened within me a strange agitating curiosity. The moment of introduction to her appeared to me to be one of serious importance. As I stood upon the white mat at the drawing-room door I wished it was that time to-morrow.

As I entered, the room looked cheerful. By this time evening was closing in; the blinds therefore were down, and the lamp was lighted. Dr. Duncome rose at once and introduced me to his wife. Her face was like that of a person reflected in the convex of a spoon held vertically. The upper part was, out of all proportion, larger than the lower. But, notwithstanding this, her gentle and ladylike bearing immediately attracted me.

A second lady who was present I conceived to be the one of whom I had already heard. Nor was I mistaken. Miss Coles, as I immediately discovered, was exceedingly young, and of no ordinary beauty. Upon the announcement of my name she looked up at me with a peculiar, shy, and inquiring expression, and, bowing slightly, instantly bent her eyes again upon the work which had been absorbing her attention at the moment of my entrance. "Poor girl," I thought. "There is certainly, as the doctor hinted, something queer about her."

Seated at the table, I had an opportunity,

such as had not before been afforded me, of examining the person of my host.

Is there any subtle science awaiting future discovery which shall explain to us the causes of those strange antipathies that sometimes arise, without apparent reason, between us and certain of our fellow-creatures? I may as well at once inform the reader that during my first gaze at Dr. Duncome's face I conceived towards him a feeling of strong dislike. Notwithstanding the continued affability of his manner, every succeeding glance at his features confirmed the unfavourable impression. I argued with myself, however, that my rising aversion was unreasonable. True, the doctor could boast no facial attractions. His features were of a common type. His complexion was of that order which colours the whole face, neck, and ears, with a uniform brick-dust red; and his hair, light and straight, threw about its ragged points in all directions.

But although Dr. Duncome was far from being handsome, there was really nothing about him, I reflected, to warrant my feeling of dislike. He continued during the whole evening to be exceedingly polite and attentive to me, and his one object appeared to be to make me thoroughly at my ease. None of his civilities, however, could obliterate the impression which his face had made upon me at the first inspection.

After tea the doctor proposed a rubber of whist. The ladies readily assented, as though the idea were no unfamiliar one. I, too, as a matter of course, agreed; and a minute or two more found me established at the card-table, with Miss Coles for my partner.

I now examined that young lady more closely than I had done before. It cost me no prolonged scrutiny to satisfy myself that her beauty was even greater than I had at first supposed. She was certainly under twenty. But while her appearance and manner were entirely girlish, there rested upon her soft grey eyes an indescribable expression of melancholy; and her generally downcast countenance often wore a singularly absent and pre-occupied air.

As the game went on I discovered that success was not likely to attend my partner and myself. On scarcely any occasion did Miss Coles return my lead; and she repeatedly trumped cards of mine, which, by a moment's reflection, she might have perceived would suffice to secure the tricks. However, the stakes were *nil*. Moreover, the young lady opposite me was so fascinating, that her blunders interested rather than annoyed me.

After a while the doctor was called downstairs to a patient, and it rested with me, therefore, to sustain a conversation.

This was difficult, and my success was limited. The doctor's absence was prolonged, and my position became embarrassing. Music, however, presently came to my assistance. At my request, Miss Coles went to the pianoforte and seated herself at the instrument. She sang a beautiful "Lied," by Mendelssohn, accompanying herself with the greatest precision and taste.

This paved the way to something like continuous talk between the young lady and myself. Her intelligence and refinement now manifested themselves plainly. I could not but remark, however, that it was only while I spoke of matters belonging, as it were, to all intelligent persons alike, that she was at her ease. Any allusion on my part, however accidental and remote, to her own attainments and tastes, seemed to close her lips immediately, and to throw around her again the veil of strange and impregnable reserve, which it had been so difficult to deal with at first. I did not, consequently, make much way; but I felt that I was impressed myself.

The doctor did not return till we had been summoned down-stairs to supper. He apologised, as he seated himself at the head of the table, for his long absence; and went on to explain that a patient—a personal friend of his—was labouring under a malady of a most serious character; that he had been watching him since he left us with the greatest anxiety; and that he might probably be sent for to him again shortly.

I remarked that medical men must find it difficult to shake off in their own homes distressing remembrances of the sorrowful scenes at which their professional duties were continually demanding their presence.

"My dear sir," answered the doctor, as he mixed himself a comfortable glass of toddy, "you are right. It is difficult; but it is not impossible. Our own health and the happiness of our friends demand that we should make the effort to be cheerful. We make it, and we succeed. I am rarely weighed down for any length of time by what I witness as a professional man."

This I could easily believe. On the present occasion the doctor's spirits appeared to be positively raised; and they certainly did not decline after the toddy had been disposed of.

"A most ladylike creature," said my host, shaking his head ominously when Miss Coles had retired. "A most ladylike and charming creature. But——" he added, tapping his forehead.

I was annoyed; for I did not believe he had any ground for entertaining such a view, as this implied, of Miss Coles's mental condition. But

I made no reply, and shortly afterwards rose and left the room.

No, I did not like the doctor, and, further, I felt satisfied that he did not like me; and in spite of all his outward civility, he had told me, in some wordless and inexplicable, but yet unmistakeable manner, that he did not want me in his house.

As I fell asleep I fancied (possibly with reference to my musical converse with Miss Coles) that I was the key-note in D major. Mr. Duncome was the dominant, Miss Coles the major third above me, while the doctor and his patient broke in upon our harmony dissonantly, being represented by clashing accidentals.

And these musical fancies were but the prelude to dreams still more extraordinary, which, however, it is not necessary to relate.

CHAPTER II.

It is impossible for me to describe the sensations which I experienced on waking. For anything I knew to the contrary, I was still reclining on the bed upon which I had fallen asleep. There I ought to have been. There, of course, I expected to find myself. There, however, I certainly *was not*. I was sitting, not lying down; and I seemed to be located in some room far larger than that in which I had last resigned my waking consciousness. Whether I was myself or some other person; whether it was here or hereafter, were questions which for a while I felt myself wholly unable to solve. The utter confusion of my ideas, combined with a sense of great bodily discomfort, awakened within me a feeling amounting to terror. Surely I must have lost my senses, or I should be able to comprehend my position and circumstances! I involuntarily clutched with all my might the nearest object I could lay hold of, in the unconscious endeavour to assure myself that I still owned a material frame, and had not yet taken my departure from the physical world.

The act seemed to arouse my reasoning powers. It gradually became clear to me that I had been walking in my sleep. I now remembered once in my life before having done the same thing. A little further reflection showed me that I had found my way downstairs to the dining-room, where, in almost perfect darkness and in sleeping garb, I was now seated!

Persons who have never experienced such an awakening can have no conception of the horrors of it. My first impulse, of course, was to return to my room. An overwhelming sense of the extreme awkwardness and absurdity of my situation impelled me to make

for it with all stealthy speed. How unutterably embarrassing to be discovered by any inmate of the house in my present position! How provoking that this should have occurred during absence from home; that this uncanny somnambulism should have visited me under circumstances the most inconvenient!

A small gas jet was burning in the hall. The doctor was of course often called up at night, and this was left alight for his convenience. By the help of the dim flame I could see that the hands of the clock above pointed to the hour of two. With eager nervousness I crossed the cold stone floor of the hall, and began to feel my way up the stairs.

At this moment, however, I heard a creaking noise above, and saw a light, clearly that of a candle carried by some person coming down the stairs. What was I to do? The object most desirable of attainment at the moment seemed to be concealment. I precipitately fled back to the dining-room; and remembering that double doors opened from that chamber into the study or private room, wherein the doctor, as he had told me, received his patients, I silently unclosed the first door (a solid one) and took up my miserable position between that and the second (which was partly of glass, and curtained), ignominiously crouching down to avoid detection from the study.

At no moment of my existence had I ever before been in such a predicament as now; and yet so unspeakably ridiculous was my position that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. The only consideration which afforded me the slightest consolation was this—somehow or other, in a short space of time, the terrible suspense would be at an end.

The light appeared in the study. I raised myself, and found that the curtain was so disposed that I could see into the room without any danger of being observed myself. The doctor had entered and was seated at the table, apparently lost in thought.

If his face had displeased me before, it now produced within me a feeling of absolute horror. The suavity of expression which had previously somewhat disguised the badness of the countenance was now wholly wanting. The mouth was set in hard, cruel compression. The piercing grey eyes shone with a peculiar sharp brightness. The brows were lowering, and every feature twitched with nervous excitement.

My attention, in fact, was wholly drawn away from my own situation. I felt persuaded that the thoughts of the man before me were wicked thoughts. I found myself watching him narrowly, as it were spell-bound, and

waiting for positive outward manifestation of the evil whose existence I could not doubt.

After long cogitation the doctor rose, and took from the bookshelves a volume. The movement was so clearly connected with his previous meditations that I particularly noted the position which the book had occupied upon the shelves, intending to inform myself in the morning of its title and contents.

The volume was studied for some time ; and as the doctor rose to replace it where he had taken it from, I distinctly heard him utter these words :—

“Why the deuce hasn’t it told before now?”

The savage whisper in which the sentence was pronounced made my blood run cold. “Heaven !” I thought, “here, sure enough, is the crime I suspected : but how is it possible for me to interfere !”

At this juncture there was a loud, impatient ring at the surgery bell. The sound could have been no unfamiliar one to the doctor even at that hour of night ; but the sudden start, almost leap of alarm which he gave upon hearing it, struck me as curiously corroborative of the idea that his mind had been occupied upon no legitimate scheme.

The surgery opened into the study, and the doctor at once obeyed the summons. A minute passed, and then I heard him talking with some person whose tone of voice indicated hurry and consternation. Of what was said, but little that I could distinguish reached my ears. I did, however, catch a name—*Greerson*—and part of an address—*Queen Square*.

I now hastened quietly from my place of concealment, and regained my bedroom without discovery, meeting with no worse mishap on the way than an alarming stumble over my own boots at the bedroom door.

On reaching my bed I slept soundly till morning, when the stir of the London streets, to which, as a countryman, I was not much accustomed, aroused me early.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning light modified for the time being my suspicions of the doctor, and my susceptibility with regard to Miss Coles. As I dressed, my main feelings were those of annoyance at the anomalous visitation which I had experienced, and of anxiety to escape anything of the kind in future.

I was about to leave my room when Richard, the brisk little button-boy, placed in my hands a note, which ran thus :—

“DEAR SIR,—It seems strange that I should make the request I am about to make at this

early period of our acquaintance. Peculiar circumstances, however, compel me to do so. Will you advance me the sum of 15*l.*, of which amount I am in immediate want ? I enclose a receipt, and am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

“FRANCIS DUNCOMB.”

This, I thought, looked queer. The sum was a small one indeed to be “hard up” for. However, I had no particular objection to make the advance, and accordingly took three five-pound notes from my desk, and enclosed them to my host, who, a few minutes afterwards, thanked me below for the accommodation.

No sooner did I find myself in Miss Coles’s presence than all my former feelings of admiration for her returned. But her reticence was now even more marked than last night, and her self-contained manner was sufficient to baffle the most sanguine candidate for her notice and favour. She left us immediately after breakfast ; and as soon as I was alone with my host and hostess, the former, addressing me, said :—

“My poor friend and patient, of whom I spoke to you last evening, has, I regret to say, breathed his last. Yes,” he continued, raising his eyebrows, with an air of philosophic resignation, “the struggle is over, and I have lost one of the best and truest of my friends. At three o’clock this morning he shuffled off this mortal coil. He suffered much, I grieve to say, towards the last.”

I merely inclined my head by way of response ; but I closely watched the face of the speaker. The drop-scene, so blandly painted, was down now. The hideous disorder which the past night had revealed to me was well hidden. “I don’t pretend to understand it,” I said to myself ; “but, Doctor, I have not forgotten—I shall not forget.”

I now went direct to the Royal Academy, where I remained for some hours. My own picture, concerning the possible position of which I had been uneasy, had been hung more favorably than I could have anticipated ; but when I first descried it amidst several neighbours of a pre-Raffaellite sort, I must say I felt slightly ashamed of my production.

My next business was to call upon a lady whose portrait I was about to paint. This lady resided during the greater portion of the year in a remote part of the country ; and for my convenience, as well as her own, it had been arranged that we should meet during her visit to town, which I knew had already commenced. I had forgotten her address, but, upon reference to my pocket-book, I found it—No. —, Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

To this place I went, not forgetting that I had heard Queen Square mentioned in the

night. Having completed my arrangements with Mrs. Cunningham, I talked with her on general subjects. She was disposed to be communicative, and to me she appeared to be in the liveliest spirits. She informed me, however, that she was not herself to-day. I wondered, on being thus enlightened, what further amount of cheerfulness she was accustomed to experience. But she interrupted my speculation by proceeding:—"A dreadful circumstance has occurred in the house next to this, which has quite shaken my nerves."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, interrogatively.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Cunningham. "A wealthy old man of miserly habits has died during the night in the greatest agonies. His room being next to mine I could plainly hear his groans, which were indeed terrific and heartrending. My landlady has just been giving me his history, which is a curious one. He was of good family, but appears to have lost most of his near relatives in early life. He was placed by his guardians in the office of a mercantile firm, where, by industry and intelligence, he quickly made himself appreciated. He subsequently became a partner, and finally the entire business fell into his hands. By the time he reached the age of fifty he had accumulated a large fortune; but as his riches increased so did his eccentric and miserly habits. So unsociable did his conduct become that he gradually lost all his private friends; and for many years past he has held but little intercourse with the world, except in the way of business. About two years since, however, when he had attained his seventieth year, he conceived a foolish, doting fondness for a young and lovely girl, whose father was his debtor to a large amount, and whom he had accidentally met in some of his interviews with her parent. This girl he formed the silly intention of marrying. The father's pecuniary relation to him served as a lever to move all difficulties out of the way. To save her father from ruin the poor girl sacrificed herself. The result was most lamentable. The loathing of the beautiful and accomplished Lucy for her decrepit and childish bridegroom became heightened daily. Two months after her marriage her father died, and then her twin sister, the last of her near relatives; and unable any longer to endure the old man's eccentricities, she shortly afterwards left him, and, as it is supposed, went abroad, for she has never since been heard of. And now, after falling deeper and deeper into the miserly ways which he had so long followed, the foolish and forsaken old husband has at length died; but in a manner to which, as my landlady privately informs me, she cannot help thinking, some mystery attaches. I am sure,"

added Mrs. Cunningham, while her cheeks became blanched, "I could imagine that any crime was being perpetrated on the other side of the wall, while I listened from my bed last night to the terrible groans of the dying man."

"What was his name?" I inquired, as soon as the narrative was concluded.

"Greerson," was the reply.

"Allow me to ask, madam," I rejoined, "do you know what has aroused your landlady's suspicions as to the cause of death?"

"I do not—precisely. Stories, perhaps, are likely to get about when a known miser dies somewhat unexpectedly. I do not, myself, think much of her surmises; although, as I told you, one could imagine almost anything on listening to such sounds as I heard in the night."

Shortly after this was said I bade Mrs. Cunningham "good-day." As soon as I was alone I found my mind oppressed with a terrible burden of painful thoughts. My previous suspicions were now developed into conviction. How ought I to act? The question repeatedly presented itself to my mind, but it was one which I found it impossible to answer.

I hastened on to Wilhelmina Street, hoping that I might be able to discover such further facts as might make my course of duty clear. As I entered the house it occurred to me that I had not yet examined the book which Mr. Duncome had been studying on the previous night. Finding that there was no one in the doctor's room, I at once proceeded thither. I remembered that the volume consulted had been the third from the left-hand end of the topmost shelf. With some agitation I now drew it from its place, and read the title page as follows:—"The action of alkaline poisons upon the organs of the human body. By George Darell Smythe, M.D., F.R.S." But I had hardly taken the book in my hands when, almost of its own accord it fell open at page 230, which, as I quickly saw, was headed "Strychnia."

The work was apparently a scientific and elaborate one. It pointed out, in copious detail, the various uses, in medicine, of the substances of which it treated, and the applicability of those substances as remedies to the exigencies of the human body under different shades of disease. It also described with minuteness the effects of the particular class of poisons upon the organs of the healthy subject.

I turned the leaves and read a passage here and there, till at length I closed the book once more, and allowed it a second time to fall open of its own accord, when it again revealed the page—230.

I now read again. Scarcely had I begun to do so when I heard a slight noise at my side, and, turning, saw the doctor looking over my shoulder.

"Excuse me," I said, confusedly, "for examining your library. I don't know whether I am not intruding by coming into your study at all?"

"By no means, my dear sir," answered Mr. Duncome in accents the suavest. "But what impels you so earnestly to study that work of Dr. Smythe's?"

"Curiosity," I replied, with some emphasis, and turning sharply round to watch the doctor's face.

"Ah—ha! indeed—really!" he exclaimed, avoiding my gaze, and leaving the room immediately.

Fortunately I was not again troubled with somnambulism, although that night I went to bed in some apprehension of its recurrence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY SECT.

No religious ceremony can be performed in Russia without lighted tapers—flame, with the Greek Church, is the emblem of the spiritual—the Russians never weary of that living and beautiful type of the unseen.

They do not tinkle bells, or change dresses; but they light and blow out candles during all their services with untiring assiduity. Even on the Monday after Easter, "Recollection Monday," as it is called, when the Russians dine in the cemeteries, on the graves of their departed friends, and weep and tippie in the strangest and most barbarous ways, lighted tapers are stuck in the loaves.

At weddings, the bride and bridegroom advance to the altar, both holding lighted tapers, and with crowns upon their heads. At baptisms, lighted candles are borne before the child. On Easter mornings the poor bring to the churches their dinners—heaps of painted eggs and piles of white cheese—lit with tapers, to be sprinkled with holy water and blessed by the priests.

They burn forests of tapers when they annually curse the heretics—the false Demetrius and Mazeppa—while the tremendous bass voices thunder out their "Anaféma! Anaféma!" They consume more wax when they bless the fruits, once a year; and everybody in church crunches consecrated, but sour, apples. More candles melt also when they build birch arbours on the ice, and, cutting square holes, dip in crosses to bless the water.

But, most of all, they consume wax by

pounds just after midnight on Easter-eve. Then, all at once, the golden folding-doors of the altar screen fly open, thousands of lamps and candles are simultaneously lit, the censers swung, every one shakes hands with and kisses his neighbour, the bells break at once into joyful thunder, rockets sparkle in the sky and dissolve into stars, cannon boom from the fortresses, and thousands upon thousands of Russians exclaim, with one voice, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen from the dead!"

Everywhere in Russia the wax-chandler and the priest go hand in hand. At every church door sits a pallid servitor, selling tapers, long, dark, yellow, and thin, thick and glossy, painted, tinselled, or gilt, to offer at special shrines in gratitude or deprecation.

At one of the gates of Moscow—the Sunday Gate—there is a large shop full of candles, expressly to meet the wants of the crowds of worshippers who frequent the neighbouring chapel of the Iberian Mother of God, a spot of intense sanctity in the eyes of the superstitious Moscow people. This special picture-virgin came from Georgia to Mount Athos, and from thence a Czar, envious of her miracles for his own holy city, transported her to Moscow. She is a long, black, brown-faced person, with long thin nose, almond-shaped eyes, and fingers like glove-strainers. A carriage and four is kept perpetually prepared to carry her to the houses of sick rich people, whom she cures at a tariff of five roubles (one pound English), and a fee to the priest. As a work of art she is indifferent, but as a profitable worker of five-rouble miracles she is most excellent.

Her picture is speckled and banded with gold, plate, and jewels. There is a net of pearls on her head, above it a crown of diamonds, a great jewel glows on her brow, and another on her shoulder. Thirteen silver lamps burn before her. All day anxious or sorrowful people crowd in to kiss the virgin's hand, or the foot of the child in her arms,—merchants anxious for bargains, travellers going and returning, sorrowing mothers, heart-sick wives, officers starting for Poland or the Caucasus. Each of these buys a small taper at the priest's counter, lights it, and thrusts it into one of the innumerable sockets ready to receive it in front of the gorgeous shrine of the Iberian Mother.

It is the same in St. Petersburg. I remember one Saturday night (a time more venerated than Sunday) that I went to hear the service in the great cathedral of St. Isaac, in St. Petersburg, the last great cathedral built in Europe. When I arrived, the ceremony was in full bloom. There were the choristers,

divided into two parts and in their strange stage supernumerary dress, leaning against the altar rails, before the great gilded doors of wreathed metal, and the lapis lazuli pillars. The vast columns of malachite shone with the glow of innumerable lamps. The priest, with flowing hair and cloth of gold robes, was reading the great book of the Gospels. Behind the screen another priest paced solemnly amidst thin blue clouds of incense. The vast church was so full of peasants, and bourgeois, and officers, that there was scarcely room to move. Before all the shrines and pictures burnt little groves of tapers, surrounding a monarch candle as big as a man's arm. But what are those little limp candles that are passed over one's shoulder every minute, with a good-natured nod of apology? Those are votive candles, to be burnt before that great shrine of the brown virgin that you see yonder by the pillar, framed in cumbrous gold, and hung with laced ribbons. There are, perhaps, one hundred candles burning there already, enough to soon melt that central mass of wax, were it not enclosed in a porcelain case.

Even in the great Exchange, that handsome building near the Admiralty wooden bridge, there is a side chapel, hung with lamps and stuck with candles, where merchants, fresh from tremendous bargains in hemp, tallow, and timber, thank Saint Nicholas for having enabled them to outwit the Englishman or the German.

There are lamps burning all day with a sullen, yellow light in the corridors of the bazaars, before the square, massive-framed pictures of the saints, under which the merchants drink, incessantly, hot tumblers of tea, or play recklessly at football in hours of relaxation.

There are votive lamps burning day and night before the gates of Moscow, especially before that holy gate in the Kremlin, that no one is allowed to pass through without taking off his hat.

Everywhere fire is a sacred emblem with the Russians. Even thieves offer their votive tapers. The following letter is given us by a German traveller. It was written by a swindler to his accomplice, and is valuable as a proof of how superstition takes the place of religion in corrupted minds:—

To-morrow is the day, dear Ivan, when we may at last begin our enterprise. Don't forget to light a candle to the Mother of God in the Kasan Church to-morrow at nine o'clock. I will do the same to St. John in Trinity Church.

The enterprise was the theft of ten thousand roubles, which was effected while the twin tapers were still burning.

Superstition and ceremonial haunt you in Russia. You are, perhaps, seated at midnight at a railway-station, cold, hurried, cross, drinking down a tumbler of burning tea and lemon juice in deep draughts, your hair dishevelled, your eyes half shut; suddenly you feel a gentle, deprecating touch on the shoulder, and there is a tall, old, bearded monk, in dark robe and crape-veiled head-dress, bending towards you with a little leather cushion, on which lie several ostentatious copper coins. He is begging for his monastery, just as the monks did in the time of Erasmus. Remember, they are at least four centuries behind in Russia.

Or, again, you cross the Neva, at St. Petersburg, into the fortress island, to see the old Dutch hut which Peter the Great inhabited while his city was building. You find it, and are delighted at the low, humble rooms, with the latticed windows, the old-fashioned cabinets, the quaint chairs, telescopes, and portfolios. All at once, at one side of it, near the boat-house, you come on a little chapel crowded with ladies and peasants' children, groves of little twelfth-night candles burning, brown pictures in gilt frames, and the usual half-Mahomedan prostrations and kotowing. Your first thought is that they have made a god of the great Emperor.

There are two classes of historians. The one class vamps up old lies, upsets old theories, puts a new gloss on old falsehoods, whitewashes Nero, proves Henry the Eighth a saint, and Guy Faux to have been a cruelly mistaken patriot. There is another class which denies that the world runs in cycles, or that there are any recurrent sequences in history. With them history is indeed the useless old almanack, proving nothing, teaching nothing.

To this latter class I would offer for meditation the avatar of that modern saint, Joseph Smith, as a curious example of modified recurrence. Here is Mahomet again, with his harem intolerance and armed proselytism, but all vulgarised. The Koran re-appears, with more lies and less truth, without the poetry and without the plausibility.

In the extraordinary Russian sect which I am about to describe we have another remarkable recurrence—the Fire-worshipper—revived in the nineteenth century in full force, with his intense faith, his secesy, and his dangerous fanaticism.

There is a secret sect in Russia, that now numbers several hundred thousand members. It has spread from Tobolsk to the Gulf of Finland, and from Little Russia to the Wall of China. It ramifies from Archangel to the Polish frontier, and is still growing while we

write. These sectarians are not merely peasants, or woodmen. There are men of education among them. There are even merchants, well known on the Exchange in St. Petersburg, who are known to belong to them by their falsetto voices and their dwindling beards.

Every member of this sect is required to mutilate himself, and no one can be admitted without this act of cruel self-mortification. It is said that the Emperor Nicholas grew alarmed at this new heresy, and employed a confidential officer to join them and worm out their secrets. This fanatic of obedience submitted to the initiatory rite as the first step to his discovery.

These people have mixed up many of the rites of the Greek Church with the old fire worship, which they have to a certain degree christianised. They consider fire the emblem of all purity and good, and the chosen type of divinity, instancing the burning bush, the column of fire, the cloven tongues, and other miraculous appearances. They believe fire to be so purifying that voluntary death by it secures salvation. The consequence of this tenet is, that suicide by fire is not unfrequent among the sect. Only two winters ago a poor woman (a servant, I believe) set fire to one of those mountains of birch logs that every Russian gentleman keeps in his courtyard, then placed herself on the flames, and perished like a Hindoo suttee.

They retain the bowings and prostration of the Greek Church, and, I believe, worship Saint Alexander Nevsky, Saint Michael, and Saint Nicholas, as ardently as the most devout Russian; but, however they conceal it, fire is the primary object of their adoration.

They have also a wild and intensely ignorant belief in a golden age, a millennium, to be brought about by Peter the Great, the Empress Ann, and Napoleon; who are all said to be waiting ready to put all things right, in some little, out-of-the-way town near Irkutsk.

I have seen a curious book containing coloured pictures of the saints of this sect, and also some of their remarkable sacred poems and rythmical traditions. Of these, the following, which I epitomise from memory, is the most strange and representative. The original Russian metre was so barbarous that I do not apologise for discarding it. The poem seems to me most interesting, as a proof of the Cimmerian darkness of the Russian peasantry, its very outset betraying a profundity of brutal ignorance that one would have thought impossible at the present day, except amongst the lowest of the Lets or the Laps. The Oriental origin of the sect is perceptible throughout to anyone conversant with the poetry of the

Persian mystics, or the wonders of Hindoo mythology, which is to European heresy what the boa-constrictor is to the viper. Here is the poem:—

HOW HALLELUJAH'S WIFE WAS TAUGHT THE LESSON OF FAITH.

One day the cruel, mocking, God-defying Pharisees chased the child Jesus into the house of Hallelujah.

Chased the child Jesus with stones and staves, howling as they chased him. The child Jesus ran in and closed the door of the house after him. There was no one in the house but the wife of the excellent Hallelujah, holding her child in her arms and rocking it to sleep. What a beautiful colour was upon its cheek. You could scarcely see its little chest rise and fall with its breathing.

"The wicked, God-defying Pharisees pursue me with sticks and stones. O! wife of the excellent Hallelujah," cried the child Jesus, "show now thy faith. Put down that child that thou so much lovest, cast it quick into the stove; and, instead of it, take me up in thy arms. Then when the wicked, God-defying Pharisees rush in and ask for me, say I am burnt to death in the stove, wherein thou hast thrust me. Then they will dance for joy, and sing, and will go back to the city. And I shall escape out of their hands."

No tear shed the wife of the excellent Hallelujah; no prayer uttered she; no cry of horror rose from her heart. She arose, threw open the stove, thrust her child into the fierce, pure flame, closed-to the door, and took the child Jesus up into her arms as she had been bid.

At that moment in broke the howling, God-defying Pharisees. "Give us the child Jesus," they cried.

"I have destroyed him in the stove. He is dust; he is ashes," replied the wife of the excellent Hallelujah. "Go back to your homes, O, wise Pharisees, for your enemy is no more."

Then they danced for joy, and shouted, and beat their staves together, and went home crying, "Rejoice, for he is dead! The accursed child of Satan is dead!"

Then when they were gone the child Jesus descended from the woman's arms and said,—

"Heaven's blessings be on thee, thou wife of the excellent Hallelujah; blessings for thy excellent faith, that is beyond all faith. Go now to the stove wherein thy burnt child is, open the door, and tell me what thou seest."

And the wife of the excellent Hallelujah arose and went trembling, and she opened the door and looked in; and instead of burnt flesh, or white ashes, she saw neither flame nor embers; but her glorified child, smiling and rejoicing, walking in the green walks of Paradise, and led by the archangels.

Such was the reward of the faith of the wife of the excellent Hallelujah.

There are traces of fire-worship, it must be remembered, in Greek mythology and Greek philosophy. There were several of their sages who taught that the sun was fire, and the centre of all heat and life; that, in fact, heat and life were as synonymous as cold and death. In the works of the alchemists, also, fire assumes a very high position as an emblem of divinity.

There is no trait of the Russian character finer than that of their toleration. The Greek is really the only tolerant church in the world. See how our own church ostracises all excep-

tional people, such as George Fox, or Wesley ; useful men, whom the Roman Catholic Church, wiser in its generation, would have enrolled into its service. It has been often observed that every order of monks was, in fact, a new heresy ; and the Jesuits would have been seceders, beyond all doubt, had they not been wisely retained by the subtle Popes : yet, on the other hand, how the Roman Catholics have belled, booked, and candled many good men who differed from them in opinion ; how they drove Luther from them ; how they have roasted, and poisoned, and excommunicated disputants for hundred of years.

Look at the Mahomedans, too ; see with what furious faces they still regard the infidels—how they would pull him piecemeal if they dared.

But the Russians are as tolerant as the old Romans were. They rather rejoice in the fact of strangers witnessing their ceremonies. There is a Tartar mosque at St. Petersburg, and another at Moscow. Foreign chapels boldly present themselves in the chief streets of their capital. Yet the Russian sects hate each other bitterly, though their difference is chiefly in forms the most indifferent. Some forbid smoking, others abstain from fish on fast days. One sect makes the cross from right to left, another from left to right.

The most remarkable of all the fifty odd sects is that of the "Old Believers," retainers of the old formula and ritual antecedent to the reformations of Peter the Great. They not only do not smoke, but if any one who smells of smoke enters their house they fumigate the place, and pronounce exorcising prayers. They do not shave ; and they spit at, and sometimes murder their opponents. This is a secret sect ; but they are numerous at Moscow, where their dead are buried apart. Kohl says that there were in his time ten thousand of them in Tula alone. They swarm in the Cossack colonies, in the steppes of Southern Russia, and along the old Turkish frontier of the Dnieper. There are but few in St. Petersburg, where the European civilization is predominant. These old believers represent the ancient Oriental conservatism of Russia, and no doubt, if they had the power, serfdom and every other by-gone evil would be restored.

In escaping from Siberia, the Poles frequently make use of these men, and, by affecting the same faith and learning their formula, obtain aid and concealment from the brotherhood, and are passed on, from house to house, just as a Jesuit used to be by Roman Catholics in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1832 these old believers occasioned a great scandal at Rshoff, on the Volga, where they are numerous, wealthy, and powerful.

They hired a drunken old soldier to force open the royal door of the orthodox sanctuary, and, in presence of the congregation, trod on the bread, drank the wine, and flung the chalice at the worshippers. Several murders were the consequence. To prevent punishment, the offenders offered a bribe of two hundred thousand roubles. No one avowedly took it ; but the result, somehow or other, was, that the subsequent commission separated without coming to any conclusion.

There are other sects that retain Indian and Pagan superstitions. All but these lay great emphasis on the peculiar way of holding the three fingers when crossing themselves. The most ignorant Russians will argue on the vital importance of this, and pride themselves on their orthodoxy. "We," they say, "make the cross the only right way. What is Christianity? It is the Holy Trinity. The three fingers mean the Trinity." They cross themselves with a peculiar, conventional swing of the arm, bowing at the same moment. This is continued for minutes together, and carried on with intense self-satisfaction.

On the Polish frontier, and among the semi-Germans, the toleration of the Greek Church shows itself in admirable colours. They do not slander the Protestants. They visit Protestant churches. They never hesitate to perform service in our churches, and will lend their own to Protestants. There is something unusual to us in this spirit of toleration. It is not fair to attribute it to the want of zeal in the Greek Church. It rather arises from the serenity of their faith, from the little irritating persecution they have sustained, from the absence of doctrinal heresies, and from the calm, imperial content with which they regard their time-honoured superstitions, their image-worship, and their orientalisms.

A POOR CLERK'S STORY.*

THEY were certainly inferior lodgings,—even for that shy neighbourhood, and the moderate price I paid for them ; but money was a weak point with me in those days, and, at the same time, I never cared to bargain or make conditions when I hired apartments ; for so long as I had a decent room to sit in in bad weather, with a "practicable" fireplace, and a corner where I could turn in at night for sleep, I cared little for convenience, and less for appearances, and was quite contented (as my "laissez-faire" character disposed me to be) under circumstances which were frequently

* Any interest which may be attached to this narrative will be heightened, when it is explained that the circumstances related are in no point fictitious.

trying, and occasionally aggravating. I cannot imagine now why I ventured into such strange, out-of-the-way districts. Certainly it was no love for adventure which induced me ; for I was naturally timid, and uninclined to face danger, however largely the element of romance might have entered into it. Perhaps it was that undefinable pride which accompanies reduced means that prompted me to seek lodging in neighbourhoods where even my humble and threadbare garments proclaimed me "gentleman" among classes in which a coat at all was the exception. Be that as it might, I wandered, at this time, into the humblest district of western London ; and after some failures in my applications for a lodging, I lighted upon a fairly presentable house in a shambling sort of terrace, not very distant from the principal thoroughfare of that section of the town. I was admitted—after repeated knocks, and just as my patience was becoming exhausted—by an old woman of about sixty-five, though it is possible that she might have been prematurely aged by want and illness. When I inquired of the portress the terms of the lodgings, the poor old creature, who was shaking in voice and body from a sort of palsy, stammered out that she would call her daughter to answer my questions, but "would I please step inside a moment." I complied, and waited on the ragged mat in the dingy passage while the old woman hobbled and jerked herself down the stairs to the kitchen. I knew when she arrived at the door, for a dull sound of voices, which I had noticed upon entering, suddenly expanded into a confused roar, in which I detected both male and female laughter. The occupants of the kitchen, who were evidently carousing (though it was but three o'clock in the afternoon), seemed to me to greet the old woman with shouts of derision. Something hard was flung at her at her entrance, I am sure, for I heard her cry out in her quaky treble, and the missile, whatever it was, rolling upon the wooden floor. A great laugh was raised at this sally, after which I recognised the trembling old tones, declaring, I presume, the mission which had so unseasonably interrupted the mirth of the kitchen. There was a lull directly ; and I shortly afterwards heard a younger and lighter step ascending the staircase, and my landlady stood before me. She was a bold, sluttish-looking woman of about thirty, with a face which, though not positively ill-looking, was of a low stamp, and certainly unattractive. She instantly assumed a smirk and curtsy to the prospective lodger ; but I perceived a trifling thickness of utterance, and a peculiar lack of lustre in her eyes, which were the outward and

visible signs of excess. She excused herself for not waiting upon me immediately ; but "it was all along of that stupid old woman-servant which she kept out of charity, tho', Heaven knew, she did nothing for the use of the house in return for all the eatin' and drinkin' which was provided," and so on. Abusing the wretched old woman, and denying in every word the fact that it was her mother of whom she spoke so evilly, the landlady preceded me to the "drawing-room floor," and threw open the door with a conscious pride. They were, as I have said, very inferior lodgings. I believe at any other time I should have incontinently left the spot ; but something prompted me, and I agreed to lodge there for a month. I had become interested in spite of myself, and I was determined to know something more about my shaky old friend. I shall not describe these lodgings, for the account would not be very appetizing to my readers ; but I shall hasten to give an account of my adventure there some time afterwards, on a terrible Christmas-eve.

I had agreed upon taking the lodgings from the first of December till the New Year's Day following ; and on beginning my reign in my new quarters, I found the wisdom of hiring apartments of this sort weekly, a plan I ever adopted afterwards. Nothing *could* have been more completely inconvenient as far as accommodation and attendance were concerned, and yet I stayed, for I had already found an interest in the place. The shaky old woman was the servant-of-all-work, the factotum, the fag of the lodgings. Often I have myself relieved her of the breakfast-tray, when the cup and saucer and butter-boat and teapot have been trembling responsively, and the egg designed for my humble repast has been divorced from its cup and has been rolling wildly from side to side, like a barrel on deck in a storm. She cleaned the boots, she swept the stairs, answered the bell, fetched the beer (no sinecure), and performed, in short, every menial office, while her shameless daughter and recreant son-in-law ate, drank (and were drunk), and slept at ease,—with all household burdens, save that light one of receiving the lodger's money, shifted from their young shoulders to her crazy care. After a due amount of patience on my part, I ventured to inquire of the old handmaid as to the *ménage* of the slipshod household.

"Why do you do all the work?" I said kindly to her one morning, after I had extricated my breakfast (at the expense of the egg) from entire dissolution at her hands. "It is too much for you."

To my surprise the poor old woman sat down on a chair, and burst into tears. I was not a

little astonished ; but held my tongue till she had somewhat recovered, when I again remarked, "I'm afraid this is too much for you, day after day."

The old creature rose suddenly, and tottered to the door. "I humbly pray your pardon, sir," she stammered. "I forgot myself. I've not been well lately, sir, and the children have——"

"Stay," I said. "Shut the door, and tell me all about it. I am anxious to know all about *you*, and if I can do anything——"

"Oh no, dear sir," cried the poor old wretch, trembling with fear, in addition to her usual palsy. "Don't notice me, sir, if you please ; pray don't. If they were to know that I had been crying, or talking to you, they'd——" Here she paused, and looked nervously at the door.

"What would they do ?" I asked.

"They'd beat me, sir. *She* often does, if I forget anything ; and *he*, oh ! he's awful—swearing, and flinging pewter pots at me. I was ill once for weeks from a blow he gave me."

"Why on earth do they ill-treat you ?" I asked. "You do all the work, while they idle. There must be some other reason."

"Sir," said the old woman, with some pride in her voice—cracked, jerky, and feeble as it was—"I was once worth more than a thousand pounds,—I mean when my husband died, and before *she* was married. I set them up, but they robbed me of all my money ; and they know it, and keep me here, and hate and ill-treat me in consequence."

"Why do you stay ?" I asked ; but a moment after I was conscious of the folly of my question, as the old woman answered,—

"Where could I go to, sir ?"

The simplicity and despair in this response convincing me that I should do no good by personally interfering in the domestic misunderstandings, I refrained from further questioning, and waited for some issue to this course of ill-treatment, when I might, though an outsider, be justified in stepping in as a check. It soon came. In the Christmas week the poor old mother took to her bed, thoroughly conquered by the hard weather and the increasing work. Every day I heard angry voices and curses through the thin wainscoting which separated my bedroom from the wretched old creature's sleeping den. A feeble squeaking was all that rough usage, neglect, or execration elicited. My blood used to blaze within me at the cowardice and the low triumph of that drunken and disreputable pair, who junketed while their mother was gasping for breath, or calling for common assistance. I did once forget my position ; and attempted to expostulate

with the daughter, my landlady, who came into my room, attended by a rumpled-haired child with a dirty face (which was a pretty likeness of her mother's), on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December.

Bedizened was the landlady, and ribboned all over. Evidently she was bound upon a merry-making with friends that Christmas eve ; and I was so struck with the heartlessness of a daughter (who owed her fortunes, such as they were, to the poor woman starving and neglected in the next room) leaving a parent, dying perhaps, in the care of only a child of five years old, that I mildly reflected upon the remarks which the neighbours might make on the occasion. I was speedily silenced by that indescribable manner which a low-bred woman always can assume to those whom she considers as interfering in her concerns ; and on her departure, her husband, his eyes still dazed and lustreless from last night's excess, merely put his head inside my door and gave me a look ; but that glance decided me against interfering any further. I was doomed to a cheerless Christmas eve—alone, in a wretched lodging, with no other occupants than a bed-ridden old woman and a miserable child. I had taken a rather more expensive dinner than usual that evening, in honour of the day ; and when I returned, finding my fire rather low, I called out to the little child, who was, I supposed, in her granny's room, to come and show me where the coal-cellar was. A shrill "Yes, sir," answered me, and I waited for my little guide. She was a long time coming ; and I was getting wearied and cold, when I heard a strange hobbling outside my door, and, to my horror and amazement, the old mother staggered in with a coal-scuttle in her hand, the little child grasping her thin dress tightly and smiling the while.

"Gracious Heavens !" I gasped ; "how's this ? Why are you here ? Whatever induced you to get up to do this ? I would have gone without fire a hundred times rather than you should have run this risk."

The old woman smiled, as I seized the coal-scuttle out of her palsied hands. "It's nothing, sir—nothing. I'd do it for *you*, sir—for *you* ; but not for them—no, not for them. God bless you, sir ! Good night, and a merry Christmas to you. Come, Nancy, darling."

"For God's sake !" I cried, "go back to bed ; you'll kill yourself in this bitter cold. Go back, I beseech you."

"I'm going, sir," said the shivering creature ; "but are you sure you want nothing fetched, or anything ?"

"In Heaven's name, no !" I cried again. "Do go back to bed ; you'll kill yourself."

"No," muttered the poor old wretch, as I watched her retreating to her den. "I shall not have killed *myself*." And so murmuring she hobbled out of sight.

My terrors were increasing. I poked the fire, but could get no addition to my spirits by watching the friendly blaze. At last, worn out, and at a late hour, I determined upon going to bed, and trying to overcome the sad forebodings which had seized upon me by sleep. I lay long time awake, but at length I went off into a deep slumber. How long I remained unconscious I do not know; but troublesome dreams affected my sleep, increasing in horror till they culminated in my starting up in my bed with a loud cry ringing in my ears. Believing it to be the effect of a disordered fancy, I was preparing to sleep again, when my blood ran icily through my veins at a repetition of the former cry. It was a child's voice. Yes; and in the next room. I listened, and heard a struggling, and then the pattering of naked feet upon the boarding of the adjacent chamber. I was frozen with fear. Suddenly I heard the child cry out in a panic of fear,—"Granny, granny; don't! Send it away! send it away! Go away! I don't know you; you are so ugly. Go away!" And a struggle again. This time the child's voice was raised almost to a shriek. "Go away! go away! Who are you? Let granny alone. Oh, mother, mother, come back; come back to granny." And a moment after the little naked feet went pattering down and up the stairs, while the child moaned piteously, "Oh, mother, mother, come back." Mastering my fears as well as I could, I leapt out of bed, huddled on some clothes, and cautiously opened my bedroom door. It was pitch dark outside; but I could hear the child, still moaning, descending the kitchen stairs. Feeling my way to the old woman's room, I reached the door and paused a moment to listen. There was silence over the house, save when the wailing of the little girl could be indistinctly heard below. Carefully pushing the door open, I entered, and nearly shrieked aloud at the sight which met my eyes. Crumpled up in bed, with face and knees together, sat the old woman. Her eyes were widely staring, her hands grasping the wretched quilt, her jaw dropped, her face the colour of stone, and as inflexible. She was dead.

Taking a hasty inspection of the miserable room, to insure that no one was concealed there, and that there had been no foul play, I carefully and shudderingly retired, and had just lighted my candle in my room when I heard the child ascending the stairs again. I called to her by name, and she ran, sobbing, to me, speechless from horror. As soon as I

could obtain an answer from her I asked her what she had seen? "Was it a man?"

"No, no; it wasn't a man, nor a woman. She didn't know what it was; but it was so dreadful, so ugly. Oh, poor granny, poor granny!"

This was all I could learn from her. I put her into my bed, and, leaving the candle lighted, went out of the house and walked about the streets till daylight. The carousers had returned, and knew the worst then. They were sobered after this shock; and were civil to me, and thanked me for the care I had taken of the child, whom, however, they studiously kept away from me. The old woman was decently buried; and on New Year's Day I left my lodgings. I shall never forget that night so long as I live. But *what was it that the child saw?* R. REECE, Jun.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

(A CORNISH LEGEND.)

Two thousand years ago, one spring,

In sunny Lyonnaise,
At his Table Round the blameless king
Did thus his knights address:—

"Go hence, fair sirs, and search the world,
Through seas, and swamps, and snows;
Full many flowers it contains,
Bring here its sweetest rose!"

Sir Bevis he up and clomb his steed,
And made for sunset's bars;
Plucking posies of all the roses
That bloom beyond the stars.

Sir Lancelot pressed, with lance in rest,
The Laestrygons o'er the main;
The King of the Pigmies fought his best,
But his roses he hath ta'en!

The hardy Gawain went north, and slew
The Vikings, plundering bold
Vallhalla's meads, where heroes tend
Princesses tressed with gold.

Nor elfin toils, nor dungeons deep,
Sir Bohort could appal,
He plucked the rose from Balder's breast,
And eke from Elbricht's hall.

"May Dorothea, blessed saint,
Second my humble quest!"
Sir Mador prayed, and all dreamland
Rifled in sables dressed.

With trusty blade Sir Lionel strayed,
Long time through the Chau's countries,
And shore his roses and bore them back
To the plunging Cornish seas.

All dangers dared, they homeward fared;
Spread, for the king to see,
Their roses, red, pink, white; none paired,
But ne'er a word spake he.

Up rose Sir Roland, "Good, my liege,
True love looks nearest home;
Perchance they find the fairest blooms
Who never care to roam.

"This morn, by yonder almond trees,
A beggar passed, none gave ;
A maiden dropped her dole in his lap,
And said,—'Take all I have.'"

A moment, and they led her in,
A damsel, tall, lithe, fair ;
Blush roses bloomed on her velvet cheek,
A rose was in her hair !



Oh, sweet the sight ! A green cymar
Half hid her snowy breast,
And samite of heathen land her limbs
Most daintily caressed.

Great Arthur forward drew the knight,
And placed him by her side,—
"May he who found this fairest rose
Be happy with his bride !

"May roses round his castle shine,
In never-failing grace,
And tender rose-buds round him twine,
To carry on his race !"

In Cornwall (so the legend speaks)
The fairest roses grow ;
And Cornish maids with rosy cheeks
The legend's truth still show.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XIX. NEW HONOURS.

JANE CHESNEY's position was a trying one. In the midst of the grief, it may be said the horror, she felt at the step taken by her sister Laura that eventful night, there was also the perplexity as to what her own course ought to be. *She* was powerless to prevent it now; in fact everybody else was powerless; Mr. Carlton and Laura had gained some hours' start, and could not be brought back again. Had Jane known of the detention at the station at Lichford, still she could have done nothing; the fleetest horse, ready saddled and bridled at her door, would scarcely have conveyed her, galloping like a second Lady Godiva, along that dark and muddy cross-country road, in time to catch them before the arrival of the midnight train for which they waited, for it was well past eleven ere Jane heard of it from Judith.

No; stop the flight she could not. That thought was abandoned as hopeless; and it must be remembered that Jane did not know they were gone to Lichford; she had no clue whatever to the line of route taken. Her chief perplexity lay in the doubt of how best to convey the tidings to her father, so as to pain him least. To save him pain in any shape or form, whether mentally or bodily, Jane would have sacrificed her own life. Now and then faint hopes would come over her that their fears were groundless, that they were wholly mistaken, that they were judging Laura wrongfully; and a hundred suppositions as to where Laura could be, arose to her heated fancy: certainly the fact that Mr. Carlton had left the town for a few days, as reported to Judith by his servants, was not sufficient proof of Laura's having left it. But, even while these delusive arguments arose, the conviction of the worst lay all the deeper upon her mind.

Perhaps Jane Chesney was nearly the last in the town to hear the positive news of the truth by word of mouth. With morning light there arrived at Mr. Carlton's house the man whom he had charged to look after the missing horse: which had been found with little trouble, standing still with his nose over a field gateway. Securing him for the night, the man started before dawn to convey him to the address at South Wenlock, as given him by Mr. Carlton; he had to be back to his own work betimes, at the farmer's where he was a day labourer. When rung up, just as Judith had rung them up the night before, the servants

could scarcely believe their own eyes, to see the horse arrive home in that fashion, led by a halter and covered with splashes of mud. The man explained, so far as he was cognizant of it, what had happened on the previous night; told his orders as to bringing home the horse, provided he could find him, spoke of where the carriage was lying, and said it had better be looked after.

Whether it was from this circumstance, or whether the report arose in that mysterious manner in which reports do arise, nobody knows how or where; certain it was, that when South Wenlock sat down to its breakfast-tables on that same morning, half its inhabitants were talking of the elopement of the surgeon with Miss Laura Chesney. Mr. John Grey was the one to convey its certain tidings to Jane.

He was at the house very early—soon after eight o'clock. Called to a distance that day, his only chance of seeing Lucy Chesney's hands was to pay them a visit before his departure; in fact he had promised to do so on the previous night.

Jane was ready for him; Jane alone: glad of an excuse to keep the little girl in bed in that house of perplexity and trouble, Jane had bade her not rise to breakfast. Mr. Grey was pained at the look of care on the face of Miss Chesney—let us call her so for a short while yet!—at the too evident marks of the sleepless and miserable night she had spent.

"Do not suffer this untoward event to affect your health!" he involuntarily exclaimed; and his low tone was full of tender concern, of considerate sympathy. "How ill you look!"

Jane was startled. Was it known already? But there was that in Mr. Grey's earnest face that caused her heart to leap out to him there and then as it might to a friend of long-tried years.

"Is it known?" she asked, her life-pulses seeming to stand still.

"It is," he answered, with a grave face. "The town is ringing with it."

Jane, standing before him with her quiet bearing, gave no mark of pain, save that she raised her hand and laid it for a few moments on her temples.

"I have been hoping—against hope, it is true, but still hoping—that it *might* not be; that my sister might have taken refuge somewhere from the storm, and would return home

this morning. Oh, Mr. Grey! this has come upon me like a falling thunderbolt. If you knew how different from anything like this she has been brought up!"

"Yes, I feel sure of that," he said. "It is, I fear, a most mistaken step that she has taken. Certainly an unwise one."

"How has it become known?" asked Jane, shading her eyes.

"I cannot tell," he replied. "For one thing, I heard that Mr. Carlton's horse had been sent back this morning."

"His horse?"

"He drove your sister to Lichford, I understand, to take the train there. I met him last night as I left here; he was close to Blister Lane—about to turn into it, and I wondered what patient he could have in that locality to call him out in his carriage at night. I little thought of the expedition on which he was bent; or that he was waiting to be joined by Miss Laura Chesney. I saw her also; she must have been on her way to him."

Jane lifted her eyes. "Mr. Grey! you saw her, and you did not stop her!"

John Grey slightly shook his head. "It was not possible for me to divine the errand on which she was bent. She was in the garden as I left here, and I said something to her about the inclemency of the night. I understood her to answer me—at least I inferred—that she was only going to the gate to look at the weather. I know the thought that crossed me was, that she was anxious because her father was out in it. There's a report that some accident occurred to the horse and carriage when they were nearing Lichford," continued the surgeon, "and that Mr. Carlton and the lady with him had to go the rest of the way on foot. It is what people are saying; I don't know the particulars."

"Nothing can be done to recall her, now?" said Jane, speaking the words in accordance with her own thoughts more than as a question.

"Nothing. The start has been too great—a whole night. They are probably married by this time, or will be before the day is out."

"Mr. Grey—I seem to speak to you as to an old friend," Jane broke off to say; "a few minutes ago and I had not believed that I could have so spoken of this to any one. Mr. Grey, *how* shall I tell my father?"

"Ah," said Mr. Grey, "it will be sad news for him. My eldest little daughter is but eight years old, but I can fancy what must be the feelings of a father at being told such. I think—I think——"

"What?" asked Jane.

"Well, it is scarcely the thing to say to

you just now, but I think I would rather lose a daughter by death than see her abandon her home in this way," continued Mr. Grey in his frankness. "My heart would be less wrung. Will you allow me to ask whether Mr. Carlton was addressing her?"

"He had wished to do so, but was peremptorily forbidden by my father. That was the cause of the rupture which led to his dismissal from the house. None of us liked Mr. Carlton, except—I must of course except—my sister Laura."

That she spoke in pain—that she was in a state of extreme distress, was all too evident; and Mr. Grey felt how useless would be any attempt at consolation. It was a case that did not admit of it. He asked to see Lucy, and Jane went with him to her room. The hands were going on as well as possible, and Mr. Grey said there was not the least necessity for keeping her in bed. Poor Jane felt almost like a deceitful woman, when she reflected how far apart from the cuts had been her motive for keeping Lucy there.

"Can I be of use to you in any way?" he asked of Jane at parting.

Jane frankly put her hand into his and thanked him for his kindness. Ah, she found now, it was not Mr. Carlton's profession she had so disliked, but Mr. Carlton himself. John Grey was but a surgeon also, a general practitioner: and of him Jane could have made a friend and an equal.

"You are very good," she said. "Can you tell me the best way in which I can proceed to Pembury?"

"Are you going there?"

"I must go; I think I ought to go. Papa started for Chesney Oaks last night—and—you are aware perhaps that it is as you feared; that Lord Oakburn is dead?"

"Yes, I know; his death has been confirmed."

"Papa left at once for Chesney Oaks; and his absence renders my position in this crisis all the more difficult. But I shall go after him, Mr. Grey; better that he should hear of this from my lips than from a stranger's. None could soothe it to him in the telling as I can."

Fond Jane! She truly deemed that none in the world could ever be to her father what she, his loving and dutiful daughter, was. How rudely the future would undeceive her, she dreamt not of yet. Just to "soothe this terrible news to him in the telling," she had rapidly determined to make the best of her way to Pembury.

Pompey was already preparing to go there by the earliest train, and Jane started with him, leaving Lucy to the care of Judith. It

was a long journey, and she meant to come back the same day, but the trouble and fatigue to herself were nothing, if she could but spare ever so little trouble to her father. There was the jolting omnibus to Great Wenlock, and there was the railway afterwards—thirty miles of it ; it may be questioned whether Jane, in her distress of mind, so much as knew that the omnibus made any jolts at all.

Arrived at Pembury, Jane felt undecided what to do. She did not much like to go on to Chesney Oaks ; it would seem almost as though they wished to seize upon their new possession by storm ere the poor young earl was cold on his bed. Neither did she know whether the imperious old Dowager Countess of Oakburn might not be there ; and Jane felt that to tell her this disgrace of Laura's, would be a worse task than the telling it to her father.

She inquired for an hotel, and was directed to the "Oakburn Arms." Then she despatched Pompey to Chesney Oaks.

"You will tell papa, Pompey, that I have come here, and am waiting to see him," she said. "You must say that I have come all this way on purpose to impart to him something of the utmost moment ; something that he must hear without delay—that I could not trust to anyone else to bring to him, for it is unpleasant news. And Pompey, *you* must not tell him : take care of that."

Pompey looked aghast at the bare suggestion. *He* tell such news to his choleric master ! "I no dare, missee," was the characteristic answer.

Chesney Oaks, a fine old place, whose park stretched down to the very gates of Pembury, was less than a mile distant. Jane, ever thoughtful, despatched Pompey in a fly, that it might be at hand to bring back her father. She then sat down in the room to which she had been shown, and waited.

The room was on the ground floor, and she watched eagerly the way leading from Chesney Oaks. They appeared to have had as much rain at Pembury as they had had at South Wenlock, to judge by the state of the roads, but it was a balmy spring day, this, and the sun shone out by fits and snatches : it shone on Jane's face at the open window.

At length she saw the fly coming back again, and the sick feeling at her heart increased, now the moment was at hand when she must meet her father with the dreadful news. But the fly, instead of drawing up to the door of the inn, continued its way past it, and Jane saw that it was empty. It seemed like a welcome respite. She supposed her father had preferred to walk, and she stood looking out for him.

But she looked in vain. There appeared

no sign of him, and Jane was beginning seriously to wonder what she should do in the emergency, when a handsome chariot, bearing about it, although in mourning, all the badges of rank and state—the flowing hammer cloth, the earl's coronet on the panels, the powdered servants, the sparkling silver ornaments on the fine horses—came bowling up to the door. Another moment and the waiter appeared, showing in the powdered footman, who handed a small bit of twisted paper to Jane.

"For me ?" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"Yes, my lady."

Jane quite started. My lady ! Why, yes, she was my lady. But the salutation sounded strange to her ears, and a deep blush arose to her fair face. Opening the paper, she read the following characteristic lines written in pencil.

"I cannot imagine whatever you have come for, Jane, but you can come on to Chesney Oaks and explain. Pompey's a fool."

By which last sentence Jane gathered that poor Pompey must have managed to plunge into hot water with his master, in his efforts not to tell the secret. She also divined that the carriage had been sent for her use.

"You have brought the carriage for me ?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady. My lord requested you would go on without delay."

But Jane hesitated. She thought of the fever. Not for herself did she fear it—at least it was not her own danger that struck her, but she was about to return home to Lucy and might carry it to her.

"There may be danger in my entering Chesney Oaks," she said. "I am going home to a young sister, a little girl, and children take disorders so easily."

"I don't think there will be much danger, my lady," returned the man. "My lord is in the left wing of the house, and the—the body of the late earl is lying in the wing at the other extremity, where he died. No one else has taken the fever."

How strange it was, too, to hear her father called my lord ; how strange to spring suddenly into all this pomp and state. Jane did not see that she could hold out longer, and passed out of the room.

Gathered in the entrance passage were the landlord of the inn, his wife, the waiter, and a chambermaid, ready to make obeisance to her as she passed. Jane felt rather little as she received the honours ; she had an old black silk dress on, a shabby warm grey shawl, and a straw bonnet trimmed with black, the worse for wear. But Jane need not have feared : she was a lady always, and looked like one, dress as she would.

"Who is she?" asked the landlady of the footman, in a low tone, arresting him as he was marching past her; for she did not know as yet who the stranger was, except that she was one of the family from which their inn took its sign.

"The Lady Jane Chesney; the new earl's daughter."

And the footman stood with his imposing cane, and bowed Jane into the carriage, and the people of the Oakburn Arms bowed again from its entrance; and thus Jane was bowled off in state to Chesney Oaks, the fine old place now her father's.

Winding through a noble avenue of trees, the park stretching out on either hand, the house was gained. A red-brick mansion, with a wing extending out at either end. The wings were of modern date, and contained the handsomest rooms; the middle of the house was cramped and old-fashioned. In the wing to the left, as they approached, the poor young earl had lain ill and died; what remained of him was lying there now. Jane found that the carriage did not make for the principal entrance, but turned suddenly off as it approached it, continued its way to the other wing, and stopped there at a small door.

A gentleman in black—he looked really like one—was at the door to receive Jane, evidently expecting her. It was the groom of the chambers. He said nothing, only bowed, and threw open the door of a small sitting-room, where the new earl was standing.

"Lady Jane, my lord."

It would take Jane some little time to get accustomed to this. Lord Oakburn was in conversation with a grey-haired man who wore spectacles, the steward, as Jane afterwards found, and some books and papers were lying on the table, as though they were being examined.

"So it's you, Jane, is it?" said the earl, turning round. "And now what on earth has brought you here, and what's the matter? That idiot says that it's not Lucy's hands, and he'll say no more, but stares and sobs. I'll discharge him to-night."

Jane knew how idle was the threat; how often it was hurled on the unhappy Pompey. Before she could say a word, her father had begun again.

"The idea of your sending for me to Pembury! Just like you! As if, when you had come so far, you could not have come on to Chesney Oaks. It's my house now—and yours. You never do things like anybody else."

"I did not care to come on, papa," she answered in a low tone. "I thought—I

thought Lady Oakburn might be here, and I did not wish to meet her just now; I have brought very bad news. And I thought, too, of the fever."

"There's no danger from that; the poor fellow's lying in the other wing. And Lady Oakburn's not here, but what difference it would make to you if she had been, I'd be glad to know. And now, what have you got to tell me? Is the house burnt down?"

Jane looked at the steward, who was standing aside respectfully. He understood the look—that she wished to be with her father alone—and turned to his new master.

"Shall I come in again by-and-by, my lord?"

Lord Oakburn nodded acquiescence. He had slipped as easily and naturally into his new position as though he had been bred to it. As the son of the Honourable Frank Chesney, he had seen somewhat of all this in his youth. Jane had not. Although reared a gentlewoman, she had been always but the daughter of a poor naval officer.

The room they were in, plain though it was as compared to some, bore its signs of luxury. The delicate paper on the walls, the gilded cornices, the rich carpet into which the feet sank, the brilliant and beautiful cloth covering the centre table. Lord Oakburn had been shown to it that morning for breakfast, and intended to make it his sitting-room during this his temporary sojourn in the house. How things had changed with him? and, but for the terrible escapade of the previous night, what a load of care would have been removed from Jane's heart! No more pinching, no more miserable debts, no more dread of privation for her dear father!

She untied her bonnet strings, wondering how she should break it to him, how begin. Lord Oakburn pushed the steward's papers into a heap as they lay on the costly cloth, and turned to her, waiting.

"Now, Jane, why don't you speak? What is it?"

"It is because I do not know how to speak, papa," she said at length. "I came myself to see you because I thought none could break the news to you so well as I: and now that I am here I seem as powerless to do it as a child could be. Papa, a great calamity has overtaken us."

The old sailor, whatever his roughness of manner, his petty tyranny in his home, loved his children truly. He leaped to the conclusion, in spite of Pompey's denial, that something bad had arisen from Lucy's hands. Perhaps the places had burst asunder, and she had bled to death. He believed, now that he

saw Jane and her emotion, that no slight misfortune had brought her.

"The obstinate villain! Not to tell me! And you, Jane, why do you beat about the bush? Is the child dead?"

"No, no; it is not Lucy, papa; her hands are going on quite well. It—it is about Laura."

Lord Oakburn stared. "Has she fallen through a window?"

"It is worse than that," said Jane, in a low tone.

"Worse than that! Hang it, Jane, tell it out and have done with it," he cried, in a burst of passion, as he stamped his foot. Suspense to a man of his temper is not easy to bear.

"Laura has run away," she said.

"Run away!" he repeated, staring at Jane.

"She quitted the house last night. She must have been gone when you left it. Don't you remember, papa, you called to her and she did not answer? Not at first—not until it was too late to do anything—did I know she had run away."

No suspicion of the truth dawned on Lord Oakburn, and Jane seemed to shrink from speaking more plainly. Compared to what he had dreaded—the death of Lucy—this appeared a very light calamity indeed.

"I'll run her," said he. "Where has she run too? What has she run for?"

"Papa, she has not gone alone," said Jane, looking down. "Mr. Carlton is with her."

"What?" shouted the peer.

"They have gone to be married, I fear. There can be no doubt of it."

A pause of consternation on the part of the earl, and then the storm broke out. Jane had never been witness to such. He did not spare Laura, he did not spare Mr. Carlton; a good thing for both the offenders that they were not within his reach in that moment of passion.

Jane burst into tears. "Oh, papa, forgive me," she said. "I ought to have told it you less abruptly; I meant to tell it you so; but somehow my powers failed me. I am so grieved to be obliged to bring you this pain."

Pain! yes it was pain to the honest old sailor, pain of the keenest sting. His beautiful daughter, of whom he had been so proud! His passion somewhat subsided, he sat down in a chair and buried his face in his hands. Presently he looked up, pale and resolute.

"Jane, this makes the second. Let her go as the other did. Never you mention her name to me again, any more than you mention that other one's."

And Jane felt all the more sad when she heard the injunction of forbiddance; an injunction which she should not dare to break.

She felt it all the more keenly because she had been confidently hoping that her father's new rank as a peer of England, would cause the barrier of silence as to that "*other one*" to be raised.

A dinner hastily served was brought in for her, and when she had partaken of it, with what appetite she had, she proceeded to the station at Pembury to retake her departure, conducted to it in all the pomp and state that befitted her new position, as the Lady Jane Chesney.

But on poor Jane's heart as she was whirled back to Great Wennock, there rested a sense of failure as to the expedition of the day. If she had but contrived to break it better! she thought in her meek self-reproach. It never occurred to that loving daughter that Lord Oakburn was just the man to whom such things cannot be "broken."

CHAPTER XX. THE RETURN HOME.

THE weather seemed to have taken an ill-natured fit and to be favouring the world with nothing but storms of hail and rain. The flight of Mr. Carlton and Laura Chesney had taken place on a Wednesday evening, and on that day week, Mr. and Lady Laura Carlton returned to South Wennock in some such a storm as the one they had departed in. They had been married in Scotland, and had solaced themselves with a few days' tour since, by way of recompense for the mishaps attending their flight, but the weather had been most unpropitious.

Mr. Carlton's establishment had enjoyed a week of jubilee. Orders had been received from that gentleman, written the day after his marriage, to have everything in readiness for the reception of their mistress; but the house had been so recently put in order on the occasion of the bringing in of the new furniture, that there was really nothing to do; a little impromptu cleaning, chiefly in the kitchens, they got a charwoman in to perform, taking holiday themselves.

But on this, the Wednesday night, they had resumed duty again, and were alike on their best behaviour and in their best attire to receive their master and new mistress. A post-carriage was ordered to be at the Great Wennock station to await the seven o'clock train, and the servants looked out impatiently.

When a carriage is bringing home folks from a wedding, it generally considers itself under an obligation to put forth its most dashing speed. So argued Mr. Carlton's servants; therefore, long before half-past seven they were on the tiptoe of expectation, looking and listening for the arrival as the moments flew.

The moments flew, however, to no purpose. Nobody came. Eight o'clock struck, and half-past eight struck, and the servants gazed at each other in puzzled wonderment as to what could be the cause of the delay.

Ben, the surgery boy, went out to the front gate, inserted the tips of his boots between the upright iron wires, and stood there taking a little riding recreation on it, which he accomplished by swinging the gate backwards and forwards. There was no troublesome household authority near, either Hannah or Evan, to box his ears and send him off, so he enjoyed his ride as long as he pleased, whistling a popular tune, and keeping his eyes fixed in the direction of the town.

"I say," cried he, to a butcher-boy of his acquaintance, who passed on his way home from his day's work, "do you know what makes the train so late to-night?"

"What train?" asked the young butcher, stopping and gazing at Ben.

"The seven train to Great Wenlock. It ought to ha' been in a good hour ago."

"It is in," said the boy.

"It isn't," responded Ben. "Who says it is?"

"I says it. I see the omnibus come in with my own eyes. Why, it's on its road back again to take the folks to the nine train."

Indisputable evidence to Ben's mind. He jumped off the gate and dashed in-doors, without the ceremony of saying good night to his friend.

"I say, the train's in; it have been in ever so long," he cried to Hannah and the others.

"No!" exclaimed Hannah.

"It have, then. Bill Jupp have just told me. He see the omnibus a-coming back at its time with his own eyes."

"Then something has detained them," decided Hannah, "and they won't be here to-night."

Quite comforting assurance. A whole night's further holiday! "Let's have supper," said Sarah, the additional maid who had been this week engaged by Hannah according to her master's written directions.

"I say, though," cried Ben, "there's another train. Bill Jupp, he see the omnibus a-going back again for it."

"That don't come from their way, stupid!" corrected Hannah. "The trouble I've had, laying out their tea and things in the dining-room, and all to no purpose!" she added crossly.

Of course, their master and mistress not being home to tea or supper, there was all the more reason why they should enjoy theirs.

And they were doing so to their hearts' content, sitting over a well-spread table, at which much laughter prevailed, and rather more noise than is absolutely necessary for digestion, when a loud ring startled them from their security.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Hannah. "If it should be them, after all! What on earth—get along, Evan, and open the door! Don't sit staring there like a stuck pig."

Thus politely urged, Evan sprang out of the kitchen and into the hall. He opened the front door with a swing grand enough to admit a duke, and found himself confronted with nothing but a woman and a bundle.

A large awkward bundle, which appeared to have been put hastily together, and was encased by a thick old shawl to protect it from the rain. The bearer of it was Judith. She passed Evan without ceremony or preface, and dropped the bundle on a chair in the hall.

"Why, what's that?" exclaimed Evan, in surprise, who did not recognise Judith. In fact, he did not know her.

"Can I speak a word to Lady Laura Carlton?" was the answer.

Evan looked at the woman. Hannah, who had come into the hall, looked also; the boy Ben pushed himself forward and took his share of looking.

"I come from Cedar Lodge, from Lady Jane Chesney," explained Judith, perceiving she was unknown. "These are some of Lady Laura's things; but her trunks will be sent to-morrow."

Hannah cast a contemptuous glance at the bundle. She thought it rather an uncerimonious way of forwarding an instalment of a bride's wardrobe. In truth, Judith felt the same herself, but there was no help for it.

On the day of Laura's marriage, subsequent to the ceremony, she had written a half-penitent note to Jane for the escapade of which she had been guilty, and stated that the ceremony had taken place. In this was enclosed a wholly penitential letter to her father. The superscriptions "Captain Chesney, R.N.," and "Miss Chesney," proved that Laura was in ignorance of the rise in their condition. Jane had forwarded the note to her father to Chesney Oaks, and he had flung it into the fire without reading; her own letter she did not dare to answer, for she had been strictly forbidden to hold further communication of any sort with her offending sister. After the late earl's funeral, which took place on the Monday, Lord Oakburn returned to Cedar Lodge, and on the Wednesday morning there arrived another letter from Laura to Jane stating that she and Mr. Carlton purposed to be at South Wenlock on Wednesday evening, and begging Jane to

send her clothes to her new home, to await her arrival at it, especially a certain "light silk dress."

"Not a thread of them," cried the earl, bringing down his stick decisively when Jane spoke to him. "She shall have no clothes sent from here."

"But, papa, she has nothing to wear," pleaded Jane. "She did not take with her so much as a pair of stockings to change."

"So much the better," fumed the earl. "Let her go barefoot."

But Jane, considerate even for the offending Laura, and for the straits she would be put to without clothes, ventured to appeal to her father again in the course of the day. Not until evening would the earl unbend. And then, quite late, he suddenly announced that the things might go, and that the sooner the house was rid of them, the better.

It was eight o'clock then. Jane hastily put some things together, the light silk dress particularly named, and a few other articles that she deemed Laura might most need, and despatched Judith with them, charging her to see Lady Laura in private, and to explain how it was that the things had not been properly sent, and could not be, now, before the morrow. Hence it was that Judith stood in Mr. Carlton's hall demanding to see its new mistress.

"They have not come yet," was the reply of Hannah.

"Not come!" repeated Judith. "My lady told me they were to return by the seven-o'clock train."

"And so they sent us word, and there's the dinner-tea laid ready in the dining-room, but they haven't come. The train's in long ago, and it haven't brought 'em."

"Well," said Judith, slowly, considering how much to say and how much not, "will you tell your lady that we were not able to send her things to-day—except just these few that I have brought—but that the rest will all be here to-morrow. I am sorry not to see her ladyship, because I had a private message for her from her sister."

"I'll tell her," answered Hannah, in an ungracious, grumbling tone; for the advent of a new mistress in the house did not meet her approbation. "I think master might have said a word to us of what was going to be, afore he went away, and not have—what's that?"

The noise of a carriage thundering up to the gate and stopping, scared their senses away. Evan opened the door at length, but not immediately; not until the bell had sent its echoes through the house.

They came into the hall; Mr. Carlton, and his young wife upon his arm. She wore two shoes now, and a beautiful Cashmere shawl, the latter the present of Mr. Carlton. He was a fond husband in this his first dream of passion. Mr. Bill Jupp's information as to the train's arrival was incorrect. It was true that the omnibus had come back, but it brought no passengers; it had waited as long as it could, and then had to return to convey back its customers to the nine-o'clock train. An accident, productive of no ill consequences save detention, had occurred to the seven-o'clock train containing Mr. Carlton and his wife, and this caused the delay.

She came in with her beaming face, laughing at something said by Mr. Carlton, and nodding affably to the servants by way of her first greeting to them. Very much surprised indeed did she look to see Judith standing in the background.

"Judith!" she exclaimed, "is it you?"

Judith came forward in her quiet, respectful manner. "Can I speak a word to you, my lady, if you please? Lady Jane charged me with it."

Laura dropped Mr. Carlton's arm and stared at her. The salutation was strange in her ears. "My lady!" "Lady Jane!" Had the world turned upside down, Laura Carlton had not been more surprised, more perplexed.

It must be remembered that she had known nothing of the late earl's illness; when she quitted her home to fly with Mr. Carlton, he, Lord Oakburn, was being expected at Cedar Lodge. Mr. Carlton had said nothing to her of his surmised death, and during this wedding tour in the rather remote parts of Scotland, not a newspaper had fallen under her notice. Laura was therefore still in ignorance of all that had taken place.

"What did you say, Judith?" she asked, after a pause. "Lady—Lady Jane sent you to me? Do you mean my sister?"

"Yes, my lady. She wished me to say a word to yourself."

No woman living had greater tact than Laura Carlton. Not before her new servants would she betray her perplexity at the strange title, or give the slightest mark of indication that she did not know how it could belong to her. From the open door of the dining-room, on the right of the hall as Laura had entered, streamed the light of fire and lamp, and she stepped into it followed by Judith; Mr. Carlton had turned back, after bringing her in, to see what had been left in the post-carriage.

"Judith! you called my sister Lady Jane. Has anything happened to Lord Oakburn?"

It would have been Judith's turn to stare

now, but that she was too well bred a servant to do anything of the sort. A whole week since the change! it seemed next to impossible that Lady Laura should be in ignorance of it. She answered quietly.

"Lord Oakburn is dead, my lady—that is, the late Lord Oakburn—and my master is Lord Oakburn now."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Laura, sinking into a chair in her astonishment. "When did he die? How long have you known it?"

"He died on the Tuesday, yesterday week, my lady. He died of fever at Chesney Oaks, and the letter that came on the Wednesday morning to our house was not for him, after all, but for my master."

"And when did you find out that it was for papa?—when was it first known at home?"

"My lady, it was known just about the time that you left it. Mr. Grey was there that evening, if you remember, and he told the news of Lord Oakburn's illness; that he was lying without hope a day or two previous at Chesney Oaks. There could be no doubt then, he said, that the letters had come for my master as Earl of Oakburn."

"I wonder whether Lewis knew it?" was the question that crossed Laura's heart. "Mr. Grey spoke to him that night as he left our house. But no, he could not know it," came the next thought in her unbounded love and confidence, "or he would have told me."

Question after question she poured upon Judith, and the woman told all she knew. Lord Oakburn was at home again now, she said, but she believed he and the young ladies were very soon to depart for Chesney Oaks.

"Judith," resumed Laura at length, her other questions being exhausted, and sheltered her voice to timidity as she spoke, "was papa very—very furious with me that night?"

"My lady, you forget that I have said he had gone before it was known that you were missing. It was to tell him of it that Lady Jane went the next day all the way to Chesney Oaks."

"True," murmured Laura. "Does he seem in a terrible way over it, now that he is back?"

"Yes, I fear he is," Judith was obliged to answer.

"And what did you come here for to-night, Judith? You said you had a message from my sister."

Judith explained about the clothes, why it was that so few had been brought, and those at the last moment. The message from Jane, though put into the least offensive words pos-

sible, was to the effect that Laura must not venture at present to seek to hold intercourse in any shape whatever with her family.

Laura threw back her head with a disdainful gesture. "Does that interdict emanate from my sister herself?" she asked.

"I think not, Miss Lau—my lady. She cannot go against the wishes of the earl."

"I know that she will not," was Laura's scornful comment. "Well, Judith, tell Lady Jane from me that it's no more than I expected, and that I hope they'll come to their senses sometime."

"And the little girl whispered to me as I was coming away to give her love, if you please," concluded Judith.

"Darling child!" echoed Laura. "She's worth ten of that cold Jane."

Mr. Carlton entered as Judith departed. Laura stood talking with him on the new aspect of affairs, but she was no wiser at the conclusion of the conversation than she had been at the beginning, as to his having known of Lord Oakburn's death previous to their flight. He drew her attention to the tea-table, which looked inviting enough with its savoury adjuncts that Hannah had prepared and laid out.

"Yes, presently," she said, "but I will take my things off first. You must please to show me my way about the house, Lewis," she added laughing, as she turned at the door and waited. "I don't know it yet."

Mr. Carlton laughed in answer, and went with her into the hall. It was a handsomer and more spacious residence than the one she had relinquished, Cedar Lodge, but it was a sadly poor one as placed in comparison with Chesney Oaks. On the opposite side of the hall in front was a sitting-room, where Mr. Carlton generally received any patients who came to him, and behind that room and at the back were the kitchens. On the opposite side to the kitchens and behind the dining-room a few steps led down to the surgery, which was close to the side entrance of the house.

The staircase wound round from the back of the hall. Laura ascended it with Mr. Carlton. There was plenty of space here. A handsome drawing-room and three bed-chambers. In the front chamber, Laura's from henceforth, stood Sarah, unpacking the bundle brought by Judith, and ready to attend on her new mistress.

"Any alteration can be made in these rooms that you wish, Laura," observed Mr. Carlton. "If you would like one of them converted into a boudoir for yourself——"

Mr. Carlton's words were disturbed by a ring at the front door; a ring so loud and

violent as to shake the house. He had broken off in vexation.

"I protest it is too bad!" he exclaimed angrily. "Not a minute in the house yet, and I must be hunted up and fetched out of it. I won't attend. Go down," he added to the new maid. "Say I am not at liberty to attend to patients to-night."

She obeyed, but came up again instantly.

"It is not patients, sir. It's a policeman. I told him you could see no one to-night, but he says he must see you."

Mr. Carlton seemed taken aback at the words. "A policeman!" he repeated, in a strangely timid, hesitating tone.

"He was here yesterday and again this morning asking after you, sir," returned the girl. "Hannah was very curious to know what he could want, but he wouldn't say, except that it was something connected with that lady that died in Palace Street."

Lady Laura, who had been taking off her bonnet at the toilette glass, turned round and looked at her husband.

"What can it be, Lewis?"

Never had Mr. Carlton appeared so vacillating. He took up the candle to descend, went as far as the door, came back and laid in on the drawers again. Again he moved forward without the candle, and again came back.

"Where is the policeman?" he questioned.

"He's standing in the hall, sir."

"It is a strange thing people cannot come at proper hours," he exclaimed, finally taking up the wax-light to descend. "I have a great mind to say I would not see him, and make him come in the morning."

Mr. Carlton recognised the policeman as one who had been busy in the case in Palace Street. He saluted Mr. Carlton respectfully, and the latter took him into the parlour opposite the dining-room.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at this late hour, sir," he said, "but there is such a row at our station about this business that never was."

"What about? What row?" asked the surgeon.

"Well, sir, we have got a new inspector come on, through the other one being moved elsewhere, and he makes out, or tries to make out, that the affair has been mismanaged, else he says more would have come to light about it. His name's Medler, and goodness knows it seems as if he was going to be a meddler. First of all, sir, he wants to ask you a few particulars, especially as to the man you saw on the stairs."

"Does he want to ask me to-night?" sarcastically inquired Mr. Carlton.

"No, sir, but as soon as ever is convenient

to you in the morning; so I thought I'd just step down and tell you to-night, hearing you had come home."

"So he wants to rip it all up again, does he, this new inspector?" remarked Mr. Carlton.

"It seems so," replied the policeman.

"Well, he's welcome to all I can tell him of the matter. I'll call in to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir. It would be satisfactory, of course, if anything more should be found out; but if it's not, Mr. Medler will just see what reason he has to reproach us with negligence. Good night, sir."

"Good night," replied Mr. Carlton. And he shut the door on his troublesome and unseasonable visitor.

(To be continued.)

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

At last the hopes and wishes of our poets and painters are about to be fulfilled; and the "Silent Highway" is in course of being terraced in a manner worthy of the mighty commerce it bears upon its bosom. It certainly is only another testimony to the slowness of our Anglo-Saxon nature, that such a splendid stream, running through the richest city in the world, should be allowed to ramble at its own pleasure over an immense amount of shore, converting it, at low-water, into a fetid mud-bank of thousands of acres in extent, which, under the influence of the summer sun, gives out exhalations of the most unhealthy character. And it will be observed, on looking at the map, that this unhealthy swelling of the stream takes place just in the very centre of the metropolis, where land is or will be the dearest. The centre of London lies between Waterloo and Hungerford Bridges, where the aneurismal swelling of the river, at high-tide, is full a third as wide again as it is either at London or Vauxhall Bridges. If the shore is shabby, the warehouses that line it are miserable in the extreme. In the vicinity of London Bridge the giant proportions of British commerce are stamped upon the noble warehouses that flank the stream; but from Blackfriars Bridge westward the river is lined by nothing better than a succession of tumble-down wharfs and petty boat-houses, and these, in all probability, would have held their ground for another century, had it not been for the necessity of making the low-level sewer and for the revolution the railways have worked in every department of metropolitan traffic. The value of waterside premises would have been too great twenty years ago to have permitted the embankment of the river: the coal-trade would have been irre-

trievably injured. Now, however, there are a thousand inland wharfs springing up in consequence of the new and economical method of carriage steam has given us, and the riverside premises have, in a great measure, lost their trade. By a commercial revolution, in short, which could not have been foreseen, the poets' and the painters' dream has become a necessity. Poor Martin should have lived to have seen the mud-banks give place to the long-drawn terraces, the long flights of steps, the gardens, and the sculptured embellishments, which will shortly arise there. If we shall not be able to match Paris and other continental cities in the architectural beauty of our streets, we shall be at least able to show a river worthy, by its magnitude and embellishments, of the first city in the civilised world.

The Board of Works, under whose management this really colossal work is now being constructed, has powers which, at present, only enable it to carry the embankment from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, a distance of 7000 feet; but, short as this promenade will be, its advantages to the crowded denizens of London will be incalculable. To the crowded streets that run parallel to the Thames it will be like bringing the Marine Parade at Brighton to their doors: if the air will not be quite so good, the moving scene will be a vast deal more cheerful, and the magnificence of the view far grander. We are glad to see that Mr. Bazalgette, under whose superintendence the works are being constructed, has dealt with his design in a liberal spirit. The formation of a mere river wall, such as we have from Vauxhall to Chelsea, would have been a mean and miserable termination of all the agitation on the subject which has taken place for so many years. If Father Thames must put off his old working dress, let him at last don regal robes. The different reaches of the river are so broken by the bridges, that nothing would be gained by uniformity, and the difficulty of adjusting their different styles to any one connected design in masonry would have been insuperable. Mr. Bazalgette has, therefore, treated each section of river-bank, from bridge to bridge, as a separate design. The amount of shore to be reclaimed differs very much. From Westminster to Hungerford, the widest and most unsightly stretch of mud will be covered up: in some portions a width of from three to four hundred feet wide will be rescued from forming the cemetery of dead dogs and cats. Out of this width of embankment the roadway for public vehicles and foot-passengers will be a hundred feet wide—a magnificent promenade, not to be matched for beauty by any other in

Europe. From Westminster Bridge the main approach will be by a descent of one foot in eighty. Here the roadway will not run close to the river wall of the embankment, as in every other case it will do, but will be set back some thirty or forty feet, so as to enable an approach from the bridge to be more conveniently made. Here also will be constructed the first steam-boat pier. Thank Goodness, we are going to get rid of the clumsy old dummy and the rickety stage leading to it, which have so long disgraced our noble river. As the embankment-wall will be projected so far into the river, there will always be sufficient water close to it, and the flow of the stream will no longer be impeded by clumsy wooden piers which would disgrace a fishing village. In their place indentations will be made in the face of the embankment-wall, and the floating stage will be approached by long flights of stone steps, running parallel to the wall itself, whilst magnificent blocks of granite, surmounted with imposing groups of statuary, will remind us of some of the poetical visions of J. M. W. Turner, when depicting the building of Carthage by Queen Dido, rather than an ordinary Thames steam-boat-pier of the present day. The land at that portion of the embankment lying behind Whitehall Gardens is Government property; it is impossible, therefore, to say how that portion of it not occupied by the roadway will be used; but, in all probability, it will be simply planted, and this portion of the line, backed by the existing fine gardens of Whitehall Place and of Buccleuch House, and, still further on, of the finely-timbered grounds of Northumberland House, will furnish a noble background of verdure very attractive to the eye. We shall see once more Inigo Jones's beautiful water-gate* revived, and no longer standing as a sham at the bottom of Buckingham Street, but a real gateway for the living tide, making use of the now disused landing-place at this spot. At Hungerford Bridge, another noble landing-place for steam-boats will project ornamental piers into the river, and break in some measure the monotony of the balustrades of the river-wall, by rising at least thirty feet above it, crowned with sculpture. Although the different lengths of embankment between the bridges will be treated as different designs, they will be, however, continuous, as far as the roadway is concerned. By far the most imposing portion of the whole embankment will be that lying between Hungerford and Waterloo Bridges. It will be remembered, that the shore just here rises rather precipitously, and the Adelphi Terrace, which overhangs the river, really

looks down upon it at a commanding height. In order to accommodate the high level of the Strand and the Adelphi Terrace to the low level of the embankment, some architectural arrangements and a picturesque plantation will be adopted, which will render this portion of the new roadway really magnificent. A line of shops will flank the roadway, and above them a garden will be laid out, embellished with plantations. Flights of steps will lead down through these plantations, from the upper level of the Adelphi Terrace to the roadway, and here the embankment will give place to a noble flight of steps sixty feet wide, which will project into the river, adorned by flanking piers, highly embellished with figures of river deities. All this portion of the embankment will be so truly elegant, and the hanging garden will so enhance the value of the houses as residential property, that there can be little doubt it will lead to the rebuilding of the Adelphi Terrace on a far more magnificent and imposing scale than at present. What a contrast it will be to the pedestrian, on a burning hot day in July, to turn out of the arid Strand, down Adam Street, and to look upon the noble Thames flowing, free and pure (thanks to the new drainage works), and the bright verdure of the plantations, lying cool and refreshingly at his feet. Between Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges the land reclaimed will be much narrower than in the river-reach above. It must be remembered that wherever a steamboat pier now exists, there will be one in the new embankment, and these will break up and dissipate the monotony that otherwise would be produced by a level embankment-wall. Some part of the roadway in this portion of the work will be only eighty feet in width; and it is not proposed at present to go beyond the Blackfriars Gasworks, as that portion of the line of road beyond will have to be carried on sustaining columns, in order to give access to the coal-barges approaching the wharf. This was the intention; but we hear that there is every likelihood of the inner circle line of railway obtaining their Act to run underground along the embankment, in which case they propose to purchase the gasworks, and to erect there a station.

The wharf property below Blackfriars Bridge is so valuable that, in all probability, we shall never see the roadway extended to London Bridge. At all events, if it should be, it will be so managed as not to interfere with barges that are always discharging along this portion of the line.

Although the portion of the embankment between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges will be the most picturesque and varied of the

whole line, that portion between Waterloo and Blackfriars will by no means be wanting in interest or architectural effect. For the first time we shall have a land view of Chambers's beautiful building, Somerset House. It would really seem as though the genius of the architect, as expressed in the river façade, had only waited its time, feeling assured that the full tide of metropolitan life would some day sweep past it, both on the bosom of old Father Thames and, still closer, on his noble shores. Farther on, the beautiful Gothic library of the Inner Temple will most agreeably meet the eye; and, in its immediate neighbourhood, the Temple Gardens, blooming in the midst of the nest of lawyers, will come in view. These gardens will gain pretty nearly two hundred feet in depth, which will make the whole a really handsome pleasure-ground.

It is proposed to continue the roadway of the embankment, in an oblique line, across Upper Thames Street and Old Fish Street, direct to the Mansion House. By this means an immense amount of carriage-traffic will be diverted, by this shorter cut, from Parliament Street, the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, but we fear it will have a fatal tendency to create a still greater block at the end of the Poultry.

And now as to the means of construction of the river-wall. The foundations have to be laid, it must be remembered, in the full run of the stream, at a depth of fourteen feet below low-water mark, through ten feet of river mud, and a greater portion of the thick bed of gravel underlying it. This in itself is no trifling difficulty. It will be remembered that the laying of the foundations of the Hungerford Railway Bridge was looked upon as no slight engineering feat, but here we have seven thousand feet of similar foundation to be made good. The first part of the contract is being executed in a similar manner to the method adopted for the piers of that bridge. Caissons of an elliptical form, and so fitting together as to form a well of iron impermeable to the water, are sunk in the bed of the river. By excavating within the lower ones, and filling-in with concrete, a solid foundation will be made for the river-wall, and the caissons above low-water mark will then be available for removal as the work progresses. In the second contract, below Waterloo Bridge, the contractor is proceeding to make a dam by the old method of piling, and filling-in between the piles with puddled clay.

It is thought that in three years' time the river-wall will be completed. The process of filling-up behind will be going on simultaneously. At two or three points we see the em-

bankment indeed slowly growing out from the streets abutting upon the Thames. Endless lines of carts are seen winding their way down the once silent streets running from the Strand and Fleet Street to the shores of our noble river, and there depositing the débris of old London. All the builders of the metropolis have found a place to shoot their dry rubbish, and we see in how short a time they can pile a monument of their work. But the contractors by no means rely upon this kind of rubbish to fill-in the immense embankment they have undertaken to make. Old Father Thames himself is relied upon to furnish the chief supply from his own bed. No less than six hundred barges of fifty tons each will shortly be at work conveying the river sand and mud fished up by the dredging machines, and depositing it on the site of the embankment. These barges will be made with false bottoms, opening downwards, which will allow of the whole cargo being deposited at once, by its own gravity.

Although the greater part of the embankment will be solid, yet much space in it will be taken up by the subway for gas and water pipes, which will be close to the river-wall, and immediately under the roadway. Underneath this, again, and also close to the river-wall, will run the famous low-level sewer, which drains the north side of the metropolis to its utmost dregs. Inside of these tunnels there will be ample space for the projected underground railway. It is a thousand pities that the company have not already obtained their Act, as much of the rubbish now being deposited along the shore will, in all probability, have to be re-excavated, in order to make place for the needful tunnel required for this undertaking.

When the levels will permit of it, all the streets now running down to the Thames will communicate with the roadway: thus many of the dingy neighbourhoods, only known to long-shore men and mud-larks, will at once become valuable property, opening into one of the finest promenades in Europe. But, in addition to utilising these old *culs de sac*, it is proposed to connect the embankment with the great thoroughfares running parallel with it by new streets. Thus a new street will in all probability run from Whitehall Place to the roadway near the Hungerford Pier, and another from the Horse Guards to a point higher up. On the east side of the embankment at Hungerford Bridge it is proposed to run a new street up to the intersection of Wellington Street with the Strand, and another new street will in all probability intersect this one at an obtuse angle running from the top of Villiers Street to that portion of the embankment near Waterloo Bridge. By the opening of these

new lines of communication every facility will be given for the thorough utilisation of the embankment by the traffic requiring to make short cuts.

The level of the roadway will be only four feet above high water-mark. Thus the eye will be nearly on a level with the full stream and the mighty traffic for ever traversing its bosom. Paris may boast of its Boulevards and its splendid Rue Rivoli, but we question if all the magnificence of the emperor will be able to match the natural grandeur of our great river-bank when art has completed its task. A. W.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF CONNEMARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE AMONGST CONVICTS."

PART I.

CONNEMARA, about thirty years ago, was a sort of unknown land, or terra incognita, part of which was inhabited by a race of Irish giants bearing the name of Joyce, or the "Big Joyces." It was a land full of "desolate places, not to be inhabited" by any civilised person, save and except "John Martin, the Member," all whose sympathies were with the lower animals; and he dwelt there almost alone. Connemara was called "Martin's Country." Some one said—I forget whom, no doubt some hungry tourist—that "the avenue to John Martin's hall-door was thirty miles long."

Connemara was—I speak in the past tense—a fine country for those loving adventures by field and flood—or mountain, we should rather say, than field; and some of these mountains rise almost at right angles from the earth, and to a great height. Looking at the tremendous boulders, or round rocks or stones, lying among and around them, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that Irish giants of ancient days had been playing a game there which is now principally confined to the backyards of English pot-houses—we mean a game of skittles.

The rivers, water-falls, and lakes—some of which run for miles under ground—are as wild and remarkable as the mountains. Take Connemara "all in all," to use an Irish term, and it is just the place for some murder or wild adventure, or for the composition of a poem like that of Ossian, or for catching a new idea for one of Turner's last pictures.

A friend of mine, of a somewhat romantic order of mind, settled down in the very heart of this wild district in anno Domini 1830; and in the July of 1834 wrote to me to say he had built a house, and that he would be glad if I would go and see him.

I was delighted at the idea, took the ball at the hop, and started by the Cork mail the next

day, resolving to announce myself and take my friend by surprise. This was not wise, and I should not recommend it as a general rule. Had I given my friend due notice of my arrival he would have met me at Oughterarde, or have sent a messenger and a means of conveyance from that village to his wild mountain residence. But had he done this, there would have been no "Adventures in the Wilds of Connemara" to recount; so, perhaps, it is better for posterity and for the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* that it should be as it is. We are very much disposed to adopt the old maxim that "What is, is best."

The Cork mail took me as far as Limerick, where I slept, and where I engaged a seat for Galway in a coach passing through Ennis. I slept the next night in the famous town of Galway, in the house of the manager of a bank, to whom I had an introduction, and who raised his eyebrows when informed of my intention of "going back," as going into Connemara was then styled.

"No, I am not going back, but forward. Why do you style going into Connemara going back?"

"That's what we call it about here, and it is nothing short of going back into barbarism. I only hope you won't get your throat cut."

I smiled at his fears.

"You may smile, but I tell you it's no joke."

"You don't mean to say there is any real danger?"

"Yes, I do; and I advise you, if you have money, to leave it behind you."

"Did you ever know any one to be robbed or murdered in Connemara?"

"I never knew a decent man to come safe out of it."

"Did you ever know a decent man to go into it?"

"Never—upon my honour!"

"Well, no matter, I shall be the first."

"I should strongly recommend you to advise your friend of your arrival, and ask him to send a man and horse to Oughterarde. You have no idea of the wild country you have to pass through, and of the sort of people you will encounter."

"I like it all the better for its wildness; besides, I have taken my place, and have paid my fare to Oughterarde."

"Oh, if you have paid your fare, that, of course, alters the case; you must not lose your money."

The circumstance of having paid your fare—even to a warmer or more dangerous place than Oughterarde, the last outpost of civilisation, and the first entrance-gate into the wilds of Connemara—would be deemed by any manager

of a bank, Provincial or National, a sufficient reason for pressing on.

"As you have paid your fare to Oughterarde, of course you must go; but let me recommend you, if you have money, to leave it behind you. What's that the poet says about a man with an empty purse singing before a robber?"

"Yes, Juvenal says, '*Vacuus cantat coram latrone viator*;' and my purse at present is in a somewhat vacuous state; and Johnson says that Nature abhors a vacuum."

"And so do thieves and robbers, so you are in pretty fair travelling order."

I arrived at Oughterarde by the mail car without an accident or adventure; but how was I to get to my friend's residence, about thirty miles inland, and north-west of Oughterarde? In the first place, there were no roads—not even a road suited for an outside Irish jaunting car, the springs of which bear a large amount of jolting—nothing but narrow break-neck bridle-paths for the special use of Connemara ponies. In the second place, there were no bridges, except one or two of the first magnitude, spanning the neck of a lane. Across an ordinary stream, river, or mountain torrent there was nothing for it but wading. If you had a pony, you might manage to cross on his back with dry feet. I had to think over it through the night, for I was fortunate enough to get a supper and bed at the village.

I was up betimes the next morning, before a single soul in the little village was moving. I walked to the bridge of black marble—there is nothing but marble in Connemara,—beneath which the waters of Lough Mask and Lough Corrib rush before discharging themselves into the Atlantic. From the crown of the bridge I saw a ruined castle, and resolved to visit it; the walk would pass the time, and give me an appetite for breakfast. To my surprise I found the fresh mountain breeze redolent not only of wild heather, but of *whisky*. Where the perfumes of whisky came from I could not imagine; but I felt perfectly convinced it was not what is known in Ireland as "Parliamentary." I looked up at the castle—once in the possession of the "Ferocious O'Flaherties,"—and saw a pale blue smoke curling up from the old walls and chimneys of what appeared an uninhabited building. "I understand it now," I said to myself, entering beneath a broken door-way. "I have never seen an Irish still; I must see this."

I wandered from one apartment to another without discovering any evidence or mark of human habitation, and was about leaving the ruin when I observed that one of the apartments, and only one, had a door, made of unplanned boards. I raised the latch, opened the

door, and walked in. The room contained a straw bed, a stool, and a black bottle, which at one time, I have little doubt, contained whisky; it was then doing the duty of a candlestick.

While noting down those items, I heard something between a growl and a grunt behind me. I turned about and looked up, and over the top of the door saw a tremendous red head, from which glared a pair of wild eyes. I was petrified, but continued gazing till the head was withdrawn with a growl like that of a bear at discovering that some strange dog had entered and taken possession of his lair. I waited a few moments for the retreating footsteps, and then hastened from the castle of the Ferocious O'Flaherties. Could that monster have been one of their descendants?

In returning to the inn I met a low-sized man, with what I then thought a dark and hang-dog expression of face, who came to inform me that he could drive me as far into Connemara as Maam, where there was a good half-way-house.

"How do you intend to drive me?" I inquired.

"On a car, sir."

"What sort of car?"

"A jaunting car."

"When will you be ready?"

"In a couple of hours."

"Mention the exact time."

"Well, three hours."

"It is seven o'clock now," said I, looking at my watch; "you will be ready at ten?"

"I will, sir, or a little after, for I have to catch the horse and give a little mending to the harness."

"Well, shall we say eleven?"

"Well, say eleven, sir. It won't be later than that."

It was two o'clock before we started; and such a car, and horse, and harness! But the driver managed to roll or bowl them along, up and down hills and mountains, over bogs, by the margins of lakes, and across mountain streams, some of which rose to the horse's belly.

I managed to hold on and keep my feet and travelling-bag dry, and was felicitating myself on a nice bit of soft sandy road, lying between a lake and the foot of a steep mountain, when I descried the red-headed monster of the castle rushing down upon us. He was six feet six at least, and broad-shouldered in proportion. He bounded upon the opposite side of the car to that at which I sat with the spring of a tiger, and nearly upset it.

"What do you want?" I demanded, with all the fierceness of a terrified man.

Red-head growled and looked wildly out of his fiery eyes, but made no reply.

"How dare you get up on my vehicle, without asking my permission?"

To this inquiry Red-head gave no reply, but entered into a conversation, in Irish, with the dark-browed driver.

By-and-by I saw them casting furtive glances at me, and felt convinced I was the subject of their conversation. "As sure as day they take me for an exciseman. This is what comes of poking about that old castle, where they have a still. It was arranged between the carman and this red-headed fellow to drive me into the heart of this wild country, and perhaps murder me, and throw me into one of these lakes; but I will not die without a struggle to save my life,"—quietly drawing a large clasp-knife from my pocket.

I opened the knife stealthily, and cast a fold of a large cloak over the hand which grasped its shining blade, and thus waited the spring of the Connemara tiger.

Our eyes met more than once.

The tiger at length made a spring, but it was off the car and up the mountain side, and not on me; and as he did so, said, in good English, "You asked me why I got up. To balance the car."

"Who is that fellow?" I inquired of the driver, drawing my breath for the first time since he had come down upon us.

"Don't you know him, sir? That is Big Joyce; it's at his house you are going to sleep to-night."

"What?"

"Yes, sir, and though he has that wild look, he is one of the quietest and kindest fellows in Connemara."

"Why did he get off the car?"

"He took a short cut across the side of the mountain; and you will find supper ready for you by the time you get there."

"What was he saying to you about me?"

"He was asking me if I thought your honour would like bacon and eggs for your supper."

"If I thought you were deceiving me——"

A hearty laugh was the driver's reply; and when I looked into his face I saw nothing of that hang-dog expression which first struck me.

In the course of half an hour we were at Joyce's house, where I met a kind welcome, got a good supper, and clean sheets.

"Irishmen are not always as wicked or wild as they seem; their bark is often worse than their bite," was the moral I drew from the adventure.

It was thus I got into the Wilds of Connemara. I shall explain by-and-by how I got out.

C. B. G.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP.



CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Mrs. Cunningham came for a sitting. She did not again allude to the story which she had related on the previous day. This I regretted, as my own mind was full of the subject, and I was eagerly anxious

to obtain further information respecting it. I proceeded with the likeness mechanically, my thoughts being but little bent upon my work; and I was not sorry when, at two o'clock, the sitting came to an end.

I now decided to go immediately into the

city, and consult my solicitor on the matter that was so seriously disturbing my mind. I felt that it would be a relief to me to acquaint him with all I had discovered, and to take his opinion as to how I had better act. On my way to his office, I found myself passing Somerset House, and, yielding to a momentary impulse, I entered the Register Office for the purpose of ascertaining whether the information given me respecting old Greerson's marriage had been correct.

As I knew the date of the marriage approximately, my search was not a long one. The indices soon revealed the name of Nathaniel Greerson, and I was now referred to the marriage returns themselves, that I might discover if the entry thus indicated were the one I required.

Upon examination, I felt satisfied that it was so. The bridegroom was described as a merchant, his residence stated to be No. —, Queen Square, and his age entered at seventy years. The bride's years were given — (she had been but seventeen at the time of the marriage,) and her name was entered as Lucy Rose, her father's being given as William Truefitt Rose.

On referring to neighbouring entries, I observed that it was not usual to enter the ages precisely. "Of full age," or "minor," were the words which ordinarily filled in the age column. I concluded that the extraordinary difference between the years of the bride and bridegroom had, in the case now under my notice, induced the clergyman to insert the exact figures.

To my surprise, my lawyer appeared to think little of the data upon which my suspicions were founded, while he could not conceal his amusement at my midnight adventure. He advised me to set my mind at rest, and to say no more to any one on the subject which I had referred to him. If, indeed, Mr. Duncome were guilty, he contended, clearer evidences than any I could adduce would be needed to prove him so; while, even if my feeling were simply that what I had learnt was sufficient to warrant the institution of inquiries, he would still recommend me to be silent for the present. These arguments silenced but did not satisfy me; however, as I had considerable faith in the opinion of my legal friend, I resolved to act upon them.

I dined at Pimlico that evening, reaching Wilhelmina Street, however, at the early hour of eleven. As I went into the hall, I observed Miss Coles just lighting her candle, preparatory to going to her room for the night. Perhaps an extra glass or two of wine had

raised the temperature of my affections above its average. Certain it is, that as the graceful creature floated upstairs in her light, fairy-like dress, turning towards me as she did so with a bow and a smile, I felt more deeply sensible of her charms than I had done before. I was determined, indeed, not to let her go without exchanging a word or two with her; and, fortunately, an idea struck me at the instant, which rendered a brief conversation possible.

"Miss Coles," I said, softly, just as the fair little sprite had reached the top of the first flight of stairs, "may I take the liberty of detaining you for half a minute?"

"Certainly," she replied, in a tone which did not seem to betoken displeasure.

I walked up to within a stair or two of her, and then said, in an undertone,—

"I have a favour to ask of you. I trust I shall not offend you by asking it?"

"I will undertake to promise so much," she answered, blushing.

"You are aware I am a painter?"

She inclined her head.

"I should esteem it the greatest kindness if you would oblige me with a couple of sittings in my studio."

Miss Coles's face at once assumed a look of great perplexity.

"I am much engaged," she interrupted.

"I would not trespass long," I resumed, "upon your time."

I was speaking now with agitation that must have been apparent.

"I will think of it," Miss Coles said, after a few moments' hesitation, "and let you know in the morning;" and then the black stairs swallowed up my fairy, and I was left to my reflections.

"I am in love with that girl," I said to myself, as I went to my room; and the dreams which visited me afterwards certainly tended to confirm the notion.

I was hardly awake next morning, when the page entered my room with hot water and a message.

Miss Coles would be at my service at twelve o'clock to-day for an hour and a half.

It will hardly be believed with what delight and yet what agitation, I received this communication. I had not for a moment expected that my request would be complied with. Feeling must surely have operated to counteract Miss Coles's reserve, and to bring about this ready assent to my wish. I grew hopeful.

Immediately after breakfast, I hastened to my studio, to prepare for the reception of my lovely model. In doing so, I upset a jar of oil, and trod to destruction a tube of brown madder.

At twelve o'clock precisely, there came a knock at the door. A minute or two more, and Miss Coles was enthroned opposite me, and I had begun her portrait.

To my grief and perplexity, she was even more reserved than ever. There was no breaking the ice. Again and again I tried, but only to fail on each occasion more signally than before. At last I relinquished the attempt, and proceeded with my work in silence.

With the likeness I succeeded. The painter who admires a face is generally able to portray it. I hit off the features and expression to-day with more than average happiness. The tender grey eyes; the straight, calm eyebrows; the delicate *retroussé* nose; the full and rosy lips; the gentle, sweet sadness that pervaded the whole face—I had noted repeatedly, and now found myself well able to represent.

After a while I observed an uneasy movement on the part of my model. She intimated to me that the scent of the colours had affected her, and that she felt faint. I had scarcely had time to realise what she said, when she absolutely fainted away. I sprang forward to save her from falling. The suddenness of my movement rendered it an awkward one. My hand caught in a slender chain which encircled the lady's throat, and suddenly dragged from her bosom a large-sized and old-fashioned locket, the snap of the chain giving way with the violence of the jerk, and the locket falling open on the ground.

For a few minutes I was too much engaged in the attempt to recover Miss Coles herself to think about the fate of the trinket; but as soon as she began to come round a little, I stooped to pick it up. I examined it to ascertain the extent of the damage it had sustained.

But as I did so, my eyes fell upon words which electrified me. Within the golden case were two locks of silken baby-hair. Across one of them, worked in golden thread, was the name "Ada," across the other "Lucy;" and on the inside of the cover was this inscription, engraved in plain large characters:

"Ada and Lucy, twin daughters of William Truefitt and Ada Rose, born 9th April, 184—."

Of course my mind instantly recurred to the marriage register which I had read yesterday. From that moment "Miss Coles's" history was clear to me; and thus I arrived at my conclusions:—the locket had been a mother's relic of the babyhood of two loved daughters. The mother—one sister, were gone; the other sister treasured up the relic still. And as I knew that "Lucy"—who had been forced into

a marriage with old Greerson—was the survivor of her sister, my inference was that the lady before me, the silent, shy, sensitive lady, respecting whom the doctor had told me quite a different story, was herself none other than that identical "Lucy."

I was right.

She was too unwell to observe the opportunity I had had for making the discovery; and although I determined to let her know I had made it, I had enough to do now to bring her out of her fainting fit. With fingers trembling with agitation, and, as the mirror informed me, with face pale as that of my patient, I poured her out some wine which I kept by me for the refreshment of my sitters, while I bathed her temples with Eau-de-Cologne.

These restoratives had the desired effect. "Miss Coles" smiled, rose, and apologised.

When I saw that she had really recovered, I said—

"Will you kindly sit down once more. I have something particular to say to you."

She sat down, looking at me, however, with a wondering and frightened gaze. I also seated myself. I did not know how to begin—I hesitated, and grew confused. At the moment I felt like a rook which has left the rookery in a terrible gale of wind. I could not think what was to be the end of my adventure.

"My dear lady," I began, with faltering voice, "when I asked you to come into this room I had no notion of speaking to you as I am now about to speak. I asked you merely because I was desirous to paint your portrait——"

"And you have done so," said "Miss Coles," quickly. "I will leave now, if you please."

She rose again as she spoke, and turned deadly pale.

"Stay!" I said; "what I have to tell you is important—important to yourself as well as to me. Let me beg you to listen—I will be as brief as possible."

Once more she resumed her seat. Her face, white and eager, was watching mine, as it were, with every feature.

"Miss Coles," I said, "you have wonderfully excited my interest and affection."

She instantly covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Say no more," she sobbed, "for Heaven's sake, say no more. You don't know what you talk of. There is an insuperable difficulty in the way. It is impossible I can ever think of you. Let me go—it will kill me if I stay."

This language, while it pained me, also gave me encouragement. "The important part of

what I have to say," I continued, gently detaining the sobbing girl as I spoke, "or at least the part that you will most immediately recognize as important—remains untold." She checked her tears, and gazed at me again.

"Dear lady," I went on, "the difficulty you allude to no longer exists. The man who called himself your husband is no more. By a strange series of coincidences I have learnt the facts of your relationship to Mr. Greerson—and of Mr. Greerson's death. You are at liberty to reciprocate my affection if you will."

She stood up flushed, staring, excited.

"How do you know?" she exclaimed. "Who told you my name? Who dared to talk of my connection with that man? Dead! you say? Let me hear more. I cannot believe all this."

I begged her to calm herself, and then, as succinctly as I was able, related to her the facts which the last two or three days had unfolded to me, suppressing, however, my suspicions with regard to the Doctor.

When I was silent she again wept, but now in a manner less agonized than before.

Poor, friendless, injured child! It never occurred to me to blame her for what she had done, although others, I afterwards discovered, thought her blameworthy. I admired, on the contrary, the bold independence of spirit that had nerved her to escape from the thralldom of the hateful marriage to which she had been so cruelly urged. I honoured her for the scrupulous modesty which had rendered her so unapproachable during the time when her true position was unknown to most of those about her.

We talked for some time. I scarcely know what I said. But I am certain that I left Lucy no room to doubt what were my feelings towards herself; and I am equally sure that every word she uttered added to my conviction of her goodness, and truth, and solid worth. We talked, say half an hour. Then she left me with this injunction, "Say nothing to any one here."

I had not expected any answer to my own declaration of attachment. I saw and appreciated the good taste which for the present refused to entertain the question; and cordially acquiesced, although I had not said so, in the postponement of its consideration. Poor Lucy had had enough to agitate her for now. I determined not to add to her agitation if I could help it.

CHAPTER V.

Two days passed. I did not see "Miss Coles" (or as I had now learnt mentally to call her—Lucy). I fostered in my mind every

considerate allowance for her delicate and trying position; but still I was deeply anxious to hear from her lips some word of encouragement. I trembled for my fate as I waited on. Inquiries I made perpetually; of the servants, of Mrs. Duncome, even of the Doctor—notwithstanding my shrinking from him. But the answer to my eager queries was always the same. Miss Coles was unwell, and unable to leave her room. I strove to occupy myself incessantly. I employed all my odd half-hours. But to banish Lucy from my memory was beyond my power; and commingled with my anxious thoughts of her, were others respecting the Doctor and his deceptions, which sometimes well nigh overwhelmed me with apprehension.

On the third day after my interview with Lucy in the studio, I observed, as I came home to dinner, a heavily laden cab waiting at the door of No. 6. It was a wild and stormy afternoon, such as to depress one's spirits, even if one's circumstances were otherwise cheerful. A painful suspicion seized me, that Lucy was leaving. As I entered, this suspicion was realized. She was coming out at the moment. She seemed distressed at seeing me; I could not, however, clearly trace her features, for they were partially hidden by a veil. I had not the opportunity to address to her a word of remonstrance, for the servants were standing about, and Mrs. Duncome herself was looking on. Lucy quickly gave me her hand, and vanished.

How can I describe the sorrow which I now felt? It is impossible to do so. For some time my grief was almost insupportable. I threw myself upon a sofa in my studio, and lamented the luckless day, and the mistaken recommendation which had brought me to Wilhelmina Street. After a while, however, I remembered that I should shortly be expected at the dinner-table, and hastened to dress myself.

And now I discovered that a note was lying upon my dressing-table. I knew the writing, and broke the seal immediately.

Within the envelope there was no letter. There was simply an address written clearly upon a sheet of note paper, and underneath it were these words:—"If, at the end of a year from this time, you wish to put any question to me, you may find me at the above address. In the meantime I cannot consent to hold any communication with you.—Lucy."

A year—a long twelve months! Well, even that was better than I feared. And yet an Autumn, a Christmas, a slow-growing Spring between Lucy and me! It was terrible. Æons seemed enfolded in those fifty-two

weeks. Still, I argued, I have a definite something to look forward to. May I not, after all, detect in this brief message something like encouragement? If she desired to dismiss me, if she found it impossible to reciprocate my affection, would she write as she does? No. She wishes to try whether or not my love is real, and at the same time to interpose between the death of her husband and our engagement a suitable period of time.

This view of the subject acted upon my moral nature as a tonic or cold bath does upon one's physical frame. It braced and strengthened my mind. I suppressed all evidence of emotion, and went down to the dining-room.

It was long past the hour for dinner, but as Mrs. Duncome informed me, her husband had not come in. We waited on silently, listening to the wild dash of the rain against the windows.

I sat thinking how in my garden at home the tender opening leaves were suffering laceration; how the petals of the apple blossom were being strewn about like summer snow.

Mrs. Duncome was evidently uneasy. I did not know what to talk about to relieve the embarrassment of the occasion. At length, referring to the subject uppermost in my mind, I remarked:—"So Miss Coles has left you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Duncome, in a tone quite sorrowful, "and I cannot conceive on what account, for I always, at Mr. Duncome's particular desire, refrained from asking any questions as to her private affairs. I suppose some unexpected occurrence, unconnected with us, has decided her to make this sudden move. But I am much grieved. Although I never got on anything like intimate terms with her, yet I have always found her a most agreeable, kind, and lady-like companion." "I have not," added poor Mrs. Duncome, while the tears came into her eyes,—"I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose her."

I felt guilty. It was I who had driven Lucy away.

We waited on for a full hour more. Still no Doctor came. The assistant and apprentice were questioned, but they knew nothing. At last it was thought best that we should proceed with dinner, and we did so in perfect silence.

By this time I had begun to suspect the real state of the case. I saw in the Doctor's absence merely the consummation of the story which I had gradually learnt. In my own mind I made out the history thus. Mr. Dun-

come had probably learnt that suspicion with regard to him was aroused. He had seen that the tables were turning against him, and had fled before surmise could take the form of inquiry.

All that evening Mrs. Duncome looked for her husband's return in vain. Next day whispers reached her of the truth. Her agony is not to be described—and how was it possible for me to console her?

A few days more, and the story of the poisoning in Queen Square was known and talked of all over London. A clearly connected chain of facts, quite independent of those I had become acquainted with, joined the guilty man to his crime. I remained on at Wilhelmina Street, making it my endeavour, so far as I was able, to soothe the poor heart-broken wife, who, in addition to her greater trouble, was now doomed to discover daily new pecuniary entanglements of her husband's. All assistance that I could render the poor woman I gladly afforded her; but it was little indeed that I could do to help her.

I now came to be deeply thankful to my lawyer for having hindered me from taking any steps in the sad matter, which had at length become clear without my evidence. I must say I fully expected my name to be mixed up in the story. But inquiry did not need my assistance, and I was only too glad to keep clear of the affair altogether.

My principal fear now was for poor Lucy. I waited in the greatest anxiety to hear whether she became involved in the painful business. Yes. The blow fell at last. The tale of the young wife long missing—and of the sudden departure of the beautiful girl from Wilhelmina Street, got wind simultaneously. Vulgar suspicion fell upon the gentle, unfortunate girl. A trial—of which I never dare to think—came on. But Lucy bore up under it with the greatest fortitude and calmness. I need not say that during this terrible calamity I was constantly near her, despite her prohibition. But seldom, even now, did I intrude myself upon her personally; and never, to utter those sentiments which, for a while, she had forbidden me to mention. It was my privilege and happiness, nevertheless, to be near her continually, and in many ways (although indirectly) to lighten, as I trust, the burden of her sorrow.

Her spotless character was at last acknowledged. She came forth out of the fiery ordeal unscathed. If many continued to blame her for leaving the hateful old miser who had presumed to call her "wife," none dared at last to whisper that she was otherwise than innocent.

With regard to the Doctor, the true story was this. Soon after Lucy's flight from Greerson, Duncome had become acquainted with the miser, had measured his weak and childish character, had resolved to work upon it for his own advantage. Simultaneously with the commencement of this acquaintance, Lucy, by the strange coincidence to which I have referred, had come (through advertisement) to reside at the Doctor's. He had not been long in discovering who she was; and, desiring above all things to keep his dupe in ignorance of her whereabouts, he had done his utmost to further her incognita, while she herself had been wholly unaware that he knew her story at all.

The Doctor had played his game well. After eighteen months of cajolery, he had induced the now childish old man to make a new will in his favour. The stress of money embarrassments had, just at the time of my advent to his house, urged him to hasten, by poison, the death which was to resuscitate his dead fortunes. But his pyramid had given way (as such pyramids will) while the erection was yet incomplete. Suspicion had arisen before the guilt-earned money could be secured. Hasty flight had followed, and who shall say what else? Certain it is, that Dr. Duncome has never since been heard of. The will which he had helped to frame, while it completed the evidence against himself, added the last touch to that which cleared poor dear Lucy. It shut her out from the smallest benefit of any kind to arise to her from her husband's death; and although this will has been overthrown, and a former one, leaving her large property, is legally in force, she has never consented to touch a farthing of the handsome fortune which is properly her own.

A wild exciting time it was while the facts of the Doctor's crime were coming to light, and while Lucy's innocence was gradually unfolding itself to the world. A lurid glare seemed to me to touch all human affairs with a vivid, painful brightness. Life burned in a flame of agonizing intensity, and the trifles of common-place existence dwindled into indistinguishable sparks.

But rest came. I now reflected that I should best please Lucy by returning to my ordinary duties until the prescribed twelve months should have elapsed. Accordingly I left London—although at the cost of much self-discipline—and spent the days again in my cool, quiet studio in Somersetshire, hoping to wile away the long hours of separation from my darling by incessant employment at my loved art.

The days, though many of them pleasant, seemed long—long indeed. But, somehow,

the extended hours got twisted into that compact coil—the Past; somehow, the tardy sands fell through.

Autumn came, with mad equinoctial blasts, and swirling eddies of yellow leaves; but my love stood steady—fresh and green as the holly whose bough tapped at my study window. Winter followed—chill, silent, death-like; but my heart was full of the warm, noisy life of a man's one affection.

And then—Spring. The time longed for above all times which I had ever yet anticipated. The violet, the primrose, the cowslip had each in its turn delighted me with its perfume; and at last I went and gathered my Flower of flowers, and heard from Lucy's own lips that no affection of mine for her could possibly be stronger than her own for me!

Poor child! she had gone through much. But her troubles, thank Heaven! and mine, too, were over now. I made her my wife, and she is queen of my country home.

I often used to wonder at first to what end it was that Providence had made me the witness of the Doctor's guilt. Why had it been ordained that a singular string of coincidences should reveal to me facts so ugly and distressing?

But I always reflect now, that those same coincidences also effectually taught—to the man who was destined to be her stay and sympathiser—the circumstances of *Lucy's* "strange, eventful history."

EDWARD WHITAKER.

(Concluded.)

MRS. DAVID GARRICK.

THE Reverend Dr. Alexander Carlyle in his Autobiography relates how, early in the year 1746, he took his passage with his friends Dr. John Gregory and Mr. Nicholas Monckly on board the packet which was to sail from Helvoet to Harwich. The landlord of the inn at Helvoet persuaded the travellers to lay in stores for their voyage, asserting that he had known the packets to be sometimes becalmed for a week. A cold ham and a couple of fowls, a sirloin of beef, nine bottles of wine and three of brandy, were provided accordingly, "none of all which," Dr. Carlyle frankly confesses, "we were able to taste—except the brandy." They sailed from Helvoet at eight in the morning, and having fair weather and a fine brisk gale arrived on the coast of England by eight in the evening, though having made the land too far to the northward it was nearly twelve before they got down to Harwich. "We had beds in the cabin," he writes, "and were all so heartily sea-sick that we were hardly able to lift

up our heads the whole day, far less to partake of any of our sea-stores, except a little brandy to settle our stomachs."

Before leaving Helvoet in the morning the travellers had observed upon the quarter-deck three foreigners of different ages, who appeared to have under their care a young person of about sixteen, very handsome indeed, who, it was whispered, was a young Hanoverian baron journeying to Britain to pay his court at St. James's. The freshening gale prevented any opportunity of conversing with the foreigners; all the passengers were compelled to take to their beds in the cabin. The young baron was the only one who had a separate berth, because, as it was supposed, of the additional expense. Sickness now effectually put an end to all chance of conversation until the young foreigner, who was directly opposite to Dr. Carlyle, called out in French, in an agony of apprehension, to know if there was any immediate danger. "The voice," says the doctor, "betrayed her sex at once no less than her fears." He consoled the disguised lady as well as he could, and calmed her agitation. The next day a man calling himself her father waited upon our travellers at Harwich, requesting their countenance on the occasion of his daughter's first appearance, and also on her benefit. The lady, young and very beautiful, was VIOLETTI, a dancer engaged to perform at the opera in the Haymarket. "I accordingly," writes Dr. Carlyle—he had not then embraced the clerical profession—"was at the opera the first night she appeared, where she was the first dancer, and maintained her ground till GARRICK married her."

Twelve years later, and Garrick gave a dinner at his house at Hampton ("which he did but seldom"), notes our autobiographer, to John Home, the author of "Douglas," and certain of his friends and companions, among others to Dr. Carlyle. By Garrick's desire, the party, all Scotsmen, were to bring golf clubs and balls with them, that they might play a game on Molesley Hurst. They accordingly set out in good time, six of them in a landau. As they passed through Kensington the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and at sight of the golf clubs gave three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland, "so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the Land o' Cakes." It must be borne in mind that the Coldstream at this time was peculiarly a Scottish regiment. Garrick was so impatient to receive his company that he met them by the

way. In the lower garden of the villa at Hampton he had built a temple, shrining the statue of Shakespeare by Roubiliac, now in the British Museum; wine was to be drunk in this temple, under the shadow of the statue, to which Home had addressed some pathetic verses on Garrick's rejection of his play. The poet and the player were now, however, on very good terms with each other, "with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections." The gardens at Hampton were divided by a public road, over which Garrick had at one time proposed to build a bridge, but objection had been made to this. Dr. Johnson had observed, "Davy, Davy, what can't be overdone may be underdone," and a tunnel underneath the road had been cut instead. Dr. Carlyle makes a wonderful stroke at golf, driving the ball through the tunnel into the Thames; Garrick is so delighted and surprised that he begs he may be permitted to keep the club with which the feat has been performed. The dinner is sumptuous; Mrs. Garrick the only lady, "now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense and now mistress of English, in all respects most agreeable company. She did not seem at all to recognise me," says Carlyle, "which was no wonder at the end of twelve years, having thrown away my bag-wig and sword, and appearing in my own grisly hairs and in parson's clothes; nor was I likely to remind her of her former state. . . . We passed a very agreeable afternoon, and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady or the guests." The cautious reserve of Dr. Carlyle, or "Jupiter" Carlyle, as he was often called, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Hamilton the painter, fully justifies Sir Walter Scott's description of him as "a shrewd and clever old carle."

It will have been noticed that considerable mystery surrounded the arrival in England of the lady who was to be David Garrick's future wife; nor was this mystery afterwards in any way cleared up. Davies and Murphy, in their biographies of Garrick, furnish very little information concerning Madlle. Violetti. Charles Lee Lewes, the harlequin, in his "Memoirs," published in four volumes in 1805, boldly states that the lady was the natural daughter of Richard Boyle, fourth Earl of Cork and third of Burlington; and the warm patronage and friendship bestowed on her by his lordship and the members of his family seem to give colour to this story; but, in truth, it will not bear much sifting. According to Lewes, the mother of Madlle.

Violetti was a young lady of family in the city of Florence, whose acquaintance the Earl had formed during a tour through Italy previous to his marriage. Now it appears that by the registry of baptisms in the cathedral church of St. Stephen at Vienna, Violetti, or Violette, as the name should be written, was born in that city on the 29th of February, 1724. At this time the Earl of Burlington had been married two years, and from the date of his union had passed several years uninterruptedly in England. The romantic theory, therefore, that the Earl had resumed the guardianship of his own child on her arrival in England seems hardly tenable; but still the extraordinary interest taken by the Burlington family in the lady's welfare, to the settlement of six thousand pounds upon her at the time of her marriage, Lady Burlington even becoming a party to the deed, remains, it must be admitted, entirely unaccounted for.

The best authorities state that Madlle. Violette was one of the three children of M. Johann Veigel, a respectable inhabitant of Vienna; that she received her mother's name, Eva Maria; and called herself Violette by command of the Empress Queen Maria Theresa—her family name, Veigel, signifying Violette in the *patois* of Vienna. She was probably introduced at the Court of Vienna by the *Maitre de Ballet*, M. Hilferding, with other young ladies, to dance with the children of Maria Theresa. There is no evidence that she ever danced on the public stage at Vienna, though her brother, Ferdinand Charles, showing great ability as a dancer, is stated to have become a member of the *corps de ballet* at the Imperial Theatre. One account has it—reputed to come from Mrs. Garrick herself, on the authority of her mother and other persons likely to be well informed—that the Empress Maria Theresa, perceiving that her husband, the Emperor Frederick I., regarded the young lady with marked attention, and to prevent any unpleasant consequences, proposed this journey to England, and forwarded powerful recommendations in her favour. This might account for something of the mystery of her voyage in male attire as narrated by Dr. Carlyle. And it is said to have been owing to the introductions of the Empress that his Majesty George II. commanded the play on the occasion of Madlle. Violette's first appearance, and honoured with his presence her benefit in the year 1748.

But, in truth, considerable mystery surrounds the whole affair: the stories about Madlle. Violette clash with and contradict each other. One account has it that she came to England accompanied by a family named Rossiter, who visited England to look after some property;

but it is impossible to make this agree with Dr. Carlyle's narrative. Equally difficult is it to combine with other versions the story of an authority who relates a discussion with Mrs. Garrick concerning the account of her parentage which had been furnished by Lee Lewes; and reports her to have exclaimed, "Lewes is a liar. Lord Burlington was not my father; *but I am of noble birth.*" Yet it is clear that Mr. Veigel, of Vienna, was not noble.

That Madlle. Violette soon became an object of fashionable attention is evident. Walpole—nothing if not scandalous—writes of her to his friend Montague, on the 5th June, 1746: "The fame of the Violette increases daily. The sister Countesses of Burlington and Talbot exert all their store of sullen partiality and competition for her. The former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick, and she sups at Lady Carlisle's, and lies—indeed I have not heard where, but I know not at [Leicester] House, where she is in great disgrace for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer, as ~~he~~ bid her. You know that is *politics* in a Court where dancing-masters are ministers."

At Chiswick was Lord Burlington's Italian villa, of which Lord Hervey said, that it was "too small to live in, and too large to hang to one's watch." Leicester House was the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Pennant called it the "pouting place of princes," because George II., quarrelling with his father, retired there; and Frederick Prince of Wales, following his example, did the same thing for the same reason. Denoyer was a dancing-master, "a sort of licensed spy on both sides," says Lord Hervey, and a constant companion of the Prince and Princess.

Madlle. Violette made her first appearance at the Opera-house in the Haymarket (surely not at Drury Lane, as one of Garrick's biographers has it), on the 3rd of December, 1746. Her beauty and her talents met with immediate recognition. She was admired and applauded in an extraordinary degree. On the 16th January a note to the play-bill explains some misunderstanding that would seem for a moment to have interrupted her favour with the public. She is concerned to hear that she is charged with having been the cause of a disturbance in the theatre. "As she was entirely ignorant that *three* dances had been advertised, until it was too late to prepare herself, and as she cannot possibly be guilty of an intention to disoblige or give offence to an English audience (from whom she has received so much applause), she presumes to hope they will not impute to her a fault which she is not capable of committing, and espe-

cially when she had met with so much indulgence, for which she retains all possible gratitude."

At this time she probably resided at Burlington House. Indeed, such store was set upon her, that the Countess is said to have herself attended the *danses* to the theatre, and with quite maternal care to have thrown a pelisse over her as she came heated from the stage. Madlle. Violette was also taken by the Countess to the trial of Lord Lovat for high treason in April, 1747.

That the great actor had become an admirer of the *protégée* of the Burlingtons, seems to have become a subject for the tattle of the day. Walpole is describing a grand entertainment given at Richmond early in 1749. "There was," he says, "an admirable scene. Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood *ogling* and *sighing* the whole time, while my lady kept a most fierce look-out. Sabbatini asked me, 'And who is that?' It was a distressing question. After a little hesitation I replied, '*Mais, c'est Mademoiselle Violette.*' '*Et comment Violette! J'ai comme une Mademoiselle Violette, par exemple.*' I begged him to look at Miss Bishop."

Sabbatini, who was a diplomatist, may possibly have meant to express his surprise at finding one whom he had known as a public performer associating with the highest rank in England. But it is evident that Garrick's suit was not approved at Burlington House. The lady was rumoured to have had more than one offer from persons of fortune and distinction. The actor was at this time a stranger to the Burlington family. Mrs. Garrick used to relate that upon one occasion her future husband disguised himself in woman's clothes in order to convey a letter into her chair.

On the 22nd of June, 1749, however, David Garrick was married to Eva Maria Violette by the Rev. Mr. Francklin, at his chapel near Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Afterwards on the same day the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Roman Church by the Rev. Mr. Blyth, at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in South Audley Street. Madlle. Violette had sympathised with her lover : had confessed as much to Lady Burlington. Mr. Garrick wrote a respectful letter to her ladyship, making his proposals in due form ; finally his suit was accepted, and he soon found himself the husband of a wife who was good as she was beautiful, with a dowry of six thousand pounds, to which he added four thousand. In celebration of the marriage, Mr. Edward Moore, "the ingenious city poet," inscribed a copy of verses to Mrs. Garrick,

wherein he pictured Fortune in search of a favourite daughter ; after a weary pilgrimage she stopped her wheel at Burlington House, where she discovered the object of her inquiry, and lavished on her the choicest of her favours.

On his re-appearance on the stage after his marriage, Garrick presented himself in the part of *Benedick* in "Much Ado About Nothing." "Some particular situations of this character, says Mr. Davies, "occasioned much laughter and pleasantry by applications of the audience to Mr. Garrick's change of condition."

Of the married life of Mrs. Garrick there is little need to say anything. A glance through the Garrick Correspondence will show how warmly she was prized by her husband's friends. "Do you remember," writes Lord Camden, "that you and Mrs. Garrick gave me a promise to steal down here some holiday, and make us happy in your company! . . . You will be welcomed by a family who wish to preserve a perpetual friendship with you and Mrs. Garrick." "Pray let me hear," writes the charming Countess Spencer, "without loss of time, how Mrs. Garrick does ; she must not ail anything. You, I am sure, can neither see, hear, nor understand without her. After all, it is a comfort to find that a few people can live together a good many years without wishing one another at the deuce. It will to-morrow be one-and-twenty years since Lord Spencer married me, and I verily believe we have neither of us repented of our lot from that time to this." While Miss Hannah More is always sending some such kindly message as "My most respectful regards ever attend my ever dear Mrs. Garrick ;" or, "Pray tell my sweet Mrs. Garrick I live in the hope of hearing from her."

The summer of 1752 was passed by Mrs. Garrick with her husband in Paris. She took a lively interest in his success both as actor and manager. It was probably owing to her advice, unfortunate as it proved in the sequel, that he made an engagement with Noverre, then confessed to be the best ballet-master in Europe, to appear with his sister in a grand ballet to be produced at Drury Lane, and called "The Chinese Festival." But the British public took grave offence at the foreign performers, and although the king was present at the first representation, a riot ensued, which was, indeed, repeated for five nights. Gentlemen drew their swords, the mob brandished bludgeons. Scenes were cut to ribbons, benches torn up, lustres and girandoles demolished. The windows of the manager's house in Southampton Street were smashed, and his own life threatened, in revenge for the insult he was alleged to have offered to the public.

After this "The Chinese Festival" was withdrawn.

At Christmas, 1778, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick had been welcome guests at Althorp, the seat of Lord Spencer. Finding himself in great pain from a disorder which had for some time occasioned him much suffering, Garrick determined to return to his house in town. He arrived in the Adelphi on Friday, the 15th January, 1779. He died on the Wednesday morning following, at eight o'clock. He had been in great agony, with intervals of perfect freedom from pain, when his old wonderful mental activity asserted itself, and he could find spirits to jest with his physicians, quoting Shakespeare, and crying to his servant, cheerily,—"Well, Tom, I shall do very well yet, and make you amends for all this trouble." Worn with watching, frightened, and ill, Mrs. Garrick gazed upon her husband's wan, sallow face—"he was wrapped," we read, "in a rich night-gown, like that which he always wore in Lusignan, the venerable old King of Jerusalem"—and looked^a indeed, so the bystanders thought, as though he were just ready to personate that character. Mrs. Garrick at once wrote to her friend, Hannah More, to inform her of the sad occurrence. "She was prepared for meeting me," relates Miss More; "she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes, at last she whispered,—"I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next." She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible: I desired to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me that He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve: but I am thankful for both.' Miss More paid a melancholy visit to the coffin of the great actor while the preparations went on for hanging the house with black, for he was to lie in state until Monday. "His new house," she writes, "is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard: may he then find mercy." "I heard with great satisfaction," wrote Mrs. Montague, "of the resignation with which dear Mrs. Garrick behaved, and doubt not but she will be supported by that Great Being to whose will she submits. Never did I behold so happy a pair. I have ever admired the dignity of mind which Mrs. Garrick possessed on all occasions, and I can hardly say whether I love

or esteem her most. Her patience in such deep affliction will have its reward somewhere, and at sometime; but I will confess to you I live in terror about her health. If a sympathising heart can give her any comfort, that comfort I can bring whenever she will admit me." After the funeral in Westminster Abbey, Miss More visited Mrs. Garrick in the Adelphi. "What was my surprise," wrote Miss More, "to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it. She told me, very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed and got into it with a sad pleasure." For a long time Hannah More continued to pay an annual visit to Mrs. Garrick, either in the Adelphi or at Hampton. Eventually the villa residence was given up; for a period it had been rented by another famous Drury Lane manager, Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Mrs. Garrick survived her husband forty-three years.

Boswell relates how, on Friday, April 20, 1781, he spent (of course with Dr. Johnson) one of the happiest days that he remembered to have enjoyed in the whole course of his life. Garrick had been dead two years and three months. His widow, for the first time since her bereavement, entertained a select party of his friends at dinner. The company consisted of Miss Hannah More, who was then staying with Mrs. Garrick, and whom she called, playfully, "her chaplain;" Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Mr. Boswell, and Dr. Johnson. "We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi," narrates Boswell, "where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him 'who gladdened life.' She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency, and, while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.' The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering. . . . We were all in fine spirits, and I whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, 'I believe this is as much as can be made of life.'" In addition to a splendid entertainment, the company, it seems, were regaled with Lichfield ale, "which had a peculiarly appropriate value," Lichfield having been the birthplace of Dr. Johnson. Sir Joshua, Burney, and Boswell drank cordially of the ale to the Doctor's health, who answered heartily, "Gentlemen, I wish you all as well as you do me." Johnson and Boswell walked away together, stopping a moment at the railings of the Adelphi contemplating the river, and musing over the two

friends they had lost, Beauclerk and Garrick, who had both lived in the buildings behind them. "Aye, sir," says Johnson, tenderly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

In extreme old age Mrs. Garrick maintained her interest in the actors of the day and the affairs of the theatre; and to the last, it was said, took pride in her shapely ankle and good looks. She was fond of speaking in high terms of King George the Fourth, who, when Prince of Wales, had visited her at her villa at Hampton, inquiring after her health, and expressing interest in her welfare. This had given her heartfelt pleasure; "and I am not a little proud," she would add, "of the privilege of being allowed to drive through St. James's Park." At Hampton, too, she had received Queen Charlotte. No notice had been given of the royal approach, and Mrs. Garrick had been "discovered," to use a term of the theatre, in the act of peeling onions. The queen, however, seemed pleased at the sight of this homely occupation, and would by no means permit the good lady to stir from it. Indeed, the story goes on to tell that the queen commanded another knife to be brought, observing that she should herself like to peel an onion with Mrs. Garrick; and accordingly the wife of the sovereign and the widow of the player sat for some time in the most agreeable and friendly manner peeling onions together.

It was said that the Drury Lane Committee, when anxious about the success of a new actor, would induce Mrs. Garrick to attend in her private box, and then prompt her to say on the conclusion of the performance that she had been reminded of her departed David. If they succeeded in this respect, of course the valued dictum went the round of the papers immediately, and the *débutant* was lauded to the skies. In the case of Kean, however, there is little doubt that the good lady had been really reminded of her late husband, for in the styles of the two actors a considerable resemblance existed. In Kean's acting, accordingly, Mrs. Garrick manifested great interest. He was always a favourite with the widow of his great predecessor, and she loudly praised his efforts; not indiscriminately, however, for when Kean, on the occasion of his benefit in 1814, undertook the part of *Abel Drugger*, which Garrick had made so famous, he received the following brief note:—

"Dear Sir,—You cannot play *Abel Drugger*.

"Yours, &c., EVA GARRICK."

To which the actor replied as laconically,—

"Dear Madam,—I know it.

"Yours, EDMUND KEAN."

Mrs. Garrick was a frequent visitor at Kean's

house in Clarges Street, and one morning, the story goes, she found the tragedian in a state of great perturbation. He received his guest rather abruptly and withdrew. Mrs. Garrick turned to Mrs. Kean, inquiring the reason of this strange behaviour. "Oh," Mrs. Kean explained, "you mustn't mind him; he has been reading a violent attack upon his *Othello* in one of the papers, which has terribly annoyed him." "But why should he mind what the papers say?" asked Mrs. Garrick; "he is above them, and can afford to be abused." Mrs. Kean. "Yes, but he says the article is so well written; if it wasn't for that he wouldn't care about the abuse." Mrs. Garrick: "My dear, he should do as David did, and then he would be spared all this annoyance." Mrs. Kean (with great interest): "What's that?" Mrs. Garrick: "Write the articles himself; David always did so." David was an adroit tactician, but the times had changed since he held shares in the *Public Advertiser*, and reviewed himself; besides, the journals had increased tenfold.

Mrs. Garrick died on the 16th of October, 1822, at her house in the Adelphi, in the ninety-eighth year of her age, retaining possession of her faculties to the last. Indeed, she had purposed to occupy her box, on the occasion of the reopening, that day, of Drury Lane Theatre, and expired in her chair, after a slight indisposition. Agreeably to her directions, her remains were interred privately in Westminster Abbey, near the cenotaph of Shakespeare, and in the grave of her husband.

In 1815, Mrs. Garrick had distributed, among the descendants of her sister, nearly all she had at that time saved out of her income. By her will and two codicils, she left the amount of her marriage-portion, with some additions in legacies, amongst her friends, to her servants, and to various charitable institutions; bequeathing the residue to her niece, Madame Elizabeth de Saar, of Vienna, for her life, with remainder to that lady's grandchildren. Madame de Saar, formerly Mademoiselle Fürst, was the only child of Mr. Garrick's sister Theresa, who came to England in 1776, and remained until Mr. Garrick's death, receiving a legacy under his will of one thousand pounds.

It may also be noted that by her will Mrs. Garrick left to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves* which formerly belonged to Shakespeare, and had been presented to Mr. Garrick during the Jubilee, at Stratford, by one of Mrs. Siddons's family. She bequeathed to the Theatrical Fund at Drury Lane Theatre, two hundred pounds; to Hannah More, one hundred pounds; to Christopher Garrick, her nephew, the gold

* See ONCE A WEEK, No. CCLII., April 23rd, 1864.

snuff-box, set with diamonds, given her late husband by the King of Denmark ; to Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, the snuff-box given her late husband by the Duke of Parma ; to her nephew, Christopher Garrick, and his wife, all the plate which was bought upon her marriage ; also a service of *pewter*, which her husband used when a bachelor, bearing the name of Garrick, with a wish that the same should always remain with the head of the family,—also the picture of her husband, in the character of Richard the Third, which was purchased by her after her husband's death ; to Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, a portrait, painted by Zoffany, of her husband without a wig, which she bought after his decease of Mr. Bradshaw, to whom it had been given as a present ; to Dowager Lady Amherst, her ring, set with diamonds, having King Charles's oak in it, and a small gold box, used for keeping black sticking plaister ; to Lady Anson, wife of Sir William Anson, her *déjeuner* set of Dresden porcelain ; and to the said Sir William Anson, her gold antique cameo ring. There were bequests of one hundred pounds to the St. George's, Middlesex, Lying-in, and Magdalen Hospitals ; also to the Refuge for the Destitute and the Society for the Indigent Blind ; fifty pounds to the London Orphan Society ; three hundred pounds to be invested in the name of the Vicar of Hampton for the time being, and the interest expended in supplying coals to the poor of the parish ; two hundred pounds towards educating the poor children of St. Martin's parish ; one hundred pounds to the Reverend Mr. Archer, minister of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, and a like sum for the education of the charity children of Warwick Street Chapel ; with numberless other legacies of articles of plate, jewels, linen, &c., and money to a considerable amount, but of no material public interest.

DUTTON COOK.

A DAY'S FISHING ON THE AVON.

It is pleasant to look back in one's old age to our angling days, when in good health and joyous spirits we traversed the banks of foaming rivers or sparkling streams, full of hopes of a good day's sport, and of the enjoyment of rural scenery. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that the mere capture of a fish is a secondary consideration to that which a balmy day affords to an angler when it is accompanied by the songs of birds, the various flowers which greet his eye, and the charms of river scenery. To a lover of Nature, more especially, all these afford a delight not readily forgotten, and which dwell upon the mind in old age with

renewed gratification. Let me attempt to describe a day's fishing I had in the New Forest some years ago, and of which I retain the most vivid recollection. I was then on a visit at the mansion of a very hospitable gentleman in that forest, and was driven by an expert angler to the banks of the river Avon. As we passed through a portion of the forest we stopped to look at the beautiful forestal view from the churchyard of Lyndhurst, and afterwards passed some of those ancient lodges to which so many historical recollections are attached. We saw numbers of shaggy horses, which depastured in the forest during certain periods of the year, and also numerous herds of deer, which, however, have now been done away with. The fact was that although the cottagers in the forest might have done very well, having patches of ground to cultivate, plenty of fuel, and good wages if they thought proper to work, they were an idle race, and trusted to the resources of the forest for a living, such as poaching the deer, stealing wood, &c. The consequence was that they became a demoralised and lawless set of men, and the Government acted very wisely in removing the deer, although by doing so the forest was deprived of the charm which herds of deer must always give to its scenery.

We arrived in good time on the banks of the river Avon, and on just such a day as an angler would wish to have. A soft southerly wind blew gently ; the river flowed clear and rapid, and the weeds, rooted firmly in the gravelly bottom, threw out their long tendrils, which waved as the water rushed over them. It was under these that large pike might be found watching for their prey, and by skimming a bait over them they rushed out and were hooked. Then came the difficulty. If the captured fish could not be kept above the weeds, he soon, in his struggles, became entangled in them, and there was great danger in losing him. In one or two instances I was obliged to get a man with a scythe to cut the weeds, and then the difficulty was over. A keeper was in attendance, who weighed every fish that was caught, and returned it into the stream if it was not six pounds in weight. Lower down the stream, towards the Southampton Water, there is a fine salmon pool, which is, or was, rented by a society of gentlemen ; higher up, as far as the weeds reach, pike abound, and as the water gets shallower the fly-fisher may have excellent sport with trout. In fact, there are few rivers, with the exception of the Test, which is strictly preserved by the Leckford Club, where good angling and river scenery may be more enjoyed.

It should be mentioned that in the Hamp-

shire Avon (for there are other rivers of that name in other parts of England) an eel is found which is peculiar to it. The habits of this eel differ from those of the other known species. It roves and feeds during the day, which the others do not, and does not attain so large a size, seldom weighing more than half a pound. I had the pleasure of introducing this eel to the notice of Mr. Yarrell, who has given an engraving of it in his fine work on British Fishes. It is called the Snig, and it is remarkable for its yellow colour and its excellent eating. It is a curious circumstance that when the fishermen want to catch snigs, they set the mouths of their eel-pots in an opposite direction, in reference to the stream, to others in which the common eels are taken, showing that the habits of the two kinds are different.

There are two other rivers in Hampshire equally celebrated for their trout. We refer to the Test and the Itchen, but the scenery from the banks of these rivers is not to be compared with that from the Avon. Well may we exclaim,—

In yon reflective streamlet's deep repose
Mark what soft scenes of beauty sportful play;
Heaven's tranquil radiance in her bosom glows,
The solar orb, and moon's majestic ray.

EDWARD JESSE.

T' RUNAWAA LASS.*

(IN THE DIALECT OF THE NORTH RIDING.)

I.

"Wah, Mary! sittin' lawnsum on a bench,
Wi' lean white fingers clasp'd, an' sunken ab,
A' doin' nowt! Thoo wast a bonny wench,
Lusty an' strong; wativer's cum'd te tha'?"

II.

"Ah mahnd, when Maason tennops was te haw,
Hoo well thruff t'lands thah foot kept up wi' mahnd,
Friv end te end; an' when wa'd dun t' last raw,
Ah said Ah'd swop mah weary arms for thahn.

III.

"Ther's neer a wonn was fit te match wi' thee,
Them happy daas, i't field or farm or byre;
As brant and lissum as a poplar tree,
As brisk and cheery as thah muther's fire.

IV.

"An' noo, thah faace has lossen t' sunbonn glaw,
Thah stoot yung limbs ha' gotten shrunk an' small!
Ther's summat workin' i' thah mahnd, Ah know:
Speak up, me lass, an' tell aw'd Philip all!"

* These verses a' e spelt, as far as may be, phonetically. But there are in them not a few incidents of pronunciation whereof an imperfect sign only, or no sign at all, can be given to the eye. For instance, *a* is always sounded as in the word "full;" not as in the word "dull," nor yet, as in "moon," prolonged into a double *o*. The sound of *a*, on the other hand, is variable: in "Jack" or "bad" it almost equals *o*: whilst in "wat" (what), and certain other words, it is pronounced as in "fat," or nearly so. Many syllables, moreover, depart from or adhere to the mode of ordinary speech, according to their position in a sentence and the degree of emphasis which is laid upon them.

The English language is unable, it would seem, to represent fully on paper the rich and various utterances of its own dialects.

Then she, with grave affection in her eyes,
Toss'd back her batter'd bonnet and her hair,
And look'd at him; who saw her wan face rise
Again to beauty, sorrow being there.

VI.

"I, Philip, them was happy daaz, indeed!
Ah mahnd 'em well; nich benny crops as yon
Oor maaster ow'd, Ah sear Ah niver seed
I't sooth; an' him a joggin' oot upon

VII.

"His gallowaa, te watch us all agaat—
Me, an' oor Jaan, an' Jack (wat's gotten Jack!)
An' thee, aw'd lad! Bud wat, it's over last
For sich as me te fet them good things back!

VIII.

"Philip, wat said tha' when Ah runn'd awaa?
Thaa know'd Ah did; Ah'd shann't ax it else;
Bud weer Ah went tha' knowna; an' Ah Jaa
Tha' reckon nowt: they're too well off themsel.

IX.

"It's all along o' him—Ah darna naam
His awesum naam, for all Ah've said it scores
An' scores o' tahms, when fust mah trouble cam:
His feyther's land, thoo knows, wer flush wi' oers,

X.

"An' oft an' oft, when Ah've been fettlin' t' coos,
Or oot i't sta'ala'd, maybe, be mosen,
He used te cum, an' dawdle up t'i' hoose,
An' stan' an' leak at ma' lahk owt; an' then

XI.

"He'd ax, Was t' maaster in? an' sich as that;
An' keep on axin', when Ah'd tell'd him Naw:
Fond wench! Ah might ha' seen wat he'd be at—
Bud Ah wer daft te think he loved ma' saw.

XII.

"Ah thowt, fust tahm Ah found me 'and iv his,
Hoo rough an' bad wer mahnd; but he says, 'Seah,'
He says, 'me lass, tha' ween't be long lahk this;
Thoo't live a laady, an' ha' nowt te deah.'

XIII.

"A laady! Sitba—this here band, 'at's toun'd
As white as white, Ah'd fling it, blaad an' baan
(That would E too, an' welcome), into t' pond,
If Ah mud hev mah broon un back agaan.

XIV.

"I, lad! Ah's wander'd up an' doon a year,
Be slaap rounds an' be slushy roads, si' then,
An' larnt wat fawks is maad on; an' Ah sear
A vast o' laadies is as bad as t' men.

XV.

"Bud this backend, when things was got te t' west
Wi' me, an' t' babbly hingin' at ma' breast,
Ah thowt Ah'd gang te deer Ah lived at fust,
An' beg for meeat an' drink, an' maybe rest.

XVI.

"Well, an' Ah cum'd te t' farm; bud chap at door
Says 'Naw,' an' bangs it reet agin me faace;
Sae then Ah gaid tiv oor 'oese; an' mah poor
Aw'd muther's deead, an' feyther's lossen t' place

XVII.

"An' left, along o' me! When Ah heerd that,
Ah'd lahk te sward; i'ud summat kept ma' up
Wah! Ah gat here; an' here Ah sat an' sat,
An' t' lahl un hoddin' up it mooth for t' sup

XVIII.

"Ah couldna give. Sae then, at last, Ah says,
 'Mah baabe,' Ah says, 'there's nowt for thee
 an' me
 I' this wold; bud ther's happen better daas
 Wi' granny, up i' heaven: saw wa'll dee!'

XIX.

"Aa, 'twer' a job te do it—still, it's dun:
 Leeaksta, lad, leeaksta! T'bundle o' mah knee,
 It's noan a thing 'at sich as you mud shun,—
 It's mah dead baabe: an' noo then, Ah mun
 dee!"



XX.

He was a poor man, Philip: do you think
 He led her to the workhouse, or, mayhap,
 Fetch'd out the constable, to get a blink
 Of that cold infant chilling all her lap?

XXI.

Such pious folks as you, and I, and they,
 Of course had done it: so perhaps, you know,
 Perhaps, he did! At least, I cannot say,
 For fear of men, I dare not answer, No.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the very heart of South Wennock, standing a little back from the street, nearly opposite the Red Lion Inn, was the old church of St. Mark; and on the morning after the return home of Mr. Carlton and his bride, this church was invaded by more people than could conveniently get into it, for a rumour had gone forth to the town that Mr. Carlton and Lady Laura were to be re-married.

It was even so. Possibly in deference to Laura's scruples; possibly that he himself was not willing to trust to the impromptu ceremony in Scotland, which had been of the slightest, and that he would constitute her his own beyond the power of any future quibbles of law to dispute, Mr. Carlton had returned home provided with a license in all due form. The clergyman was apprised, and nine o'clock saw Mr. Carlton and Laura at the church.

If, by fixing that early hour, their motive was to avoid gaping spectators, the precaution had utterly failed. How the news got about was a puzzle to Mr. Carlton as long as he lived. He accused the incumbent of St. Mark's, the reverend Mr. Jones, of spreading it; he accused the curate, Mr. Lycett, to whom was deputed the duty of marrying them; he accused the clerk, who was charged to have the church open. But these functionaries, one and all, protested it had not got about through them. However it might have been, when Mr. Carlton and Laura arrived at the door in a close carriage, precisely one minute before nine, they were horror-struck to find themselves in the midst of a dense crowd, extending from the street up to the very altar-rails, and through which they had to pick their way.

"Rather a strong expression that," sneers some genial critic. "Horror-struck!" But it really did appear to apply to Mr. Carlton. Laura wore the handsome cashmere shawl which he had given her, the light silk dress sent by Jane, and a white bonnet and veil bought somewhere on her travels. She stood at the altar with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, just as a young bride under the circumstances might be supposed to stand, never once looking at the throng, and apparently unheeding of them. Not so Mr. Carlton. He stood with a ghastly face, into which the colour would not come by any effort of will, glancing over his shoulder perpetually, not at the offending crowd, whom Mr. Carlton regarded simply with

anger and would have liked to duck wholesale in the nearest pond, but as if impelled by some imaginary fear. Did he dread the intrusion of his wife's father, Lord Oakburn? that he would, even at that useless and tardy hour, appear and forbid the ceremony? South Wennock, who prided itself upon its discernment, said so.

The superfluities of a groomsmen and a bridesmaid had not been provided by Mr. Carlton. The clerk performed the office of the one, and Laura dispensed with that of the other. The wedding ring was firmly placed upon her finger, and they turned from the altar as securely married as though there had been no previous runaway escapade. The licence had described her as Laura Chesney, otherwise Carlton, and it was so that she signed the book.

But there occurred an unlucky contretemps. The carriage waited at the church door, and Laura and Mr. Carlton had taken their seats in it on the conclusion of the ceremony, when, just as it was moving off amidst the dense mob of the gaping spectators, an open fly came from the opposite direction. It contained Lord Oakburn and his stick. The earl was on his way back to Chesney Oaks, was now being conveyed to Great Wennock to catch one of the morning trains, Pompey on the box beside the driver, and a great portmanteau between Pompey's knees.

Perhaps nearly the only household in South Wennock to which the report of the morning's intended ceremony had not penetrated, was that of Cedar Lodge. Even such newsmongers as milkwomen and baker's boys were chary of telling aught there that concerned its runaway daughter. When Lord Oakburn saw the crowd round the church, therefore, he looked out at it in surprise, wondering what was agate, and then he caught sight of the inmates of the close carriage about to be driven away from its doors. His daughter's terrified gaze met his.

Lord Oakburn's brow flushed red with passion. In his hot temper he raised his stick with a menacing gesture, as if he would have beaten one of them, bride or bridegroom, had he been near enough; or as if he meant to throw it at the carriage, as he sometimes threw it at Pompey. It did not go, however. He let it drop on the fly seat again, with a word that was certainly not a blessing; and the fly went on, and the meeting was over.

There was no fear on Mr. Carlton's coun-

tenance. Triumph now. The unnaturally pale hue which had overspread it during the ceremony had given place to its usual aspect, and he felt more inclined to laugh in Lord Oakburn's face than to fear him. Even the earl could not part them now.

Mr. Carlton entered his home with his wife. He snatched a hasty breakfast, and then started on his visits to his patients, who were in a state of rebellion, deeming themselves greatly aggrieved by the past week's unaverted absence. In the course of the morning his way took him past the police-station. Standing at its door was a middle-aged man, with an intelligent face and small snub nose, who looked at Mr. Carlton as he passed with that quiet regard that keen men, curious as to their neighbour's movements, sometimes display. It was Medler, the new inspector. The surgeon had gone some yards beyond the building, when he, perhaps recollecting the previous night's interview, wheeled round and spoke.

"Can I see the inspector?"

"You see him now," was the answer. "I am he."

"I am told you want me," returned the surgeon. "Mr. Carlton," he added in explanation, finding he was not known.

"Oh, ah, yes, sir; I beg your pardon," said the inspector, intelligence replacing the questioning expression of his face. "Be so kind as to step inside."

He shut himself in a little bit of a room with Mr. Carlton, a room not much bigger than a short passage. The surgeon had been in it once before. It was when he had gone to give what information he could to the previous inspector, relative to the business for which he was now brought there again.

"I don't know any more than I did before," he observed, after alluding to the policeman's visit to him the previous night. "I gave the police at the time of the death all the information I possessed upon the matter—which was not much."

"Yes, sir, it's not that. I did not suppose you had come into possession of more facts. What I want of you is this—to relate to me quietly all that you know about it, as you did to my predecessor. I fear the affair has been mismanaged."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure it has," continued Mr. Medler, improving upon his former assertion. "If the thing had been followed up properly, it might have been brought to light at the time. That's my opinion."

"It is not mine," dissented Mr. Carlton. "I do not see that anything more could be done than was done."

"Why, they never unearthed that Mrs. Smith who came down and took away the child; never found out anything about her at all!"

"True," said Mr. Carlton. "They went to a hundred Mrs. Smiths, or so, in London, without finding the right one. And the conclusion they arrived at was, that Smith was not her name at all, but one she had assumed for the purpose of the visit here."

"It was the name by which the sick lady wrote to her on the night of her arrival, at all events," remarked the officer, with a nod that seemed to say he had made himself master of the whole business.

"But that may have been only part of a concerted plan. One thing appears to be indisputable—that the lady came down with the determination of remaining unknown. For my part, I am inclined to think that she did not come from London at all; that the woman Smith—if Smith was her name—did not come from London. I believe that all that was said and done here was done with one motive—to blind us."

Mr. Carlton was leaning with his elbow on the narrow table, or counter, that ran along the wall, as he said this, slightly stooping, and making marks with the point of his umbrella on the floor. The inspector, watchful by nature and by habit, became struck with a sudden change in his face. A shiver seemed to pass over it.

"It is the most miserable business I ever had to do with," he said, lifting his eyes to the officer's; "I heartily hope I shall never become personally cognisant of such another. People persisted in mixing me up in it, just because Mrs. Crane was thought to have said that some friends recommended her to me as her medical attendant."

"And you cannot find that anyone did so recommend you?"

"I cannot. I wrote to all the friends and acquaintances I possess in town, inquiring if they had recommended any lady to me; but could find out nothing. None of them so much as knew a Mrs. Crane."

"I think it is by no means sure that her name was Crane," remarked Mr. Medler.

"Just so. Any more than that the other's name was Smith. There's nothing sure about any part of the business, except the death. That, poor thing, is sure enough."

"What is your own opinion, Mr. Carlton?" inquired the inspector, his tone becoming confidential. "Your private one, you know."

"As to what?"

"The cause of death. Of course we all know it was caused by the sleeping draught,"

he rapidly continued; "but I mean as to the fatal drug introduced into that draught—who put it in?"

"My opinion is—but it is not a pleasant task to have to avow it, even to you—that it was so mixed, inadvertently, by Stephen Grey. It is impossible for me to come to any other conclusion. I cannot imagine how two opinions upon the point can have arisen."

The inspector shook his head, as if he could not agree with Mr. Carlton; but he made no dissent in words. He did not believe the fault to lie with Stephen Grey.

"What I wished more particularly to ask you, sir, was about the man you saw on the stairs," he presently resumed. "*There's* the point that ought to have been followed up."

"I saw no man on the stairs," said Mr. Carlton. "I did fancy I saw a face there, it's true; but I have come to the conclusion that it was only fancy, that my sight was deceived by the moonbeams."

"Will you swear there was no man there?"

"Well, no; I should not like to do that. Nevertheless, my firm belief is that there was no man there, no face at all; I think my sight misled me."

The inspector lifted his finger and shook it, by way of adding impressiveness to his words. "Rely upon it, sir, there *was* a man there, and that man is the one who did the mischief. I know—I know what you would say—that the draught smelt of the stuff when it arrived, as you testified; but I don't care for that. It seems a difficult enough point to get over at first; but I have picked the case to pieces in all its bearings, and I have got over it. I don't attach an atom of importance to it."

"Do you think I should testify to what was not true?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Not a bit of it," returned the inspector, with calm equanimity. "You'd be as anxious, naturally, to state the facts correctly, and throw as much light upon them, as we should. But I know how deceiving noses are. You fancied you smelt the poison in the draught, but you didn't really smell it, for it wasn't there. The nurse—what's her name? a fat woman—declares she could not smell anything of the sort; for I have had her before me here. She had been drinking a modicum of strong waters, I know; but they don't take all smell away in that fashion. Depend upon it her nose was truer than yours."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Carlton. "I am a medical man, remember, accustomed to the smell of drugs, and not likely to be deceived."

"That's just it," said the inspector, with persistent obstinacy. "Those accustomed to the smell of drugs, living amongst them, as

may be said, in their surgeries, are more liable to fancy they smell them when they don't, than other folks are. There was no smell of poison in the draught when it was taken to the house," he doggedly continued.

"But I tell you there was," persisted Mr. Carlton.

"And I tell you, sir, there wasn't. There. I feel as sure of it as I am that we are now talking together. That man you saw on the stairs was the one to drop the poison into the draught after you had gone."

Mr. Carlton said no more. The inspector was evidently confirmed in his opinion, and it was of no use to try to shake it. There may have come over Mr. Carlton's memory also a recollection of the *second* view he had obtained of the face, on the night previous to his flight with Laura Chesney. That, surely, could not have been fancy; for Laura testified to seeing it—and hearing it—as well as he. How then reconcile that with his persistent denial that no one had been on the stairs? Mr. Carlton could not tell; but he was quite sincere in hoping, nay, in half believing, that that ill-looking face had existed wholly in his imagination.

"Is that all you have to ask me?" he inquired of the inspector. "My time is not my own this morning."

"No, sir, not all. I want you to be so kind as just to relate the facts as they occurred under your notice. I have heard them from Mr. Stephen Grey, and from others; but I must hear them from you. It's surprising how a word from one witness and a word from another helps us on to a correct view of a case. You saw her for the first time, I believe, on the Sunday night. It's a pity but you had kept the note she wrote you!"

"Who was to think the note would ever be wanted?" rejoined Mr. Carlton. "But if I had kept it, it would have told nothing."

"Every word, every scrap of paper is evidence to those who have learnt to use it," was the answer. "Go on, sir."

Mr. Carlton complied. He related the facts, so far as they had come under his cognisance, not with the minuteness he had found himself obliged to use before the coroner, but with a clearness of detail that was quite satisfactory. The inspector listened attentively, and once or twice took something down in writing.

"That's all you know?" came the question when he had finished.

"That is all I know."

The inspector gently rubbed his nose with the feather end of his pen. He was in deep thought.

"The case would resolve itself into a very

small compass but for two opposite points in it," he presently said. "The one, the exceeding improbability that it was Mr. Stephen Grey who made any mistake in the mixing-up; the other, that man's face you saw on the stairs. I can't get over those."

"But I have assured you there was no man's face on the stairs," reiterated Mr. Carlton.

"I don't doubt that you believe so now. But you didn't believe so at the time, or you'd not have spoken about it to the widow Gould. Present impressions are worth everything, believe me, Mr. Carlton; and it is to that suspicious point I shall direct all my energies. I'd stake my place that somebody was there."

"As you please," said Mr. Carlton. "I suppose that is all you want with me?"

"That's all, sir, and thank you. If we ferret out anything, you shall be one of the first to know it. Good morning."

Mr. Carlton, who was indeed pressed for time, and had inwardly rebelled at having to give so much of it to the police-station on that busy morning, hastened away the moment he was released. Crossing the street at railroad speed in a slanting direction past the church—for the police-station and St. Mark's Church were in pretty close contiguity—he sped round the corner near the Red Lion, in the direction that led to Great Wrenock, and dexterously escaped being run over by a carriage that was turning into the principal street.

Mr. Carlton, who was an observant man, looked at the inmate of the carriage—a stout lady, dressed in deep mourning. She bent her resolute face forward—for it was a resolute face, with its steady dark eyes, and its pointed chin—to look at him. She had seen the just-avoided accident, and her haughty eyebrows plainly asked why one, looking so entirely a gentleman, should have subjected himself to it through such ungentelemanly speed. How little did she suspect he was one whose name to her was a bitter pill—the surgeon Lewis Carlton!

Mr. Carlton sped on, thinking no more of the carriage and its occupant. He was on his way to a sick patient who lived in one of the few houses situate at this, the near end of the Great Wrenock road,—houses which had the gratification of witnessing day by day the frequent passing and repassing of the noted railway omnibus.

The carriage meanwhile slackened its speed as soon as it was round the corner, and the postboy, after looking up and down the street in indecision, turned round on his horse and spoke to the servant on the box, a staid, respectable-looking man, wearing as deep mourning as his mistress.

"Which way must I turn?"

The servant did not know. He looked up and down the street—very uselessly, for that could tell him nothing—and caught sight of the swinging board of the Red Lion close at hand.

"There's an inn. You had better inquire there."

The postboy drew his horses up to the inn door. Mrs. Fitch, who happened to be standing at it, moved forward; but the old lady had let down the front window with a bang, and was speaking sharply to the servant.

"What's the matter, Thoms? What are you stopping here for?"

Thoms turned his head back and touched his hat. "The postboy does not know the way, my lady. I thought we had better inquire at this inn."

But the old lady was evidently one of an active, restless temperament, who liked to do things herself better than to have them done for her. Before Thoms—deliberate and stately as his mistress was quick—could speak to Mrs. Fitch, she had shot up the front window, sent down the other, had her own head out, and was addressing the landlady.

"Whereabouts is Cedar Lodge?"

Mrs. Fitch dropped her habitual curtsy. "It lies a little out of the town, on the Rise——"

"Be so good as direct the postboy to it," interrupted the lady, with the air of one who is accustomed to command and be obeyed.

"You must turn your horses round, postboy," said Mrs. Fitch, moving nearer to him on the pavement. "Keep straight on through the town, and you will come to a very long and gentle hill, where there's a good deal of new building. That's the Rise, and Cedar Lodge is about half-way up it on the right hand."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Thoms, civilly; and the postboy turned his horses as directed, and bore on through the town.

He had passed quite through it, when he saw the long ascent before him. That Rise was three-quarters of a mile in length; but all of it could not be seen from its base. On the left, standing alone, after the street was passed and before the gentle hill had begun, was a nice-looking white house. The lady inside the carriage bent forward and glanced at it. She had not heard Mrs. Fitch's directions, and she thought it might be the one of which she was in quest, Cedar Lodge.

At that moment a lady threw up one of the windows on the first floor, and looked out. It was Laura Carlton; and her eyes met those other eyes gazing from the carriage. Laura gave a suppressed shriek of recognition; and the old lady, startled also, lifted her angry

hand with a menacing gesture; just as the Earl of Oakburn had lifted his, in the encounter earlier in the morning before St. Mark's Church.

CHAPTER XXII. A VISIT TO CEDAR LODGE.

THE Earl of Oakburn's sojourn at Cedar Lodge had been a short one. He had but gone home for a day or two to discuss future plans with Jane; or, rather, to inform Jane of his future plans, for he was one who discussed them only with his own will.

It would be necessary for him to let Chesney Oaks. He had succeeded to the British peerage, it is true; but he had not succeeded to the broad lands, the proud rent-roll of an ordinary peer. A certain income he came into with the title as a matter of course; an income which, in comparison with the straitened one of later days, appeared like a mine of incalculable wealth, and which would no doubt prove as such to him and Jane, with their simple and inexpensive habits. The earl just dead had had a large private fortune, which did not go with the title; even with that, he had been reckoned a poor man for his rank. Yes, there would be nothing for it but to let Chesney Oaks, he observed to Jane. To keep up such a place as it ought to be kept up would absorb the whole of his income, for it could not be done under three or four thousand a year. He should therefore let Chesney Oaks, and reside in London.

Jane's heart acquiesced in everything. But for the blow just dealt out by Laura, she would have felt supremely happy. There had existed a dark spot in their domestic history for some little time past, but she had every hope that this change in their fortunes would remove it, and bring things straight again. It could not—she argued with herself—it could not be otherwise.

One word from Lord Oakburn would remove the cloud, would bring the wanderer home from an exile, voluntary at first, enforced now. And yet, Jane hesitated to beg that that word should be spoken. The subject had been a very bitter one; it had thrown the shadow of a constraint between Jane and her father, where until then all had been so open; and he had long ago interdicted all mention of the subject on Jane's part; but this rise in their fortunes rendered it necessary, as her plain good sense told her, that the interdict should no longer exist—that the matter should be opened again.

Not in that hour's visit to Chesney Oaks would Jane allude to it; when she went to impart to him the ill doings of one daughter, it was scarcely the time to beg grace for

another. But when Lord Oakburn came home on the Tuesday, the day following the funeral of the late peer, then Jane resolved to speak to him. How she shrank from it, none save herself could tell. His bitterness against Laura was so demonstrative that Jane was willing to let a day or two go on ere she entered upon the other bitter subject. "I will leave it until to-morrow," she thought; but when the morrow came (Wednesday), it brought Laura's letter about her clothes, and the earl went into so great an access of wrath, that Jane did not dare to speak. Still she could not let him go away again without speaking; and on the Thursday morning she took courage, as they were alone after breakfast, and the earl was giving her hurried orders about this and that—for the fly was already at the door to carry him away—she took courage and spoke quietly and pleadingly, though her heart was beating.

"Papa, forgive my speaking upon a forbidden subject. You will let me see after Clarice now?"

"What?" thundered the earl.

The tone was so stern, the countenance bent on Jane so dark in its anger, that all Jane's forced courage left her. Her manner grew hesitating; timid; imparting a notion of which she was painfully conscious—that she was asking something it was not right to ask.

"Clarice," she faltered. "May we not send to her?"

"No," emphatically spoke the earl. "Hold your tongue, Jane! Send to her! Let Clarice come to her sense."

And that was all it brought forth. Lord Oakburn stepped into the fly, attended by Pompey, to be driven to Great Wrenock railway station, and on his way to it enjoyed the pleasure of that encounter with his rebellious daughter and her husband as they quitted St. Mark's Church after their second marriage.

To make things clear to you, my reader, it may be necessary to revert for an instant to the past. Captain Chesney—we will speak of him by his old name, as it relates to the time he bore it—had four daughters, although you have only heard of three. He never had a son. Jane, Laura, Clarice, and Lucy were the names, Clarice being next to Laura. They were the two who seemed to stand together. Jane was considerably older, Lucy considerably younger, but Laura and Clarice were nearly of an age, there being only a year between them. When they were growing up, promising both of them to be of unusual beauty, though they were not much alike, the dowager Countess of Oakburn, who, in her patronising, domineering way, took a good deal of interest in her nephew Captain Chesney's family, came forward with

an offer to place them in France at her own cost for the completion of their education. Captain Chesney and Jane were too sensible of the advantages of such an offer to decline it, and Laura and Clarice were sent to France. When Lady Oakburn chose to do a thing, she did it well and liberally, and the small select Protestant school chosen, situate in the vicinity of Neuilly, was one eligible in all respects. The young ladies were well treated, well instructed, well cared for; and Laura and Clarice remained there for three years—Laura being nineteen, Clarice eighteen, when they returned.

They returned to a less comfortable home than the one they had quitted in France; for the embarrassments of Captain Chesney's house—then situated, as you may remember, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth—were at that time reaching their acme. The petty debts perpetually being pressed for, the straitened comforts of the *ménage*, the almost entire deprivation, through poverty, of the society and amusement so longed for at their age, tried their patience and tried their tempers. Jane bore all meekly for the sake of her father; Lucy was too young to feel it; but on Laura and Clarice it fell heavily.

Clarice was the first to break through the yoke. For two years she made the best of it; was in fact obliged to make the best of it, for what else could she do?—but shortly after her twentieth birthday had passed, she suddenly announced her intention of going out as governess. And had she announced her intention of going round the country in a caravan to dance at fairs, it could not have been received with more indignant displeasure by her family.

Not by one of them only, but by all. Captain Chesney did not condescend to reason with her, he raved at her and forbade her. Jane reasoned; Laura ridiculed; but Clarice held to her own will. That she had a strong will of her own, that contention proved; a will as strong and obstinate as Captain Chesney's. It was in complete opposition to the high notions, the long-cherished pride of the well-born family, that one of its daughters should lower herself to the position of a dependent—a governess—a servant, it might be said, to the caprices of strangers less well born than she was. Clarice declared that she would be doing, as she believed, a right thing; her only motive was to *help* her family: first, by relieving them of her cost and maintenance; secondly, by applying part of her salary, if she should prove fortunate in getting a good one, to assist in the financial department at home.

That Clarice was sufficiently sincere in avowing this to be her motive, there was no reason to doubt, for she believed it to be the chief

one. But had she been capable of strictly analysing her own mind and feelings, it would perhaps have been found that she was also swayed at least in an equal degree by the desire of getting into a home where there would be less of discomfort. Be this as it might, Clarice quitted her home in quite as much disobedience and defiance as Laura was destined subsequently to quit it. There had been a few weeks spent in disputes and useless opposition, Clarice on one side, the whole family on the other; it ended in one violent bitter quarrel, and then Clarice left.

It might have been better had Lady Oakburn not interfered in it. She only added fuel to the flame. Kindness might have availed with Clarice; anger did not. And Lady Oakburn did not spare her anger, or her reproaches. It is true, that when she found these reproaches useless—that they only rendered Clarice more bent upon her plan, she changed her tactics and offered the young lady a home with her, rather than she should persist in what, according to their notions, reflected so much disgrace on the family. But it was then too late. Perhaps at no time would any one of the girls have been willing to accept a home with their domineering old aunt, and Clarice, in her high spirit, resented her present anger and interference too greatly to do aught save send back the offer with something that to the indignant countess looked like scorn. In the last angry scene, the one that occurred just before Clarice left, she affirmed that no disgrace, through her, should ever be cast upon the family of Chesney; for she would change her name at once, and never betray her family to strangers. In her mad imprudence she took a vow so to act. In this mood she quitted her home; and Lady Oakburn immediately turned her anger upon Captain Chesney: he ought to have kept her in with cords, had it been necessary, she said, and not have suffered her to go away from home. It was next to impossible for Lady Oakburn not to vent her anger upon somebody; but in this case the captain was undeserving of it, for Clarice quitted the house in secret, and none knew of her departure until she had gone.

Opposition was over then. Lady Oakburn retreated into her pride, taking no further heed of the matter or of Clarice; Captain Chesney virtually did the same, and forbade the name of his offending daughter ever to be mentioned. In vain Jane pleaded that Clarice might be sought out; might at least be seen after, and one more effort made to induce her to hear reason, and return to her home. Captain Chesney would not listen, and quarrelled

with Jane for her persistency. It was the first coolness, the first unpleasantness, that had ever occurred between Jane and her father.

But, if they could only have put away the useless old family pride, there appeared to be not so great cause for uneasiness on the score of Clarice and the step she had taken. A very short time after Clarice left home, Jane received a letter from her, telling of her movements. She had obtained, she wrote, through a governess-agency house, a situation as governess, and had entered upon it. It was in a good family residing at the west end of London, where she should certainly be safe, and, she hoped, comfortable. She had changed her name, she added, though she should decline to say for what other; and if Jane wanted to write to her, she might send a letter directed to Miss Chesney, care of a certain library in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. "Tell papa, with my love," ran the conclusion of the letter, "that he may thoroughly trust me in all ways; I will not disgrace myself or his name. What I have done I have done from good and loving motives, and I hope that the time may come when he will think of me less harshly."

Jane showed the letter to her father. He flew into a paroxysm of anger, and sent a harsh message to Clarice, to the effect that she should never come home again, and he would never forgive her; which message he compelled Jane to write. It would have the effect of hardening Clarice, as Jane knew; but she could only obey. And from that hour Captain Chesney had interdicted all mention of Clarice by Jane.

But surely Jane had now a right to expect that the change in their position would cause her father to recal Clarice. She was Lady Clarice Chesney now, and the incongruity of a young lady of title being out as a governess must surely strike Lord Oakburn. To hear him thunder out "No," in answer to her appeal, with the added words, "let Clarice come to her senses," fell like a leaden weight on Jane's heart. Her private conviction was, that Clarice, obstinate in spirit and in temper, would not come to her senses of her own accord; unless they made the first move to bring her to them.

But Jane had not time just now to indulge her thoughts or her disappointment. In one week from that day, she and Lucy were to depart from their present home for Chesney Oaks, and there were innumerable things to see about, arrangements to make. Lord Oakburn had brought with him more than sufficient money to satisfy all outstanding claims, and this he left in Jane's hands, desiring her to pay them. With what satisfaction Jane gazed

at this money, let those who have been unwilling debtors only picture. Ah, the rise in the position was little—the rank they had stepped into, the high-sounding titles that must be theirs now for life—they were but little to Jane Chesney, as compared with this blessed power to pay the creditors—to be free from care!

With that delicacy of feeling which I think does in a large measure characterise the greater portion of people, not one creditor had presented himself at the door of Cedar Lodge since the change in Captain Chesney's fortunes. Of course there was a great deal in knowing now that they were secure. Jane was busy after breakfast giving directions in the house to Judith and the new woman-servant who had been temporarily engaged. Later she called Judith into the room that had been Laura's, to help to collect that young lady's things together.

"It is surely not worth while putting in these old shoes and boots," remarked Jane, in the midst of the packing. "She will never wear them again."

The words were spoken to Judith. Judith, however, did not reply. She was standing at the window, looking out on the road.

"Judith."

Judith turned. "I beg your pardon, my lady. I was looking at a carriage that has stopped at the gate. There appears to be an old lady in it."

Lady Jane went to the window. It was the same carriage that so nearly ran over Mr. Carlton; the same that pulled up at the Red Lion to inquire its way to Cedar Lodge. One glimpse was enough for Jane, and something like dismay mixed with the surprise that fell over her features.

"O Judith, run! Run down to receive her. It is my aunt, the dowager Lady Oakburn."

Judith did as she was bid. Jane hastily washed her hands, shook out the flounces of the new mourning worn for the late earl, glanced at the glass and smoothed down the braids of her fair hair—which never looked anything but smooth—and was below ere Lady Oakburn had entered the hall door.

She came in with short, quick steps, her high heels clattering on the flags of the hall. Although very stout, she imparted the idea of being a remarkably active woman—and in truth she was such; active in body, active in mind, active in tongue. And those active women wear well. Lady Oakburn, with her seventy years, did not look more than sixty.

"And now where's your father?" she began, before she had time to receive Jane's salute;

and the sharp tone of her voice caused Jane to know that something had displeased her.

"Papa's gone to Chesney Oaks, Aunt Oakburn," answered Jane, meekly waiting to receive the kiss of greeting. "He left us this morning."

"Yes. Your servant has just told me so," was Lady Oakburn's answer. "And I should like to know what business he has to be darting about the country in this uncertain fashion? What took him off again so soon, pray?"

"Papa only came home to tell me of his plans and direct me what I was to do, aunt," replied Jane, in the deprecatory manner that habit, from early childhood, had rendered a matter of course. "He stayed here two nights."

The countess walked straight to an arm-chair in the drawing-room, drew it in front of the fire, sat down in it, kissed Lucy, who came running up, took off her bonnet, and handed it to Jane to put down. She was looking very cross.

"I reached Great Wennock last night on my way to Chesney Oaks, halted there, and slept. This morning, the first thing, I telegraphed to Chesney Oaks, asking whether the earl was there—your father. An hour ago the answer came back: "The earl is at Cedar Lodge, South Wennock;" and I ordered a post-carriage at once. And now that I am come here, I find him gone!"

"I am very sorry," said Jane. "Had it been yesterday, aunt, you would have found him."

"It is quite necessary that I should see him, Jane. Changes will have to be made at Chesney Oaks, and I intend to have a voice in them. Thoms! Where Thoms?"

She suddenly jumped from her seat, flung open the room door, and her servant came forward. "What have you done with the carriage?" she asked.

"It is at the gate, my lady."

"Good. Let it wait. And now, Jane, if you have a biscuit and a glass of wine to give me, I'll take it, for I shall go on to Chesney Oaks as quickly as I can. A piece of bread-and-butter will do, if you have no biscuits."

Jane hastily got her the refreshment. "We were so grieved, Aunt Oakburn, to hear of the earl's death," she said; "as we had been to hear of the young countess's. Her we did not know; but Lord Oakburn——"

"Stay, Jane"—and the interruption was made in a tone strangely subdued, as contrasted with what had gone before it. "He was my grandson; I loved him for his dead

father's sake; but he is gone, and I don't care to talk of him yet. He's gone, he's gone."

Jane did not break the silence. But Lady Oakburn was not one to give any time to superfluous emotion. She rapidly ate her biscuit, drank the wine, and called to Lucy to put down the glass.

"What are your father's plans, Jane? What does he mean to do with Chesney Oaks? He will not be rich enough to live at it."

"I believe he intends to let it, aunt."

"Let it! Let Chesney Oaks? That he never shall."

"What else can he do with it? As you say, aunt, he is not rich enough to live at it, and it would not do to let it be empty, falling to decay through not being occupied."

Lady Oakburn lifted her hand. "To think that he should have succeeded, after all! Sailor Frank! I never—Jane, I declare to you that I never so much as gave a thought to it, all through my long life."

"And I can most truthfully say that we did not, aunt," was Jane's answer.

"What are you going to do? You will not stop here for long, I suppose?"

"We quit this for good in a week, and join papa at Chesney Oaks. After that, I believe, we shall go to London and settle there."

"Best plan," said Lady Oakburn, nodding her head. "London's the best, if you can't live at Chesney Oaks. But Frank shall never let it. What shall you do with this furniture?" she added, looking round at the very plain chairs and tables. "It won't do for you now."

"We have the house on our hands for some time longer: it was taken on a lease for three years. Papa says he shall let it furnished."

"And what of Laura?"

Jane's heart palpitated, and her eyelids drooped as the abrupt question was put. It was worse to talk of Laura to Lady Oakburn than to her father.

"It has been a terrible blow to us all," she breathed.

"Was she mad?"

"She was very foolish," answered Jane.

"Foolish!" returned the countess, in exasperation, "you call an act such as that only foolish! Where did you learn morals and manners, Lady Jane?"

Jane did not answer.

"What sort of a man is he, that Carlton? A monster?"

"He is not one in appearance, certainly," replied Jane, and had the subject been a less sad one she would have smiled. "I did not like him; apart from this unhappy business, I did

not like him. They returned last night, and were remarried here this morning, I understand," she added, dropping her voice. "I fear—I do fear, that Laura will live to regret it."

"It's to be hoped she will," said the countess, in just the same tone that Lord Oakburn might have wished it. "I saw my young lady just now."

"You saw her, aunt?"

"I did," said Lady Oakburn, nodding her head, "and she saw me. She was at the window of a house as I passed it: Mr. Carlton's, I suppose. Mark me, Jane! she will live to repent it; these runaway matches don't bring luck with them. Where's Clarice?"

The concluding question was put quite as abruptly as the one had been regarding Laura. Jane lifted her eyes, and the flush of excitement stole into her cheek.

"She is where she was, I conclude, Aunt Oakburn."

"And where's that? You may tell me all you know of her proceedings since she left home."

It was certainly condescending of the dowager to allow this, considering that since the departure of Clarice from her home, she had never permitted Jane to mention her in any one of her letters.

"The all is not much, aunt," said Jane. "You know that she sent us word she had entered on a situation in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park——"

"And that she had assumed a false name," interrupted the countess, with acrimony. "Yes, I know so much. Go on."

"That she had changed her name," said Jane, wincing at the plain statement of the case. "But she desired her letters to be addressed Miss Chesney; therefore I cannot see how she can have wholly dropped it."

"Who would write to her, pray?"

"I did," said Jane. "I thought it well that we should not all abandon her——"

"Abandon her!" again interposed the countess. "I think it was she who abandoned us."

"Well—yes, of course it was—but you know what I mean, aunt. I wrote to her occasionally, and I had a few letters from her. Papa never forbade that."

"And what did she say in her letters?"

"Not much: they were generally short ones. I expect they were written just to tell me that she was well and safe. She gave scarcely any particulars of the family she was with, but she said she was as comfortable there on the whole, she supposed, as she could expect to be. But I have not heard from her since the begin-

ning of the year, and I am getting uneasy about it. My two last letters have brought forth no reply: and they were letters that required one."

"She's coming home," said the countess. "You'll see."

"I wish I could think so," returned Jane. "But when I remember her proud spirit, a conviction comes over me that she will not make the first move. She will expect papa to do it."

"Then she should expect, for me, were I her father," tartly returned the dowager, as she rose and put on her bonnet. "If she has no more sense of what is due to the Earl of Oakburn, and to herself as Lady Clarice Chesney, than to be out teaching children, I'd let her stop until her senses came to her."

Almost the same words as those used by the earl not many hours before. And the old Countess of Oakburn reiterated them again, as she said adieu to her grandnieces, and departed as abruptly as she had arrived.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE HUNTERS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

I.

THREE hunters a-hunting merrily start:
They go out a-hunting the milk-white hart.

II.

They lay them down under a tall fir-tree,
And each of the hunters a dream doth see.

III.

FIRST DREAM.

"I dreamt the while I was beating the bush,
Thereout in a moment the hart did rush."

IV.

SECOND DREAM.

"The hounds they yelped, and away he hied,
But I wounded him in his milk-white side."

V.

THIRD DREAM.

"And when I saw him lie dead on the ground,
A joyous blast on my bugle I wound."

VI.

The while the three hunters thus dreaming lie,
The milk-white hart runs swiftly by.

VII.

Before the three hunters have opened their eyes,
Away far out of their reach he flies.

BLOMFIELD JACKSON.

THE DOWNS.

THERE is nothing to be ashamed of in the great national excitement which prevails throughout the length and breadth of our sport-loving England about the Derby and the Oaks. Philip of Macedon, if we desire a precedent among the most refined people of antiquity, was ever wont to encourage by his imperial patronage and presence the Pythian Games at Elis, where he used often to preside as umpire; and our own monarchs, moved by a strong instinct which needed no classical sanction, have ever since the establishment of the modern Olympics down at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and Ascot, conferred upon them the advantages of their direct and liberal support.

It has been said that we English have much to be proud of in the possession of those powers of endurance and activity which go to make up the sum of a good pedestrian, and that we might apply our capabilities in this way to very useful practical purposes. Our infantry has been thought to contain, on an average, some ten thousand men capable of marching fifty miles a day for a week together, and without entering into the details of the important inferences which have been deduced from this assumption, it seems, we admit, at a first glance, that the cavalry has reason to feel jealous and uneasy at the very mention of it. Ten thousand picked men of this stamp, to be called the Great Walkers, the Invincible Marchers, the Scarlet Runners, the Fifty-mile Dailies, or what not, would constitute a new and tremendous auxiliary to that branch of the Service which plods along upon ten toes.

It is equally true that from the earliest dawn of our history to the present day our skill in all pertaining to the horse has distinguished us in a manner peculiar to ourselves. Julius Cæsar was often terrified at the impetuosity of our scythed chariots, and not unfrequently repulsed by those charges which derived their chief effect from the discipline of our horses, and their expert management by our charioteers. The early British coin was impressed with the image of that favourite animal, which, much in the same form, is reproduced and perpetuated upon the shield of the arms of Kent. In Saxon times our chariness for our horses was so great that the exportation of the native breed was for long interdicted.

But whether as walkers, as riders, or as drivers, our national merit stands highest, our cavalry has no grounds for apprehension on the score of comparison, for the whole world, every part of which has unfortunately been in turn our enemy, acknowledges the marked superiority

which our mounted soldiery have constantly displayed on account (among other things) of their horsemanship and their horses. Now, without being turfites ourselves, we confess to a belief in those doctrines which turfites maintain, as to the improvement in the equine quadruped which their profession has brought about; and we don't believe that the ten thousand would ever walk into the ranks of the Light Dragoons, and disperse them as so much live lumber, inasmuch as speed and unweariedness in long marching is not the only criterion by which to judge whether or no those smart, well-mounted fellows are, as warriors, worth the enormous sums they cost us; and therefore we wish them well; we confide in their lasting usefulness, and delight in everything, even from a military aspect, which conduces to the quality of their nags, or the grace and dexterity with which they ride them. We love horses. In fact, we don't dislike a well-contested race,—for that's the point. Quite otherwise. We attend regularly both the Derby and the Oaks, and, as circumstances allow, steal down at the tail of the giant iron-horse to witness some other little events elsewhere.

Besides, we are patriotic and public-spirited, and it has been affirmed that the distinct maintenance of a breed of pure blood is necessary to arrest the degeneration of our saddle horses; this degeneration being, by a well-known law of nature, the normal consequence of breeding continually from the same class of stock. The greyhound requires the bull-dog now and then to keep up the characteristic qualities of his constitution. To use the language of the jockey, a round buttock, a grummy carcase, and a coarse head would soon appear among our roadsters if the pains taken by the turf and the tests it employs were suffered to collapse. The race-horse is, in fact, the source of all the excellence demanded in the species. Weight for weight, he is the strongest horse known, and it is not to be supposed anybody will dispute his surpassing courage, pluck, stamina, and swiftness.

Now, if about 1,400,000 animals—which is the estimated amount of horses of all kinds now administering to the wants and enjoyments of us English—are materially affected, as to value and usefulness, by the peculiar variety (numbering about 1,500) which is produced, fostered, and supported by the pursuits of the turf, the pursuits of the turf are not unimportant. The large exportation of horses into foreign countries for crossing with their own sufficiently shows the success which has attended our method of treating them. All the world admits the high state of perfection to which we have brought the noble creature;

not in a few respects only, but in the many and multifarious departments of the economy of life in which our need of him is indispensable. We intend, certainly, upon principle, to honour all demands made upon us by Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, and Newmarket whenever they fall due.

The blood of the barb was introduced into England from Spain by Roger de Belesme, earl of Shrewsbury, in the reign of William I. At his estate in Pow Island the earl set up a brood-stud, and thereby effected such a change for the better in the breed of Welsh horses that for long afterwards that part of the country was famed for their superiority, and they appear to have suffered little or no degeneration in the lapse of many years, for Drayton, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, speaks with marked emphasis of the generous temperament and fleetness of the very same race. Some date the institution of racing in England from the reign of Henry II., when a rude kind of course was laid out upon the plain now known as Smithfield. It is uncertain, however, whether this course, thus early, was more than an open space used by buyers to try horses upon, for it is quite certain a horse-fair then existed there, and we may be sure the trotting him out and putting him through his paces were parts of the ordeal to which the palfrey or charger of that age was subjected, quite as much as the hack and hunter are among ourselves. Nevertheless, later in our annals—in the days of Queen Anne—Smithfield did eminently enjoy the reputation of a well-known course, at which matches for money were commonly run, though, in a moral point of view, this reputation seems to have been a very bad one. In proof of this we have only to refer to a letter, unfriendly to racing, written in her reign, in which the writer takes notice of “the horse-courers” of this never savoury locality being no worse than the nobility and gentry down at Newmarket, where the meetings had become regular and fashionable, were attended by crowds from far and near, and began to endure severe criticism from moralists and popular preachers.

That racing, in some sense, was in vogue in and about the reign of Henry II., and that it received a fresh stimulus under the auspices of Henry VIII., though our information respecting the courses of either period is not of the surest, admits of no doubt. It appears that the method adopted of old of matching our steeds in a race was the train scent, when the contending horses were, without riders, suffered to follow the dogs. Steeple chasing, pretty nearly as we carry it on now, was another mode of trying their speed and bottom, and the goose-chase, which must have been a

sort of follow the leader, performed by equine players, settled down amongst the sporting world of those days as a diversion, ineffably silly, no doubt, but excused by pleading the same motives adduced in justification of all racing.

Henry VIII., among the various accomplishments ascribed to him, appears to have possessed a taste for horse-flesh, and to have lent no small assistance to the melioration of our indigenous race by the importation of stock from Spain and Turkey. Horses from the former of these countries, which owed their celebrity to its occupation by the Moors, were afterwards more freely introduced into our paddocks by the wreck of the Armada. This fleet had been furnished with a number of choice barbs, and its destruction upon our coasts proved a boon to the breed of our horses as well as to other more important interests. Indeed, we had on that occasion much need of some sort of aid in this respect, for Elizabeth's ministers were sorely troubled to mount 5,000 cavalry for repelling the invasion. Then James I. was the Macedonian Philip of the age. The palace he built at Newmarket, though it was used in the first instance as a hunting-box, served as a landmark inaugurating the distinction of that town as a great central emporium of sport, and hither generations after generations have repaired to follow up the work so royally begun, and so well sustained by every class of the community down to the present day. King James, however, was not the first who chose the Heath as the site of a race-course, for it appears to have been here that the horses saved from the wreck of the Armada, and washed chiefly on the shores of Galloway, exhibited to the surprise and delight of throngs of spectators those wonderful powers of muscle, and that unequalled swiftness of foot, for which the horses of Spain were so famous, and which, though new to us then, we have since cultivated in our own breeds with such unrivalled success. Such was the rough and early edition of that sport, in its more legitimate character, in which we have become at last refined adepts, and the Scotch, who were naturally the first to prove the mettle of the barbs thus strangely consigned to them from Spain, set an example which, in the end, took a lasting hold upon our manners.

Racing had lain dormant from its earliest commencement in the very far-off periods of our history until the revival which woke it up by the unforeseen circumstance of the time of which we are speaking. When Charles I. sat upon the throne, it was one of the ordinary diversions of Hyde Park, and his son, Charles II., was so favourably inclined towards the

sport that he established meetings at Datchet Mead, to be held whilst he resided at Windsor Castle. He was the first of our sovereigns who entered horses for running in his own name; and now, instead of the prizes consisting of teapots, bells, pieces of plate, and such like articles, trifling in value, and questionable either as things of ornament or use, as had been the custom heretofore, a purse or sum of money was thought a better stakes, and one hundred pounds sterling represents the first of the kind adopted.

But we are going a little too fast. We must not omit mention of an event of some moment which red-letters the reign of James I. We have spoken of his palace at Newmarket, and how from a hunting box it became a convenient residence for the purposes of racing. It was neither the palace, however, nor its owner that was the lion of the place, but an Arabian horse known as the Markham Arab. The royal stud-groom had paid for this magnificent animal five hundred pounds, and his appearance amongst us indicates another era in the annals of the British turf. He soon became not only the wonder of the Olympian world, but—which was of greater practical utility—the illustrious sire of a glorious progeny. The highly artificial race to which the English courser belongs grew by slow degrees more and more distinctive. A judicious admixture of the pure Arab with the best blood of the country, regulated by conditions which have been favoured partly by sagacity and experience, and partly by chance, ultimately accomplished those complete results which our breeders had the penetration to foresee.

Notwithstanding the chill which, during the ascendancy of puritanical influences, had benumbed, among other public amusements, the sports of the turf, Oliver Cromwell kept a stud-master of his own. To this individual we were indebted for White Turk, and several other brood mares, whose blood proved of service in bettering our native stock. The fresh impetus given to the cause under the patronage of our second Charles multiplied our public courses. We soon had one at Chester, which, becoming famous under the remarkable title of “the Rhoddee,” shared with the Heath in Cambridgeshire some of the leading events of the day. Enfield Chase at Croydon, and Gatherby in Yorkshire had, it is true, grown into note previous to the reign of Charles II., but “the merry monarch,” to whom all turfites look as the great patron of their particular sport, showed that preference for Newmarket which so many generations of sportsmen have subsequently endorsed. Public faith in the inexhaustible resources and incontestible ad-

vantages of Newmarket for all time yet to come lays, you see, the foundation-stone of one of those joint-stock company hotels—so enormous in size, so imposing in effect, so unlimited in all things but the liability of the shareholders—with which all England is rapidly getting overgrown; whilst Epsom, fretful at the forwardness of her rival, and emulous of doing likewise, appeals to her friends to help maintain her own proud dignity. Surely nobody since Noah ever thought of accommodating under one and the same roof such multitudes of cattle, male and female, after their kind, and of beasts, male and female, after their kind, as do the hotel builders of modern times; but, of course, the seven splendid meetings on the Heath, and the one glorious day on Banstead Downs, are enough to pay any number of shareholders any amount of dividend desired.

Queen Anne was another warm supporter of the same national pursuit, and in the days of George II. legislation—some of it very mischievous in its tendency—began to regulate the mode of conducting it. In 1753 the Jockey Club, which is established at Newmarket, purchased the race-course on the Heath, and then commenced laying down the law in all matters connected with the rules and conditions of the turf with an authority which has commanded the assent and concurrence of sportsmen of all shades and denominations. It were unpardonable to forget that in this last reign the renowned Derby and Godolphin Arabs, from which all our modern celebrities are descended, were imported into our studs.

The vulgar persuasion that the middle of the last century, when Flying Childers and Eclipse made such a noise in the world by their wonderful performances, should be regarded as the era during which our blood horses had attained an excellence which their descendants have never equalled seems to be without sufficient foundation. Some of the best authorities on the subject are, on the contrary, of opinion that our modern cracks, all things taken into the account, might have entered into competition with these renowned coursers without any serious chance of coming out of the contest any the worse for it; and for our part we accept the judgment as decisive. Most agreeable and pleasant we find it to cherish the conviction that we do not live in an age which in any respect—even in the blood of the racer—has fallen from its high estate. Some fifty years ago there were two racers, Firetail and Pumpkin, which performed a mile each in a second or two over one minute; and it is disputed whether Flying Childers really accomplished the same distance, as commonly

asserted, in less time. Quite recent instances, equally conclusive, will occur to the mind of every reader advanced beyond the mere elements of sporting and equestrianism.

There is much difficulty in tracing the origin of racing on the Downs at Epsom, but it had existed there certainly before the year 1730, when, it is recorded, a celebrated hunter called Madcap won the prize. We mention the circumstance merely because there is proof that at that date annual meetings in May and June were and had been for some little time fixed events. Indeed, races had long been before held here on special occasions, for so far back as the unquiet times of King Charles I. a meeting of royalists, under cover of a horse race, was appointed on Banstead Downs, whither without creating any suspicion they assembled for purposes of a far less popular and, it will be granted, far less improving character.

The progress made by this fascinating pursuit in the affections of the nation, contemplated in all we behold upon the recurrence of each Derby Day, leads us to infer it must have been steady and rapid. One hundred thousand people congregated on this occasion forms a climax which could hardly have been attained but by a deep-seated and wide-spread enthusiasm in the cause which invites them to the spot. And this feeling seems to have increased in a very high ratio as it approached the half century in which our own lot and our contemporaries' are cast. The facilities afforded by railroads have of late years largely contributed to this result—and to what have they not?—but upon occasions so essentially composed of sporting elements we shall always, despite new expedients of transit, find the road crowded with vehicles and horsemen, if only to enable amateurs of the kindred arts of driving and riding to exercise their respective tastes, and exhibit their proficiency. It seems as if the strong partiality we bear towards all the stirring scenes enacted upon these breezy downs collects crowds of pleasure-seekers of such density and bulk that they can only be measured, not by the ease, but by the possibility of getting there. Let us start balloons with fine weather and a fair wind, and an increase of visitors just in proportion to the balloons' capacities will be a sure and necessary consequence. Let us enlarge our pneumatic tubes and charge them with as ample contrivances for the stowage of live animals—no matter how far below the standard of humanity and its requirements—as mathematics can invoke, and the vacuum will be filled,—people be blown down to Epsom through the bowels of the earth as well and as contentedly as along

the horizontals and levels running on a more superficial foundation.

The original attraction which drew visitors to Epsom, in the days before the Georges, was the mineral spring, the first discovered in England. We all of us at this moment associate with Epsom a peculiar medicinal treatment of the inner man, which the place, or more properly its name, at once suggests. This reputation as a kind of Pool of Bethesda was firmly established in the middle of the 17th century, when the salts produced from the waters were sold for five shillings the ounce. Like all towns supplying similar panaceas for the restoration of health, Epsom then possessed the usual machinery for the encouragement of late hours, hot and crowded rooms, dissipated habits and scenes of false excitement, which so materially impair it. There was a splendid ball-room, and hotels and lodging-houses for the accommodation of company, surpassing in their elegance and the extravagance of their charges even Bath and Tonbridge, which accomplished so much good for themselves by similar temptations. It appears, according to an old ballad, that,—

When fashion resolved to raise Epsom to fame,
Poor Tonbridge did nought ; "

but that Bath ultimately carried off the palm :—

Bath's springs next in fashion came rapidly on,
And outdid by far what'er Epsom had done.

But unlike the spas of Germany, which have added to their natural health-giving attractions those of the gambling table, Epsom has, in the shape of its races, altogether substituted the opportunities of winning and losing our money for those of removing our bodily diseases. Depletion endured by our purses has supplanted sufferings of another kind.

In the reign of Queen Anne, who with her whole court visited Epsom, Mr. Toland, whilst writing a full account of the beauties and gaieties of the place, expatiates exuberantly upon the carpet-like verdure of the surrounding downs, and the delicious and invigorating breezes, scented with the odours of the wild thyme and juniper, which were ever blowing playfully over its walks, drives, and pathless undulations. He speaks merely by the way of the "riding, hunting, and racing," for which, he observes, they afford such excellent facilities. But the raffling by day and the dancing by night, the music and interchange of social amenities at all hours ; the well-stocked shops and crowded coffee-houses ; the inns, and taverns, and gay public promenades ; the good cheer and festive entertainments, rendered irresistible by the rare quality of the Banstead Down mutton, all come in for a very

particular share of his commendation, whilst "the ring on the downs,"—the site of the world-renowned race-course—is only mentioned as a spot from which is obtained the best panorama of the lovely landscape scattered throughout the neighbourhood. On these devoted downs—fancy it, ye trainers of pure blood, ye tender nurses of the sprigs of a stock whose ancient descent traces back to the wild life of the desert!—fancy it; on these devoted downs, in the barbarous days when Epsom salts was the divinity all the world came in pilgrimage to adore, a pig with a greasy tail was started daily for the recreation of the mob!

Before the existing arrangements, two important general meetings, one in the spring and one in the autumn, appear to have been regularly fixed; but neither foreshadowed the immense importance which at present attaches to the week succeeding Whitsuntide. The "Derby" dates from 1780, and the "Oaks" from 1779.

To say a word about the sums of money involved in this pastime would indeed open an unfathomable depth of investigation. The consumption of oats alone at Newmarket makes a pretty figure among the expenses of horse-racing. Between five and six hundred quarters disappear weekly. Neither should we relish the task of extenuating the mode of investing very much of our wealth which is in vogue with the frequenters of the Corner, every Thursday in the year. Those bill-discounters who deal with customers almost solely of this class find their safety in exorbitant charges, and upon these terms (denominated by the craft "pretty stiff,") do an amount of business which the uninitiated would never dream were possible. Some seventy or eighty thousand pounds has frequently to be provided by one only of their fraternity on the morning succeeding the Derby Day. This is to meet the expected demands of betting clients; and for the accommodation thus afforded—and they are right—these discounters do not scruple to charge some thirty per cent. Then the value of a race-horse is almost fabulous. The Imaum of Muscat, after ten years' search for the best Oriental blood he could procure, presented a horse to George IV., which had cost him in bribes to obtain him and the price which would make him his own a good 10,000%; whilst in more recent days—1838—the celebrated Harkaway was valued at six thousand guineas, down on the nail, and without any engagements; for at the time he was offered for sale his owner hunted him twice a week.

To conclude with a reflection. As much vice has doubtless been propagated by the

abuses of the turf, it is satisfactory to think that on the other side the patronage of royalty, the vast amount of money, ingenuity, time and patience spent upon its legitimate promotion should have returned for such large investments results of great national importance. If we are asked to point these out, we turn to all which concerns the treatment and superiority of British horses. Unquestionably the cultivation of our racing blood has been the sole cause of the excellence we have reached in every style and description of this noble and useful animal.

"THE GLOVE."

I.

SINCE you have asked, I needs must tell the history
Of how I gained yon pearly little glove:
Alas! it is the key to no soft mystery,
Nor gage of tourney in the lists of love.

II.

'Twas thus I found it,—through the city's bustle
I wandered one still autumn eve, alone:
A tall slight form brushed by with silken rustle,
And past into a carriage, and was gone.

III.

One glance I had, in that I caught the gleaming
Of violet eyes, o'er which the rippling tress
Glanced gold,—a face like those we see in dreaming,
As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

IV.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her
Clothed, like a summer-dawn, in silver-gray,
And left the crowded street as dark without her
As winter skies whose moon has past away.

V.

This little gauntlet which her hand was clasping,
Fell from her as she reached the carriage door,
And floated down, as flutters from the aspen
Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

VI.

And I,—I found it on the pavement lying,
Pale as the marble Venus-missing hand,
Or some small flake of foam which Ocean, flying,
Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

VII.

She was so like some queen of the ideal—
With that bright brow, those soft eyes' shadowy gleam—
I fain would keep this pledge to prove her real,
To mark her difference from an airy dream.

VIII.

And though her glove has unto me been donor
Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well
That she should know as little of its owner
As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

IX.

Why should I drag her from her high position,
Her niche above this work-day world's long reach?
Hardly a fact, nor wholly yet a vision,
She joins for me the better parts of each.

A. M. B.

THE NORTH COAST OF DEVON AND CORNWALL.

(IN TWO PARTS.)



PART I.

ON a bright morning, about the middle of last summer, we started from the Waterloo Station. The day was sufficiently fresh and sunny to make our spirits rise, as London and its smoke and dust were left behind, and we began to breathe the pure country air. The road had nothing of special interest to beguile the way. At Salisbury we caught a glimpse of the cathedral and its elegant spires. Exeter seemed hardly interesting as we passed it; but we were pleasantly whirled on to Barnstaple, in the hope of much enjoyment to come. Here we at once found ourselves in the midst of

Devonshire country life. It was fair-day. The carriage was full in a minute with farmers and their wives. Very merry they were, relating to each other the various experiences of the day, but in a language almost unintelligible to us, the broadest brogue we heard during our journey. Bideford was our destination by train; but we had determined that Clovelly should be our resting-place that night; and, as the evening was drawing in, we at once set to work to find out the quickest way there. A little patience was needed, as conveyances were scarce that day at Bideford. We loitered about the old bridge, with its twenty-five

arches, watching the setting sun and the boats on the broad, winding Torridge. Bideford is not an interesting place. There are pleasant walks and drives in the neighbourhood to the Tapley Woods, and Northam Burrows, and the Pebble Ridge; but we did not care to linger there, and were soon on our way to Clovelly. As this part of our journey was in the dark we will not pretend to describe it; the road seemed chiefly between two high hedges, which would at any time prevent a view of the sea. We passed through several little villages; and once the driver pointed out a bright speck in the distance, the lighthouse on Lundy Isle. Within a mile of Clovelly we came to a group of cottages and a little chapel; then we turned down a shady road, and the driver pulled up, and told us we had arrived at our journey's end. But where were the houses? We seemed to have alighted in the middle of a wood, and could scarcely see a glimmer of light between the trees. We began to wonder where we should find a night's lodging. It was past ten o'clock, and very dark, and apparently all Clovelly had retired to rest. We took our traps and followed our guide, who, with a carriage-lamp in one hand, helped us to grope our way down a steep path; then we turned, and found ourselves in the village, the babbling little stream and our own footsteps the only sounds to be heard. But this did not last long. If the inhabitants had retired to rest, they were still awake enough to care to know who had come at that time of night; and a candle and then a head came forth from first one door, then another. There seems to be a very friendly feeling between the lodging-house keepers at Clovelly. It is the custom for visitors to try for accommodation at the top of the street first, and if that is full they will be recommended to the next, and so on. We made two unsuccessful attempts; but the third time we found a good lodging, and there we gladly settled down. It turned out well in all respects; and our worthy landlady made us as comfortable as we could wish to be during the three days we stayed there.

We slept soundly on a soft bed, and were up betimes in the morning. Then it was we had our first view of the quaint little town of Clovelly. Our house was not half-way down the steep street, and at our first essay it seemed probable that we should not very often descend to the pier. The street (if it may bear that name) is a kind of paved staircase, very rough and irregular. It requires some practice to learn how to trip down it without fear of a tumble. Perhaps our boots were at fault, or perhaps it was the rain (which had come down heavily in the night); but we were hardly able

to keep on our feet, and envied the little children who ran down, skipping and laughing, before us. The first point of interest in the descent is the seat, commanding a fine view of the bay and pier, where may generally be found a little knot of sailors watching the fishing-boats; or it may be a coastguard's man on the look-out as a strange vessel appears in sight. There is a barometer hanging up behind, from which, with the aid of the little table beneath (which is filled up daily), you may see what the weather has been, and form some judgment as to what it is likely to be:—

Long foretold, long last,
Short notice, soon past.

With "many turns and twists, so that the cobbler's house comes dead across your path, and to have held a reasonable course you must have gone through his house, and through him too, as he sat at work between his two little windows," we made our way down to the pier. It was early, and the tide was high, and came washing against the row of old-terraced houses which are on the beach. The pier looks as if built to stand the rough seas of this coast, and seems already to have braved many a heavy storm. From the end there is a good view of the village; and here should, if possible, be read the graphic description of a well-known author:—

The village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea-beach to the cliff-top two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, rose like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or climbed down the village by the stairs between, some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp irregular stones. The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys toiled slowly up the stairs of the ladder, bearing fish and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier, from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended laden or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys, and come to the surface again far off, high above others. No two houses in the village were alike, in chimneys, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof-tree, anything. The sides of the ladders were musical with water running clear and bright. The stones were musical with the clattering feet of the pack-horses and pack-donkeys, and the voices of the fishermen urging them up, mingled with the voices of the fishermen's wives and their many children.

From the pier to the right there is a view all along Bideford Bay to Morte Point. If the day be clear, the next point, Baggy, is generally visible. Nearer, you distinguish the lighthouse at Braunton Burrows. Then the

straight line of the Pebble Ridge ; and, still closer, Buck's Mills, standing prettily amidst the wooded hills. On the left, the first rocks shut out the coast view ; but Lundy Isle, about eighteen miles away, is generally distinguishable. For those who are good sailors it is an interesting expedition to Lundy. Our stay was not long enough to enable us to go ; but we heard much of its wildness and beauty. There is generally a good dish of fish to be had for breakfast at Clovelly, if you are not too early. Fresh herrings or whiting are plentiful in the autumn, and the nearer your lodging is to the pier the better choice you will have.

Our first walk was to Buck's Mills. The sea was so fresh and beautiful that we did not care to leave it, and when the tide went down we determined to go by the beach. We passed the old terraced houses, and over the rusty chains and brown fishing-nets ; and at first our walk seemed easy enough, skipping from one great stone to another, but we did not find it so as we went on. The stones were, some of them, slippery, some sharp, and always we had to pick our way. A short distance from Clovelly the red-brown cliffs come down upon the shore in broken rocks. There is a passage through one ; and near it, looking back, is a good view of the lower part of the village and the pier. All along the way the cliffs are beautifully wooded to the very edge ; and as we saw them in their rich autumnal foliage, with the grey boulders beneath, and the fresh sea dashing and foaming about the rocks, there was much to delight the eye whichever way we turned. We rounded point after point ; but Buck's Mills was a long time before it seemed nearer to us. When at last we reached it we found a curious little place built up the hill—something in the style of Clovelly. We rested, watching the men and donkeys busily at work with the sand, and then made our way up a circuitous path, and looked at the picturesque water-mill above. Our way was along the cliff towards the Hobby : it was to be a short cut, but proved, as usual, a much longer route. We lost the path, and found that there were walls to climb and two little streams to cross. But when you are out for a walk like this such obstacles are rather diverting than otherwise ; and in the end we found ourselves where we wished to be.

The Hobby is a pretty shady walk, following the bends of the coast ; and as we went on here and there, between the overhanging trees, we caught beautiful bird's-eye views of Clovelly. We believe that, by asking, any one may obtain permission to ride through, if unequal to the walk ; and a carriage from the New Inn, Bideford, can always go through the Hobby

the last mile. All other vehicles go round, as we did the night before. In the evening we were down on the pier, watching the boats come in. Generally something interesting is going on there, and the sailors are always willing to talk. Fine handsome fellows, many of them are, with bright, open-hearted faces. No wonder that a painter like Hook has found many of his models here. One thing specially strikes you about them,—they all seem well to do. How this is we do not know. One would hardly think that the fishing and trading of the place could bring in very handsome incomes.

Our next day, Saturday, was spent in exploring in an opposite direction. Clovelly Court is not open to the public ; but when persons have once been through with a guide they are free to do as they like. It was rather tiresome to have to follow their footsteps and listen to the tittle-tattle ; but many a pretty peep would have been missed if we had gone without one. Several little summer-houses and seats are put up at the most interesting points of view. From one on the Clovelly side of the deer-park there is a good view of the Gallantry Bower Rock, which stands out boldly in a precipice of 400 feet. Of course, there is a romantic story attached to it—of a fair lady and a knight—from which it derives its name. There is a rough path down to the beach, and perhaps its height is even more imposing from below. The park was rich with heather and gorse, and troops of deer went leaping down before us. We soon ascended the hill into a place called the Wilderness, from which we had a view of the coast nearly to Hartland Point. Here we left our guide, and came back alone. We found a pleasant walk by a lower path through a beautiful wooded glen, which led us out into the road near the church. Not far from this point are Clovelly Cross and Dykes, where are the remains of an old Roman encampment.

Most of our readers know, we doubt not, the pure enjoyment of a Sunday afternoon by the sea amongst the rocks. They will find many quiet little nooks near Clovelly. Is it true, as an eloquent author of modern times has suggested, "that the Teutonic eye has a keener instinct, and the Teutonic mind a purer relish, for landscape beauty," than the ancients had, or foreign nations of the present day ? Then would we thank God that we are English men and women, that the glories of His earth and sky can awaken such deep feelings in our hearts.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

HOW TO BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE OR LAND.

WHEN we hear the costermonger shouting out in the street,—“Pineapple, a penny a slice,” it would seem that commercial activity had managed at last to bring the height of luxury within the means of the lowest class; but it would appear as if some of our building and freehold land societies were bringing into the market slices of an article hitherto considered to be the entire monopoly of the upper classes, at a price within the means of the ordinary working-man. Any artisan, in fact, may purchase an estate—a slice of this globe, extending from the surface to the very centre,—for a small sum, which he is allowed to pay in monthly instalments of a few shillings. The estate would not be large, but quite sufficient to build a house upon, and to give him a little plot of back garden. In this country, where everything connected with land is so guarded by the lawyers, that even to look upon such a plot, in the ordinary way, would empty the poor man’s purse, the reader would doubtless like to know how this result is brought about. The value of the working-man’s shillings, in a monetary sense, appears to have been only discovered within these last thirty years; at least, it is only lately that we have heard of societies of artisans buying landed estates, or of purchasing houses out of their own means. The discovery once made, however, that, by merely clubbing their means, they were, in the aggregate, the capitalists of the country, has resulted in the formation of different societies for the purchase of land and houses, which have sprung up with lightning-like rapidity. It is estimated that there are upwards of 700 building societies in the metropolis alone, whilst throughout the country they may be counted by thousands. The freehold land societies are by no means so numerous, as to an artisan or a tradesman the possession of a house is a more manageable thing than a plot of ground. A plot of ground may turn out a very good speculation, but if not required to build a house upon, its immediate use is not so evident.

The land societies are enabled to distribute among their members plots of ground at a rate so reasonable from the fact of their buying wholesale, and selling retail; and, moreover, buying at agricultural prices, and selling at the prices of building-land; or, at least, at a price which will afford the society a fair margin of profit, while it enables the various members to get their plots of ground very much cheaper than they possibly could by any other means. The benefit building societies are founded upon the fact that tenants pay to their landlords a

much larger sum, as rent, than the ordinary interest upon the sum which would buy the house. This principle has long been understood, and acted upon in another form. A man, for instance, by raising by mortgage the value of the house he wishes to purchase, only pays the interest on the amount as rent. This is all very well as long as it lasts, but the money is generally liable to be called in at six months’ notice—a very inconvenient matter sometimes; and then there is all the expense of obtaining a new mortgage, which often swallows up all the difference he has saved upon the transaction: the principal has still to be repaid in any case. But, by becoming a member of one of these building societies, the principal is paid off at long or short intervals, in the form of rent. The first thing to be ascertained in joining a building society is, whether it is a good one, constructed on sound principles, which Mr. Tidd Pratt has recognised, and then, if it is supported and conducted by responsible persons. Hundreds of these societies have started and failed, simply through a want of precaution in these preliminaries. We have before us the prospectus of the Birkbeck Building and Freehold Land Societies: as these are among the largest and best conducted in the metropolis, we will see how their affairs are worked. And let us begin with the solid earth, before touching upon the building scheme. Suppose, for instance, a man is a politician, and wants a vote for the county; by becoming a member of the Birkbeck Freehold Land Society, in course of time he can accomplish his wish, by purchasing a 30% share, payable either in one sum at once, or by instalments of three shillings per month. The political bearing of this principle of subdividing the land among the working classes was first put in practice by Feargus O’Connor, and his lead has been followed, on a better plan, by the Conservative Land and other societies, which have seen that the battle of the Constitution, instead of being fought in the Registration Courts, was to be decided by these societies. It is true that the political element no longer is of much weight in these joint-stock associations, but the power remains with them; and, when the next great Reform Bill thoroughly agitates the masses, it may be that the voting-power working men have obtained, in both the county and borough franchise, will tell with irresistible effect.

But let us see how the mechanic sets about purchasing his slice of land. If he goes to the London Mechanics’ Institution, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, he finds that, even in that placid nest of the lawyers, he is in the presence of an institution that seems by no

means in accord with the *genius loci*. For a man with only a few shillings in his pocket to dare to enter this musty old parchment neighbourhood, and dare to offer to purchase an estate, seems to be a dire offence in itself to the eternal fitness of things. But there is no mistake about the matter : there are the plans of the estates to be allotted hanging outside on the railings, and he is invited to walk in and obtain his slice of Mother Earth on the easiest possible terms. "A piece of freehold land for 30*l* !" we hear the conveyancing lawyer say, as he passes by the place, in disgust ; "why, it would cost that money to transfer it in a business-like manner. What is the world coming to !" Nevertheless, there are the estates hanging up, divided into plots, surveyed, provided with roads, sewers, approaches, &c., and coloured equal to the plans of the best estates to be seen in any of the conveyancing-offices in Chancery Lane. There is the Lower Norwood estate, the Highgate Archway estate, the Croydon estate, the Holloway Road estate, the Stockwell estate, the Upper Holloway estate, the Hornsey Road estate, and the Nicholay estate ; so he has his choice of the suburbs of the metropolis, in which he may either desire to grow his potatoes, or to build his domicile. He goes in and pays his one shilling entrance-fee, and either pays a monthly subscription or the full purchase-money of 30*l*. at once, receiving six-pound-five per cent. for his money. High per-centage, the reader will say, and therefore, according to the Duke of Wellington's dictum, bad security. By no means ; because the money so invested is lent to other members who wish to borrow at 7½ per cent., as we shall show by-and-by when speaking of the working of the Birkbeck advance security. And now for the manner in which the shares are allotted. This is done either by rotation, ballot, or paid-up shares. If a man is fortunate in drawing a share in the ballot, he often sells the right at once of possession, and thus makes a profit, by the outlay of a few shillings, by selling to a member who wants an allotment without further delay. The transfer of the share only costs one shilling ; hence the ease with which these parcels of land pass from hand to hand. When the whole of the payments are made the land passes into the possession of the shareholder. He is bound not to erect any manufactory or workshop, or any unsightly building, upon the plot ; and with these limitations the allotment is his for ever. As the estates belonging to the Birkbeck Society are all in the neighbourhood of London, their value is highly speculative. Railways are running in all directions, and these poor men's plots may stand in their way ; consequently, at any time

they may be doubled in value. Indeed, this has occurred ; for we see by the eleventh annual report, ending August, 1863, that no less than three railways have given notice of their intention to obtain bills to pass through the estates of this society. In most cases stations will be erected in their precincts, thus raising the value of the whole of the allotments, even where the line does not touch them. When it does, the coup to the shareholder is great. For instance, we hear that the Edgware, Highgate, and London Railway Company purchased during the last year fifty-five allotments out of ninety-five on the Highgate Archway estate, in some cases paying to the allottees upwards of three times the price at which the land was originally allotted. Thus the poor man, by dropping in his monthly three shillings into this common estate fund, may draw a prize that may make him for life. The allottees of other building societies have been also very fortunate. At the Stoke Newington estate of the National Society, premiums of 30*l*. and 40*l*., and even 50*l*., have been realised. At the Gospel Oak estate, belonging to the St. Pancras Society, allotments which have cost 20*l*. each, have been let off in building leases at fifty shillings per annum ; and the allotments of the Conservative Society's estate (the largest in the country), at Putney, have realised premiums of more than 100*l*. But these are the prizes of these schemes, and they must not be taken for more than they are worth. The fact that land of any kind in the neighbourhood of the metropolis is increasing yearly at a great ratio is sufficient to show that a man cannot be wrong in buying his slice of it on the easy terms proposed by these societies. Indeed, we hear that speculators have bought up many shares (in the Birkbeck Land Society there is no limit to the number that may be purchased) simply as a matter of speculation. The legitimate object of buying these allotments, however, is to build upon them, and this is done with the large majority of cases. As a poor man cannot build a house, however painfully he may have acquired the ground for it to stand upon, the Birkbeck Permanent Benefit Building Society comes to his aid, and either builds his house for him or lends him the money on mortgage to do it for himself. "The operations of the benefit building societies," to quote an apt passage from the prospectus of the Birkbeck Society, "are based on the fact that tenants pay to landlords a much larger sum under the name of rent than the ordinary interest upon the sum which would buy the house. A tenant, therefore, who borrows from a building society to buy a house will save the difference between the interest of the money invested in

the house and the rent usually paid for its occupation. This saving, if allowed to accumulate at compound interest, will eventually replace the purchase-money."

It often happens that the furniture of a man's house is far more valuable than the house itself; in most cases it is at least a third as valuable. Yet we never hear of a man who is permanently located, hiring his furniture. Why then, it is asked, should he hire his house, and in the course of a long life pay three or four times over its value to the landlord without acquiring one farthing interest in it? As we have before observed, many persons answer the question, by simply raising the money to purchase upon mortgage; but the inconveniences of this plan are so many, especially to working men and many of the middle classes, as to be insuperable. By means of these building societies, however, the matter is so much facilitated that any man, without distressing himself, may become his own landlord. In order to do this he must become a shareholder. The shares of the Birkbeck Building Society are £50 each, his entrance fee is two shillings and sixpence, and his monthly repayments, or instalments of the loan, six shillings and sixpence. Immediately upon making the first payment he becomes a member; and if he wishes to buy the house he is living in, or any other, or to have one erected on his own land, he must enter his name in the ballot, and take his chance of getting the advance at once with the other members. If, however, he fail in this, he can register for the advance, as it is termed, and at the expiration of six months the society will lend the amount required without further trouble, or he may purchase the right to an advance, at a premium, from another member who has been lucky enough to obtain one. Now we will suppose that a better class of mechanic, or a clerk, occupies a house, for which he pays a rent of 35*l.* per annum. The house being on lease for eighty or ninety years, the lease would be valued at about 300*l.* This sum the society would purchase it for, and the member requiring to purchase it would have to hold six shares, which would be equal to the mortgage money. Now let us see the workings of the repayment, supposing it to be arranged to be made in twelve years, during which period he may acquire the property by only paying 7*l.* 16*s.* per annum more than the ordinary rent. If the lease of the house is shorter, of course the purchase-money would be proportionately cheaper; if, on the other hand, the house is freehold, it will be dearer; and in the case of a member building on his own land, of course the ground rent would not be payable:—

Yearly subscription and interest for one share.....	£	s.	d.
Number of shares	6	6	0
Yearly payment to the society	37	16	0
Ground rent.....	5	0	0
Gross yearly payment	42	16	0
For twelve years	12		
Total payment to the society	513	12	0
Deduct 12 years' rent of house, at 35 <i>l.</i> ...	420	0	0
Total cost of house	£93	12	0

But a member may not be in a position to pay even 7*l.* 16*s.* per year more than his ordinary rent. In this case he may distribute his payments over a larger term than twelve years. If, for instance, he were to agree to repay his mortgage by instalments in twenty-one years, he will in that time purchase his house by paying a rent to the society, including ground rent, absolutely less than the actual rent to a landlord.

Yearly rent of house	£	s.	d.
Number of years	35	0	0
Total amount paid for rent in 21 years	735	0	0
Yearly subscription and interest for one share	£	s.	d.
Number of shares	4	13	0
Yearly payments to the society	27	18	0
Ground rent	5	0	0
Gross yearly payments	32	18	0
For 21 years	21		
Total payments for 21 years, including ground rent	690	18	0
Showing a clear profit, after paying all principal, interest, and ground rent, of	£44	2	0

If we add to this gain the sum of 300*l.*, the value of the house now his own, the total gain upon the transaction would be 344*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.*, equal to an annual saving of 16*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* Now this seems a great deal too good to be true, but the figures speak for themselves. We do not mean to say that higher rented houses could be purchased through a building society on the same advantageous terms, for the higher the rent the smaller the amount of per cent. it pays on the purchase-money. Hence better-class houses will have to pay some addition to their usual rent, but not so much as to make the burthen very appreciable if the purchaser is willing to spread the payment over 21 years, the extreme limit to which this society will grant its mortgages for. "But," says the reader, "suppose I should fail in my payments, then the whole of my savings paid into the

society would be lost." By no means : provisions are made by the rules to suspend his payments or to lessen them during occasions of temporary pressure ; of course, if this continued, his shares would have to be sold to refund the advances made by the society. " But suppose I should die before the mortgage is paid off," rejoins the reader, " what would then ensue ?" By a trifling monthly payment the member may provide against such a contingency by means of what is termed a guarantee annuity policy, which provides the sum wanting to pay off the mortgage at any moment the member may die, short of that period. By taking this precaution the member may assure to his wife and family the possession of his house the next

moment, in fact, after he has paid his first instalment and the insurance. The accumulating sum put to his credit as the instalments are being paid off may also be looked upon as so much money in the bank, for if at any time of trial or pressure his means should fail, the society would repurchase of him his rights in the house.

When a man begins to save for a definite object it is wonderful how the habit grows upon him ; the habit may be carried too far, but, on the whole, it is incalculable the benefit it confers upon a man. If it gives him nothing else, it gives him a sense of independence, which is at the bottom of all social virtue.

It has been urged that these building societies



£5 5s. 0d. per month for 12 years, or £3 17s. 6d.
per month for 21 years.

£2 2s. 0d. per month for 12 years, or £1 11s. 0d. per month for
21 years.

and freehold land societies operate as an act of settlement, binding the artisan to the soil, and thus in a measure depriving him of the power of transferring his labour to the best market. There is some truth in this, but only a very little, and that little is overwhelmingly counteracted by the good it accomplishes. The class of artisans who are likely to invest in these societies, it may be safely said, are not migratory in their habits ; they are good workmen, earning fair wages, and as a rule do not change masters. The smaller tradesmen are still more firmly bound to the locality of their occupations ; and even supposing that circumstances should arise, driving a man from his old home, still he is the better for having invested in one

of these societies, for he can always sell his house or land again to the society at a fair valuation.

We must certainly say that the Birkbeck societies, both Freehold Land, and Building, know how to attract customers : without moving a step from the Institution they may select the exact plot they may set their minds upon, and if they are desirous of having a house built for them, they need not fear having to encounter architects or builders whose doings are so inscrutable to ordinary understandings. The society has designs of houses suited to every man's pocket ; and you have only to say how much you are prepared to pay in monthly instalments, and there is the elevation and

ground-plan of the house you may obtain for your money. Really these pattern cards of houses are as convenient as a pattern card of buttons. Our space will not permit us to give many examples of these pattern cards, but the two illustrations on the previous page will show to the eye the amount of accommodation a man may obtain for a small monthly payment, together with the land on which it stands, and the grounds around it, as shown in the plan, which the reader may value at its worth. Of course there is a small plot behind these villas, which are semi-detached.

The better portions of the working classes are largely availing themselves of these societies, especially for building purposes; but hitherto the middle classes, including the professional classes, have not done so. There is no reason why this should be; indeed there are some reasons why the manner in which these societies work should be particularly applicable to professional men, as their incomes are generally pretty settled, and their receipts are distributed over the year pretty evenly. Of one thing they may be certain—that the calculations on which the Birkbeck Land and Building Societies are founded are perfectly trustworthy, as they have received the approval of Mr. Tidd Pratt, and of the actuary, Mr. Scratchley, whose authority and trustworthiness in this class of venture are so well understood.

FOSSIL THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

I CAN fancy my readers, especially those who have an incipient interest in geology, taken rather aback by the heading of my paper, and imagining that geology must be a more extensive science than they thought for, since it embraces not only things but sounds. Everybody knows what a fossil shell is—it is something palpable and tangible; but fossil thunder and lightning must be a joke on a par with that of the sailor who swore that he once caught a gale of wind and tied it in a knot. I will first take the thunder, which, I may as well confess at once, is a sad misnomer, given in the days when popular science was not. I remember, as a lad, seeing in my father's study a large oval ball, of a dark metallic colour, and covered all over with little bumps, that I always used to call a thunderbolt; and it is with a chat about these that I may, perhaps, interest my reader for a few minutes. What are popularly called thunderbolts are known to chemists and geologists as *aërolites*, or *meteorites*—the latter term being given from their supposed connection with meteors and shooting stars. From all ages of the world these *aërolites* have been invested with a great

amount of fascination and mystery, and have been the subject of philosophic speculations from the earliest times; for in the Chinese annals mention is made of upwards of sixteen falls between the seventh century before Christ up to 333 years after Christ. Subsequently the Greek and Roman savans propounded their views on the phenomena, the sage Anaxagoras being of opinion that the stars were masses torn away from the earth by the violence of the rotation, and that the whole heavens were composed of stones. He even suggested that these dark masses of stones, getting between the earth and the moon, produced an eclipse. The general view which has been arrived at by the philosophers of the present day, including that tower of strength Baron Humboldt, is that *aërolites* are in reality heavenly bodies, which, moving in the space or “cosmos” above, have come within the earth's attraction, been deviated from their course, and arrived in these regions in a high state of temperature. Some have supposed that they are the results of eruptions of the volcanoes in the moon, projected with incredible force so as to pierce the atmosphere of this earth, and thus to be drawn within its attraction.

In both cases the result arrived at appears to be nearly the same, viz., that an *aërolite* is a foreign body, which has lost its way and come to the earth, though, whether from the moon, or, as an independent heavenly body, doctors differ. The high temperature appears to be a constant accompaniment, and was noticed by Anaxagoras, who observed that the stony bodies were made to glow by the fiery ether, so that they reflected the light communicated to them by the ether. The temperature may be owing to the extreme velocity of the fall of the *aërolite*, but may also arise from the circumstances under which it is ejected. However that may be, it is one of the most wonderful facts that these bodies, emerging from the heavenly spaces above, can be touched, weighed, and analysed by the creatures of this earth; and still more wonderful to find that they consist of substances identical with substances which we find in the mineral structure of the earth, making it probable, according to the conjecture of Sir Isaac Newton, that the materials which belonged to one group of cosmical bodies are, for the most part, the same. It seems as though analysing a meteorite was like questioning a messenger from the stars, and throws a glow of light on the probable structure of the sister world. When broken, their appearance inside is grey, earthy, or metallic; but the outside is invariably covered by a dark metallic shining crust, produced, perhaps, by a fusion of the constituent elements.

Generally speaking, they consist largely of iron, in the form of sulphuret or magnetic oxide; but this is not always the case, some having been found to contain 96 per cent. and others barely two. According to the analysis of the German chemist, Gustav Rose, the residuum which remained insoluble after the *aërolite* had been boiled in acid, consisted of a mixture of minerals similar to those found in the volcanic rocks of our earth. This view seems rather to corroborate their volcanic origin from the moon.

Another chemist, Berzelius, found no less than seventeen elements in his analysis, viz., iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium, arsenic, zinc, potassium, sodium, sulphur, phosphorus, carbon, silicium, magnesium, copper, tin, and calcium. So that in fact an *aërolite* seems to be a condensation of all the principal materials that form the earth's crust. A curious fact was noticed by a German writer named Olbers, viz., that no meteoric stones have ever been found in the secondary and tertiary formations, from which he inferred that the falling of *aërolites* was a phenomenon connected with the present condition only of the earth. But the fact has been partially disproved by Humboldt, who relates the discovery of large masses of meteoric iron buried thirty feet in the ground in the gold-bearing drifts of northern Russia; and Mr. Binney found meteoric stones embedded in coal in Lancashire. These exceptions, however, do not prove the rule. The number of *aërolites* that fall annually is estimated at about 700, and many interesting records have been kept of the circumstances under which they have fallen. One case happened in France, in the Département de l'Orne, which is described as the sudden breaking up of a small dark cloud at one o'clock p.m. with an explosion like a rattle of muskets, simultaneously with which there fell over a surface of six miles a number of meteoric stones, the largest weighing seventeen pounds. They were hot, smoking, and more easily broken during the first twenty-four hours than at any subsequent time. In 1768 one fell near Chartres, accompanied by a report like a cannon. This was $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and was so hot that it could not be touched.

In 1857, in Austria, an *aërolite* was seen to fall, which, when extracted from the ground, into which it had penetrated a considerable depth, was found to weigh 30 lbs.

In the British Museum may be seen, amongst many others, one weighing 56 lbs., which fell in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and the enormous mass of 270 lbs. that fell near Alsace, in 1492, just at the time when the Emperor Maximilian, king of the Romans, was

on the point of engaging with the French army. Notwithstanding the many cases on record, and the large size of the meteorites, there is, I believe, only one in which a person is known to have been killed by the fall.

We can scarcely wonder at these phenomena causing the greatest consternation and fear wherever they appeared; for even in these days of enlightenment, when the common effects and results of natural philosophy are taught in almost every school, the fact of a thunderbolt falling or being supposed to have fallen is a fruitful theme for village talk.

Before we take leave of this portion of the subject, I should mention one feature respecting them, viz., the periodicity of the appearance of *aërolites*. Arago, writing in 1839, considered that "there existed a zone composed of millions of these small bodies, the orbits of which zone cut the plane of the ecliptic at about the point which our earth annually occupies between the 11th and the 13th of November." So that, according to him, *aërolites* may be looked for about that time. There is no reason to suppose, however, that there may not be other periods besides this, particularly as the cases which are on record have happened at different times of the year. These, however, are only a microscopical proportion of the vast number which must have come down to the earth.

Fossil lightning seems almost as great a misnomer as fossil thunder; though, perhaps, it is really more applicable, and is a term used by Professor Owen to the effect of lightning on rocks of past geological epoch, some of which effects are so clearly marked that even the varieties of forked lightning could be distinguished.

The supposed fossils originating from lightning have been named "*fulgurites*," and consist of conical tubes, hollow and tapering down towards their furthest end, which is almost always closed. They are of various lengths, depending, apparently, on the intensity of the flash which has in fact penetrated into the sand or rock for a certain depth, vitrifying with the heat of electricity the surrounding material. The localities where *fulgurites* are found, depend on the character of the soil upon which the lightning has acted; and in the two places where they are most common, viz., at La Plata, in South America, and Drigg, on the Cumberland Coast, the same kind of ground prevails, viz., sand formed of quartz and porphyry. Doubtless every flash of lightning that strikes the earth leaves its mark behind it; but owing to the siliceous or stony character of these particular spots, the effects are more peculiar and durable. That these have been

caused by lightning is borne out by the fact that artificial fulgurites have been made by French and English experimenters by transmitting a powerful electric shock through powdered sand and quartz.

The discovery of these curious effects has been limited to sandy localities, which, from their open position facing the sea, and from their not being protected by vegetation, appear to be peculiarly liable to the electric discharge. They have, however, also been found in the chalk cliffs of Dover and in the Isle of Wight by Dr. Bigsby. In some cases the fulgurite occurs as a solid and not a hollow tube; and Dr. Gibb calls attention to the presence of fossil fulgurites in the heart of London, viz., on a flagstone on the east side of Tottenham Court Road; also on the eastern side of Russell Square, close to Guilford Street. How little do the tens of thousands who daily hurry over the pavement know of the history of the stone on which their feet are treading. Little do they think that even if there are no remains of extinct forms embedded in the flag, it exhibits on its surface the atmospheric effects of rain, sunshine, storm and wind, of myriads of ages past, forming a subtle link between the busy world of to-day and the scarcely revealed world of eras so far back that they defy calculation or even imagination. There is deep matter for reflection even in a London pavement.

G. P. BEVAN.

THE LOVE-CHEAT.

I.

SHE loved me, she said, and she swore it;
She swore it a thousand times:
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

II.

And numberless tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly cheat.

III.

She robbed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes in return
And now, by the fireside lonely,
Her letters I smilingly burn.

IV.

For loud are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And she leans on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

V.

Ah, well! let her live and be married:
Her letters are burnt, and I see
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

J. A. LANGFORD.

CH-NG P-NG; OR, THE SPHINX OF PEKIN.

MANY centuries ago, when all countries and dynasties except China were yet young, there flourished in that wonderful empire a sovereign by race and temper a Tartar, who ruled his people with a rod of iron; his name was Ching Ping. Great and absolute monarch as he was, he was not, however, entirely supreme in his empire, for one, a female, ruled him; a lady, who, even more than her father, inherited all the attributes of the Tartar race, but of such a surpassing and miraculous beauty, that to see even her shadow was to become enamoured. Of course she had many suitors at the time of the opening of my tale, when she had just turned sixteen; but you must know that from her earliest girlhood she had had suitors, and nearly every sovereign in the known world had made proposals of marriage, and laid his own particular net to catch the mighty prize who was being dandled in her nurse's arms. The first proposal made to the Princess in person, whose name was Chang Pang, was at the age of fourteen, by a young emperor of India, an alliance which would have been honourable to both parties. It is said that on this occasion her heart was slightly touched with the blind god's dart, and the young emperor was apparently prospering in his suit, when chance—also, I believe, a blind goddess—threw in her way Confucius's "Treatise on Early Marriages," after perusing which she broke off the match, and the young emperor his neck, by casting himself in despair headlong from the summit of the palace walls. I have never heard whether this incident caused her any uneasiness, for she never lost her health, and she continued, as before, the reigning beauty of the Eastern world. But from that time forth she rejected all suitors, and had, as was believed, taken a vow of celibacy, to the great sorrow of her father the emperor, and the intense disgust of the court-ladies, who were jealous of her charms, and wished to see her married and, so to speak, "done for." Suitors still came in shoals, but she rejected them all, evincing a resolution not to change her maiden station, and, averse to husbands, resolved to husband her affection. Many thought her crazed, but not so her father, who was ever impressing upon her the importance to his own empire of her marriage with some great potentate.

Chang Pang, beautiful as she was, was of a cold and cruel disposition, and cared no more for what her father said than the idle wind; but latterly, at which time she was about

seventeen years of age, becoming harassed by continual solicitations, hit upon a scheme to relieve herself from her suitors. It was this : she proposed three conundrums, which I will tell you presently, and promised to marry the man who should succeed in guessing them, annexing as a penalty, death to the rash man who should venture and fail in the attempt. To this artful device the emperor, in a weak moment, consented ; and the horrible consequences of this Machiavellian scheme I am going to relate to you.

It may be expected, as was the case, that this scheme, which was publicly proclaimed, thinned the number of suitors rapidly, but not to so great an extent as Chang Pang had expected, such was her transcendent beauty and so great the pecuniary value of the prize to the successful guesser. The proclamation, of which I have a copy in Chinese in my pocket, given to me by a Chinese antiquarian, is as follows :—

“BY THE EMPEROR. A PROCLAMATION.

“WHEREAS, divers princes and other persons of suitable rank have demanded in marriage the hand of our well-beloved daughter and heiress, Chang Pang, but none of them has engaged the affections of our aforesaid daughter, and whereas it is hereby proclaimed and declared unto every person or persons who might, would, should, or could, at present or in future, be desirous of demanding in marriage the aforesaid daughter, that in the event of such person or persons satisfactorily answering three riddles, enigmas, conundrums, charades, or other diverting questions to be propounded or otherwise laid before them by our aforesaid daughter, that person or persons shall forthwith receive, take, or otherwise become possessed of our aforesaid daughter's hand in marriage, and be made co-heir of this our Celestial Empire of all the Chinas : but and on the other hand, if such person or persons fail to solve or otherwise answer the aforesaid diverting questions, they shall be immediately hanged by the neck until they die or otherwise expire, and their goods, chattels, or other personal and real property, if there be any, be forfeited to our Celestial Exchequer. Given at our Court of Peking.

“VIVAT IMPERATOR.”

About this period there arrived in Peking a young man, to all outward appearance mean and poor, and by trade a photographic artist, an art known many centuries ago, and much practised in the early period of the Chinese Empire, though since lost, and lately re-dis-

covered. I may as well tell you at once, he was son and heir to their Emperor of Tibet, just then dispossessed by a horde of barbarians, led by an unscrupulous usurper. This young man (who was at present in the most strictly anonymous incognito, but of whose name we do not scruple to betray as much as the letters, Ch'ng P'ng) took up his abode at a small hostel in Peking, to which were attached large gardens, a great resort of the nobility for opium and tobacco. On seeing the proclamation, which was displayed in the gardens, he at once made up his mind to become a suitor to the Princess, but resolved also to maintain a strict incognito. He had a formidable rival in the prime minister of the Emperor, Chong Pong, a man whose sensual unscrupulous character and stupid administration had gained him the hatred and contempt of every good Chinese (a *rara avis*, indeed, in China, but no matter). The two rivals met at the public gardens. The minister was seated at a table, inhaling opium and tobacco from a jewelled hookah, and to all appearance in a state of comfortable ease, when his eyes happened to light upon the ill-dressed and unshaven stranger. The sight for a moment disturbed him, and he swallowed a mouthful of smoke, which brought on a terrible fit of coughing. The ill-dressed stranger remarked that he seemed to have a wretched cough, by way of commencing a conversation. Upon which, the minister was pleased to inquire who he was, for there was something in the bearing of the stranger which betrayed the nobleness of his birth. The minister seemed scarcely satisfied with the reply that he was a photographic artist, and being again seized with coughing, frowned severely on him, and after five minutes' more smoking, laying aside his hookah, and taking from his side some jewelled tablets, said to the stranger, who was eating a scanty meal of radishes and water,—

“Young man, I would have had you punished for vagrancy, but know that this morning *she* smiled on me.”

Ch'ng Pyng, his mouth full of radishes, said, “Did she? Who is *she*?” in a tone quite void of curiosity.

The minister, apparently rather puzzled what to think of the stranger, proceeded to read aloud, the stranger having retired into the house, the following, which I have translated, and endeavoured to preserve the metre :—

O Chang Pang ! O Chang Pang !
Thou art like the clarion's clang,
Through the air thy accents rang,
And the tune thy sweet lips sang
Flew and fixed me with a bang,
Yes, on me, severe Chang Pang.

O Chang Pang ! O Chang Pang !
 Thou art like the boomerang
 Hurl'd from out a Tartar gang,
 Mountains, wilds, and glens amang ;
 For to slay the bold ourang—
 And my fate art thou, Chang Pang !

Then taking from his left breast a tiny embroidered slipper, proceeded to kiss it ardently, at which moment the stranger came up, and struck with the wonderful size and delicacy of the slipper, snatched it from him. Oh, how slippery is the path of love. It would seem that Ch-ng P-ng, foresaw in his mind's eye the transcendent beauty of the owner of the slipper, for need I say it was the slipper of Chang Pang? The minister shouted "Murder!" and "Fire!" and "Waiter!" it was no use, for the stranger, thrusting him aside, and threatening his life, was gone from the gardens in a moment; while the Premier rolled sprawling on the ground in a fainting state.

A few days afterwards Ch-ng P-ng presented himself at the palace, very handsomely dressed, and proclaimed his intention of attempting to guess the riddles, being by no means terrified by the heads of the unsuccessful suitors, which grinned ghastly on the battlements. The minister, Chong Pong, on his entering the presence chamber, recognised him, and warned him in a whisper to withdraw; but Ch-ng P-ng paid no attention to him, and proceeded to do obeisance to the Emperor and Princess. The reception being concluded, Chang Pang, veiled, rose and recited the following, of which I give you a rough translation:—

On a throne at break of day,
 In the dust at evening ray,
 Once o'er Canton wielding sway,
 By his pigtail torn away,
 Borne from Canton's rolling bay,
 To inflexibles a prey,
 By his master now degraded,
 And gone where he may stay,
 Till we for his ransom pay
 (Get the which I wish he may),—
 Stranger, solve my simple say,
 But, beware, don't say me Nay.

Ch-ng P-ng, with an effort of mind which seemed stupendous to the courtiers, at once guessed the answer to be "Yeh!" Whereupon the Princess, chagrined but not defeated, again rose, and casting a confident look around, recited the second conundrum in melodious tones. It is as follows:—

The ocean is my firstling's home,
 I haunt the heaving billow,
 And where the waves are lashed in foam
 I have my downy pillow;
 Yet sometimes towards the sunny skies
 I float with iridescent dyes.

Of all that's unenduring
 On earth I'm emblematic,
 I live—I die—a brief career!
 A brief career aquatic.
 'Twould seem, though ever starving, I'd
 By reason of repletion died.

My third unto my first I wish
 Will ever be united,
 For thus combined they form a dish
 To eat you'll be delighted.
 'Tis strange that things so slight and spare
 Combined form a dish so rare.

The Princess, after the applause was hushed, said the "third" syllable was as follows:—

When on the fattened swine
 Falleth the butcher's knife,
 And you hear a voice, 'tis mine—
 The cry of parting life.
 I'm used, too, in proverbial slang,
 For those who've just escaped death's pang.

For a moment the Prince seemed bewildered, and a shadow of doubt and anxiety passed across his handsome countenance, but it was but momentary, and with a preliminary smack of the lips, he exclaimed, "Bubble-and-Squeak!" The Princess indignantly rose again, and with flashing eye and quivering voice repeated defiantly the following verses to an audience so silent you could hear a pin fall:—

From Cupido's poisoned dart
 Thou shalt never be delivered;
 From the first into thy heart
 Swift it flew, and there it quivered.
 Hope no more that thou wilt place
 Yet the second on my finger.
 Look once more upon my face, [Uncovering.
 For thou must no longer linger.
 Our Celestial Empire fame
 To the barbarous whole has given.
 If thou canst not tell his name,
 Thou in vain for me hast striven.

The Emperor and court, on seeing her unveil, said that Ch-ng P-ng was lost, and that the sight of such resplendent charms would drive him mad. Not so, however, for in a tone of exultation he exclaimed, "*Bowring*." Chong Pong, the minister, looked baffled and angry, and swore hideously in his sleeve. The Emperor was dumb with surprise; but the Princess, rising suddenly, solved the difficulty, and declared she would not marry him; nay, would die sooner, and then began to faint and beat her heels on the ground. Ch-ng P-ng, who carefully observed her, and saw the prize slipping from his grasp, determined to try another tack, and proposed that he should propound a riddle to her, and in the event of her guessing it, she should slice and fry him; but, if unsuccessful, she should marry him. And on her consenting, he spoke as follows:—

Cruel lady, who is he,
 Royal and a refugee,

Wanderer over land and sea,
To the land of truth and tea?
When he thought his troubles o'er
Bliss his own for evermore.
See him wrecked upon the shore,
Poorer than he was before.
You'll one difference, if you try,
From *your* name in *his* desery.
If you ask me where it lie,
I shall, answering, ask you—Why?

The Princess, receiving a copy of the riddle, left the room with her attendants, and the Emperor said they would meet again next morning, when the Princess would give her decision. That evening, she sent her mistress of the robes to entreat Ch-ng P-ng to give up all thoughts of marriage, but it was in vain; and afterwards she dispatched Chong Pong to ferret out the secret, the answer to the riddle. Entering the apartment of Ch-ng P-ng disguised as a nurse, he succeeded in cajoling him to disclose the answer, and throwing off exultingly his disguise as he left the room, plunged Ch-ng P-ng into indignation and grief at the plot by means of which he had been bamboozled and betrayed.

The next morning the court assembled, and Chang Pang, who of course had had an interview with the minister, rose and repeated solemnly and triumphantly, as follows:—

Why the refugee on high
Bent his bold aspiring eye,
Why, when thinking bliss was nigh,
In the dust low he must lie;
Why his cunning I defy,
Why no hope he may desery,
Why ere evening he must die;
Why? *Chyng Pyng* is spelt with y.

The Emperor was surprised and shocked, Chyng Pyng showed blank despair, but the minister applauded vociferously, while the Princess, veiled, resumed her seat. Chyng Pyng, whose fate seemed certain, seeing no help or sympathy in any face, prepared for death, which seemed now imminent; when the Princess Chang Pang rose, and throwing off her veil, acknowledged her heart melted, and expressed her intention of giving him her hand in marriage, saying she had loved him from the first, which last remark somewhat staggered him. All the court were delighted, except Chong Pong, who, overwhelmed with disappointment, soon afterwards left the court, and married his cook, for it seemed no one else would have him. The Prince then disclosed his name and rank, which gave great delight to both the Emperor and Princess, and after a short delay to prepare the marriage festivities, Chyng Pyng and Chang Pang were united in wedlock, and became the parents of a long line of kings.

BACCHUS AND THE WATER-THIEVES.

JOURNEYING from Naxos swiftly towards Crete,
Leaving behind him now the Cyclopes,
Those island gems that necklace the blue sea
With strings of pearl, and emerald *Sporades*,
Bacchus, as the swift bark skimmed, dipped, and leaped
Beneath the fluttering canvas, softly slept.

The god had left his panthers in fair Crete,
His thyrsus-bearers and his corybants,
His frolic satyrs and his Indian pomp,
In vineyard caverns and in forest haunts;
And, now alone, his beauteous limbs at rest,
The cypress-planks of a poor galley preat.

The boat by magic moved upon the wave,
The sea-nymphs drew it thro' the deep unseen:
Great dolphins gambolled round the frothing keel,
White sea-birds flew above the ripples green.
While Iris from a bright cloud smiled to see
That youthful god disdain the wrathful sea.

Sudden from Lemnos, rising bleak and blue,
Down sea-side crags the eager robbers came,
Leaping to man their boats and seize the prize,
Seeing the heedless craft; no fear or shame
Restrained that rude, fierce horde; a hundred oars
At the same moment pushed off from those shores.

Waving their knives and darts, they leaped aboard,
Yelling out war cries, with a drunken glee;
Flashing their axes, and their crooked swords,
In ravenous rage, and murderous ecstasy.
But still the youth upon the sunny prow,
Slept with one hand crossing his fair white brow.

Enraged to find no spices, wine, or gold,
With blows they woke him, and with laughter grim,
Binding him to the mast with biting cords,
That made the blood spring from each radiant limb.
Then piling pine-knots, vowed to sacrifice
To Vulcan this fair youth, their trembling prize.

"Spare me!" he cried, "my mother sighs for me
In Naxos, where my father, old and blind,
Begs for his bread. O, Fate! thou mystery,
That brought me to this woe. O! seamen kind,
Spare a poor youth, so free from sin and blame,
And do not give me to that cruel flame."

Then one relented; but they stabbed that man,
And threw him bleeding to the wistful sharks,
And then 'mid cymbal-clash and barbarous drum,
Blew from the smouldering logs the crimson sparks,
Unbound the lad and threw him on his knees,
Singing their savage hymns to the hushed seas.

Then he raised up his hands unto the sun,
And prayed in agony to Father Jove.
And, lo! a strength divine came to his heart,
And thunder answered him from far above.
Now, he stood luminous, a starry crown
Glittering upon his brow and tresses brown.

And, suddenly, the rigging's knotted ropes
Were changed to creeping tendrils of the vine,
And from the mast the purple clusters hung,
Every rich berry swollen with red wine.
The very bulwarks began next to grow,
And long green shoots rose from the hold below.



And little curling horns of tendrils spread
 Round all the canvas, and continually
 Rose through each plank ; then those base coward men,
 With one consent leaped headlong in the sea,
 And changed to dolphins, hiding from the day,
 Pursued by sharks, in terror broke away.

Now in his floating vineyard, Bacchus passed
 To longing Crete, and Iris graciously
 Arched him with rainbows, and a glory shone
 To welcome him o'er all the neighbouring sea.
 While in the distance angry lightnings played
 Wrathful on Lemnos, and that isle dismayed. W. T.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXIII. MISS LETHWAIT.

In a magnificent reception-room of Portland Place sat the Earl of Oakburn and Lady Jane Chesney. It was the middle of June, and the London season was at its height. The whole of May Lord Oakburn and his daughters had stayed at Chesney Oaks; he had now taken this house, furnished, for three months. Chesney Oaks was in the market to let: to let to anybody who would take it and pay rent for it; and the countess dowager had worked herself into a fume and a fret when she first saw the advertisement, and had come down upon the earl in a burst of indignation, demanding to know what he meant by disgracing the family. The earl answered her: he was quite capable of doing it; and a hot war of words waged for some minutes between them, and neither would give way. The earl had reason on his side, though; if his means were not sufficient to keep up Chesney Oaks, better that he should let it than allow it to go to ruin through un-occupation.

So Chesney Oaks was in the hire market, and old Lady Oakburn told her sailor nephew that he deserved to have his ears boxed, that she should never forgive him, and then she withdrew in dudgeon to her house in Kensington Gardens, and the earl devoutly wished she might never come out of it to torment him again.

Indeed there was scarcely a poorer peer on Great Britain's roll than the new Earl of Oakburn, but to him and to Jane this poverty was as very riches. His net revenue would be little if any more than three thousand per annum; as to the rent he expected to get from the letting of Chesney Oaks, it would nearly if not all go in keeping the place in proper repair. Chesney Oaks had no broad lands attaching to it; the house was good, and the ornamental gardens were good; but these are not the things that yield large revenues. The furniture of Chesney Oaks was the private property of the late earl, it reverted to his grandmother, the old countess. Had the present earl pleased her—that is, had he not offended her by advertising the place—she would very probably have made him a present of it, for she was capable of being generous when it suited her; but when she found the house was irrevocably to be let, she, in a fit of temper, gave orders for it to be taken out, and it was now in the course of removal. "I'll

not leave a stick or a stone in the place," she had said to Lord Oakburn in the stormy interview alluded to above. "I'd not use them if you did," retorted the exasperated earl, "and the sooner the things are out, the better." For one thing, the house was in admirable repair; the young earl having had it put in complete ornamental order twelve months before, on the occasion of his marriage. So the furniture passed out of Lord Oakburn's hands, when perhaps by a little diplomacy, which he was entirely incapable of exercising, it might have remained his, and the dowager was distributing it amidst her married daughters—who were too well off to care for it.

For a fortnight or more after Chesney Oaks was advertised no applicant had applied for it. Then one came forward. It was Sir James Marden, a gentleman who was returning to Europe after a long sojourn in the East, and who had commissioned his brother, Colonel Marden, to engage for him a suitable residence. It was natural that the colonel should wish to secure one in the vicinity of his own; he lived at Pembury, and Chesney Oaks appeared to be the very thing, of all others; and the negotiations were proceeding satisfactorily.

The earl was talking to Jane about it now. He was no hard bargain dealer. Generous by nature, he could not higgie and haggle, and stand out for pence and shillings and pounds, as so many do. All he did, any transaction he might engage in, was set about in the most simple, straightforward manner imaginable. It would have occurred to most people to employ an agent to conduct this business of the letting; it did not occur to the earl. He wrote the advertisements out with his own hand, and he added to them his own name and address in full, as to where applications might be made. One or two interviews had taken place between him and Colonel Marden, who was staying with his family in town; and on the previous day to this morning on which the earl and his daughter were sitting together, Mrs. Marden had made her first call on Lady Jane, and they had grown in that short call quite intimate. Jane was now telling her father that she had promised to accompany Mrs. Marden to a morning concert that very day.

Jane was attired in mourning; a handsome black dress of a thin gauzy texture, ample and flowing. She was quiet and unpretending as ever, but there was a look of rest in her face

now, that told of a heart at peace. The present life was as a very haven to the careworn Jane, nearly tired out, as she had been, with the household contrivings, the economies, and the embarrassments of the former days. All the longing visions of Jane Chesney seemed more than realized; visions which had been indulged for her father, not for herself; and they had been realized in a manner and to a degree that Jane had never dreamt of. He was at ease for the rest of his days, and she had nothing more left to wish for. Into society Jane determined to go very little. To be her father's constant companion, save when he was at his club or at the House, was her aim; formerly household duties and Lucy's education called her perpetually from his side: it should not be so now. No attractions of society, of pleasure, of the gay world without, should lure away Jane Chesney: she would remain her dear father's companion from henceforth, rendering his hours pleasant to him, taking care that things were well ordered in his home. Never perhaps has father been loved and revered as was this one by Jane Chesney; and, as mistress of his plentiful home, as mistress of her own time, which she would dedicate to him, she seemed to have realised her Utopia.

Though talking with her father on the subject of Chesney Oaks and Sir James Marden's probable tenancy of it, an under-current of ideas was floating in Jane's mind. She was about engaging a governess for Lucy; that is, she was looking out for one; and on the previous day Mrs. Marden had mentioned a lady to her who was in search of a fresh situation—one whom Jane thought would be likely to suit.

"You are quite sure, papa, that you have overgot your objection to our taking a resident governess?" Jane said to him in a pause of the other subject. For it should be made known that the earl had declared, when Jane had first broached the matter, that he would have no strange ladies in his house, putting him out of his way: and he had very grumblingly conceded the point, upon Jane's assuring him that no governess should be allowed to do that in the remotest degree.

"Didn't I say so?" testily returned the earl, who had lost none of his abruptness of manner. "Why do you ask?"

"Because Mrs. Marden mentioned one to me, who is about quitting her present situation. By the description, I thought she appeared to be just the person we want for Lucy. If you have no objection, papa, I will inquire further about her."

"Lucy would have been just as well at school," said the earl.

"Oh, papa, no!" and Jane's tone was one of pain. "I should not like her to be moved from under my supervision. You know I have been as her mother ever since mamma died. Neither do I think you would like to part with her."

"Have it as you will," said the earl, his voice somewhat more conciliatory. "If you think the woman will do, let her sign articles."

Jane smiled. But before she could answer, a servant came into the room and said a lady was waiting to see her.

"Who is it?" asked Jane.

"I thought she said Miss Lethwait, my lady, but I am not sure that I caught the name aright, though I asked twice," was the man's answer.

Jane left the room to receive her visitor. "Lethwait?" she repeated to herself, "Lethwait?—surely that was the name of the governess mentioned by Mrs. Marden! I suppose she must have sent her here."

A tall and very elegant woman of seven or eight-and-twenty rose from her chair as Jane entered. In features she was plain, but there was something really magnificent about her dark eyes and hair, about her manner altogether. Jane bowed; and concluded she had been mistaken in supposing it to be the governess.

But the governess it was, Miss Lethwait. Mrs. Marden had informed her that she had spoken to Lady Jane Chesney on her behalf, and Miss Lethwait had deemed it best to call at once, lest some other applicant should supersede her. She was a clergyman's daughter, she informed Jane, and had been educated for a governess. Her father had judged it better to give his children an education by which they might make their way in the world, she said, than to put by the money it would cost, to be divided amongst them at his death. It would be but a few hundreds at best, not sufficient to do them much good. Jane inquired why she was leaving her present situation, and was told that it was the amount of work which was driving her away. She had five pupils there, and taught them everything.

"You will require a high salary, probably?" Jane said, after a few minutes' pause, during which she had been thinking how much she should like to engage Miss Lethwait.

Miss Lethwait hesitated in her reply. She had been told by Mrs. Marden that Lady Jane had intimated she should not be able to pay a very high one.

"I receive eighty guineas where I am, madam," she at length answered. "But in consideration of there being only one pupil, I would willingly accept less. Were I to continue

to work as I am doing now, I am sure that my health would seriously suffer. I am frequently up until past twelve, correcting exercises which I have not time to do in the day, and I am obliged to rise at six to superintend the practising."

Jane could with truth assure her that there would be no overworking in her home—if she came into it; and when Miss Lethwait quitted the house, she was engaged, subject to references.

She had barely gone when Mrs. Marden called, a pretty little woman with a profusion of auburn hair. Jane saw her with surprise. An appointment had been made for them to meet at half-past one, but it was yet only half-past twelve. Mrs. Marden had come to tell Jane she would probably receive a visit from Miss Lethwait. Jane replied that she had been already; and grew eloquent in her praise.

"I like her very much indeed," she said. "She appears to me to be well qualified in every way; an unusually desirable person to fill such a post. Mrs. Marden, I wonder you were not anxious to secure her for your own children!" she added, the idea striking her.

Mrs. Marden laughed. "The governess I have suits me very well," she answered. "She is not perfection; I don't know who is; you may not find Miss Lethwait to be so."

"No, indeed," said Jane.

"Miss Jones is patient and efficient," continued Mrs. Marden. "At least she is efficient while my children are at their present ages—scarcely out of the nursery; but she is not a finished linguist and musician, as is Miss Lethwait."

"I wonder," cried Jane, the thought striking her, "whether she is a daughter of the Reverend Mr. Jones of South Wennock?"

"No, I am sure she is not. She observes a complete silence as to her relatives: never will speak of them. I once told her I did not believe Jones was her real name," continued Mrs. Marden, laughing. "She said it was; but I declare I'd not answer for it. She acknowledged that there were circumstances connected with her family which rendered her unwilling to speak of them: and she never has done so. However, the lady who recommended her to me, a schoolmistress of position, answered for her thorough respectability, and so I am content to let Miss Jones keep her mystery."

The words had struck on a chord in Jane Chesney's heart never wholly dormant. Was it possible that this governess could be her sister Clarice? She, as Jane had every reason to suppose, had changed her name when she left her home, and she had repeated to Jane in

her letters the assurance—reiterating it, half in anger, half in deprecatory excuse, but wholly in earnest—that *never* through her should the name of that family be known.

"What sort of a lady is Miss Jones?" asked Jane, all too eagerly. "Is she young?"

"She is young, and very pretty. So pretty that were my sons young men I might think her a dangerous inmate. Why?"

"And how long has she been with you?"

"How long?—nearly two years, I think," said Mrs. Marden, struck with Lady Jane's sudden interest, and wondering what could be its cause. "Why do you ask?"

Every word seemed to add to the probability. In a month's time it would be two years since Clarice quitted her home.

"Can you tell me her Christian name?"

Jane asked, paying no heed to Mrs. Marden's question.

"Her Christian name?" repeated Mrs. Marden. "Well, now, it never struck me until this minute that I do not remember ever to have heard it. Stay! she signs her receipts for salary 'C. Jones;' I remember that. Probably it's Caroline."

"Do you suppose it is Clarice?" asked Jane, her lips parted with emotion.

"Clarice? It may be. But that is an uncommon name. May I again inquire, Lady Jane, why you ask? You appear to have some interest in the subject."

"Yes," said Jane, recalled to a sense of the present. "I—I knew a young lady who went out as governess nearly two years ago, and I am wishing much to find her. I think—I think it may be the same."

"Was her name Jones?"

"No, it was not. But I believe that the young lady I mention assumed another name in deference to the prejudices of her family, who did not like that one, bearing theirs, should be known as a governess. Excuse my giving further particulars, Mrs. Marden; should Miss Jones prove to be the same, you shall hear them without reserve. Can you let me see her?"

"Whenever you please," was Mrs. Marden's answer. "Now, if you like. My carriage is at the door, and if you will come home with me and take luncheon she will be at the table with the two eldest girls, for they make it their dinner. After that, we will go straight to the concert."

Jane needed no second invitation, but attired herself without delay. A thought crossed her of whether this would not be incurring the displeasure of her father, who had so positively forbidden her to see after Clarice; but for once in her life Jane risked it. Though

she would not disobey him to the length of setting afloat a search in defiance of his expressed command that Clarice should be "let alone until she came to her senses," Jane was beginning to grow seriously uneasy respecting her wandering sister. It seemed very improbable that Clarice should have remained in ignorance of the change in their position; why, then, did she not communicate with them?

Colonel Marden's residence in London, a house he had taken for the season, was in one of the terraces near Hyde Park; and Mrs. Marden and Jane were soon driven to it. A few minutes of suspense for Jane, and Mrs. Marden, accompanied by a young lady, came into the drawing-room.

"This is Miss Jones, Lady Jane."

With a beating heart—with lips that were turning to whiteness in the agitation of expectancy, Jane turned. Turned to behold—disappointment.

It was a very pretty, lady-like young woman, but it was not Clarice Chesney. A few moments elapsed before Jane recovered her calmness.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you, Mrs. Marden," she said then; "but this is not my friend. I have lost sight of a young lady who went out as governess," she added, by way of a word of explanation to Miss Jones, in the innate good breeding that never left her, "and I was wondering whether I might find her in you. I wish it had been so."

The subject was at an end. Poor Jane could not recover herself. She remained as one whose senses are lost.

"You are disappointed, Lady Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Marden as they took their places in the carriage to be driven to the concert.

"I acknowledge that I am," was the low-breathed answer.

"You will forget it in the treat that is in store for you," said Mrs. Marden.

And in truth if musical strains in their greatest perfection, their sweetest harmony, can lure a heart away from its care, it was the music they were about to hear that day. The concert was given by that great master of the harp, Frederick Chatterton; and when they entered nearly every seat was occupied, every nook and corner crammed. One of the most distinguished audiences ever collected within walls had assembled; for harp music, such as that, is not common music.

And Jane was beguiled out of her care. As she listened to the brilliant playing, the finished touch, the sweet tones elicited from the instrument, she forgot even Clarice. Never had she heard music like unto it. The "Remembranza d' Italia," the "Reminis-

cences of Bellini," melted Jane to tears, while the finale from "La Folia" half took her breath away. For ordinary music Jane did not care; but music such as this wrought an effect on her that did not pass easily.

"Lucy must learn the harp; Lucy must learn the harp!" were the first words she ejaculated.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Marden.

"I—I believe I was unconscious that I spoke aloud. I should like my little sister to learn to play on this instrument."

"The most graceful instrument there is, and I think the sweetest," said Mrs. Marden warmly. "I told you you would have a treat."

"Oh, I cannot tell you what it is to me!" was Jane's answer. Very rarely indeed was she moved to express herself so eloquently on any subject; but poor Jane had not been in the way of hearing much good music; never such as this.

As they were going out, pressing their way along with the throng, they encountered Miss Lethwait, who was there with her pupils. Jane addressed her, speaking more impulsively than was her wont.

"Do you teach the harp, Miss Lethwait?"

"I could teach it, madam," replied Miss Lethwait, after a momentary pause. "I learnt it, but have been out of practice for some years."

"Take my advice, Lady Jane," whispered Mrs. Marden, when Miss Lethwait was beyond hearing. "If you are thinking of your sister, as I conclude, have her taught by the master you have just heard. It will be money well laid out."

"I believe you are right," answered Jane.

She shook hands with Mrs. Marden outside, and proceeded home, alone and on foot. It was not far, once the crossing at the Oxford Circus was accomplished. Those street crossings were the worst interludes as yet in Jane's London life. As she went on, her brain was busy with many thoughts and themes. Miss Lethwait, the coveted governess for Lucy; the disappointment she had met with in Miss Jones; the doubt whether she should not venture to urge on her father the necessity there seemed to be of their seeking out Clarice: all were floating together in her mind, presenting a thousand phases, as thought will do when the brain is troubled. And mixed up with them in the most incongruous manner were those enchanting harp melodies just heard, the strains of which were yet fresh on Jane Chesney's ears.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MISSING SLEEVES.

MR. CARLTON stood before the ornamented summer grate of his handsome drawing-room.

He had come in from his round of afternoon visits, and ran up-stairs in the expectation of finding his wife. She was not there, and he rang the bell. It was answered by Sarah, a damsel with rather an insolent face and a very fine cap worn behind instead of before.

"Is your lady not in?"

"Not yet, sir. She went out at three o'clock to pay visits."

"On foot?"

"Oh no, sir. The carriage was ordered round from Green's."

The girl, finding she was not questioned further, retired, and Mr. Carlton walked to the window and stood looking from it, probably for his wife; his hands were in his pockets, and he was softly whistling. A certain sign with Mr. Carlton—the whistling—that he was deep in thought. Possibly the unpleasant idea that had crossed his mind once or twice of late, was crossing it again now—namely, that if he and his wife did not take care they should be outrunning their income. In good truth Laura possessed little more innate notion of the value of money than did her father, and she was extravagant in many ways in her new home from sheer heedlessness, where there was not the slightest necessity that she should be so at all. This very fact of ordering round one of Green's carriages two or three times a week when she went to pay visits, was a superfluous expense, for Laura could just as well have gone on foot, her visits being generally to friends in the vicinity of home; when she paid them in the country it was with Mr. Carlton. Two, three, four hours, as the case might be, would Laura be out in that carriage, keeping it waiting at different doors for her while she was gossiping; and entailing a cost frequently of six, or eight, or ten shillings.

"Circumstances alter cases." The trite old saying could not have received a more apt exemplification than in the instance of Mr. Carlton and his wife. It was not the most reputable thing that they had done—the running away to be married without leave or licence. More especially was it not so on the part of the young lady, and South Wennock would no doubt have turned the cold shoulder on her for a time, to show its sense of the irregularity, and vouchsafed her no visits, had she continued to be the obscure daughter of the poor post-captain. But Miss Laura Chesney was one person; the Lady Laura was another. That poor post-captain had become one on the proud list of British peers, and his daughter in right of her rank was the highest lady in all South Wennock. In fact there was no other whose social position in any degree approached to it. And South Wennock went but the common

way of the world, when it obligingly shut its eyes to the past escapade, and hastened to pay its court to the earl's daughter. The widow Gould had given it as her opinion at the inquest, you may remember, that Mr. Carlton's "cabriolet" was an element in his success; but the probabilities were that Mr. Carlton's bride would prove a greater one.

All the town—at least as much of it as possessed the right, or fancied they possessed it—flocked to pay court to the Lady Laura Carlton. Many of the county families, really of account, drove in to call upon her and Mr. Carlton; people who would never have dreamt of according him the honour, but that his new wife was a peer's daughter. Had she been marshalled to church by her father and duly married, converted into a wife with the most orthodox adjuncts—three clergymen and twelve bridesmaids—her new friends could not have treated her with more deferential respect. Such is the world, you know. The Lady Laura Carlton was just now the fashion, and the Lady Laura was nothing loth to be so.

But, to be the fashion, entails usually certain consequences in the shape of expense. Dress and carriages cost something. Laura, with her innate carelessness, ordered both whenever inclination prompted, and Mr. Carlton was beginning to remember that they must be paid for. Passionately attached to his wife, he could not yet bear to give her a word of warning to be more heedful, but he wrote to his father, and solicited money from him. Not a sum of money down: he asked for something to be allowed him annually, a certain fixed sum that he named, hinting that the wife he had married, being an earl's daughter, would cost him more to maintain suitably than a wife would, taken from an ordinary rank.

To this letter Mr. Carlton was daily expecting an answer. He had duly forwarded an account of his marriage to Mr. Carlton the elder, had written to him once since; but the senior gentleman had been remiss in the laws of good breeding, and had sent not so much as a single congratulation in return. In point of fact, he had not written at all. But Mr. Carlton was confidently expecting a reply to his third letter.

He had not to wait long. As he stood there at the drawing-room window, he saw the post-man come up and turn in at the gate, selecting a letter from his bundle. There were two deliveries a-day from London, morning and evening; South Wennock, after a fight with the post-office powers, had succeeded in obtaining the concession at the beginning of the year. Mr. Carlton ran down with a step so fleet that

he opened the front door as the postman was about to ring at it.

The letter was from his father; he saw that by the handwriting; and the postman had turned back and was going out at the gate again when Mr. Carlton remembered something he wished to ask, called to him, and followed him to the gate, speaking.

"Rodney, have you made any inquiry about that overcharge in the books sent to me the other morning?"

"We have had to write up about it, sir; it wasn't the fault of the office here," was the man's answer. "The answer will be down most likely to-morrow."

"I shan't pay it, you know."

"Very good, sir. If it's a wrong charge they'll take it off."

The surgeon had turned his attention to the letter, when a sound of carriage wheels was heard, and he stepped outside the gate, thinking it might be his wife, driving up. It was not. The carriage, however, contained two ladies whom Mr. Carlton knew, and he saluted them as they passed. The next moment there came in view the inspector, Medler, walking along with rapid strides. Had he been in pursuit of some runaway forger, he could scarcely have been advancing more eagerly. Catching the eye of Mr. Carlton, he made a sign to him, and increased his pace to a run.

"What now, I wonder?" muttered the surgeon to himself aloud: and the tone of his voice betrayed unconscious irritation. "Haven't they had enough of the matter yet?"

Mr. Carlton alluded to "the very unsatisfactory matter of the death in Palace Street. Mr. Medler had not proved more clever in pursuing it than the inspector he had superseded, and he was fain to give it up for the present as an unfathomable job. It was a warm day, for summer was in, and the inspector, a stout man, took off his hat to wipe his brows as he reached Mr. Carlton.

"We want you to be so good as make the examination, sir, of a poor woman that's gone off her head, so as to give the necessary certificate, and Mr. John Grey will sign it with you," began the inspector, rather incoherent in his haste and heat. "We can't move her until we've got it. It's the blacksmith's wife down Great Wenlock Road."

"Very well," said the surgeon. "What has sent her off her head?"

"It's an old thing with her, I hear. Mr. Grey tells me she was obliged to be placed in confinement some years ago. Anyway, she's very violent now. You'll see her, then, sir,

sometime this evening, and we'll get her moved the first thing in the morning? I ordered one of my men to come down to you before I left the station, but as I've seen you myself it's all the same. What glorious weather this is!"

"Very. We shall have a fine haymaking."

"By the way, Mr. Carlton, that affair seems completely to baffle us," resumed the inspector, halting again as he was about to continue his way.

"What affair?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"About that Mrs. Crane. I'm afraid it's going to turn out one of those crimes that are never unearthed—there have been a few such. The fact is, if a thing is not properly followed up at the time of occurrence, it's not of much use to reopen it afterwards; I have often found it so."

"I suppose you have given this up, then?"

"Yes, I have. There seemed no use in keeping it open. Not but that in one sense it always is open, for if anything fresh concerning it should come to our ears, we are ready for it. It may come yet, you know, sir."

Mr. Carlton nodded assent, and the inspector, with all the speed of which his two legs were capable, set off again in pursuit of his errand, whatever that might be. Mr. Carlton went indoors, turned into the dining-room and broke open his letter. A dark frown gathered on his brow as he read it. Let us peep over his shoulder.

"DEAR LEWIS,—I will thank you not to trouble me with any more begging letters: you know that I never tolerated them. I advised you to marry, you say: true; but I did not advise you to marry a nobleman's daughter, and I never should have thought you foolish enough to do so. These unequal matches bring dissatisfaction in a hundred ways, as you will find—but that of course is your own and the lady's look out. It is not my intention to give you any more money at all—and whether I shall leave you any at my death depends upon yourself. I am quite well again and am stronger than I have been for years.

"Sincerely yours,

"London, June, 1848." "J. CARLTON.

Mr. Carlton crushed the letter in his hand with an iron pressure. He knew what that hint of the after inheritance meant—that if he asked for any again he would never touch a farthing of it.

"He has ever been a bad father to me!" he passionately cried; "a bad, cruel father."

The sight of his wife's hired carriage at the door interrupted him. He thrust the letter into one of his pockets and hastened out.

"I must manage to get along as well as I can," he thought, "but *she* shall not suffer. Laura, my dearest, I thought you had run away!" he exclaimed, as she jumped lightly out of the carriage with her beaming face, and caught his smile of welcome.

"Where do you think I have been, Lewis?"

"To half a hundred places."

"Well, so I have," she laughed. "But I meant only one of those places. Ah, you'll never guess. I have been to our old home, Cedar Lodge. I had been paying visits on the Rise, and as I drove back the thought came over me that I would go in to the old house and look at it. The woman in charge did not know me; she took me for a lady really wanting the house. It's the servant they engaged after I left home, I found; she is to stop in it until the house is let. It is in apple-pie order; all the old tables and chairs in their places, and a few new ones put in to freshen the rooms up. Only fancy, Lewis! the woman gave me a card with the Earl of Oakburn's town address upon it, and said I could write there, or apply here to Mr. Fisher, the agent, whichever was most agreeable to me."

Laura laughed merrily as she spoke. She had turned into the dining-room with Mr. Carlton, and was untying the white strings of her bonnet. He was smiling also, and there was nothing in his countenance to betray aught of the checkmate, the real vexation recently brought to him; few faces betrayed emotion, whether of joy or pain, less than the impassive one of Mr. Carlton.

"I wonder the earl should attempt to let the house furnished," he remarked. "I have wondered so ever since I saw the board up, advertising it."

"Papa took it on a long lease," said Laura. "I suppose he could not give it up if he would. Lewis, what else do you think I have done?—accepted an impromptu invitation to go out to-night."

"Where?"

"To that cross old Mrs. Newberry's. But she has her nieces staying with her, the most charming girls, and I promised to go up after dinner. Half-a-dozen people are to be there, all invited in the same impromptu manner, and we are going to act charades. Will you come?"

"I will take you, and come for you in the evening. But I have patients to see to-night, that will absorb an hour or two."

Laura scarcely heard the answer. She had lost none of her vanity, and she eagerly made her way to her dressing-room, her head full of what her attire for the evening should be.

Throwing her bonnet, which she had carried

upon her arm by its strings, on the sofa, slipping her shawl from her shoulders, Laura opened her drawers and wardrobe, and turned over dresses and gay attire. She was all excitement. Loving gaiety much, any little unexpected accession to it put her almost in a fever.

"I'll wear this pearl-grey silk," she decided at length. "It will be quite sufficient mourning if we manage to put a bit of black ribbon on the point-lace sleeves. Sarah must contrive it somehow. Where are they?"

The "where are they" applied to the sleeves just mentioned. A pair of really beautiful sleeves that had belonged to Mrs. Chesney. Laura pulled open a drawer where her laces and fine muslins were kept, and turned its contents over with her white and nimble fingers.

"Now what has Sarah done with them?" she exclaimed, as the sleeves did not appear to show themselves. "She is as careless as she can be. If those sleeves are lost——"

Laura broke off her words and flew to the bell, ringing it so sharply that it echoed through the house. Laura had inherited her father's impatient temper, and the girl flew up; she knew that her mistress brooked no delay in having her demands attended to. This girl had been engaged as housemaid, but her mistress kept her pretty well employed about her own person. She entered the room to see drawers open, dresses and laces scattered about in confusion, and their owner watching for her in some excitement.

"Where are my point-lace sleeves?"

"Point-lace sleeves, my lady?" repeated Sarah, some doubt in her accent, as if she scarcely understood which were the point-lace sleeves. At least that was how Lady Laura interpreted the tone.

"Those beautiful sleeves of real point, that were mamma's," explained Laura, angrily and impatiently. "I told you how valuable they were; I ordered you to be always particularly careful in tacking them into my dresses. Now you know."

"Yes, I remember, my lady," replied Sarah.

"They are in the drawer."

"They are not in the drawer."

"But they must be, my lady," persisted the girl, somewhat pettily, for she had as sharp a temper as her mistress. "I never put the laces by in any place but that."

"Find them, then," retorted Laura.

The maid advanced to the drawer, and began taking up one thing after another in it, slowly and carefully; too slowly for the impatience of Lady Laura.

"Stand aside, Sarah, you won't have finished

by dinner-time, at that rate," she cried. And, taking hold of the drawer with her own hands, she pulled it completely out, and turned it upside down on the carpet. The sheet of newspaper laid at the bottom was shaken out with the rest of the contents.

"Now then, put them back," said Laura. "You'll soon see whether I tell you truth, in saying the sleeves are not there."

Sarah suppressed her passion; she might not give way to it if she cared to keep her place. She snatched up the sheet of paper, gave it a violent shake, which might be set down to either zeal in the cause or anger, as her mistress pleased, and then stooped to pick up the lace articles. Lady Laura stood by watching the process, in anticipation of her own triumph and Sarah's discomfiture.

"Now, pray, are the sleeves there?" she demanded, when so few things remained on the floor that there could be no doubt upon the point.

"My lady, all I can say is, that I have neither touched nor seen the sleeves. I remember the sleeves, it's true; but I can't remember when they were worn last, or what dress they were worn in. If I took them out of the dress after they were used, I should put them nowhere but here."

"Do you suppose I lost them off my arms?" retorted Lady Laura.

Sarah did not say what she supposed, but she looked as though she would like to say a great deal, and not of the civilest. As she whirled the last article off the floor, which happened to be a black lace scarf, Lady Laura saw what appeared to be a part of a note, that had been lying underneath the things. She caught it up as impatiently as her maid had caught up the scarf, and far more eagerly; the writing on it, seen distinctly, was arousing all the curiosity and amazement that her mind possessed.

She forgot the lost sleeves, she forgot her anger at Sarah, she forgot her excitement; or, rather, the one source of excitement was merged into another, and she sat down with the piece of paper in her hand.

It was the commencement of a letter, written, as Laura believed, to her sister Jane, and was dated from London the 28th of the past February. The lower part of the note had been torn off, only the commencement of the letter and its conclusion on the reverse side being left. Laura knew the handwriting as well as she knew her own: it was that of her sister Clarice.

"I did not think Jane could have been so sly!" she exclaimed at length. "Protesting to me, as she did, that Clarice had not written

to her since New Year's Day. What could be her motive for the denial?"

Laura sat on, the paper in her hand, and lost herself in thought. The affair, trifling as it was, puzzled her excessively; the few words on the note puzzled her, Jane's conduct in denying that she had heard, puzzled her. She had always deemed her sister the very essence of truth.

"People are sure to get found out," she exclaimed, with a laugh at her own words. "Jane little thought when she was packing my things to send to me that she dropped this memento amongst them. I'll keep it to convict her."

In turning to reach her desk she was confronted by Sarah, with the missing sleeves in her hand.

"I found them folded in your watered silk gown, my lady, in the deep drawer," said the girl as pertly as she might venture to speak. "I did not put them there."

A sudden conviction came over Laura that she had put them there herself one day when she was in a hurry, and she was generous enough to acknowledge it. She showed the maid where to place certain black ribbons that she wished to have attached to them, and again turned to her desk. As the girl retired, Mr. Carlton's step was heard upon the stairs. Laura thrust the torn paper within her desk and locked it again, before he should come in, but he only went to the drawing-room.

A feeling, which Laura had never given herself the trouble to analyse, but which had no doubt its rise in pride, had prevented her ever speaking to her husband of her sister Clarice. Naturally proud and haughty, the characteristics of the Chesney family, she had not cared to confess to him, "I have a sister who is out in the world as a governess." When they—she and Mr. Carlton—should again be brought into contact with her family, as she supposed they should be sometime, and Mr. Carlton should find that there was another sister, whom he had not seen or heard of, it would be easy to say, "Oh, Clarice was from home during papa's residence at South Wennock." It would not be correct to assert that Lady Laura Carlton deliberately planned this little matter, touching upon the future; she did not, but the outline of it floated through her mind in an under current. Thus she never spoke of her sister Clarice, and Mr. Carlton had not the faintest suspicion that she had ever possessed one of that name. Laura supposed that Clarice was back at home with them long before this, and when she looked in the "Morning Post," or other journal giving space to the announcement of what are called fashionable move-

ments, a momentary surprise would steal over her at not seeing Clarice's name. Only that very day, she had seen them mentioned as making part of the attendants at some great flower show: "The Earl of Oakburn and the Ladies Jane and Lucy Chesney," but there was no Lady Clarice. "Papa and Jane are punishing her for her governess escapade, and won't take her out this season," thought Laura. "Serve her right! it was a senseless trick of Clarice's ever to attempt such a thing."

Sarah, who, whatever her other shortcomings, was apt at the lady's-maid's duties imposed upon her by her mistress, soon brought back the dress with the sleeves and black ribbons arranged in it, and Laura hastened to attire herself. Very, very handsome did she look; her beautiful brown hair rested in soft waves on her head, her cheeks were flushed, her fair neck contrasted with the jet chain lying lightly upon it. Laura, vain Laura, all too conscious of her own charms, lingered yet at the glass, and yet again; although perfectly aware that she was keeping the dinner waiting.

She tore herself away at last, a brighter flush of triumph on her cheeks, and ran down to the dining-room. Mr. Carlton was standing on the lower stairs near the surgery door, talking to some applicant, and Laura looked at them as she crossed the hall, and heard a few words that were then being spoken by the man, who was no other than little Wilkes the barber.

"And so, sir, as Mr. John was unable to come, my wife would not have the other; she felt afraid, and said she'd make bold to send for Mr. Carlton. If you'd excuse the being called in at a pinch, like, and attend, sir, we should be very grateful."

"I'll be round in half an hour," was Mr. Carlton's answer. "She is quite right; it is not pleasant to be attended by one who has made so fatal a mistake; one is apt to feel that there's no security it may not be made again."

And Laura knew that they were alluding to Stephen Grey.

(To be continued.)

THE SHEFFIELD RIVER SYSTEM.

NONE but those who have lived at Sheffield, or in its vicinity, can readily understand the enthusiasm with which the natives of "Hallamshire" so often refer to the scenery of that district. The term "Hallamshire" is one that dates from Saxon times, and the Norman surveyors appear to have included under it the whole of the present manor of Sheffield lying on the right bank of the Don, together with

the "chapelry" of Bradfield. At a later date have been added the townships of Ecclesfield, Brightside, and Attercliffe,—all of these being on the eastern side of the Don. Beginning with Richard de Lovetot, in the reign of Henry II., down to the Dukes of Norfolk in the present day, the designation of "Hallamshire" has been used in legal documents by the proprietors of the feudal and manorial rights in Sheffield and the district around. In the reign of James I. an Act was passed granting "to the cutlers and iron-workers of Hallamshire" certain jurisdiction therein, and also "within six miles' compass of the same." The extensive boundaries thus indicated imply that the cutlers had then established their works and machinery on the upper courses of those streams that are so notable in the physical geography of the district, and which have been of such essential importance in its manufacturing and social history.

The railway traveller, entering Sheffield from the Midland station, or in passing the town on the lofty viaduct of the Manchester line, finds himself in a fuliginous atmosphere similar to that of the Staffordshire "black country." Probably he would smile incredulously if he were told that he is there on the confines of a district which has been characterised as the

Destined rival of Tempean vales.

Yet, making due allowance for English fogs and clouds, the praise here implied is not too high for the beautiful scenery that abounds beside the brooks and in the ravines of Hallamshire. It is true the poetess * expresses a regret that,—

No aerial forms on Sheffield's arid moors
E'er wove the floral crowns or smiling stretched
The shelly sceptre,—there no poet roved
To catch bright inspirations.

That lament, however, is now obsolete; for in due time Hallamshire found its poet in Ebenezer Elliott. In his impassioned verse we see reflected the extraordinary beauty of the valley of the Don and the loveliness of its tributary streams. In many of his passages may also be recognised the effect on the poet of the "mountain charm" of those lofty hills which hem in the town of steel on all sides, except on the east, from which it is usually approached.

Poets are not usually considered very trustworthy guides in matters of topography. They often mystify their readers, and mar the accuracy of their descriptions for the sake of adopting an enticing metaphor. Yet in Elliott's "Village Patriarch" is one passage that may well serve as a basis from which to form a

* Miss Seward, daughter of the rector of Egham, Dorsetshire, 1747—1819.

correct idea of the geography of those streams that contributed so much to the early superiority of Sheffield in its special manufactures; but with three of which will henceforth be associated the remembrance of a dire catastrophe. In this passage the "five fingers" of Elliott's simile represent the five rivers which are the only tributaries of the Don, until, after leaving Sheffield, its course suddenly turns due east :—

Five rivers, like the five fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand ;
And eldest forests, o'er the sylvan Don,
Bid their immortal brother journey on,
A stately pilgrim, watched by all the hills.
Say, shall we wander where, through warriors' graves,
The infant YEWDEN, mountain-cradled, trills
Her Doric notes ? Or, where the LOOKSLEY raves
Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
Dream yet of ancient days ? Or, where the sky
Darkens o'er RIVELIN, the clear and cold,
That throws his blue length like a snake from high ?
Or, where deep azure brightens into gold
O'er SHEAF that mourns in Eden ? Or where, rolled
On tawny sands through regions passion wild
And groves of love in jealous beauty dark,
Complains the PORTER, Nature's thwarted child,
Born in the waste, like headlong Wyming.*

Now if, in the above passage, we transpose the Sheaf and the Porter, it will then show the order in which (beginning with the Yewden on the north and ending with the Sheaf on the south) these five rivers flow from the westerly hills of Hallamshire into "the sylvan," or, as Milton wrote it, "the gulphy Don."

Both the Yewden and the Loxley have their rise in the "chapelry of Bradfield," a high moorland tract, forming the extreme northerly portion of Hallamshire. This "chapelry," though always spoken of separately and under its ecclesiastical designation, has clung, as if with great tenacity, to the domain of the lords of Sheffield through every change of jurisdiction and ownership. Henceforth the names of Bradfield and Sheffield will be inseparably linked in memory of a fellowship in misfortune. The Bradfield Dale Dyke Reservoir, which burst on the 11th of March last, was so called from its principal feeder, the "Dale Dyke" stream, which had been one of the special sources of the Loxley. The reservoir was also fed from the springs opened out in course of its construction, and by the innumerable rills which trickled into it from the vast expanse of moors around. The church and village of Bradfield stand about due west from the ancient hunting lodge of the Wortleys, situated on the crags of Wharnccliffe, at the foot of which the YEWDEN joins the Don flowing to the south. It was down the narrow course of the next stream,—

the LOXLEY, that the contents of the reservoir were poured, appearing in front "like a wall of water fifty to sixty feet high," swallowing up corn-mills, "grinders' wheels," "tilts," forges, and the quiet habitations of sleeping men. The Loxley joins the Rivelin at Malin Bridge, within about a mile of the confluence of the two streams with the Don at Wadsley. Here the country spreads out into a broad valley, in which stood the villages of Owlerton and Hillsbro'.

Elliott's allusion, "Where the Loxley raves of broil and battle," is descriptive of the original state of the upper course of the stream, it having a very rapid descent from the high lands of Bradfield; and it was in suddenly resuming the ancient channel that the recent flood gained its irresistible power. The late Rev. Joseph Hunter, the historian of Hallamshire, thus speaks of the locality, in a hollow of which the "Dale Dyke" reservoir was constructed :—"A bleak, high, mountainous tract of country, lying between the Don and the Rivelin, extending north-westwards to the point where meet the three counties of York, Chester, and Derby, forms the chapelry of Bradfield." Bradfield is joined on the north by the township of Poinstone, in which the Don has its rise, near to Wortley. A very few miles further to the west may be seen the slender streamlet which becomes the Mersey, destined to find its outlet in the broad estuary at Liverpool, as does its sister the Don in the Humber on the eastern side of the island. Some parts of the chapelry of Bradfield form the highest points in the "English Apennines," as this range is termed by Dodsworth, the old topographer, "because," as he says, "it sheddeth its waters from sea to sea."* This range is really a continuation of the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, through the hills of Craven, in north-west Yorkshire, and is often spoken of as "the backbone of England." From Bradfield these hills extend to form the Peak district of Derbyshire, and they then gradually subside on the low moorlands of Staffordshire. It is, then, at the foot of the eastern spur of these "Apennines" that Sheffield stands. Beyond the town, from the Sheaf on the south-west, to Bradfield on the north—spreading over the ridges and through the ravines of that great central range—extends the "classic" region of Hallamshire. Half a century ago there was a project to bore through these "Apennines," in order to connect Sheffield with Hull on one side and Liverpool on the other by means of water communication; but the day for canals was already passing over, and

* A tributary of the Rivelin.

* At a still earlier date, Richard of Cirencester designates those hills as the "Alpes Penes of England."

now, instead, the locomotive careers through the "backbone" by the tunnel at Woodhead.

Let us revert to Elliott's catalogue of the five rivers. The RIVELIN, as already named, joins the Loxley just before reaching the Don. Its rise is in the township of Nether Hallam, on the high ridge between Bradfield and Derbyshire. Its "blue length," of glancing and leaping waters, winds along from the west near to the old coach road which passes by the brook Ashop to Glossop and Manchester. The valley through which the PORTER flows is about three miles farther to the south than the Rivelin. The Porter is "born in the waste" of moors above Fulwood, also on the Derbyshire border. Its "tawny sands" are so stained by the peaty and sandy soil, over which it has flowed in its hasty course. The "Eden," in which "mourns the Sheaf," is a beautiful and sequestered vale, situated about three miles on the south-west of the town. Its rise is near the remains of Beauchief Abbey, a pleasant site, chosen in the reign of Henry II. by a company of holy men who rejoiced in the tiresome name of "Premonstratensians." The Sheaf joins the Don near to what was formerly the centre of Sheffield, at the point where stood the castle of the Barons Furnival. The Sheaf, although the smallest of these five rivers, has thus had the fortune to give a name to a town which, in point of size and commercial importance, stands seventh of all the cities and towns of the kingdom.

It has often been remarked that had the site on which Sheffield stands been purposely chosen for the cutlery manufacture, it would scarcely have been possible to make a better selection. Coal abounds on the south and east of the town, and iron was found and worked in the neighbourhood at the time of the Romans. This latter fact does not, perhaps, stand for much, seeing that wherever the legionaries went they always found good means to forge and sharpen their blades. And the iron of this district has for more than a century past been exhausted, or else neglected as valueless compared with that of Furness or of Sweden. Coal has also been obtained with greater facility in other localities. In what, then, is the special advantage of the locality? It is to the river system of the district that Sheffield owes the early and distinct celebrity of its manufactures. The "Sheffilde Thwittol," spoken of by Chaucer, was a specimen of *hand-made* cutlery. Similar "thwittols" might soon have been produced elsewhere, had not the forgers and cutlers of Hallamshire availed themselves of the mechanical power so readily gained from the rapidly descending streams whose courses we have described. In the manufacture of all

cutting instruments the most important part of the labour is that bestowed on the process of sharpening the blade. That is, always supposing the metal to be such as will retain an edge when it gets one. One water-wheel can, with very simple machinery, drive many sets of grindstones; and,—by the way,—suitable grindstones have always been found near Sheffield. Thus, at a period when most manufacturing operations had to be performed with very primitive and often clumsy expedients, the water-power around Sheffield furnished the cutlers with that cheap and effective assistance they specially required. Besides this help in sharpening the blades, the water-power served another purpose of special importance, that of lifting machine or "tilt" hammers for forging the steel. These "tilts," as requiring a considerable weight of water to work them, have generally occupied the lower portions of the streams. The grinders' "wheels" may be seen at almost every bend or fall of the rivers, and nearly up to the source of each. The numerous dams which retain the supply of water for these "wheels" and "tilts" serve to enhance the beauty of the irregular winding valleys through which the turbulent stream would otherwise have run to waste. No clouds of smoke arise from these rustic workshops to dim the pure atmosphere around; and the quiet of the woodland pathways through which these buildings are approached, is only pleasantly varied by the brisk sounds emitted as the blades are being pressed on the whirling grindstones.* Thus Elliott, on this utilitarian aspect of the streams:—

Beautiful rivers of the desert! ye
Bring food for labour from the foodless waste.
Pleased, stops the wanderer on his way, to see
The frequent weir oppose your heedless haste,
Where toils the mill by ancient woods enshroued.
Hark! how the cold steel screams in hissing fire.†

Those lines describe the picturesque aspect of the water-power as it has been used for centuries in the Sheffield district. But, as the trade of the district increased, the recurrence of dry seasons and the uncertainty of the supply was found to be a great drawback to the value of the water-power. The introduction of polished steel by Hinchliffe in 1761 increased the demand for grinders, and rendered the trade of the town more than ever dependent on its "wheels." So that Hallamshire might at that period have lost its supremacy in the cutlery trade had not more comprehensive methods been taken to utilize

* It must be remembered that this description is meant to apply to the *upper* portion of the streams. Nearer to the town the "tilts" and "rolling-mills," which have very ponderous machinery, use steam as well as water power.

† "Village Patriarch."

the great natural advantages of the district. Writing so late as 1818, Mr. Hunter says:—"The works erected on the rivers are exposed to the inconvenience of having an unequal supply of water, and the attention of ingenious men has been directed to the possibility of equalising the supply by the construction of reservoirs near the sources of the streams. Nothing has, however, yet been done."* Not only was the irregularity of the water-power injurious to trade, but the uncertainty of employment tended to the demoralisation of the workmen. However, about 1825† there came to Sheffield, as to every other manufacturing centre, the newly-applied agency of steam-power, thus spoken of by Elliott:—

Watt! and his million-feeding enginry,
* * *

Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.

Yet the old "tilts" and wheels kept their places on the streams; for though the water-power was uncertain, it was cheaper than steam, and thus the new force became a clear addition to the mechanical power of the district. But steam-engines require incessant potations, and about this time the town was increasing very rapidly, so that serious attention was turned to the necessity of economising the water-supply for domestic and sanatory purposes.

In 1829, certain "ingenious men" formed themselves into a Water Works Company, and began the construction of a series of reservoirs on the west side of the town. The undertaking not only proved successful as a commercial enterprise, but it has also been of incalculable benefit to the general interests of the district. Up to 1859, seven or eight reservoirs had been completed; one of them—that at Redmires, on the borders of Derbyshire—being of great size. On the first day of that year was commenced a still larger dam, the Dale Dyke reservoir at Bradfield. When full this reservoir had a surface area of seventy-eight acres, was more than a mile in length and a quarter of a mile broad, and it was estimated to contain seven hundred millions of gallons of water. All the sides of the reservoir, except that on the south towards the valley of the Loxley, were formed from the natural conformation of the ground. The embankment that pent in this enormous volume of water stretched across the front of it in a line, on the top, of four hundred yards; it was ninety feet deep, and five hundred feet broad at its base; the founda-

tions were laid sixty feet below the original surface of the vale. It is computed that the whole of the embankment contained four hundred thousand cubic yards of material. The work had not been finished many months, and the excellent construction of the other works of the company had inspired confidence in their engineer, so that no suspicion was felt as to the strength of the embankment until within an hour or two of the eruption of the deluge on the valley below. At the time of the catastrophe, although the water did not reach up to the top of the main sluice or weir, the reservoir was so full that, it is said, there were hundreds of acres of the high moors above flooded with surface-water ready to flow into it. It will be understood from this circumstance that, in gathering and economising water from those distant elevations, the Company had virtually increased the supply of the district to an extent that would have seemed incredible at the time when, as Hunter records, "ingenious men" first turned their attention to the subject. Some mischance or oversight in the method of carrying out this great work has resulted in a disaster that will be remembered as long as the name of Hallamshire shall endure: but we need not here relate the story of that midnight deluge.

As might be supposed, the systematic retention of water on the high lands has lessened the natural supplies in the beds of the streams, although, until the Dale Dyke reservoir, none of the Company's works had been constructed near the sources of the rivers, as Hunter suggested might be done. But in the Acts of Parliament obtained by the Water Works Company the original rights of the "tilters," "grinders," and millowners on the rivers below have been fully recognised. The principle observed in these Acts has been, that the Company should guarantee a regular stated supply to the old dams on the streams in return for the acquired right of appropriating the surplus water. For instance, in the case of this Bradfield reservoir, the Company were under obligation to provide for the mills on the Loxley "ten cubic feet of water per second by day and night." It was calculated that the reservoir when full would contain, at that rate, twenty-two weeks' supply for the works on the stream below, even if all other sources were cut off. Thus, by an admirable combination of capital with ingenuity—admirable save for the one fatal flaw,—has the ancient river system of Hallamshire been brought up to the requirements of modern Sheffield. The extent to which this has been done might well have been deemed fabulous by the simple cutler of Chaucer's time, had it been foretold to him.

* Mr. Hunter meant that no comprehensive plan had been projected: there had been a company formed so long since as 1742, which had constructed certain small reservoirs near the town.

† This date refers to the general introduction of steam-power in the district: steam had, to a small extent, been introduced so long since as 1787.

If we have been fortunate enough to make our delineation perspicuous, it will be seen that the Don—to invert the significance of a military term—forms the *base* of the water system of Sheffield. That river flows into the town just so far to the south as to accept the tribute of the Sheaf,—the last of the five smaller rivers,—and then turns due east towards Rotherham. After leaving Sheffield the Don flows through a level champaign country to Doncaster and Thorne. Camden speaks of this river as being, on the east of Sheffield, “shaded with alders and yews.” That verdant fringe has long since disappeared, and foundries, “steel-converting” furnaces, and coal-pits cover most of the space lying between Sheffield and Attercliffe and Tinsley on the east. Up to Tinsley, the Don is navigable for barges, and from thence a canal communicates with Sheffield. This part of the water system has been of immense importance to the town since Swedish iron has been indispensable in the manufacture of steel. By its original course the Don used to flow into the river Aire; but, in the reign of Charles I., Vermuyden planned the channel by which, since then, the river has flowed into the Humber. Vermuyden was the Dutch engineer who first undertook the task of draining the “Great Level” in the Eastern Counties; hence the Don from Thorne to the Humber is sometimes called by its traditional name of “the Dutch River.” The Don is joined by the Rother at Rotherham; and there, if not at Tinsley, we may consider that the river system of Hallamshire terminates.

The northern and north-eastern suburbs of Sheffield, as they are seen from the left or eastern bank of the Don, have not been sufficiently described, for our geography has detained us on the west, from whence all the five rivers run. In Elliott’s poem of “The Ranter” he places the “Gospel Tree” on the summit of Shirecliffe, where the preacher stands above the broad valley which was the principal scene of the recent devastation. The view, looking from this place towards the north-west and round to the east, is sketched by Elliott with great skill, and as if at the moment when the various summits are seen at sunrise. The last of the heights he mentions is Wincobank, a wooded hill on the north-east of Sheffield.*

Elliott says:—

And Wincobank is waving all his trees
O’er subject towns, and farms, and villages,
And gleaming streams, and wood, and waterfalls.

From the summit of that hill may be sur-

* Wincobank overlooks Ecclesfield, to whose church, called “The Minster of the Moors,” the chapelry of Bradfield belongs. The vicar is Dr. Gatty, the husband of the lady so widely known by her pleasant parables and tales.

veyed all the level plain eastward from Sheffield to Rotherham. A resident thus speaks of the scene of desolation presented from thence after the recent inundation:—“Seen from the hill above (part of Wincobank), though haze and smoke hid the view towards Rotherham, as far as the eye could reach the waste of water and mud could be traced, the only relics of the furious tempest of waters that a few hours before had swept through the valley.”

Let us turn once more to where at Shirecliffe “stood Miles Gordon on the mountain’s brow”:—

Behold the Great Unpaid! the prophet, lo!
Sublime he stands beneath the Gospel Tree.

Behind him sinks, and swells, and spreads a sea
Of hills, and vales, and groves; before him glide
Don, Rivelin, Loxley, wandering in their pride,
From heights that mix their azure with the cloud.

This view, looking across to the hills of Stanage on the west and Bradfield on the north, is very imposing, whilst the spectator hears the “busy hum of men” rising from the northern suburbs of Sheffield in the broad valley beneath him. There a numerous population is scattered over a wide space around the confluence of the three rivers named above. The town has extended much more in that direction since Elliott’s time; but many have—as the writer has often—stood on that declivity at early morning, when only the rushing of the streams over the weirs, or the sound of a distant “tilt,” broke on the quiet of the scene; and again they have lingered there at eventide, when, though the hum of traffic had subsided, a pleasing murmur yet arose from the happy community dwelling in security beneath.

It was over this valley that, without one note of warning, the pitiless deluge rushed; and there, as we write, where stood many of the abodes of peaceful industry are now scenes of ruin and haunts of bitterest sorrow. W. M. W.

THE LEGEND OF COVENHAM BRIDGE.

THE first bridge built at Covenham (now called Cobham), Surrey, is said to have been erected by Maude, wife of Henry I., in consequence of the circumstance here recorded.

In Rippelen Chantry kneels good Queen Maude,
And her prayers have been many and long,
For she scarce shall reach the Kinges townne
By the hour of the evensong.

The royal pilgrim hath knelt and prayed,
Till the vassals who form her train,
And Sir Guy d’Aberne, the honoured knight
Who rides at her palfrey’s rein,

Have wearied of watching the chantrie door
For her and her maidens three;
And their muttered words lack the holy tones
Of a Pater or Ave Marie.

Now cometh Maude and her maidens fair,—
And "Ride we," she saith with haste;
"For between here and the Kinges townne
Lie miles of a dreary waste;

"Miles of a rugged, houseless wild,
Of bare hills and ferny glades,
Which trembling women would fear to cross
When the daylight wholly fades.

"To horse, then, to horse, my good friends all,
For I fain would be on my way."
But the priest, he urgeth, "Dear daughter mine,
I had liefer thou wouldst delay;

"And turn back to Guilddforde, to tarry there
Till the threatening night be o'er;
St. Catherine's nuns will gladly see
The face of their Queen once more."

"Nay, father, no penance were this to me,"
With speed hath Queen Maude replied,
"Nor were it well from my pilgrim's vow
So lightly to swerve aside.

"There is a chapel* in the Kinges townne,
Where some of my fathers lie,
And, for the honour of Saxon blood,
Now will I not pass it by.

"So bestow thy blessing, and let us on,
Our last vigil there to keep,
And say a mass for their souls' repose
Ere we yield ourselves to sleep.

* * * *

"Now spur thou, Sir Guy, in courtesie,
En avant, for a little space;
Sweet Alix, this gentle maiden mine,
Shall fill for awhile thy place.

"The Virgin bless thee, thou pallid one!
Why weareth thy lip no smile,
When thy peeres with merry jests and tales
The hour and the road beguile?"

Then whisp'reth Alix, with cautious glance,
To watch that none should hear,—

"A sorry tale hath been told to me,
That hath filled my heart with fear!

"How a boon was craved from our Lord the King,
When the wine-cup passed i' the night;
And the hand of his orphan ward bestowed
On a favoured but sin-stained knight:

"On one so jealous, so harshly stern—
Alas! and, ah! woe is me!
If these words of mine his ear should reach—
For Sir Guy d'Aberne is he.

"And many housen and lands are mine—
Alas! that such wealth I rue!—
And 'tis I am the King's ward; now say,
My Queen, if this tale be true."

Then sadly sigheth the good Queen Maude,
And tears are filling her eye,—

"What the King *willeth*, 'tis ours to do
Withouten a question *why*.

"His promise given to knight or serf,
How may he, how can he break?
Yet have I prayed it, on bended knees,
My Alix, for thy dear sake.

"Then be thou patient; yon frowning man
May be won to a purer life;
Thou hast been gentle and loving ward,—
Now be thou as kind a wife."

But shuddering Alix hath raised her eyes
To the shrouded heavens above,—
"The Virgin aid me in this my need,
For yon knight I cannot love!

"And a blot on my King's fame will it be,
A stain on my native land,
If orphaned Alix to one she loathes
Be forced to give her hand.

"Yet will I be hopeful; for as last eve,
Awearied with grief, I slept,
St. Catherine came, and, the long night through,
Her watch by my pillow kept.

"And it seem'd that, lapp'd in her feath'ry wings,
I floated adown some stream:
Whilst the welcoming song that angels sing
I heard in that soothing dream.

* * * *

"How dark, how murky the evening looms!
'Tis surely the night full soon!
Stormy the clouds that with churlish mist
Are veiling the rising moon!

"And sadly moaneth the evening breeze,
Like a wail for a parting soul.
Now reach we the ford of Covenham,
Where cross we the sullen Mole.

"But the waters! the waters! see how they spread,
With a rushing, rippling sound!
The flooded river, by hill springs fed,
Hath over-leaped its bound.

"It covereth the meadows, still creeping on
Where ever it finds a way.
Oh! an awesome look hath this wild wild scene,
In the twilight so cold and grey!"

"Now hold thou my palfry's head, Sir Knight,
And Alix, ride closely behind."
Onward and onward—"Hark! was't a cry,
Or the voice of the mocking wind?"

Strong is the current, the struggle fierce,
To cope with the wrestling stream.

"Look back for Alix, Sir Guy, look back!
O Jesu! what means that scream?"

Now seek for thy promised bride, Sir Guy,
But thy search shall be made in vain!
Never, ah! never, shall mortal eye
E'er rest on sweet Alix again.

And "For the love of this drowned maid
Build we a bridge," quoth Queen Maude;
"And for their safety who pilgrims be—
A bridge over Covenham ford."

L. CROW.

* This chapel fell down in the year 1730.

THE NORTH COAST OF DEVON AND CORNWALL.

(IN TWO PARTS.)



Hartland Point, North Devon.

PART II.

ON Monday morning we were up with the sun to finish a little sketch we were taking of the pier. Clovelly is a place you are very sorry to leave, your interest in it increases every day, and if you want to add some choice bits to your portfolio, you will find fresh subjects at every turn: old houses, shipping, everything seems put together in its most picturesque form. But we had decided to leave, and after breakfast started with our knapsacks for Hartland. There is a way by road to the town of Hartland, but we were going to Hartland Point first, and took the route through Clovelly Park, by the lower road which leads to Mouth Mill. If any of our friends are fond of the much despised race of fungi, in the woods about here they will meet with many interesting specimens. We passed some old logs, which had apparently been lying there for years, from which we gathered some fine specimens of *Bulgaria inquinans*, and choice kinds of *Peziza* and *Clavaria* may be dis-

covered with a little trouble, while the brilliant heads of many of the commoner kinds of *Agaricus* and *Boletus* peeped out from amongst the dead leaves. It was a showery morning, and we were glad to take refuge for half an hour in the mill; the miller and his wife, a worthy couple, treated us most hospitably; if the reader should chance to pass that way and is hungry, he must not forget to ask the miller's wife for some of her home-made cakes, which with fresh butter and milk he will find very acceptable. Here, too, all the directions necessary for going to Hartland Point may be had; the miller will, on a little bit of slate, mark out the road and show the turns to be taken; this little map is needed, for the cross roads are perplexing. We were rather independent, and fancied our pocket compass was guide enough, but we should have done better if we had accepted the offered help. The rain over, we walked down to the shore to see the curious arched rocks close by. It was high tide, and the sea was dashing up gloriously, the waves beat-

ing wildly against the rocks. We left the mill behind, and walked up the road leading to Braunton. We passed several farmhouses, and at last, catching a glimpse of the peak of Hartland in the distance, made directly towards it; but it is a longer walk than you expect, five miles or more. When we came near to it we left the road, and turned across some fields which brought us to the coast. The point itself is very singular in shape, a narrow ridge projecting three or four hundred feet beyond the other cliffs into the sea. It seems at first sight almost impossible to get upon it, where it touches the mainland the rock is so rough and craggy, but there are some steps cut, and it is easy enough to get up with a clear head, and look down on a sheer precipice of three hundred feet or more on both sides; in a minute we were on a grassy slope of thirty feet in width, and at the end we had a view along the coast which is worth seeing. This is the boundary of the old Severn sea, the Channel here opens its jaws to receive the broad waves of the Atlantic. When we had returned to a more comfortable seat on the mainland, another party came down with a guide, and we found that we had accomplished what was considered rather a feat; the old shepherd told us that years ago he had been to the end of the point, but he did not mean to go again, the rock was falling away every year. After rambling about the rocks and cliffs, as evening came on we walked to Hartland Town, and finding the inn quite full, took up our abode at a comfortable lodging, where some old books and an antique edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with grotesque woodcuts, amused us till bed-time. Our landlady was as good and quaint as we conjectured she might be from her belongings.

The next morning we started early, as we had a long day's march before us. We walked down the valley, which is prettily wooded, passed the Abbey, and came to the interesting Abbey Church, which well deserves a visit. The old monument, bearing the date 1055, the four chapels, and the Norman arch, claim special attention. The church stands on high ground and is quite a landmark on this part of the coast; we had noticed it the day before, on our way to and from Hartland Point. Half-a-mile farther on we came to Hartland Quay, and here we began to have some notion of the dreariness and wildness of the coast. On every side are black cliffs with the strata twisted and twirled about in the most remarkable contortions, and the sea that morning came roaring in, dashing and foaming in the little harbour, and falling in a jet of spray over the pier. There are only a few miserable houses here, but we believe there is often a good deal of

business going on, in landing coals and sand. A path winds by the coast from Hartland Quay, and if you delight in the sea, you will not want to take the shorter course inland. We soon came to rather a fine waterfall, of perhaps fifty feet, which, dashing over the rocks, tumbled down into the little bay beneath. Up the hills and down the valleys we walked on for several hours, expecting soon to come in sight of Moorwinstow, which is about halfway to Bude.* Once we saw a road before us which we thought must lead to a place of some importance, and making our way down to it, found it was a little cove for landing sand. The only person about was an old man, who seemed much surprised and amused to see us. He directed us to go over the next hill, and some three miles away we should find Moorwinstow. Up the hill we went, puffing away, for it was very steep, but the thought of its shortness, and the down hill in prospect, encouraged us to go on. When we came to the top, to our dismay we found a wilderness of furze and bramble, from which there was no escape; torn and bleeding we came down into the valley, where we were glad to rest and refresh ourselves beside a pretty watermill. As Moorwinstow was to be our half-way house, and it was long past noon, we had not much time to linger here; we started again, and soon coming in sight of the high road, about two miles brought us to Moorwinstow. It is a poor place, indeed, but has a splendid old church and vicarage, and many perhaps may know its name from the poetry which has been written there. We were half afraid that we should not reach Bude that night, and inquired if there was a conveyance of any sort to be had in the village. Yes, there was one man who had a cart, with springs too, but he was gone to Bude fair. There was no help for it, our legs must carry us there. Seven miles they called it, but it was a long time before we got any nearer, according to the answers we received from the different travellers on the road. We passed Kilhampton to the left, a mile or two away; here Hervey wrote his "Meditations," which he commences with, "Travelling lately in Cornwall, I happened to alight at a considerable village in that county." We went down into Combe Valley, a picturesque place, where the old family of Greville once had a mansion, though nothing now is left but a moat to mark the site. After this we began to meet the farmers coming home from the fair, jogging along three or four together, then the sheep and oxen, and we seemed really to be getting near the end of our journey. Bude soon came in sight, a line of white houses

* See vol. VIII., p. 161.

lying on the side of a hill. We passed through a village, then over a common, and we were there. All the world seemed to have come to the fair, and the stalls were being lighted up for the evening's amusement. The Falcon Hotel, to which we went, is over the bridge, on the best side of Bude, and here we found all the comforts which one so thoroughly appreciates after a day's hard walking.

Our stay at Bude was very short. After inquiring for letters the first thing in the morning, we were off early, our landlord driving us. We went first to see one of the inclines of the Bude Canal, at Masham Church, about three miles from Bude. It is a clever substitute for a succession of locks. There is a steep roadway, with two lines of rails coming down at each end into the canal, and traversed by an endless chain. The barges, which will carry about three or four tons, have small iron wheels, and are raised or lowered on this roadway by being attached to the chain, which is worked by an enormous water-mill. The longest incline is at Hobbacott Down, one and a half miles from Stratton, which is worked by a steam-engine. Our road from Masham Church, for a time, went inland, and we were much struck with the barrenness of the country. The labourers are very poor, and the cottages, many of them, are going to rack and ruin. In almost every village we noticed a little chapel, some sort of Methodist, we were generally told; for three-fourths of the people belong to this body of Christians, the fruit of the active and unceasing labours of those two great and earnest men, Wesley and Whitefield.

At St. Ginnis we turned short to the right, and soon came down to Crackington Cove, where we left our carriage, having planned to walk the remainder of the way to Boscastle. We shall not soon forget the beauty of this cove. The sea was coming in boldly and freshly, dashing round the rocks at the foot of Penkinna Head. We went as far as we could along the rocks, that we might sit quietly down to drink in the glory of the scene.

But we were not to remain long undisturbed. An old lady soon came to us to warn us of the coming-in tide. We had thought of this, and knew that we could easily climb the rocks behind; but her visit was not wholly disinterested,—she had some good cider to recommend, and she would fetch us water for our painting, if we pleased. To get rid of her, we ordered the cider; and away she went, and left us in peace. The children, when they found there were some visitors, came shouting on the cliffs above us; but they were too far away to be much annoyance, and we were soon cut off by the waves from any intruders by the

way we came. The sea dashed up at our feet, as if to tell us we had no business there, and it would have its way. It was a glorious sight. In the far distance the clearest azure, nearer a deep purple, and at our feet it broke in waves of the freshest green one can imagine,

And the rainbow hangs on the peering wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave.

Those who have seen both North and South Cornwall say that in the south the colour is equally lovely; but only in the north are seen constantly the wild turbulent waves and the long swell of the Atlantic. Our good woman in due time brought us the cider, and we had our sandwiches; but the cider was a failure. We gave two glasses to the fishes when we found the old lady was out of sight, that her mind might not be hurt, and the rest we put again into her basket. We climbed the hill behind us, and said good-bye to our friend, who sadly wanted to be our guide; but we were independent, and would rather go alone. We, however, took her advice, and made direct to the end of Carnbeak. Here we had a magnificent view, and, with a telescope, could distinguish Lundy Isle, and the point of Hartland above a nearer projection. Bude is lost in the bend of the bay; but we saw the Dazard and Widemouth Bay, and to our left we could go as far and farther than Tintagel to Pentice Point. Boscastle is hidden between the hills.

Leaving Carnbeak, we ascended the cliffs immediately to the left. They are the highest on this coast—more than 800 feet. Not being such sheer precipices, we could hardly believe this, until we began to feel the long pull to the top from Carnbeak. We went through a quarry, and up the quarry road, and soon were on Respawell Down, the headland of which goes by the name of High Cliff. Here you see Minster, but not Boscastle yet, though the flagstaff soon comes in sight. Leaving Minster on the left, we went down into the valley between wooded hills, and suddenly came upon the Wellington Hotel, a quarter of a mile nearer to the harbour than the little village which lies on the side of the hill. The Wellington is a clean, comfortable house; the landlady a pleasant, good-tempered young woman, who sees to the visitors herself, and does it thoroughly. The inn was very full; but she gave up her own little sitting-room, and we found good beds in the village. As it was not late, we walked down to the harbour at once. It is a curious place,—a winding inlet cut out by the waves, with its high cliffs on both sides towering above, and the sharp points below, on which, unhappily, many a ship has been wrecked in trying to gain a place

of safety the other side of the little pier. On the left, below Willapark Point, is the Black Hole, a dismal-looking cave, where, last autumn, a vessel, notwithstanding the ropes which were put out to the end of the harbour to guide it in, was dashed against the rocks and broken to pieces. Seals are found about these caves, and at some seasons of the year a pleasant day's sport may be had in seal hunting. There was only one small vessel in the harbour when we were there. We were struck with the enormous size of the ropes and chains which were used to fasten it. We crossed the stream which runs into the harbour, and, taking the winding path by the side of the hill, came to the coastguard's little hut. There is a seat there, where we lingered long, looking at the Isle of Murchard, straight before us. It stands out boldly with the green waves dashing round it; and as we sat, every now and then came a deep, booming sound from beneath, like thunder, and we could see the end of a jet of spray, but nothing more. Afterwards, going back and crossing to the other side of the harbour, we saw the explanation of this. A fissure in the opposite rocks, passing underground about fifty feet, communicates with the open sea, and from this, every now and then, a body of water is sent forward violently with a loud report. It is like the Devil's Bellows at Kinance Cove. But you must be there to see this, as we were, within an hour of low water, and when the sea is rough. We stayed to watch the sun go down behind Murchard in a bank of stormy clouds; and as it began to look even more black and gloomy, the sea-gulls came out from their homes in its craggy rocks, and whirled screaming round our heads, making the grandeur of the scene deeply impressive. There is a romantic story told of Forrabury Church, the parish in which Boscastle and its harbour lie. There were no bells to the church; and as the inhabitants heard the sound of the musical peal at Tintagel, when the winds wafted it across the sea, they became anxious to have some of their own. Their wishes were warmly seconded by Lord Botreaux, who lived at the castle; and in due time the bells were cast, and ready to be brought home. The vessel which was to bring the long wished-for freight appeared in sight, and the inhabitants came out upon the rocks to watch its entrance into the harbour. The pilot, who had charge of the ship, hearing the distant sound of his own native bells at Tintagel, gave thanks to God that he should be on shore that night. "Thank the good ship; thank God ashore," said the captain. "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God everywhere." "Thou art a fool. Thank thy-

self, with a fair wind and a steady helm." So they talked, the captain venting his rage in oaths and curses, the pilot firm in his dependence upon God. As the vessel neared Willapack Point and the dismal cliffs of the Black Point, clouds began to rise; and while the many eager faces were watching, one of those frightful storms came on, in which the vessel became unmanageable, struck upon the rocks, and freight, men, captain, all were lost, except the pilot, who was washed ashore upon a plank. In the pauses of the storm, which was long and violent, the clang of the bells was distinctly heard; and still, they say, the buried bells give their mournful chime in the frequent storms which desolate the coast.

When we reached the Wellington we found our tea set out in unexceptionable style, and we did it justice. The visitors' book is very amusing, and beguiled the evening hours with its poetry and nonsense. It seems almost needless, in these days of education, to caution the reader about spelling correctly. One word, *accommodate*, we specially noticed. Only two or three had been able or daring enough to spell it right; the rest, either in ignorance or fear of being singular, had followed the general orthography. We went up to our lodging in the village, which looked so clean and cosy that we were tempted to inquire the price,—14s. a week if taken for a month, and less according to the length of stay; and this for two bedrooms and a sitting-room, with everything included. It was reasonable, was it not?

When we woke the next morning, the rain was coming down fast. We were half inclined not to get up; but as we were debating, a head appeared at the window opposite which seemed to understand the weather, and after looking first one way and then another, the nightcap was taken off; so we did the same, and by the time we were ready to go out, the rain had ceased. We walked down to the harbour, and found the coast-guard there still, pacing up and down. As more showers came on, we were glad to take refuge in his little hut, and found him very ready to give us information about Boscastle and its neighbourhood. We pointed out the islands along the coast, and learnt their names. We asked if there was much smuggling now. "No, he wouldn't give twopence for all the smuggling that was done on that coast, and he didn't hold with the coast-guard now there was nothing left for them to do." His business, he told us, was to look out and see what vessels were passing, and if there had been a wreck near to watch for all that could be recovered. In the little cove of Pentar-

gam, three-quarters of a mile away, where a ship was wrecked last year, he had until lately been picking up many things which were washed ashore. We should like to have gone there, for part of the ship was still left jammed in between the rocks, but we had not time. After breakfast we started for Tintagel, over Willapark Point. We soon came to a slate quarry called Grover, worked on the edge of the cliff, the chains by which the slate is raised are actually fastened to the bottom of the sea; and going to the edge and looking over, it is a wonderful sight, the rocks are perfectly black, and as broken and wild as can be well imagined.

And, high above, I heard them blast
The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.

For about two miles we kept along the coast, and then descended into the Trevillet valley, the path to the right leads down to the sea, and well deserves a visit. The other way leads up to the mill, which many years ago was painted by Creswick, and called the Valley Mill. It is spoilt now, a new house is being built, and the ivy-covered gable is gone. A little higher up the valley we came to a foot-bridge, where we sat to have our lunch, and gathered the ripe blackberries which hung in rich clusters on the hedges. Half a mile farther up is St. Knighton's Keeve, where the stream comes tumbling down through a chasm into a circular keeve or basin. The path used to be very difficult, but the furze and nettles have been cut down, and now the approach is easy enough. Here in a little cell, it is said, a hermit once lived, who used to offer up prayers for the safety of those exposed to the dangers of this rugged coast. Some years after his death two old ladies, unknown in the neighbourhood, took up their abode in the same miserable place; after a while one died, and then the other pined away, and soon followed her to the grave. The prettiest part of the valley is lower down, by the mill, and here the lover of the picturesque will linger. From the waterfall we took the road direct to Trevena, and found tolerable accommodation at the Stuart Wortley Arms, where we left our knapsacks, and went to explore the Castle.

We will not weary the reader with descriptions which have been already given in *ONCE A WEEK*.* As we sat amidst the ruins of the royal fortress, with its broken arches and dark walls, imagination called up the stories of King Arthur and his stalwart comrades, when the castle echoed with the songs of merriment, or the wild music and the clang of arms called the gallant knights to the battle.

The next morning we had to say good-bye to the sea, and very reluctantly we turned our steps inland towards the Delabole quarries. As we took the last peep, the broad expanse of ocean looked blue and very calm; it was

A day as still as heaven.

We passed several mountains of slate, belonging to lesser quarries in the neighbourhood, and after a walk of four miles reached the little village of Pengelley, near which are the three pits of Delabole. These are now worked by the Plymouth Slate Company. We went to the edge of one of the stages, and looked down a depth of two or three hundred feet into the busy beehive below, where men are engaged breaking up the slate, ready to be put into trucks and hoisted to the surface. They had just had a good blast at the pit nearest Pengelley when we arrived; the men contract for the work, and sometimes, when they come upon a good layer of slate, can each earn 10*l.* or more a month, which is considered very good. But this is hardly a compensation for the danger of the employment; some of the accidents here have been very frightful, when a chain has given way, and a huge block of slate has descended upon the workmen beneath, without time for escape. When obtained, the slate is planed and finished for cisterns, billiard-tables, mantel-pieces, and tombstones; the finest slate is found here, and immense slabs are seen lying on the side of the rubbish heaps waiting for an order. After this, we went to see the slate split: some workmen are very clever at this, they seem to know where to give the hit, and can split it into pieces of any thickness. According to the different sizes of the slate, different names are given by the men, queens, princesses, duchesses, &c. About five hundred men are employed; they live chiefly in the little village close by. There are three tests of slate by which you can tell its worth—its *sound* should be clear, its *colour* light blue, and its *feel* hard and rough, not smooth and oily. All the way to Camelford we could tell that we were in the neighbourhood of quarries, by the slate paths across the fields, and the slate slabs instead of palings round the little cottages. Two miles to the left is a place called Slaughter Bridge, said to be the spot where King Arthur received his death-wound when “*Modred raised revolt.*”

At Camelford we took the omnibus to Bodmin, and had a distant view of Brown Willy and Rowter, two desolate looking hills of twelve or thirteen hundred feet high; a little farther on a valley opened between two rocks, from which our driver told us “years ago the devil took a flying leap out of Cornwall into

* See Vol. iv., p. 553.

Devonshire, and never appeared again in these parts." Would that he had taken a longer leap, out of England altogether ! As we came near Bodmin the country became much prettier, the whole length of the valley is richly wooded. We entered the town by the Asylum. Bodmin seems now a place of some importance, in days of yore it was the largest town in Cornwall. At the Royal Hotel we were transferred to a smart new omnibus, which took us to Bodmin Road Station. It was a glorious evening, and we can hardly say too much for the beauty of the estuary of the Tamar, the setting sun throwing a rich glow over the woods and water. We reached Exeter late at night, and took up our quarters at the nearest hotel. The morning was spent in seeing over the cathedral and city, ending with a look at the fine statue of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. We returned as we went, by the South Western express, and reached London well satisfied with our journey, and all the brighter and better, we hope, for its many enjoyments.

THE SKIPPER'S WIFE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

ELRUIN is much like other fishing villages on the Suffolk coast, nothing particularly striking in scenery ; some say the lights on the water are more varied than in many places, and when the sun sets in the sultry summer evenings, there certainly is a particularly bright line of dancing light from the horizon, ending where the waves ripple in at the base of the cliff.

I say cliff, for there is only one at Elruin, jutting out some forty yards farther than the rest of the mainland, which forms almost a straight line from the harbour, a mile to the east of the village, to the remains of the old castle, a hundred yards to the west of the cliff.

The Shark's-tooth Cliff, as it is called, rises about 60 feet above the sea ; it used to be much higher once, but every year, as the tides run high, a portion gives way.

One of the fishermen has often told me that he could remember well, as a child, its being a perfect hill, and that he and the other lads used to amuse themselves by sliding down the slippery turf facing the sea, and gathering the mushrooms for which the hill used to be so celebrated.

The sea encroaches very fast, though not so rapidly as it did before they put up the break-water.

At certain times, when the tides are very low, you can see a rock covered with long matted sea-weeds : this the fishermen call the Belfry Rock, and it is where the old parish church used to stand.

Three years ago, when the tides were very low, I hired a boat, and was rowed out to the Belfry. The waters were as still and clear as crystal, and, gazing over the sides of the crab-boat, I could distinctly make out in places where the foundations must have stood. I had been reading the account of the old church in the county history, and it seemed to me so strange to be floating over the foundations of those Norman arches that had once been so much admired.

As I gazed down I saw the red lines of seaweed lazily moving at the bottom, where the shrimps were darting about, and the little eels showing their pointed heads from the crevices of what might have been old building stones.

It was an important village once, Elruin, and the church (so said my county history) was the pride of the neighbourhood.

The noble family of Blais for many a hundred years owned the entire parish, and, among other strange things, I read how, up to 1600, they used to enforce a toll on every boat in the village, as it returned from the herring or mackerel harvest ; and how no boats were permitted to put out on the day that a body was borne from the castle to the family vaults, long since filled with sand and sea-water.

The fishermen's wives, even to the present day, frighten their noisy children into silence, by threatening to hand them over to the Black Earl.

Who this Black Earl was, I could never quite satisfactorily discover ; but tradition said that an owner of the place, some hundreds of years ago, had finished a life of unexampled wickedness by springing off the cliff into the sea ; and this I know, that even to this time, before a storm the fishermen will tell you that the form of the Black Earl is to be seen hovering over where the chancel of the church stood, and where his body, if it could have been found, would have been buried.

"Can't see much of the ruin, young gentleman," said the old fisherman who had rowed me out, and who had been watching with evident satisfaction the interest I took in surveying the site of the church, which he, in common with the other villagers, took great delight in pointing out.

"Very little," I said, waking from my reverie about the old Norman church, St. Matthias', its vaults filled with sand and seaweed, and all those bodies resting round it, where the once grassy churchyard stretched, waiting till the sea shall give up its dead.

I had been thinking and dreaming, till I could almost fancy that the low rolling of the sea was the sound of the organ, and that once more Elruin Church stood before me, with its

lofty spire and deep-cut windows, and that I could see the simple fishing folk bowing before the old Earl's pew, who, with his wife and daughters, sat in ruffled state surrounded by the quaintly carved monuments of sleeping ancestors.

"Did you ever see the Black Earl?" I said, raising my eyes from gazing over the side of the boat, seeing that my companion expected me to talk.

"Thank the Lord, never," he answered, refilling his pipe; "my mother did, however, affore that great storm which blew so uncommon hard fifty-six years ago. One day she comes in and says, 'I say, Bill, I was a-coming back along the cliff just now, when I seed a black shadow, like a man, floating round the Belfry Rock.'"

"Mayhap it was a cloud or a porpoise," says I, seeing she looked very much frightened about it.

"'Twan't a cloud, boy," she said, "nor a porpoise either, 'twas the Black Earl; but don't talk no more about it. I should not have minded so much if your dad had not gone out a-fishing, and the clouds look very unked."

"Sure enough there was such a gale that night as I never heard affore or since. I was a-sleeping in the same room with mother, when I wakes up, hearing a powerful noise of wind against the window. I starts up, and sees mother kneeling by her bed. 'What's the matter, mother?' says I. 'Bill,' says she, rising from her knees, and catching hold of my hand, 'I've been praying for your father, I knew 'twas the Black Earl I seed. Lord have mercy on us both! I know my dear man be a dead corpse;' and so he was, sure enough. He and his two mates were picked up, three days after, at the foot of yonder building."

"That's the coast-guard station, is it not?" I said, looking at the building he pointed me out, and wishing to change what I knew must be a painful subject. "Do you often have any smuggled goods landed at Elruin?"

"Very few, indeed, they keeps such an uncommon sharp look-out, now-a-days; when I was a boy a deal of business used to be done, and they say as how the great people at the castle were not above trying it on, now and then."

"When do you last remember any goods being smuggled on shore?" I said, seeing, from a grim sort of a smile, that he had a good story if he would but tell it.

"Two years ago, come January, was the last time as ever it was tried on; mayhap, sir, you would like to hear about it? Though part seems rather sad-like, here goes.

"Two years ago come January next, a ship,

looking like a collier coming from Newcastle, anchored in the offing; it was a clear frosty morning, with a sharp breeze from the east, which prevented many from going out fishing. About twenty of us were gathered round the benches in front of the coast-guard station yonder, when we seed this ship letting down her anchor.

"'What ship be that?' said I; 'taint the 'Tilda, what brings coals to the Elruin wharf. Jack,' says I to my son, 'cut home and get the glass, and let's see what we can make of it.'"

"Just as Jack comes with the telliscope, up comes Lieutenant Barns, who commands the station.

"'What do you make of it, my man?' says he.

"'Make of it, Captain?' says I (we allers calls him Captain), 'make of it! why nothing at all; 'taint the 'Tilda, though she seems to be a collier.'"

"'A salvage case, perhaps,' says he; 'but we shall hear all about it directly, as they are letting down the boat, I see.'"

"In a few minutes the boat was at the shore, and a man with a thick serge coat and very large buttons, jumped out and walked up towards the place where we were standing.

"'Does your parson live near here, mates?' says he, as he came up the gangway.

"'Parson,' says old John Piler, who loves his joke, 'to be sure he does, and he'll marry you as well as any one along the coast, as no doubt you have heard, and come about.'"

"This sally was received with shouts of laughter by all, except the man with the big buttons, who put on a most uncommon sad face, and pulled out a large handkerchief, with which he began to mop his eyes.

"'Taint my getting married,' says he, 'I be come about. Yonder ship be the collier Mary Ann Darley, of Newcastle; and it be along of Mary Ann Darley that I be here to-day.'"

"'She then wants to get married, only it's not to you,' said old John; 'and that's why you puts on such an uncommon long face. Well, I be sorry for you, mate, that I be.'"

"'Mary Ann Darley, who was the beloved wife of our skipper, George Halfred Darley, and arter whom the ship was named, is dead, dead as a red herring,' said the man, with a voice full of anguish, which made old John look ashamed of his former jokes. 'No, mates, without any more tridling with my feelings, which are such as I can't express, tell us where your dear parson lives, because our skipper's mind be in such a state, that he says nothing but the consolation your vicar can

give, of whom he has often heard, can do him any good.'

"This compliment to our minister, the Rev. Mr. Coles, whom we all loved, and of whom we were not a little proud, and the expression of deep sorrow on the man's face, turned all our sympathies towards him, and we all volunteered to show him the way to the vicarage.

"In less than half an hour we saw our minister's tall thin figure coming down the village with the man with the big buttons, and in another ten minutes he was on board the vessel.

"In about an hour's time the boat landed Mr. Coles again, who, as he passed us, stopped to shake hands, with the Lieutenant, who had again joined us, bringing his own glass with him.

" 'Most interesting case,' said the vicar. 'I never saw a man more completely prostrated by grief; poor fellow! his wife dead—just three days—only been married two years! I never witnessed more sympathy exhibited for any one than the whole crew expresses towards him: to see it was quite charming. The man with those large buttons is a good, honest, sailor-like fellow, with the tenderness of hearts. I was deeply interested in all the particulars of the young woman's death, which he told me. He ended by beseeching me to persuade the skipper to bury his wife, as the crew can't bear a dead body on board ship, and the skipper, he says, is almost always sitting and crying by it. I could not help agreeing with him that it was no use keeping the poor woman above ground.'

" 'And what have you settled to do?' said the Lieutenant, returning his glass into its case.

" 'Why, of course, the thing was rather irregular, but, as all the men on board seemed very anxious about it, I told the skipper, poor fellow, who seemed as overcome by grief as any man I ever met, that, if he liked, I would perform the last rites over his poor young wife this very afternoon. At first, as I was told to expect, he would not hear of the funeral taking place anywhere but at New-castle, his home, but after some persuasion he yielded the point, and the thing is all settled; so, as I must tell the sexton to prepare a grave by half-past three, I must not talk any longer; and, really, the scene I have just come from makes me feel that I should like to be alone for a time. I am most thankful to say that the conversation I had with the poor fellow has done much to make him resigned. He had heard of me often before, he said, and on his table I noticed my little tract on Resignation, which he told me, to use his own

words, had been as balm to his wounded spirit. Very gratifying, was it not? Good morning to you, my dear Lieutenant; good morning, my good men,' he added, as we raised our caps to him, and saw his kindly face turn towards home.

"Before long the bell began to toll, and as I went home to my dinner I saw the sexton hard at work at the grave, which, at the skipper's request, was to be made on the side nearest the sea and farthest from the village, since he told the vicar it would be so comforting, when his ship passed by Elruin, 'to see the spot where his Mary Ann was sleeping.'

"The report that there was to be a funeral from the strange ship in the offing, spread like wildfire through the village, and half an hour before the body was to leave the ship, the cliff was crowded by the villagers, the women, with their shawls tied over their heads, leading their children by their hands.

"Funerals are always a great attraction to our people, but since the last Earl at the castle was buried, none had caused so much interest as this.

" 'Poor Skipper Darley!' says my old woman, 'won't he feel lonesome just, when he gets back to his ship without his missus?'

" 'Werry,' says I, 'no doubt; he ain't been married more nor two years. Lor, what a good sort of a female she must have been, all the crew seem so fond of her; look you here, old lady, through the glass. D'ye see the figure-head of the vessel yonder?'

" 'Yes,' says she, resting the glass on my shoulder; 'a figure of a woman in a green gown and yaller hair.'

" 'That be no doubt an exact likeness of Mary Ann Darley,' says I; 'it's a very common plan that, and as old Cap'n Bist, as commanded the 'Tilda years ago, used to say: "Whenever I follows my wife, I goes right; as I sticks her at the end of my wessel, the 'Tilda allers goes right."'

" 'Lor!' says my wife, again looking through the glass, 'how beautiful Mrs. Mary Ann Darley must have been! Never did I see such a bust, hair, and hearrings. They are coming at last, the boats are being let down.'

"The church bells tolled sadly through the keen frosty air, and there was not a heart among all those on the cliff that did not feel the deepest sympathy for the widowed skipper.

"Slowly, and with a long measured stroke, came the two boats, into the first of which we had noticed the coffin being lowered.

"The bier had been taken down to the shore, so, when they had all landed, the coffin was placed upon it, and borne up the gangway by four of the crew.

"The other four came behind ; the skipper, who appeared dreadfully agitated, lent heavily on the arm of the man with the big buttons, his face buried in his handkerchief, from which at times we could hear a deep sob.

"Up the little street the procession went, and among all the women there was not an eye that was not filled with tears.

"*"Poor fellow !"* said my wife, *"he do take on terrible, to be sure, that he certainly does. How kind his friend seems to him, 'baint he crying just a little too ?"*

"Mr. Coles met them at the church gate, and with some sixty others they entered the church ; I and my wife stood at the corner of the yard and waited till they came out ; which they did before long, and the coffin was lowered into the grave as the clock ceased to chime four.

"After it was all over, Mr. Coles went up and shook hands, in his kind way, with the skipper, and tried to console him. Much he seemed to require comforting, poor fellow !

"*"Just let me look once more at my Mary Hann's coffin,—one more look at Mary Hann Darley's grave affore they fills it up for ever."*

"*"Come along, poor mate,"* said his friend, *"and don't take on so terrible ; I have spoke to the kind wicar, and he says he will see to the monumint being erected right, when you sends the design from Newcastle. Only think, how comforting it will be, when you be a-sailing along past this here place with coals, to be able just to look through the glass and say, "I can see the place where, underneath an illigant tomb, rests Mary Hann Darley, what was so very dear to me as a wife and all those who knowed her as a sister."*

"These words seemed to have a comforting effect on the mind of the widower, who suffered himself to be led away, saying, in tones which deeply moved us all, *"Bless your good wicar, what wrote that tract, which alone pervents me following my Mary Hann to the grave broken-arted."*

"The bell began once more to toll, as the sexton filled up the grave, and hid from the admiring sight of the boys the rows of brass nails, which told that Mary Ann Darley was cut off at the early age of twenty-six.

"*"Cut off as a tulip,"* said the sexton, who always improved the occasion to the bystanders ; *"and her husband remains as an ostrich alone in the desert ; and how I wonders he did not have a brick grave, which would have made her comfortable, and been 2s. 4d. into my breeches' pockets, which, as my wife has twins again, would be acceptable—very."*

"*"Bless ye, John,"* says my old woman, as we walked home, *"I don't know what ye*

would do without *your* missus, to get your meals ready and take the insides out of fishes, nor I without my old man ; and it's thinking of this that makes me feel so sad about this poor young man as has lost his Mary Ann, which must have been very beautiful, if she was any way like the figure on the ship, which was most pleasing as seen through your glass."

"I had that evening, I remember, left a net on the sea-shore, and as I passed the coast-guard station I saw the Lieutenant was watching the ship, which had not yet started. He called me up into the guardroom where he was seated. *"Bill,"* says he to me, *"three of my men unfortunately are at Darling this week. I must have at least five men to-night ; so, if you wish to earn a good night's wages, be down at my house before eight this evening."*

"Before the appointed time I was at the Lieutenant's house ; four of the coast-guard were seated round the kitchen fire, each armed with a musket and cutlass.

"*"This is for you,"* said the Lieutenant, handing me a cutlass and long pistol ; *"now follow me."*

"*"Where are we to go to ?"* said I to the man with whom I had to walk.

"*"To church,"* says he.

"*"To church ?"* says I. *"What a rum go !"*

"*"A rum go, indeed,"* says he ; *"only it's orders not to talk, so don't ax no more questions."*

"It was a clear night, and the frosty tombstones looked like ghosts as we entered the church, the key of which the Lieutenant had got. In a few minutes we were seated round the stove in the vestry, which we had lighted. A window was just opposite, and where I was sitting I could see the light of the strange ship in the offing, and a few yards before us was the new-made grave of the skipper's wife.

"I think we must have sat more than three hours, when I noticed the light on the ship, which it was my turn to watch, moving ; and through the night-glass I could see that a boat was being lowered into the sea. I called the attention of the Lieutenant to this fact, who said, *"All right, I thought so ; but, as they won't think of landing nearer than the ruins, we shall have to wait some time yet, I'll be bound."*

"In less than an hour after this, just as the clock was chiming twelve, I distinctly saw four figures clambering over the church wall. Two of them stopped short and hid themselves under the shadow of an old tombstone, evidently to keep watch. The other two, keeping as much as possible out of the moonlight, advanced to the new-made grave before the window.

"I can't tell you my horror, when I saw the two men, whom I recognised as the skipper and his friend with the big buttons, proceed to take off their coats and set to work with shovel and pickaxe to open the grave.

" 'He can't make up his mind to leave his dear wife, arter all,' I whispered to the man next me, who was carefully examining the priming of his musket.

" 'Don't talk, you fool,' says he ; 'let him have his wife if he likes. Remember, silence is orders, and no lights.'

"For another three quarters of an hour we sat quieter than ever. 'Now's the time,' says the Lieutenant, 'they're lifting the coffin out. You, John, and George Pankard, go through the south door, and mind you cut them off if they try to get through the village gate ; don't use your muskets unless you can help it, but don't let them get away. Now you three others come with me ; directly I open the vestry door, rush out and handcuff them before they have time to get up from the coffin, which they are now opening. Are you ready,' says the Lieutenant, cocking his pistols. 'Now then, here goes, and look sharp.' With a loud crack flew open the vestry door, and out we rushed ; and before the two men had time to rise from their knees they were safely secured with the handcuffs we had brought with us.

" 'Very neatly done,' said the Lieutenant, as in a few seconds' time John comes up to say that they had secured both the other men.

" 'Take the coffin to the station-house,' said the Lieutenant ; and so we did, and opened it at once. In it, instead of the young wife with the yellow hair, we found a large collection of silks, tobacco, and other contraband goods. The clever rascals had hit upon this plan of getting their things on shore, knowing how strict the officers were in looking over every box that was landed.

" 'Ah,' said the Lieutenant, as he finished overhauling the coffin, 'I expected as much : directly I saw that artful scoundrel with the big buttons, I felt almost sure I had seen him before ; and now I know it's no other than the man who took me in so cleverly ten years ago when I had the command at Darling ; but I'm equal with him now, anyhow.'

RANDOLPHE PIGOTT.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

LET me begin with the woful circumstance that first interested me in errors of the press. I was a student at the time. I had written a short paper on British rule in India : it was one of the first things I had ever prepared for the press, and of course I was very careful and

solicitous. I had burned much midnight oil over it, altering expressions, touching up the sentences here and there, and taking great pains to make them read euphoniously. With the concluding sentence I had taken particular pains, and prided myself much on its majestic Ciceronian swell. It was a long sentence ; I need not give the whole of it (though I have it here in my scrap-book), but it ended thus,—"when that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilisation, and the nursery of arts." The morning came round on which the journal was published to which my paper had been sent. I was too anxious to wait for the post. I went out before breakfast, bought a copy in the next street, ascertained that my paper was in it, and hurried back to my lodgings. Eagerly I turned to the place—please remember, it was one of my *first* productions—and read it proudly, line by line, from the first to the last. The last ! O, kind reader, put yourself in my circumstances, and imagine the frightful shock your feelings would have sustained on seeing—as I then saw—that the letters *a* and *r* in the last word of that magnificent closing sentence had been transposed ! The clause I have already quoted stood thus—"when that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilisation, and the nursery of rats." Rats ! My feelings at the moment—well, they are over now. I cherish no resentment. I can even hope now that Heaven may avert the doom which, in that moment of bitter mortification and rage, I invoked upon the paper, the editor, the compositor, the whole of the infernal establishment that had brought my sublime peroration to this climax of absurdity.

But ever since then I have felt a painful interest in typographical errors that affect the meaning—as that one did ; and having jotted down a number of them in the course of my reading, it strikes me that a few specimens might be worth putting together.

I remember being much amused by one that occurred in the *Times*, about seven years ago. In its parliamentary report of Disraeli's famous speech upon the causes of the rebellion in India, that usually accurate paper made him speak of the important law "that now permits Hindoo *windows* to marry." How far the privilege had been taken advantage of did not appear. Another ludicrous mistake was made about the same time, in a report of evidence given before a Parliamentary Committee. A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" The gentleman replied in the affirmative. He must have been somewhat annoyed, in reading the report a few days after, to find the question

and answer permanently recorded as follows :—
 “Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse?” “Yes.” The mistake probably originated with the short-hand reporter, who, let us charitably hope, was a little deaf.

Much less unhappy was the blunder which the Missouri paper committed when it informed its readers that “the wife crop of Gasconade county, during the previous year, had been 25,000 gals.” The next paper corrected the error by putting “wine” in the place of “wife.” Still better was the mistake made by a newspaper in its report of an inquest held on the body of a notorious glutton, who had choked himself while devouring part of a Christmas goose. The verdict of “suffocation” was printed, with more truth than was intended, “stuffed.” I was told lately by an Ayrshire gentleman that a local poet in his district had been quite ruined by the absurdities which had been put into his mouth, in the Poet’s Corner, by a careless or mischievous printer. The gentleman could give me no specimens, but the statement can readily be credited if many corrections had to be made like the following, which appeared in a provincial paper in 1858 ;—“ERRATUM.—In the piece on our fourth page, entitled, ‘We must not lag behind,’ instead of the line ‘That moulds it’s dirty shirt,’ please read, ‘That would its duty shrink!’”

It is not in the newspapers alone that errors of so serious a kind occur. Mr. Pycroft notices a curious case of misquotation in Johnson’s Dictionary, where, under the verb “to sit,” the following occurs as an authority :—“*Asses are ye that sit in judgment* (Judges v., 10),”—the verse being in reality, “Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment.” I have also been referred to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author ; the verse, “Princes have persecuted me without a cause,” reading, “Printers have persecuted me without a cause.” Campbell’s celebrated “Essay on Miracles” appeared in one of the advertisements as “Campbell’s Essay on Mangles.” In newspaper articles of my own I have had the misfortune to see “the internal relations of the Church” converted into “the infernal relations of the Church,” and people who “spoke the Gaelic language” were made to “smoke it.” I remember a great public demonstration that took place in a town in which I was residing at the time. After one or two unimportant speeches, a certain demagogue arose, whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering

from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this, in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said that the vast concourse had “rent the air with their shouts.”

In 1862, when the M’Lachlan controversy was at its height, a lawyer in Glasgow sent a long letter on some of the legal aspects of the case to a local paper (the *Morning Journal*). It appears that a butcher had sent a letter to the same paper, criticising from a practical standpoint certain statements that medical men had been making as to the number of blows that could be administered with a cleaver within a given time. These two letters lay in type, together I suppose, awaiting insertion. In a day or two (October 11th) the lawyer’s letter appeared ; but what must have been its author’s astonishment and indignation to find himself (as if with insulting reference to his views on the M’Lachlan case) called a butcher, and his letter entitled, in large letters, “A Butcher on Forensic Medicine !” Next day the real butcher’s letter appeared, and of course an editorial note along with it, explaining that the headings had got inadvertently changed. Incongruities of this sort by the misplacing of lines are not uncommon, and some of them are very ludicrous. For instance, in a Ripon paper, the other week, a line belonging to the report of a public meeting found its way accidentally amongst the births. The result was the following remarkable announcement :—“On the 3rd inst., at Elkington, the wife of Mr. Terry, schoolmaster, of a son. He spoke indistinctly, but was understood to say that, on the 5th inst., at Bond Gate, Ripon, the wife of Mr. Joseph Lonsdale, tailor, of a daughter.” Less recent, but not less astounding, was the following item of local news which appeared in a Scotch paper :—“Last Saturday, a poor woman in King Street, was safely delivered of one sergeant, two corporals, and thirteen rank and file.” Her Gracious Majesty is in the way of making donations in cases of three or more children at a birth ; whether she made any proportionate acknowledgment of the foregoing prodigy of both fecundity and patriotism has never “transpired.”

MEYERBEER.

ONLY a few weeks ago a great writer fell asleep in the very midst of his labours, and he has since been followed by one of the greatest musical composers of modern times. Like the former, the latter, too, had his work in hand, which he believed would prove his best, and that which would constitute his greatest claim to the admiration of posterity. The “Africaine,” or “Vasco de Gama,” as he is said

to have named it lately, was to throw into the shade the "Huguenots" and "Le Prophète," and he only waited, we are told, for a fitting representative of the principal character to give it the finishing touches. "For a long time past," writes one of his friends, "he complained of internal pains, to which he was so accustomed that he paid little attention to them, and thought much more of an affection of the throat. He had begun to think he was getting better, and spoke of the many things he would do if it pleased God to give him back his health. Even on his deathbed he did not appear to think his death was near, and talked to his two daughters and others about his bed in the kindest and most affectionate manner. He asked for something to drink, and they gave him a cup full of soup. He raised it to his mouth, drank a little, wiped his lips, and as he did so his head fell forward, and, with a heavy, long-drawn, tremulous sigh, his life passed from him."

It cannot be said of Meyerbeer that his death was premature. Born in 1791, he had more than completed the allotted course of three-score years and ten; and it is more than three-score and four years since he made his first appearance before the public. At ten years of age the inhabitants of Berlin ranked him among the best pianists in their city; and he was known as a composer of sundry small pieces before he had completed his twelfth year, or had received any instruction in the art of composing music. The necessity of receiving such instruction being evident, he placed himself under the tuition of the Abbé Vogler, at Darmstadt, who was renowned for his ability. Here Meyerbeer made the acquaintance of Weber, and a warm and lasting friendship sprang up between the two. His first attempts were not regarded as indicative of his possession of very great talent. His first composition of any pretensions was an oratorio entitled "God and Nature." This was performed at Berlin in 1811; and in the succeeding year the second of his compositions, "Jephthah's Daughter," was produced at Munich. His next attempt was condemned as a failure by the Viennese. The title of the piece was "Abimelech, or the Two Caliphs." It was brought out at the Imperial Opera at Vienna, where its career was very short. Acting on advice he received in this city, he determined to travel in Italy, for the purpose of making himself familiar with the music of that country. To this journey, made in opposition to the advice of his master, Professor Vogler, and his friend Weber, we owe those splendid masterpieces, "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," and "Le Prophète." He soon saw how much would be gained by com-

bining the styles of Germany and Italy; but the first result of his conversion was the adoption of a style almost purely Italian.

The operas he composed at this time are little known in this country. Very few have heard of "Romilda e Costanza," performed at Padua in 1818, of "Semiramide Riconosciuta," "Emma di Resburgo," "Margherita d'Anjou," "L'Esule di Granata," or even the "Crociato," though the last is better known than the others. His German friends and admirers mourned for him as one who had committed apostasy in abandoning what they considered the only genuine music, that of their own country, but he turned a deaf ear to their reproaches, and even added to his offence, in their estimation, by departing for Paris, and there wedding the French style to the others, producing thereby a union of qualities which gives to his subsequent operas that grandeur and charm for which they are famous, and which has made them the mainstay of operatic institutions in London and Paris for so many years. His first essay in this new direction was "Robert le Diable," and the success it met with was astonishing, notwithstanding the opinion of some whose judgment he consulted, that it was above the comprehension of the crowd.

When a first attempt has been so successful, it is seldom that a second is not regarded as a comparative failure; indeed, the standard by which we estimate it is so high, that it cannot well be otherwise. But this was not so with the next opera Meyerbeer produced. The "Huguenots" is at least as great a favourite as the preceding, and with equal justice. His next opera partook more of the German element, and though it is always regarded as a great attraction at the Italian Opera, it owes much of this to the magnificent manner in which it is put on the stage at Covent Garden. The subject of "Le Prophète" is one in which people take little interest, probably few are now acquainted with the strange episode in religious history in which the Anabaptists of Münster were the performers, under the nominal leadership of John of Leyden, but apart from this, the music is generally considered inferior to that of the "Huguenots." Of more recent operas, the "Etoile du Nord" and "Dinorah," we have no need to speak; their merit, as compared with the three preceding operas we have enumerated, may be inferred from a comparison of the frequency with which they are performed.

No musical composer ever exceeded Meyerbeer in the care he bestowed in preparing his works for public representation. After every rehearsal there was a passage to be altered here, another to be introduced there, and so on

up to the last rehearsal of all, and even then it was with difficulty that he could content himself with what he had done. To this conscientious desire to perfect his works to the utmost may be attributed the small number of his productions during such a lengthened professional career. Possessor of a large fortune, he had no need to exert himself from any other motive than reputation; but this in his case was so powerful, that the malady which caused his death is supposed to have been induced by the excessive anxiety with which he superintended the production of his works.

He spent so large a portion of the year in Paris that it may be said to have been his home, but his remains have not been suffered to lie there. The railway station at Paris was hung with black, to receive in a fitting manner the body of the great genius, which was to be transmitted thence to Berlin. A funeral oration was delivered by M. Emile Olivier, which was listened to by a crowd of friends and admirers; the Israelitish priests pronounced the customary prayers, and then the body was placed in the charge of the Prussian ambassador and conveyed to a railway carriage, fitted up to resemble one of those chapels with which all who have visited the cathedrals of the continent are familiar.

The death of Meyerbeer has made a great gap which there is no man to fill. Happily for us, and to all appearance for posterity also, there is no need that music should be novel to give pleasure, or we might look forward to the day when Italian opera would become extinct. There are few composers now, and their works as compared with Meyerbeer's are as a child's story-book to "David Copperfield" or "The Caxtons."

G. L.

THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE.

(A.D. 1720.)

TAPESTRY'S rich-coloured fables

Hang from every window lattice;

Down come showers of snowy confits,

Up goes every joke that pat is.

'Tis the Carnival at Venice;

'E'en the very Ducal prison

Rings with laughter, for the turnkeys

Drunken from the board have risen.

Mountebanks on every landing,

Loud harangue the gondoliers;

While their zanies and the fishwives

Fall together by the ears.

All is chatter, noise, and frolic;

Drums and trumpets; gusts of folly.

St. Lazare alone, in silence,

Broods in hermit melancholy.

Gondolas of funeral colour,

Hearse-like, black, without, within,

Fringed and tasselled all with sable,

Black as any Ethiop's skin,

Up and down, through the Rialto,
Swart like crows upon the wing,
Up and down the Grand Canale,
Where the maskers scream and sing.

Harlequins of many colours,
Pierrots, like millers, white;
Sultans with their laughing harems,
Friars in robes as dark as night.

In the centre of this madness
Float two lovers in their shallop,—
She a proud Lucrecia Borgia,
He a pilgrim, gourd and scallap.

Flap, ye pennons, flap and flutter,
Blow from balconies by dozens,
While above you, laughing, cluster
Fathers, mothers, girls, and cousins.

On the lovers float by landings,
Past the Doge's stately palace,
Past the church doors, now half open,
Showing altar, pix, and chalice.

She is queenly: O those tresses!
Golden—twink as Titius's Flora,
With a face like Cleopatra's,
And with eyes like the Aurora.

Arms like Juno, brow like Hebe,
Bosom bursting from its bodice;
Hands for Venus, feet of Iris,
Grace to vanquish god or goddess.

How she kisses his broad forehead!
Eyes and lips she still caresses;
Laughing at the cheated husband,
Laughing at their motley dresses.

Suddenly, between the curtains,
Comes a strong hand with a dagger,
Striking twice, so sure and deadly,
Blows that make the frail boat stagger.

Down beneath a shadowy archway
Floats the sable boat untended,
And the dead, behind the curtains
Lie there, all alone, untried.

No one heeds them, in the twilight;
Now the frolic's getting madder,
And around the giant columns
Reel the dancers, noisier, gladder.

Still the mountebank is shouting,
Drugs and poisons loudly praising,
And, at intervals, the zany
Beats a basin, large and brazen.

Beauties of this princely Venice,
Lolling at the windows, prattle,
And their hair in torrents golden
Falls about them as they tattle.

There are all the magnificences,
In their scarlet robes of splendour;
While the roystering serenaders
Drive away yon angry vendor.

There are abbés and fair ladies,
Silks and topaz satins glowing;
Here a flute, and there a fiddle,
Here a reckless trumpet blowing.

Through them all, that hearse-like shallop
Floats unheeded to the sea;
And the murdered creatures in it
Sleep in death's tranquillity.

So the Carnival of Venice
 Riots on until the morn,
 Until Phœbus, in his chariot,
 Conquering through the East is borne.

Then a fisherman at Lido,
 Eyeing moodily the sand,
 Finds a single blood-stained feather,
 And a glove that floats to land.



Fragments of a broken cithern,
 One red mask, and that is all ;
 All that's left of the brief madness
 Of the Venice Carnival.

But the dead, unclaimed, unheeded,
 Are still floating on the sea,
 Far, oh ! far from the Rialto,
 And the mirth of yesterday.

W. T.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXV. A FINE LADY.

IN the same handsome reception-room in Portland Place, where you saw them a fortnight ago, sat again the Earl of Oakburn and his daughter Jane. Jane was knitting some wrist-mittens for her father, her mind busy with many themes: as Jane's thoughtful mind was sure to be. She was beginning to doubt whether she should like the governess—who had entered on her new situation some ten days now; and she was deliberating how she should best introduce the subject which she was determined to speak of that morning—Clarice. A whole fortnight had Jane hesitated, but the hesitation must have an end.

The earl read the Times. He was glancing over a short speech of his own, therein reported; for he had risen to his legs the previous night and given the Lords a little of his mind in his own peculiar fashion. A question had arisen in regard to the liberties of seamen in government vessels, and the earl told the assemblage, and especially the Lord Chancellor, that they were all wrong together and knew no more about the matter than a set of ignorant landlubbers could be expected to know.

"Papa," said Jane, knitting rapidly at the mittens—the old sailor called them muffatees—"does it appear to you that Miss Lethwait will suit?"

"She'll suit for all I know," the earl replied. "Why shouldn't she suit?"

Jane was silent for a moment before making any answer. "I fear she is above her situation, papa: that we shall find her—if I may use the word—too pretentious."

"Above her situation?" repeated the earl. "How can she be above that?"

"Papa, I allude to her manner. I do not like it. Wishing to treat her with all courtesy as a gentlewoman, I made no arrangements for her sitting apart from us in the evening; but I must say I did not expect her to identify herself so completely with us as she is doing; at least in so short a time. When visitors are here, Miss Lethwait never seems to remember that she is not in all respects their equal; she comports herself entirely as if she were a daughter of the house, taking more upon herself a great deal than I think is seemly. She pushes herself before me, papa; she does indeed."

"Push her back," said Lord Oakburn.

"That is easier said than done, with regard

to Miss Lethwait," replied Jane. "I grant that she is in manner naturally imperious, inclined to treat every one *de haut en bas*——"

"Treat every one how?" was the angry interruption. "Where's the sense of jabbering that foreign stuff, Jane! I thought you were above it."

"I beg your pardon, papa," Jane meekly answered, full of contrition for her fault, which had been spoken in thoughtlessness, for Lord Oakburn understood no language but that of his native land, and had little toleration for those who interlarded it with another. "It is evident that Miss Lethwait is by nature haughty, I was observing; haughty in manner; but I do consider that she forgets her position in this house in a way that is anything but agreeable. But that you are unob-servant, papa, you would see that she does."

"Tell her of it," said Lord Oakburn, seizing his stick and giving a forcible rap.

"I should not much like to do that," returned Jane. "What annoys me is, that she does not feel herself what is becoming conduct, and what is not——"

"I don't see that there's anything unbecoming in her conduct," was the interruption. "She should not stop long with Lucy, I can tell you, if I saw anything of that."

"No, no, papa, there is nothing unbecoming in one sense; I never meant to imply that. Miss Lethwait is always a lady. She is too much of a lady, if you can understand it; she assumes too much; she never seems to recollect, when in the drawing-room of an evening, that she is not one of ourselves, and a very prominent one. A stranger, coming in, might take her for the mistress of the house, certainly for an elder daughter. And when we are alone, papa, don't you note how familiar she is with you, conversing with you freely on all kinds of subjects, listening to you, and laughing at your stories of your sea life?"

"She has a splendid figure," remarked the earl, not altogether, as Jane thought, *apropos* to the point. "And she talks sensibly—for a woman."

"Well, papa, I don't like her."

"Then don't keep her. You are the best judge of whether she's fit for her berth, or whether she is not."

"As governess to Lucy she is entirely fit. I could not wish to find a more efficient in-

structress. Her mode of teaching, her training, her companionship, all appear to me to be admirable for a young girl."

"Let her stop on, then. Lucy's instruction is the chief point. As to a little pride or pretension, or whatever you may term it, it will do no harm. A wind inflating the sails ahead won't topple over the ship."

Jane said no more. Of course Lucy's instruction was of paramount importance, and Jane was not one to merge weighty matters in trifles. Lord Oakburn returned to his newspaper, and there ensued a silence. Presently he looked up, and spoke abruptly.

"When do you intend to see after Clarice?"

Jane's heart gave a great bound, and she dropped a needle in her consternation. So entirely taken by surprise was she, that she could only look up in silence. At that very moment she was trying to frame an inoffensive way of putting the selfsame question—and now he had spoken it! The flush of emotion illumined her face, tinging even her drooping eyelids.

"Papa! may I see after her? Will you allow it?"

"If you don't, I shall," said the earl.

"It is what I have been longing to do," returned Jane. "Every morning for this long while past, I have been resolving to speak to you, papa, and every night, when the night came, I have reproached myself for not having had the courage to do so. May Clarice come home again?"

"Well, I don't know what you may deem ship-shape, but in my opinion it is scarcely the thing for Lady Clarice Chesney to be flourishing abroad as a governess."

"It has been wrong all along; doubly wrong since the change in our position occurred. But, papa, I did mention her name to you at the time of Lord Oakburn's death," Jane deprecatingly added, as a reminder, "and you bade me be silent and let Clarice come to her senses."

"But she doesn't come to them, my Lady Jane," retorted the earl, giving a few exasperated raps with his stick to enforce his words, —a plaything which he had by no means forgotten the use of. "Here are the weeks and months creeping on, and she never gives token that she has come to them, or that she is coming to them. Obstinate little minx!"

"Papa, it is possible that she may not have heard of the change in our position. It is very unlikely, certainly, that she should not; but still it is just possible."

"Rubbish! it's not possible," cried the earl, in his own domineering manner. "It is her

pride that stands in the way, Jane; she has been holding a tacit battle with us, you see, waiting for us to give way first."

"Yes, I have thought that must be it. Clarice was always self-willed, the same as—as——"

"The same as who?" thundered the earl, believing that Jane was impertinently alluding to himself.

"As Laura, I was going to say, papa. Forgetting that you had forbidden her name to be mentioned before you."

Jane had indeed forgotten it. The earl's brow grew hot with anger, and he rose to pace the room, giving Jane a little of his mind, and the floor of his stick, some of his words being more suitable to the quarter-deck of his old vessel in Portsmouth Harbour, than to his London drawing-room.

"Don't you talk of Laura before me again, Jane. She has chosen her own home and abandoned mine; let her abide by it. But Clarice's sin was lighter, look you, and she shall be forgiven. I suppose you know where she is."

"No, I do not, papa."

Lord Oakburn stopped in his walk: the denial had evidently surprised him.

"Not know!" he repeated, gazing sternly at Jane. "I was given to understand that you *did* know. Clarice writes to you."

"I do not know exactly where she is," explained Jane. "It is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, I believe, and I have no doubt she will be easily found. When I write to her, I send my letters to a library there, by Clarice's directions, and I should think they can give me her address. Oh papa, I have so longed to go there and ask for it!"

"You can go now," bluntly rejoined the earl. "Shall you be an hour getting ready?"

"I shall not be five minutes," replied Jane, the glad tears standing in her eyes, as she laid her work aside. Lord Oakburn rang the bell, and a man came in.

"The carriage for Lady Jane."

But before the servant could retire, Jane interposed. "Stay an instant, Wilson. Papa, I think I had better not take the carriage. I would rather go on foot, quietly."

"Then you won't go quietly," returned the earl. "Do you hear, sir? What do you stand gaping there for? The carriage instantly for Lady Jane."

Wilson flew off as if he had been shot. The new servants had become accustomed to these explosions of the earl's; but, with all his hot temper, he was a generous master.

Jane, for once, did not give up her point

without a battle. "Do consider it for an instant, papa; will it not be best that, under the circumstances, I should go quietly without the parade of servants and a carriage?"

"What do you mean by 'under the circumstances'?"

Jane unconsciously dropped her voice. "As Clarice has stooped to take upon herself the office of a governess, I think she should come away from her place as such."

"No," said the earl, decisively. "She shall come away as Lady Clarice Chesney."

"There is one thing to be remembered," observed Jane, feeling that further opposition to the carriage would be useless. "She may not be able to come away with me. She may have to give warning first—a week's or a month's."

The suggestion angered the earl, and he lifted his stick menacingly.

"Not leave without warning! Let them dare to keep her. Tell the people who she is. Tell them who I am, and that I demand her."

"Dearest papa," Jane ventured to remonstrate, "courtesy is due and must be observed to Clarice's employers. She has contracted to perform certain duties in their house; and to quit them at a moment's notice may be scarcely practicable. They may concede the point to me as a favour, but it will not do to demand it as a right."

"But I want her here," said the earl, who, now that he had broken the ice, was longing for Clarice's return with all the impatience of a child.

"And so do I want her," returned Jane; "and I will bring her away with me if I can. If not, the period of her return shall be fixed."

Jane quitted the room. She put on her things, a white bonnet and black mantle trimmed with crape, and then went to the study where sat Lucy and Miss Lethwait: the former wishing that the German language had never been invented for her especial torment; the latter showing up the faults in a certain exercise in the most uncompromising manner.

"Oh Jane! are you going out?" came the weary plaint. "You said I was to go with you to-day to the Botanical Gardens!"

"Yes, later; I will not forget."

"Lucy says you wish the hour for her walking changed, Lady Jane," spoke up the governess.

"I think it would be more agreeable to you and to her," said Jane, "now that the weather has set in so hot. Lady Lucy is one who feels the heat much."

Jane was conscious that her tone was cold, that her words were haughty. Lady Lucy! She could not account for the feeling of reserve

that was stealing over her in regard to Miss Lethwait, or why it should be so strong.

She went down to the carriage, which waited at the door, and was driven away. A grand carriage, resplendent in its coroneted panels, its hammer-cloth, and its servants with their wigs, their powder, their gold-headed canes. Jane quite shrank from the display, considering the errand upon which she was bent.

She had no difficulty whatever in finding the library she was in search of, and was driven to it. But she had a difficulty in her way of another sort: *she knew not by what name to inquire for her sister.* Clarice had desired her to address her letters "Miss Chesney," but told her at the same time that it was not the name by which she was known. Jane went into the shop and the proprietor came forward.

"Can you tell me where a young lady resides of the name of Chesney?" she inquired. "She is a governess in a family."

"Chesney!—Chesney!" was the answer, spoken in consideration. "No, ma'am; I do not know any one of the name."

Jane paused. "Some letters have been occasionally addressed here for her; for Miss Chesney; and I believe she used to fetch them away herself."

"Oh, yes, that was Miss Beauchamp," was the answer, the speaker's face lighting up with awakened remembrance. "I beg your pardon, ma'am; I thought you said Miss Chesney. The letters were addressed to a Miss Chesney, and Miss Beauchamp used to come for them."

Beauchamp! The problem was solved at once, and Jane wondered at her own stupidity in not solving it before. What more natural than that Clarice should take her second name—Beauchamp? She was named Clarice Beauchamp Chesney. And Jane had strayed amid a whole directory of names over and over again, without the most probable one ever occurring to her mind.

"Thank you, yes," she said; "Miss Beauchamp. Can you direct me to her residence?"

"No, ma'am, I really cannot," was the reply. "Miss Beauchamp was governess in two families in succession, both of them residing in Gloucester Terrace, but I do not think she stayed long at either. She was at Mrs. Lorton's first, and at Mrs. West's afterwards."

Jane had not known that; Clarice had never told her of having changed her situation. "I suppose we must both be speaking of the same person!" she suddenly cried. "Perhaps you will describe her to me!"

"Willingly," answered the librarian. And the description was so accurate that Jane instantly recognised it for her sister's.

"Miss Beauchamp disappeared from the neighbourhood suddenly—as it seemed to me," he continued. "At any rate, she ceased coming here. We have two or three letters with the same address waiting still."

Jane wondered whether they could be those she had sent. She asked to see them, and he brought them forward: three. They were the same.

"I will take them away with me," said Jane.

The librarian hesitated at this—not unnaturally. "You will pardon me, I am sure, ma'am, if I inquire by what authority you would take them? Miss Beauchamp may call for them yet."

Jane smiled. "They were written by me," she said, tearing open one of the letters and showing him the signature. "And," she added, taking out her card-case and handing him a card, "that will prove that I am Jane Chesney."

The librarian bowed; and intimated that her ladyship was of course at liberty to do what she pleased with her own letters.

"Upon second thoughts, I will leave this one, the last written, and write upon it our present address," said Jane. "As you observe, Miss Beauchamp may call yet."

Obtaining the address of the two families in which she was told Miss Beauchamp had served, Lady Jane quitted the shop, and walked on to Gloucester Terrace, ordering the carriage to follow her by-and-by. She reached the house occupied by the Lortons first, and inquired of a showy footman whether Mrs. Lorton was at home. The answer was given in the affirmative, but with some hesitation: it was earlier than the orthodox hour for receiving visitors, and the man probably doubted whether his mistress was presentable. Jane was shown to an excessively smart room, and after some delay an excessively smart lady came to her; but neither room nor lady possessed aught of refinement.

Jane had not given her name. "It is of no consequence: I am a stranger," she said to the servant when he inquired. Mrs. Lorton dropped Jane a swimming curtsy, and sailing to a large velvet ottoman in the middle of the room, took her seat upon it. Jane looked, as she ever did, a lady, and Mrs. Lorton was all smiles and suavity.

"I have called to inquire if you can kindly give me any information as to the present address of a young lady who lived with you as governess," began Jane. "A Miss Beauchamp."

Mrs. Lorton's smiles froze at the question. "I know nothing about Miss Beauchamp," she answered, somewhat rudely. "She did

not behave well in my house, and it was a good riddance when she quitted it."

"Not behave well!" echoed Jane.

"No, she did not. She encouraged my son to pay her attention, and when it was all found out she left me at a pinch without a governess. Perhaps you know her?"

"I do," answered Jane, with cold dignity. She *knew* that Clarice was being traduced. "Miss Beauchamp is my sister."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Lorton; and there was a whole volume of contempt in the tone. The lady before her, who had caused her to dress herself in that inconvenient haste, was after all nothing but a governess's sister! Mrs. Lorton felt angry and vexed; and the expression that her face assumed did not add to its beauty.

"I would not have troubled you," resumed Lady Jane, "but I do not exactly know where my sister is now, and I am in search of her. I inquired at a library where I know Miss Beauchamp used to deal, and they gave me your address, as one of the situations in which Miss Beauchamp had lived. If you can direct me to her present place of abode, I shall return you sincere thanks."

"I tell you I know nothing of her," repeated Mrs. Lorton. "Here, Harriet," she added, as a young lady as much over-dressed as herself entered the room, "here's that Miss Beauchamp's sister come to inquire after her. The idea of our knowing anything about her!"

"The idea!" repeated the young lady pertly to Jane. "When she left us, she took a fresh place a few doors further on. But she didn't stop there long."

"She was not calculated for a governess," said Mrs. Lorton. "She carried her head too high."

"I scarcely think she was calculated for one," remarked Jane. "She was of good birth, and the consciousness of that may have caused her to—as you express it—carry her head high. Though, unduly high I do not think she was capable of carrying it. When she quitted her home to become a governess, she made a firm determination to do her duty in her new life and adapt herself to its penalties. Our family was in straitened circumstances at the time; and Clarice—and my sister generously resolved to get her own living, so that she might no longer be a burden upon it. Others, well born and connected, have done as much before her."

Mrs. Lorton threw back her head. "That is sure to be the case," she said, in a sneering tone of disbelief. "Half the young women on the governess' list will assure you that they are of good birth, and only go out through

family misfortunes—if they can get anybody to listen to them. What does the one say that we have now, Harriet?"

Harriet, who was standing at the window, laughed—and there was the same sneering tone in its sound that was so disagreeable in the vulgar mother.

"She says that her aunt—Oh, mamma! here are visitors," broke off the young lady. "The most beautiful carriage has driven up to the door!"

Mrs. Lorton—forgetting her dignity—hastened to the window. Jane rose: it was not a pleasant atmosphere to remain in.

"You can then really not tell me anything as to Miss Beauchamp's movements?" she asked again of Mrs. Lorton; for, somehow, a doubt was upon her whether the lady could not have said more had she chosen.

"Now you have had my answer," said Mrs. Lorton. "And I think it the height of impertinence in Miss Beauchamp to send people here to my house about any concerns of hers."

Jane dropped a stately curtsy; her only leave-taking; and was turning to the door when it was thrown open by the footman.

"The Lady Jane Chesney's carriage."

Mrs. Lorton was in a flutter of expectation. Could any Lady Jane Chesney be vouchsafing a call on her? Where was the Lady Jane? Was she coming up? The man was showing her unwelcome visitor down stairs; but his mistress called to him so sharply that Jane had to make her way out of the house alone.

"Has any visitor come in?"

"No, ma'am."

"No!" repeated Mrs. Lorton. "What did you mean then? Whose carriage is that? You came and announced Lady somebody."

"I announced the carriage, ma'am, for the lady who was here," returned the man, wondering at the misapprehension. "The footman said he had called for his lady, Lady Jane Chesney."

Mrs. Lorton gave a great gasp. *She* Lady Jane Chesney! She flew to the window just in time to catch a glimpse of Jane's black skirts as she took her seat in the carriage. She saw the earl's coronet on it; she saw the servant step nimbly up behind and lay his gold cane slant-wise. Mrs. Lorton had made a horrible mistake!

"Oh, Harriet! what can we do?" she exclaimed, in a faint voice.

"Mamma, I thought, I did indeed, that she looked like a lady! Lady Jane Chesney! What will she think of us?"

Mrs. Lorton was unable to say what, and sat down in an agony. Her life, of late years,

had been spent in striving to get into "society." And she had for once had a real live earl's daughter in her drawing-room, and had insulted her!

"How could poor Clarice have stayed in that family for a day!" thought Jane.

CHAPTER XXVI. AN OMINOUS SHADOW.

LADY JANE was next driven to the other address, Mrs. West's. The lady was at home, and Jane found her a very different person from Mrs. Lorton: a kind, cordial, chatty little woman, without pretence or form; a lady too. Mr. West was engaged in some City business, and neither he nor his wife aspired to be greater and grander than they were entitled to be.

"Miss Beauchamp came to us from the Lortons," she said, when Jane had explained her business. "We liked her very much, and were sorry to lose her, but——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Jane. "Can you tell me why Miss Beauchamp left her situation at the Lortons?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. West, with a merry laugh. "She had scarcely entered their house when that vulgar son of theirs—and indeed I am not in the habit of backbiting, but he is vulgar—began to push his admiration upon her. She bore with it for some time, repelling him as she best could; but it grew unbearable, and Miss Beauchamp felt compelled to appeal to Mrs. Lorton. Mrs. Lorton did not behave well in it. She took her son's part, and wished to lay the blame on Miss Beauchamp; Miss Beauchamp was naturally indignant at this, and insisted on quitting the house on the self-same day. Mrs. Lorton then came round, tried to soothe Miss Beauchamp, and offered her an increase of salary if she would remain."

"But she did not!"

"Certainly not. Miss Beauchamp came to me, telling me what had occurred, and I was only too glad to engage her at once as governess to my children. We had a little acquaintance with the Lortons, and I had seen Miss Beauchamp several times, and liked her. She came into this house straight from the Lortons when she quitted them, and very pleased we were to secure her."

A different account, this, from the one given by Mrs. Lorton; but Jane had felt certain the other was not strictly in accordance with truth.

"How long did Miss Beauchamp remain with you?" she inquired.

"But a short time. She had been with us about six months, when she told me she must give warning to leave. I was so surprised; so sorry."

"Why did she give warning? From what cause?"

"She did not say what, and I could not draw it from her. Miss Beauchamp was invariably reserved as to her private affairs, her family and all that; though open as the day in regard to general matters. All she said was, that she *wished* to leave; and when I pressed her to state frankly whether there was anything in my house that she disliked or wished altered, she answered that she was perfectly happy in it; and, but for compelling circumstances (I remember the expression still; 'compelling circumstances'), should not have thought of leaving it."

"And did she quit it instantly; that day; as she had Mrs. Lorton's?"

"No no," said Mrs. West. "It was a month's warning that she gave me, and she remained until its close. Then she left us."

"Where did she go then?"

"We never knew. There appeared, as it seemed to us, some little mystery connected with it;—though in truth that may have been but fancy on our part. Many a governess when quitting her situation does not deem it necessary to proclaim her future movements to those she leaves behind her."

"In what way did there seem to be a mystery connected with it?" asked Jane.

"Well, I can hardly describe it to you," was the frank reply. "We fancied it chiefly, I believe, from Miss Beauchamp's entire silence as to her future proceedings. I told her I should be happy to be referred to; but she replied that she had no intention of taking another situation, and therefore should not require a reference."

"What was she going to do then?" asked Jane, in amazement.

"I am unable to say. I remember we wondered much at the time. She had never spoken of her family, and we picked up the notion, though it may not have been a correct one, that she was without relatives. An impression arose amongst us that she was going to be married."

"To be married?" echoed Jane, her pulses quickening.

"We had no real cause to think it," continued Mrs. West. "I put the question to her, I remember, whether she was about to take up her abode with relatives, and she laughed and said No, she was going to embark in a new way of life altogether."

"It is very strange!" exclaimed Lady Jane.

"Do you not know where she went when she quitted your house?—where she drove to, for instance? Whether she went into the next street?—whether she went into the country?

—in short, what her immediate movements were?"

"I would tell you in a moment if I knew; but I never have known," replied Mrs. West. "She went away in a cab with her luggage, not stating where. We thought it strange that she should preserve to us this reticence; we had been so very intimate together. We all liked Miss Beauchamp very much indeed, and had treated her entirely as a friend."

"Did she seem to be in good spirits when she left you?"

"Quite so; she was as gay as possible, and said she should come back and see us some time. You seem very anxious," added Mrs. West, noting her visitor's perplexed brow.

"I am indeed anxious," was the answer.

"How long do you say this was ago?"

"It was last June. Twelve months ago exactly."

"And you have never since seen her or heard from her?"

"Never at all. We have often wondered what has become of her."

"I must find her," exclaimed Jane, in some excitement. "As to her having married, that is most improbable; she would not be likely to enter on so grave a step without the knowledge of her family. At least, I—I—should think she would not," added Jane, as a remembrance of Laura's disobedient marriage arose to her mind, rendering her less confident. "I may as well tell you who Miss Beauchamp is," she resumed; "there is no reason why I should not. My father, a gentleman born and highly connected, was very poor. There were four daughters of us at home, and Clarice, the third—"

"Then—I beg your pardon—you are Miss Beauchamp's sister?" interrupted Mrs. West, quickly.

"Yes. Clarice took a sudden determination to go out as governess. She had been highly educated, and so far was well qualified; but her family were entirely against it. Clarice persisted; she had but one motive to this, the lessening expenses at home: a good one, of course, but my father could not be brought to see it. He said she would disgrace her family name; that he would not have a daughter of his out in the world—a Chesney working for her bread; Clarice replied that no disgrace should accrue to the name through her, and she, in spite of all our opposition, quitted home. She went, I find, to the Lortons first, calling herself Miss Beauchamp; she had been christened Clarice Beauchamp: Clarice, after her great-aunt, the Countess of Oakburn; Beauchamp after her godfather."

"Then she is not Miss Beauchamp?"

"She is Lady Clarice Chesney."

Mrs. West felt excessively surprised. Like her neighbour Mrs. Lorton, she had not been brought into familiar personal contact with an earl's daughter—except in waxwork.

"I have the honour then of speaking to—to——"

"Lady Jane Chesney," quietly replied Jane. "But when Clarice was with you she was only Miss Chesney; it is but recently that my father has come into the title. You will readily imagine that we are most anxious now to have her home, and regret more than before that she ever left it."

"But—am I to understand that you do not know where she is?—that she has not been home since she left us last June?" exclaimed Mrs. West, in bewilderment.

"We do not know where she is. We do not know now where to look for her."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Until to-day, I took it for granted that she was still in a situation in this neighbourhood," explained Jane. "My father's displeasure prevented my seeing personally after Clarice; in fact, he forbade my doing so. When I came out from home to-day I fully expected to take her back with me; or, if that could not be, to fix the time for her return. I never supposed but I should at once find her; and I cannot express to you what I felt when the proprietor of the library, where I used to address my letters to Clarice, told me Miss Beauchamp had left the neighbourhood;—what I feel still. It is not disappointment; it is a great deal worse. I begin to fear I know not what."

"I'm sure I wish I could help you to find her!" heartily exclaimed Mrs. West. "Where can she be? She surely cannot know the change in her position!"

"I should imagine not," replied Jane. "Unless—but no, I will not think that," she broke off, wiping from her forehead the dew which the sudden and unwelcome thought had suddenly sent there. "Unless Clarice should have married very much beneath herself, and fears to let it be known to us," was what she had been about to say.

"It has occurred to us sometimes that Miss Beauchamp might have taken a situation abroad; or with a family who afterwards took her abroad," said Mrs. West. "What you say now, Lady Jane, renders it more than ever probable."

Jane considered. It was certainly the most probable solution of the puzzle. "Yes," she said aloud, "I think you must be right. It is more than likely that she is abroad in some remote continental city. Thank you for your

courtesy in giving me this information," she added, as she rose and laid a card on the table with her address upon it. "Should you at any time obtain further news, however slight, you will, I am sure, be kind enough to forward it to me."

Mrs. West gave a promise, and Jane went out to her carriage with a heavy heart. It was a most unsatisfactory story to carry back to Lord Oakburn.

Another carriage, with its hammer-cloth and its coronets and its attendant servants, and above all, its coat of arms, that of the Oakburn family, was at the door in Portland Place when Jane's drew up. It was Lady Oakburn's. Jane went into the hall, and sounds as of voices in dispute came from the room where she had left her father in the morning. The earl and his old dowager aunt were enjoying one of their frequent differences of opinion.

Lucy came running down the stairs. "Have you come back to take me out, Jane?"

Jane stooped to kiss her. "My dear, you know that I never willingly break a promise," she said, "but I almost fear that I must break mine to you to-day. I am not sure that I can go to the botanical fête. I have heard bad news, Lucy; and I shall have to tell it to papa in the best way that I can. But, if I don't take you to-day, I will take you some other day."

"What is the bad news?" asked the child with all a child's open curiosity.

"I cannot tell it you now, Lucy. You go back to Miss Lethwait. How long has Aunt Oakburn been here?"

"Ever so long," was Lucy's lucid answer. "She is quarrelling with papa about Clarice."

"About Clarice!" involuntarily repeated Jane. "What about Clarice?"

"I was in the room with papa and Miss Lethwait when Aunt Oakburn came——"

"What took you and Miss Lethwait to——?" interrupted Jane.

"We went in to get those drawings; we did not know papa was there; and he kept us talking, and then Lady Oakburn came in. Jane, she looked so angry with papa, and she never said Good morning to him, or How do you do, or anything, but she asked him whether he was not ashamed of himself to let Clarice be abroad still as a governess; and then they began to quarrel, and Miss Lethwait brought me away."

"How strange that they should be all suddenly wanting to bring home Clarice when we cannot find her!" thought Jane.

She motioned Lucy up-stairs to the study, and entered the drawing-room. Lord Oakburn stood in the middle of the floor, his tongue

and his stick keeping up a duet; and the dowager—her black bonnet all awry, her shawl thrown on a neighbouring chair, and her cheeks in a flame—was talking quite as angrily and more loudly than the earl. They had strayed however from the first point in dispute—Clarice; had entered, in fact, upon at least a dozen others; just now the point of debate was the letting of Chesney Oaks, which had been finally taken by Sir James Marden.

Jane's entrance put an end to the fray. The earl dropped his voice, and Lady Oakburn pulled her bonnet straight upon her head. These personal encounters were in truth so frequent between the two, that neither retained much animosity afterwards, or indeed much recollection of what the particular grievance had been, or the hard compliments they had mutually paid.

"Well, and where is she?" began the earl to Jane.

Jane knew only too well to whom he alluded. The presence of the dowager made her task all the more difficult; but she might not dare to temporise with her father, or hide the fact that Clarice could not be found. She did not however reply instantly, and the earl spoke again.

"Have you brought her back with you?"

"No, papa. I——"

"Then I'll have the law of the people!" thundered the earl, working his stick ominously. "Here's your aunt come down now with her orders about Clarice,"—with a fierce flourish towards the angry old lady. "As if I did not know how to conduct my own affairs as well as any interference can tell me!"

"No, you don't, Oakburn. You don't!"

"And as if I should not conduct them as I please without reference to interference," continued the earl aggravatingly. "She's my daughter, madam; she's not yours."

"Then why didn't you prevent her going out at all? why didn't you drag her back with cords?" retorted the dowager, nodding her bonnet at her adversary. "I would; and I have told you so ten times. What does Clarice say for herself?" she added, turning sharply upon Jane. "Why didn't she come home of her own accord, without waiting to be sent for? She has got the Chesney temper, and that's an obstinate one. That's what it is."

"Aunt," said Jane, faintly,—“papa,” she said, scarcely knowing which of them to address, or how to frame her news, “I am sorry to say that I cannot find Clarice. She—I——”

They both interrupted her in a breath, turning their anger upon Jane. What did she mean by “not finding” Clarice, when she had said all along that she knew where she was?

Poor Jane had to explain. That she *had* thought she knew where Clarice was; but that Clarice was gone: she had been gone ever since last June. Bit by bit the whole tale was extracted from Jane; the mystery of Clarice's leaving Mrs. West's so suddenly (and it really did look something of a mystery), and her never having been heard of since.

To describe the earl's dismay would be a difficult task. When he fully comprehended that Clarice was lost—lost, for all that could be seen at present—his temper gave way prodigiously. He stormed, he thumped, he talked, he abused the scape-goat Pompey, who had had nothing in the world to do with it, but who happened unluckily to come into the room with an announcement that luncheon was ready; he abused Lady Oakburn, he abused Jane. For once in her life the dowager let him go on to his heart's content without retorting in kind: she had in truth her grand-nieces' welfare at heart, and the news Jane had brought terrified her. Lunch! No; they were in too much perplexity, too much real care, to sit down to a luncheon table.

"I have contained myself as long as I could," cried the dowager, flinging back the strings of her bonnet, and darting reproachful looks at Lord Oakburn. "Every week since you came to London have I said to myself on the Monday morning, He'll have her back this week; but that week has gone on like the others, and he has not had her back—you, Oakburn!—and I said to myself, as I sat down to my breakfast this day, I'll go and ask him what he thinks of himself. And I'm come. Now then, Oakburn!"

Poor Jane, utterly powerless to stem the raging spirits of the two, remembered that Lady Oakburn had been as ready as the earl to leave Clarice to herself; to say that she ought to be left to herself, unsought, until she should "come to her senses."

"I want Clarice," continued the dowager, while the earl marched to and fro in the room, brandishing his stick. "I am going away next month to Switzerland, and I'll take her with me, if she behaves herself and shows proper contrition for what she has done. As to your not finding her, Jane, that must be nonsense: you always were good for nothing, you know."

"Dear aunt, the case is this," said Jane, in a sadly subdued tone. "Perhaps you do not quite understand it all. I should not think so much of Clarice's not having been, or sent, to Mrs. West's since she left them; but what I do think strange is, that she should not have called or sent as usual for my letters. All the letters I have written to her since Christmas,

three, were lying at the library still. I have brought two of them away with me, leaving the other, in case she should call yet."

"What has made her leave the letters there?" cried the dowager.

"It is that which I cannot understand. It is that which—I don't know why—seems to have struck my heart with fear."

Lady Oakburn interrupted in an impatient tone. "I don't understand it at all, Jane. Perhaps you'll begin at the beginning and enlighten me."

"What beginning?" asked Jane, uncertain how to take the words.

"What beginning!" echoed the exasperated old lady. "Why, the beginning of it all, when Clarice first went out. I know nothing about the particulars; never did know. What letters did you send to her, and what answers did you get?—and where did she hide herself, and what did she tell you of it? Begin at the beginning, I say."

"It will be two years next month, July, since Clarice left us," began Jane, with her customary obedience. "Sometime in the following month, August, I received the first letter from her, telling me she had found a situation in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, and that she would"—Jane hesitated a moment, but went on—"keep her vow."

"Her vow! What vow?"

"She took a vow before leaving home, that she would never betray our name as connected with her."

"Oh!" said the countess. "She took it in a passion, I suppose."

"Yes. She said she hoped the situation would prove a comfortable one, and that if I liked to write to her, I might address my letters 'Miss Chesney,' to be kept at a certain library in the neighbourhood, where she would call for them; but she again repeated that she was not known by her own name. I did write to her, three or four letters in the course of the next twelvemonth; and she answered them. She never told me she was not in the same situation, and I concluded she was there. Summer weather had come round then——"

"Get on with your story, Jane. What has summer weather got to do with it?" was the old lady's angry reprimand. And Lord Oakburn had stopped his restless walk to listen.

"In that summer—I think it was in June—I had another letter from Clarice, telling me not to write until I heard from her again, as she might be going to the seaside. Of course I supposed that the family were going to take her. This, you observe, was the month when, as Mrs. West says, she quitted them. I heard nothing more until the next January, when she

wrote to wish us the *bonne année*, a custom she had learnt in France; and that letter was forwarded to South Wenlock from our old home at Plymouth. I——"

"Stop a bit," said the dowager. "What did she say of herself and her movements in that letter?"

"Really nothing. She did not say a word about the seaside journey, or that she was back in London, or anything about it. She tacitly suffered me to infer—as I did infer—that she was still with the same family. The letter bore the London postmark. She said she was well and happy, and asked after us all; and there was a short postscript to the letter, the words of which I well remember,—'I have maintained my vow.' I showed this letter to papa, and he——"

"Forbade you to answer it," interrupted the earl, for Jane had stopped in hesitation. And the old countess nodded her approval—as if she should have forbidden it also.

"So that letter was not answered," resumed Jane. "But in the next March, I—I—a circumstance occurred to cause me to feel anxious about Clarice, and I wrote to her. In fact, I had a dream, which very much——"

"Had a what?" shrieked the countess.

"I know how foolish you must think me, aunt. But it was a dreadful dream; a significant, strange, fearful dream. It seemed to bode ill to Clarice, to shadow forth her death. I am superstitious with regard to dreams; I cannot help being so; and it made a great impression on me. I wrote then to Clarice, asking for news of her. I told her we had left Plymouth, and gave her the address at South Wenlock. No reply came, and I wrote again. I wrote a third time, and still there was no answer. But I did not think much of that. I only thought that Clarice was angry at my not having answered her New Year's letter, and would not write, to punish me. To-day, upon going to the library, I found those three letters waiting there still: not one of them had been fetched away by Clarice."

"And the people she was with say Clarice left them last June!—and they don't know what place she went to, or where she is?" reiterated the earl, while the old dowager only stared in discomposure.

"They know nothing of her whatever, papa, or of her movements since."

"Why, that's a twelvemonth ago!"

Yes, it was a twelvemonth ago. They, the three, stood looking at each other in silence; and a nameless fear, like a shadow of evil, crept in amidst them, as the echo of the words died away on the air.

(To be continued.)

"OUR ONCE-FAT FRIEND."

WE have all been startled by the accounts coming to us from across the Atlantic of the discovery of oil wells. You have only to dig in some portions of American soil, and up spouts an oleaginous fountain that makes the fortune of the happy discoverer. It has been the luck of a private individual in this country to discover a home supply of fatty material, which has already spouted, and is now stored in locomotive receptacles. The only difference between the American and the English article is, that one is of a vegetable origin and the other animal. Mr. Banting having made the discovery that he was unwisely fat, and called attention to it in a pamphlet, thousands of other fat men have started up on every hand. But neither Mr. Banting nor his disciples are happy in the discovery of these reservoirs of fatty oil; they do not look upon it as a thing to be desired, but as a parasite to be scrubbed off and got rid of at any price. They argue, and perhaps rightly, from their own point of view, that it is not well to be transformed into so much candle material; but we may ask if society in general is likely to agree to such a dictum? If we are, by Mr. Banting's method, to lose all our fat men, what will become of us? All those who possess the friendship of the corpulent know full well that there is something more in them than the mere stock-in-trade of the tallow-chandler. Your fat man is ever your peace-maker, your general friend, your benevolent public benefactor. Good gracious! the more we think of it, the more we are amazed. What would become of all our lord mayors, mayors, and aldermen if Bantingism really became a rule of life? It is a blow aimed at municipal institutions, and Bantingism must be looked upon as a crafty move in the direction of centralisation versus local government. The very word "Corporation," speaking abdominally, would be blotted from our language. Imagine Honest Jack Falstaff reduced by means of a biscuit diet to a lean and slippered pantaloon, would the world have been a gainer by the change? Fancy the many eighteen and twenty—"stunners" reduced to American lankiness, would the change be an improvement to the national character? John Bull transformed into a scarecrow, with his shanks a world too wide for his ample tops, could we live over such a disgrace? But, thank Heaven, we see no such tendency towards leanness as Mr. Banting would lead us to believe is taking place. Look at our beef, is that thin? What beast gets the gold medal? Why, that which has been fed on most oilcake. Who, again, is the most money-making among

the doctors?—is it not Dr. De Jongh, who proclaims that life is not worth having without cod-liver oil? We give Mr. Banting every credit for being perfectly disinterested in his crusade against fat; but, mayhap, he is only an unconscious agent in the hands of the tailors. In the first place, we know that a layer of fat is as good as a topcoat to a man, consequently the corpulent do not require so much clothing as the lean. Tailors, therefore, look to leanness as their best friend. Then there would be the waste of clothing in their favour during the period of transformation. A fat man would order a coat one day that would be, under a course of Bantingism, a misfit the next month. There would be no element of fixedness in his figure, and, consequently, he would require a sliding-scale of garments. The artistic tailor may well feel in a constant flurry at such fluctuations. The lines of a man's garment, in a first-class tailoring establishment, are laid down with all the mathematical care and nicety of the lines of a ship. Imagine then, good reader, having to reduce the waist, and to make the lines finer with every pair of new trowsers. We admit that Buckmaster or Poole may be dead against a man suddenly reducing himself from fifteen stone to twelve; but the great ready-made clothing establishments must all be for it, and they are too many for mere artistic tailors.

Mr. Banting supplies us with a dietary which he tells us has worked wonders upon himself. Between the ages of thirty and forty, he says that he felt he was becoming possessed by a parasite which he always dreaded—that parasite was fat; it crept over him, and so overcame him that he was obliged to walk down stairs backwards, to avoid the jar caused by his weight upon his ankle and knee joints. In August last, when about sixty-six years of age, and with a stature of five feet five inches, he weighed 202 pounds; not such a mighty weight after all, considering his height, but it incumbered him. Accordingly, he consulted a physician, who recommended him to take rowing exercise, which he did, in "a good, heavy, safe boat," but he found that his appetite increased so voraciously that the increased food he was forced to take made him heavier than ever. He went to another medical friend, who made out a dietary table for him, which cut off all the fat-making food, or the "beans," as Mr. Banting terms it, which bred his parasite. The dietary was as follows:—

For breakfast, I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast.

For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira—champagne, port, and beer forbidden.

For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea (without milk or sugar).

For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

For nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whisky, or brandy, without sugar), or a glass or two of claret or sherry.

On this diet, since August last, he has become fine by degrees and beautifully lean, having decreased from 202 to 167 lbs., his present weight. His girth has decreased, and those who knew him before scarcely know him now.

It is currently reported, indeed, that the Commander-in-Chief, having heard of the wonderful transformation worked in Mr. Banting, through refusing his "beans," requested that gentleman to call upon him. Mr. Banting of course went, and presented himself before his Royal Highness, with apparently very ample dimensions.

"Well, Mr. Banting," said his Royal Highness, "you seem to be pretty portly yet."

"That, sir, is as I was," pulling off two suits of old clothes, and standing up a mere weasel, compared to his former size,— "thus I am;" an anecdote which proves that he is somewhat of a wag.

Mr. Banting stands sentinel against bread, milk, butter, beer, sugar, potatoes, parsnips, and carrots. These are the starch and sugar containers, which in the human body are transformed into fat; and in place of these he takes the regimen we have given. It certainly seems to have answered the expectations of Mr. Banting; and, of course, he believes he has found a specific against fat. Yes, as far as he is individually concerned; but why should he lead others to believe that they also may go and do likewise? Really, to hear the conversation that goes on at every dinner-table, it might be imagined that a great discovery had been made in dietetics; and that it lay within any man's power to blow himself out and suck himself in as he would a bladder. Indeed, Mr. Banting tells us as much:—"Feeling that I have now nearly attained the right standard of bulk and weight proportional to my stature and age (between ten and eleven stone) I should not hesitate to partake of a fattening dietary occasionally, to preserve the happy standard if necessary. Indeed I am allowed to do so by my medical advisers; but I shall always observe a careful watch upon myself to discover the effect, and act accordingly; so that if I choose to spend a day or two with Dives, so to

say, I must not forget to devote the next to Lazarus."

Certainly this arrangement is very convenient; and Mr. Banting seems to have himself in hand in a most remarkable manner. If, like his *modérateur* lamp, he had a screw in his side, he could not pump up his fat in a manner more graduated to the occasion. But is Mr. Banting quite sure that his method of fat-obliterating is the only infallible one? For instance, supposing when he was rowing every morning in his "good, heavy, safe boat," he had lived as other people do, instead of breakfasting with enormous appetite on bread and milk, does it not strike him that he would have attained all the favourable results he has done, without adopting a diet which, to say the least of it, socially cuts him off from his kind as far as the dinner-table is concerned, where people are apt to indulge in his much-dreaded "beans!" We assure Mr. Banting that medical men are not so wanting as he imagines in a knowledge of the dietetic rules necessary for the prevention of corpulence. The difficulty is to get people to attend to them; and the moderate amount of fat some people seem alarmed at, by no means warrants the change in the method of living which Bantingian prescribes. Thousands of people who are doing very well are beginning to worry themselves out of their lives, in consequence of this famous pamphlet. Happening to go into a famous hair-cutter's shop the other day, we were struck with the number of persons who were weighing themselves. The young lady in attendance held in her hand a card, showing Dr. Hutchinson's scale of the weight proper to individuals according to their altitude.

"What's your height, sir," she asked of a certainly not over-fat individual in the weighing-machine.

"Five feet three."

"Five feet three, sir; then you ought to be 133 lbs.; but you're only 130 lbs."

The individual sneaked out of the shop, convicted of the heinous excisable offence of being short weight, and determined, of course, to pick up his "beans" as fast as possible. Another was forty pounds over his complement, and made up his mind to shake them off.

If Mr. Banting really has brought himself to believe in the power of dieting alone to make or to reduce fat, we can assure our readers he is simply dreaming. One of the thinnest men we ever knew gorged himself on bread and butter. There are plenty of thin people in the world. In fact, the majority of people are run up rather scantily than otherwise; yet they all take their average amount of fat producers. Why, then, it may be asked,

are they not fat? The answer is, that though we may take food into our mouths, we do not therefore absorb it into our system; or if we do, we burn it off so fast by the lungs that it never becomes deposited in the tissues. The human frame is by no means like a dripping-pot, which is bound to hold all the fat that is put into it. You may feed a large proportion of men on Mr. Banting's "beans" all day long, and the exercise of the body and mind they undergo will use it all up without requiring them to "go down stairs backwards," or to use "boot hooks."

If mere errors of diet were capable of producing the dire results which Mr. Banting attributes to it, the human race would long ere this have been transformed into so many Daniel Lamberts. But Mr. Banting is right in one thing. This fat question is very much a matter of age. The reason why, after a certain time in life, fat becomes deposited, is simply because as we get old we get lazy, we take forty winks after dinner, we cease to take "constitutionals," consequently we cease to burn off our fat—for fat is nothing more than fuel food, and it is consumed in proportion to the strain we put upon the lungs. Dr. Edward Smith, who has made a number of experiments with respect to the consumption of fat during different stages of exertion, tells us that in one hour whilst lying asleep at night, and therefore quite still, 0·31 oz. of fat is consumed, during one hour awake 0·46 oz., whilst standing one hour 0·55 oz., whilst walking at the rate of two miles an hour 1·1 oz., at the rate of three miles an hour 1·6 oz., and finally, one hour's work on the treadmill reduces the fat 2·75 oz. Thus we see how perfectly worthless any scheme of dieting is unless it is properly graduated to the amount of exertion a man takes. Nevertheless as a rule men don't take as much exercise when they are old as when they are young, consequently they don't require so much fatty food. If a person were to go on filling his cellar month by month with coal in the summer as he would in the winter, the consequence would be that his fires would not consume it, and it would accumulate in his stores; in just the same manner the old man does not burn up by his lungs the fat he takes redundantly into his system, and it lodges on his abdomen, and forms a "corporation." But this rule is applicable, it must be remembered, only to men getting on in years, and the crowd of young and middle aged who are now shaping their courses by Mr. Banting's sailing chart are simply behaving like simpletons. Mr. Banting speaks of the dietary table given him by his doctor, a gentleman well known as an aurist, as something marvellous, but it is as old as the hills, and is

no better and no worse than a score of others with which any intelligent physician would provide him. We feel certain that no one is more astonished with the fame it has brought him than the aurist himself. It happened to suit the particular idiosyncrasy of the patient, and the patient is very properly grateful for the prescription; but if every man that had been cured by some simple medicine were to rush into print and to declare that he had at last found out a man who was possessed of a specific for the disorder he laboured under, what a marvellous medical literature we should possess! Certain "professors" in the medicinal art (a self-imposed title, which the public know how to estimate) do indeed indulge in little essays of this kind for their own profit and glorification. There is Professor Holloway, for instance, of ointment notoriety, who has been living on the Earl of Aldborough's leg for these last twenty years; we speak figuratively, of course. This famous leg was the despair of all "the faculty" until the professor took it in hand, and cured it with his world-famous ointment. Now the public see the motive of this course of proceeding, and properly estimate it, and there is no harm done except to those individuals who will lard themselves for the slightest cut, without rhyme or reason, for the pecuniary benefit of Mr. Holloway. There is again the aged physician, whose daughter was cured of consumption by the use of a remedy which he is constrained to proclaim to humanity, through the columns of the Times' advertising sheet—a piece of gratuitous generosity the public also views somewhat suspiciously. But Mr. Banting is a witness who is above reproach as far as any self-seeking is concerned; he speaks, we know, with a purely philanthropic motive, and that is the mischief of his pamphlet. Hundreds buy it, we know, out of mere curiosity, never intending to put its rules into operation; but there are some who believe implicitly and without any reserve in doctors' directions, who store up a prescription for years, and never fail to lend it to their friends when they fancy they are similarly affected to themselves. These are just the persons who will adopt Bantingism without further question. If, however, there should be any hesitation in their minds, let us give them Punch's advice to persons about to marry, "Don't." In killing your "parasite," you may, as Mr. Banting did by "low-living," contract a carbuncle, a parasite of a less easy nature than a little superfluous fat. And we may add, this is a very likely thing to happen in consequence of fat men suddenly changing their diet, and adopting a less sustaining one, especially in the matter of wine; for the fat are,

as a rule, less strong in their constitutions than those of moderate size, and possess more or less enfeebled hearts. They should not, therefore, play tricks with themselves on the mere dictum of a pamphlet written by a grateful patient.

We have fully expected to see another pamphlet issue from the press, which would be the logical corollary of Mr. Banting's effusion, entitled "On Spareness." What a run there would be for it, by the thousands of meagre and withered virgins one is always meeting with in society. How is it that Dr. De Jongh has not improved the occasion? He might, without any literary assistance at all, prove his case by the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Banting. Surely some living skeleton, a gentlemen at the opposite pole of obesity, may be found to feed himself up to the right standard by means of cod-liver oil, or better still, by means of Mr. Banting's forbidden beans; let him adopt the recipe thrown aside by the retired tradesman of St. James's Street, take exercise in a "heavy, safe boat," thereby create an enormous appetite, appease it on bread and milk, and become what Mr. Banting was. The effect of the famous dietary table would then be double, and as fat and lean men make up a large proportion of the population, the fame of the pamphlet would be largely augmented. If, by any means, the two gratifying results, like the two Dromios, could be publicly brought face to face, the effect would be electric. Mr. Banting seems to regret only one thing in the course of his case,—that he neglected to have a photograph made when, at the outset of the treatment, he was in the state of maximum obesity. If this coming example of thinness improved into fatness (for we feel sure he will come), will only take care not to be similarly neglectful, the public may perhaps be pictorially and amusingly informed of the power of "beans" to manufacture and disperse "corporations."

COLUMBUS.

IN the Cathedral Church of the Havana, on the north side of the chancel, and near the high-altar, is an insignificant-looking mural tablet. It marks the last resting-place of one whose life was a perpetual wandering to-and-fro upon the earth, to whose bones there came final rest only after many years of death. The rude likeness carved upon it shows the thoughtful, persistent face of Christopher Columbus. In the wall behind, his remains are built up.

It seems almost incredible that the spot where lie the ashes of one so great should be marked by no more than this poor tablet. It

is too meagre to catch the attention of a stranger without direction. Perhaps that is best. For even the most glorious work of men's hands would fail to be fit memorial of him whose monument is half the inhabited world.

It is not too much to say that Columbus owes his grand success to his unselfish unity of purpose. There was no want of breadth in his character to canker the fair fame of his benefaction to the world. We find no fault in him. When smaller men tried to rise upon the ruin of his credit, he took it quietly, and forgave it without scorn. There is not one imperfection to limit our reverence for his memory. The son of a humble Genoese wool-comber, he left his children a distinction prouder than a pedigree of the bluest blood. His education was the best his father could afford. From the earliest, his chief fancy was for the sea—a fact in which his simple piety recognised the original of that Divine guidance which afterwards led him to discover the New World.

After serving in ships of war, under one of his own relations, at the age of five-and-thirty Columbus was attracted to Lisbon by the fame of the Portuguese discoveries, and the scientific patronage of the young and amiable Prince Henry of Portugal. There he married a countrywoman of his own, whose father was one of the prince's seamen, and governor of the Island of Porto Santo. For awhile he made voyages to the Portuguese possessions on the coast of Guinea, chiefly with the view of penetrating to India by the East. At the same time, from a theory of the spherical form of the earth, which he had founded on Ptolemy's globe and the chart of Marinus of Tyre, he conceived the idea of reaching India, and perhaps more, by way of the West. From this beginning arose the great work of his life. Once convinced in his own mind, he never afterwards hesitated, or doubted, or lost sight of his design. His deep religious instinct served to elevate and confirm his purpose, with a sense little short of Divine inspiration. He saw himself foretold, in the prophecies of the Old Testament, as destined to bring together all nations and languages under the banner of the Redeemer. The power of his ruling passion showed itself outwardly, in the quiet dignity and authority of his demeanour. He was ready to spend himself and be spent for the success of his plans. And neither arguments, nor entreaties, nor even tears, could shake his convictions or turn him aside from his projects.

The baldest sketch of his great life would be too long for the present paper. Its history cannot be condensed without injury. Wash-

ington Irving's charming work is within the reach of all readers. Later writers have differed from his well-known conclusions as to the island first seen by the discoverers. In the "Landfall of Columbus," by Capt. Becher, R.N., of the Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, the whole question is carefully examined and set at rest. To this the interested may refer with satisfaction, for accounts of the various fortunes through which this great navigator went, and the difficulties that he overcame; till, after long delay, his expedition was fitted out at the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, under the countenance of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile: and, amid the tears and dismay of relations, he sailed with three vessels and a complement of not more than a hundred men in all, on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, "half an hour before sunrise."

More than two months of westward sailing over the "Sea of Darkness" brought them to the Bahama Banks. Many times the superstitions of the sailors perilled the success of the expedition, and even the life of the admiral. At last, from natural signs, they deemed that they drew near to land; mutinous tempers grew calm; all hearts took courage. When day broke, on Friday, 12th October, they found themselves at an island, called by the natives Guanahani, which Columbus henceforth "named San Salvador, in remembrance of that Almighty Power which had so miraculously" showed it to him. It is styled now, by Europeans, "Watling Island," after a certain buccaneer captain. The San Salvador of modern maps is falsely so called.

This was the discovery of the New World. The fabled Cipango, by which some have understood Japan, and the mainland of India, had yet to be reached. For these the admiral continued to search, drawn towards west or east at the sight of larger islands opening up in the horizon, till he came to Cuba, "which I believe," said he, "must be Cipango."

Here I leave him. He had succeeded in his great aim. Before his death he made three more voyages across the Atlantic to the newly-discovered Indies. After two years of sickness, he died, in Spain, on the 26th May, 1506, and was buried in the Convent of San Francisco, at Valladolid. Seven years later, his body was removed to the Monastery of Cartujos de las Cuevas, in Seville. From there, according to a wish expressed in his last will, it was taken to the West Indies, and buried by the altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when that island was given up to France, his remains were transferred from San Domingo to Cuba, and rest finally on the right side of the

high-altar in the Cathedral in the city of the Havana.



Monument of Columbus.

The personal appearance of Columbus was not a bad index of his character. His general air expressed the authority which he knew so well how to exercise. His light-grey eyes kindled easily at subjects of interest. He was tall and well-formed. His complexion was fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy. Trouble soon turned his light hair grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. Moderate in food, and simple in dress, temperate in language, bearing himself with courteous and gentle gravity, religious without being a formalist, repressing his irritable temper with a lofty piety, he was the model of a Christian gentleman. The devout reference of his successes to the Divine favour, with which he concludes the report of his first voyage to the sovereigns of Castile, is highly characteristic of the man.

"This is certain," he writes, "that the Eternal God our Lord gives all things to those who obey Him, and the victory when it seems impossible, and this evidently is an instance of it, for although people have talked of these lands, all was conjecture, unless proved by seeing them, for the greater part listened and judged more by hearsay than by anything else.

"Since, then, our Redeemer has given this victory to our illustrious king and queen, and celebrated their reigns by such a great thing, all Christendom should rejoice and make great festivals, and give thanks to the Blessed Trinity, with solemn praises for the conversion of so much people to our holy faith." J. C. H.

THE STONEMASON'S YARD.



CHAPTER I. THE YARD.

"I BROKE my dear father's and mother's hearts; and they call me 'Pretty Sally, the minister's daughter.'" So she said, and dropped several old-fashioned, but rather pretty, curtisies. There was nothing startling in her looks as she stood before me. Her dress was neat and clean, and with a certain taste and prettiness about it, though it was old and thin, and quite insufficient for the season of the year. On her feet and hands were boots and gloves, well fitted, and preserved with care; a little shawl of some nearly white ground, with flowers worked in coloured silk on the border and corners, covered her shoulders, and below it was a thin dress which had once borne a pretty, cheerful pattern, but now had grown quite faint and uncertain in its colouring. Her

bonnet showed ribbon and flowers which, in their time, a lady might have worn, and altogether about her there was a kind of prettiness and niceness, only woefully washed out.

She was a slight and pretty-figured old lady, —evidently old, and perhaps older than she looked—a little restless in her manner, but not much so. Her face was the most striking part about her. To begin with, she wore a profusion of yellow ringlets, like a girl, and as she spoke she shook them with what looked like the ghost of some former coquetry; her eyes were a deep soft blue, which once must have been lovely, and all her features were good and delicate. Her complexion almost made one suspect rouge, for it was fair, with that bright pink in the cheek which may sometimes be seen in aged people. Neither in dress nor

in looks did she seem to run in the common track, and she said, "I broke my dear father's and mother's hearts; and they call me 'Pretty Sally, the minister's daughter.'"

North of St. Clement's church, in Weybridge, lies a stonemason's yard, and next it, separated only by a dwarf wall and a narrow flagged court, is a row of ten or twelve cottages; these are of the better sort, for they belong to the master-mason, and are rented by his well-paid workmen. In one of them lived Aaron Bidder, called among his mates "the minister," for he was a local preacher in some dissenting connexion; and he had a wife and daughter, the latter being the heroine of this tale. He was a good and pious man according to his light, which was small, and his wife was a pale, silent, dark-eyed woman, of whom no one knew or said any harm.

Sally Bidder, the daughter of these people, might be seen to best advantage, and indeed almost constantly, in the mason's yard. At 15 years old she was a delicate graceful girl, with deep blue eyes, a glorious head of golden curls, and a singularly pure complexion. She looked, so folks said in the row, like a gentleman's child, and they were rather proud of her; she was almost one of the sights of the staid old town, and strangers seldom failed to admire her. Her manner was engaging and a little inclined to flirting. A perfect horror she had of dirt, or rough clothing, or work of any kind which might soil her pretty hands, and her chief occupation was to loiter in the yard after her father, and show strangers the way into the counting-house, to old Mr. Ford, the master-mason, with whom she was a prime favourite. I am afraid she was idle, and dressy, and an adept at a kind of flirting with people much older than herself, and her parents rather encouraged her in all this. But then she was so lovely and gentle that no one had the heart to find fault with her. Education or training she had none to speak of, and it did her no good at her age to live a life of delicacy and idleness quite unusual in the class to which she belonged. Lovely she undeniably was, and if any stranger gave her a trifle, as many did, and asked her name, she would say, "they call me 'Pretty Sally, the minister's daughter.'"

CHAPTER II. THE OLD SANDPIT ON THE COMMON.

THE river Wey runs through Weybridge: it is navigable for barges, and runs, above the town, for many miles through a rich and rather flat grass country. If you turn down by the old town-bridge, and follow the towing-path, you soon come into a gentleman's demesne.

On the side next the town, and separated from it by the town-common, there are plantations enclosed by a park fence, and the house stands some 200 yards from the river, and but little above it. This is Weybury, the seat of the Westwood family. It is a long and rather low house, in no style of architecture, but it looks like the residence of refined and wealthy people; and such is the case, the Westwoods having for many generations been well thought of in the county and popular in Weybridge, which always returned the reigning Mr. Westwood to Parliament. Just now the family consisted of three, Mrs. Westwood, twice a widow, James Knox, her son by Colonel Knox, her first husband, and Philip Westwood, the heir of the estate, and but recently of age.

James Knox was sitting in the summer-house in the park that evening, affecting to read a book, but really waiting for his brother. This way there was a short cut into the town which the family often used; and presently Philip Westwood came quickly along the path, looking a little ill at ease, which was an unusual expression for his bright face to wear.

"Well, Philip," said the elder brother, "where are you off to now?" Philip looked surprised to see him, but stopped and replied at once, for the closest affection existed between the two.

"If you must know, I am going to meet your pretty friend again out on the common, and I begin to wish I had never seen her. Why didn't you fall in love with her yourself, I wonder, and save me the trouble?" and though he spoke gaily he looked uneasy all the time.

"Now listen to me," said his brother; "don't go there any more, there's a good lad. Some bad end is sure to come of all this; she is, I know, very pretty and enticing, but you can't be mad enough to think of marrying so much below you. Break with her at once before you make a scandal in the place."

Philip listened with rather a grim look on his face, and all the time he kept pawing the gravel on the path with the toe of his boot.

"Well, I know it is a fix; and perhaps you will tell me how to get out of it, Mr. Mentor."

"No, I can't do that; but get out of it you must, for your own sake and other people's too."

"Ah!" said Philip, as if tired of the discussion, "this is all very well from you, who are heart-whole in the matter, but then I love her, and, worse still, she loves me. It is a fix every way, and I don't see my way out of it, and so good-by."

He went away without giving his brother time for another word, and James Knox took

up his book and went rather sadly back to the house. You, my reader, may think that he should have taken higher ground than he did; you may think that he should not have confined himself so strictly to the expediences of the case; but he knew Philip's temper, and did what he thought best.

Philip went his way out of the park into the hazy golden sunset-light, which was streaming over the common, over its many inequalities, and its clumps of scrubby furze bushes. The Weybridge folks have dug their sand there for many generations, and it is an ugly place of a night, but now most lovely, as such places are, in the sunset. It ran down to the river on one side, and lay just between the park and the city wall. A rare place it was for gipsy camps at fair time, for the sand-pits and the furze made just the shelter they love, and you could not see them till you tumbled over them. Philip, I say, went his way in and out upon the common, for he knew the way well, and in a few minutes was lost to sight. Passing round a large clump of furze, he turned quickly and rather furtively into a deep sand-pit, and his walk was at an end, for there sat waiting for him a most lovely young woman, or rather young lady, for she was both well and tastefully dressed.

"My dear," she said, as she clung to him, "I'm so glad you are come. I was getting so tired with waiting, and so frightened to be out here all alone. What can have kept you so long?"

And I am sorry to say that Philip, in spite of all the good advice of his brother, returned her caresses with interest. A little before he had called his case a fix, but now he had no wish to set himself free.

"So glad you are come! so glad you are come!" she kept saying. The tone of her voice was very sweet, and it was evident that she loved Philip dearly. Few of his age could have resisted her fascination. Her bonnet she had taken off before he came, and it lay on the dry grass a little apart, thus leaving her golden ringlets, her chief charm, to fall unconfined about her slender throat. She had just reached the prime of a most lovely youth, and seemed without fault in form and feature. Her affection for Philip, too, was evidently genuine and deep; this was evidently no case of an artful woman using the spell of her beauty for selfish ends; no, she loved him with all her heart, and with an utter absence of distrust in him, or prudence for herself.

As the sun sunk rapidly, its rays ceased to fall into the sandpit, and it became gloomy for the young lovers, but they were too much occupied with the sweetness of their stolen

intercourse to heed this. And so I must leave my young friends, Philip Westwood and Sally Bidder—for Sally it was, as you have already guessed, grown in a few years into a most lovely woman, and we will agree that they had no business to be in the old sandpit that evening, especially as affianced lovers.

CHAPTER III. PHILIP'S "FIX" GETS WORSE.

AFTER the death of the late Mr. Westwood, Philip's father, his widow decided to restore St. Clement's church, of which he had been the patron, instead of erecting a monument, and James Knox, who superintended the work for his mother, was in those days often in old Ford's yard, where the stone-work was prepared. Ford himself had long ago married a favourite maid out of the Weybury establishment, and he was in some sort a family retainer. So James Knox often stood and chatted with him, and as "Pretty Sally" was constantly in the yard, and often in the counting-house, there sprang up between them a kind of nodding and speaking acquaintance, such as may be without harm between a pretty girl of the lower orders and a gentleman: he never thought of leaving his place or of tempting her to leave hers. But, unfortunately, having told them at home what a beauty there was in Ford's yard, his mother and brother joked him about her (thus Philip called her, as we have seen, "your pretty friend"), and one day the younger brother said laughingly, "I will go down to Ford's and see her, and if she is as nice as you say, I will ent you out." Thus he got into his "fix," for first he made love to her in a gay bantering way of his own, which with an equal would not have meant anything, and then, when foolish Sally began to love him, and could not hide her heart from him, he could not break it all off, partly because he did not like to pain her, and more, because he was touched by her beauty and evident affection for himself. In extenuation of his conduct, I must say that few young men could have made their way out of such a situation. But he should never have got there! Ah, that is easily seen and said!

And I am not going to tell you any more of "Pretty Sally's" misplaced love. When Philip met her on the town-common it was not for the first time by any means, and many friends on both sides had noticed and were vexed with the young people. Philip had been taken to task by his brother, and old Ford had scolded Sally till she took refuge in tears,—he did not anticipate any serious harm for his favourite. In a little time they would have been separated by one or other of their well-wishers, but before any one could interfere Sally disappeared. A bargeman said he had seen her late one night

with a gentleman on the common ; and just at first all kinds of surmises were afloat respecting her : people were unwilling to believe the sad truth. She did not return to her home, and was not seen in Weybridge for years, till she was almost forgotten. Philip Westwood was also gone—abroad it was said—and the curious soon made out that he did not go alone and who was his companion. It was agreed on all hands that the less said about the matter the better.

A cloud settled on the family at Weybridge. Mrs. Westwood was seldom seen in the town, for she felt that people looked coldly and reproachfully at her : her son had robbed the town of one of its favourite daughters. There was the good name of the town, too, of which they were justly proud : Philip had tarnished it. Old Ford felt the loss of his favourite deeply, and now he would get out of the way of his Weybury patrons, where before he gladly took each opportunity to bow and scrape to them. Sally was a loss in fact, and except in the case of some strong-minded and perfectly pure people, she met with a good deal of pity and commiseration. "She would have done well but for Master Philip," they said, and perhaps truly.

Aaron Bidder and his wife felt their share of the disgrace so keenly that they presently gave up their cottage in "the Row," and found employment in a distant county : there Aaron died in a few months of a fall from a scaffold, and his wife, after toiling alone for a time, died too—she had always been a broken-spirited woman—and was laid beside him, in a place where they were both utter strangers. If her daughter's name was mentioned, there shot up in her dark eyes a gleam of passion, which showed she never could or would forgive her ; otherwise, she maintained to the last the same external calm which she had always shown.

CHAPTER IV. THE DEAD-LETTER.

THAT morning the postman came down "the Row" with a letter in his hand, and stopped at the door of the house where the Bidders used to live. He did not leave it there, however, but went round into Ford's counting-house and gave it to him. Letters had often before been so left, and they were known to come from Sally Bidder. Ford used to give them to James Knox, who opened and read them, and he would say "Any good news, sir?" to meet with the same answer time after time, "No, I am afraid things remain just as they were : " he did not like to inquire further out of respect for the feelings of Philip's family. Sally's letters showed that Philip was still in his "fix," for they held out no prospect of a

separation between the two, and consisted chiefly of affectionate addresses to her parents, of entreaties not to be too hardly judged, with here and there an expression which showed that her love had not grown cold. She seemed not to expect any reply, and evidently did not know that her father and mother were now both dead. It would have been well if Ford had opened this particular letter, as it was he sent it up to Weybury, and it came to hand too late.

James Knox had been from home all that day, and finding the letter on his return, read it with an exclamation of surprise. To order his horse and gallop into Weybridge occupied but a few minutes, and he pulled up at St. Clement's and threw the rein to one of a group of gossips. What were they discussing so eagerly ? Why did they seem to expect him ? He walked anxiously into Ford's counting-house, and with the first glance at the old man's face concluded that some accident had happened.

"O, Mr. James !" he said, "such a shocking business ; it's given me quite a turn ; and they dosay the poor thing will die ; indeed, I thought she was dead when they took her away, and I can't help feeling for her as if she was my own child." And here the old man quite broke down, and was evidently much shocked.

"Tell me what has happened," said James, "at present I am quite in the dark, though I own I am grieved at this morning's letter."

Then Ford told him all he knew. A little before twelve o'clock that morning, a lady accompanied by a maid came quickly into "the Row." The lady was easily recognised as the "Pretty Sally" of old times, in spite of her rich dress and refined manner : years of careful cultivation had not changed form or feature in her, though they had added to every charm. Presently a woman's head was poked out of each cottage door, and some of the old residents even came up and spoke to her. She was evidently agitated and alarmed at finding her parents gone.

"Where are they gone ?" she said ; "tell me where I can find them. O, why does not one of you answer me, and why do you look so strangely at me ? Tell me you," she went on, appealing to an old dame whose face she remembered, "tell me for God's sake that there is nothing the matter with them."

But the woman so appealed to turned away, for she did not like the office sought to be put upon her. But another cried out readily enough, "They're dead, Sally ; they're dead long ago, my girl ; and you broke their hearts with your wicked ways."

Poor Sally, among whose faults a hard heart could not be numbered, fainted dead away at

the news so roughly told, and was carried to her inn under the care of her servant. Ford had been for a little time a much grieved looker-on. All that was known of her since was this; she had fallen from one fainting-fit into another till her life seemed to be in great danger, and the gentleman who came with her to Weybridge had hurried up to London for further advice.

James Knox showed Ford the letter of that morning's post; it ran thus:—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—You cannot tell how I have grieved not to see you for so long, and I know I left you in great trouble through my folly. Till now I have not dared to try to see you and my dear old home, but now I have such good news for you, for my Philip says he will marry me, and no one could love him half as well as I do. He says he shall never repent it, and we mean to live abroad. Almost as soon as my letter I shall be with you; only forgive me, and I shall have nothing left to wish for,—your loving daughter,
"SALLY."

Poor Sally! her dream of happiness was quickly broken up by the rude tongue in "the Row," and the shock she had received seemed to be well nigh the death of her.

"Are they married, then?" said Ford.

"I think not," replied James Knox; "not so bad as that yet."

CHAPTER V. SOME TIME AFTER.

THE story of poor Sally is now nearly ended. I say "poor Sally," for hers was not the fault of a depraved disposition. She was of a very loving, trustful temper, and had no one to guide her when she sadly needed guidance, and if she thought that marriage would make all straight, so do most women in the class to which she belonged. She never became the wife of Philip Westwood; for though after a time her health was restored, her mind was permanently impaired. Philip she never knew again, either by sight or by name, and his brother after a time separated her from him, and placed her under proper care. For many years she retained nearly all her great beauty: harmless and gentle she was at all times, and she kept her love of dress. Restraint she could not bear and did not need, and care was taken that she should never know want. Both the joy and also the sorrow of the past seemed to be mercifully blotted out for her. At times, especially as she grew older, she was restless, and would ramble about, and so became widely known. To any stranger she was always eager to tell so much of her sad story, "I broke my dear

father's and mother's hearts; and they call me 'Pretty Sally, the minister's daughter.'"

Philip Westwood did none of the many things folks said he would do. They kindly said he was a ruined and disgraced man, and could never again show his face in Weybridge. Certainly he had done ill and made a great scandal, but there was more good than evil in him by a great deal, and so he came out well in the end. People are only too ready to forget that one great fault is not fatal in all cases, nor even often, to the career of either man or woman.

He soon married both suitably and happily. The lady he chose may have guessed that he was not free from blame as regarded the past, but she did not think it well to pry into her husband's secrets; and Philip on his part soon bestowed on her an affection, perhaps more deep than that which he once felt for the poor beauty of the stonemason's yard.

He took up his residence and duties at Weybury, meaning if he could to make amends for past folly; he even faced the black looks of the Weybridge folks, and after a time conciliated their esteem. After a few years the scandal connected with his name died out:—true, it was revived from time to time by the appearance of Sally herself on one of her rambles, but no one ordinarily cared to know or talk about the great fault of Philip Westwood's early life.

A LESSON ON BOGS.

IT seems an odd and somewhat an unfair circumstance that topographers, and handbook writers in general, describe only the attractive features of a country, ignoring altogether those which are unpicturesque or barren, as though they were not worth a thought at the hands of the tourist, for whose object the description is written. Yet the unprepossessing districts are worth a study after all; and though we cannot, perhaps, expect those with whom time is scarce, to devote any of it to examining minutely any save the more beautiful or interesting portions, we may do so with more satisfaction at our own fireside.

We all know what a bog is—when we get into one; but if asked to define it, we should probably differ.

The tourist would describe it as a great eyesore; the sportsman, as a capital place for wild fowl; the peasant, as a convenient substitute for a colliery; the engineer, as a thing which must be circumvented if possible; though none of these answers would convey much idea of the real nature of a bog, which, we must remember, in extent forms no small proportion

of her Majesty's British islands. In England bogs are comparatively few and far between ; but nobody who has lived or travelled in Ireland can forget the desolate flats and surfaces that extend for so many miles inland—a perfect sea of uniform black peat, without a single shrub or mound to relieve it, or any token of life, save an occasional cabin, almost more melancholy than the bog itself. Yet it has a wild, forlorn kind of interest peculiar to it ; although requiring an equally peculiar tone of mind to enjoy it, or to contemplate it without a shiver of disgust.

If we look a little more closely into the nature and composition of bog, we shall find that it is something more than a mixture of black mud and water.

Bog consists principally of a species of moss, known to botanists as “sphagnum,” together with confused varieties of grass, fern, and heath, forming a saturated though coherent mass, which under a certain amount of pressure becomes peat. In fact, the greater portion of peaty substance is sphagnum, intermixed with roots and branches of phanerogamic plants, the surface of which offers a fitting receptacle for the growth of cryptogamic species. It is easy to perceive how the growth of a bog has arisen. A pool is formed, more or less stagnant, round the borders of which grow aquatic plants, in course of time filling up the surface, and eventually the deeper portions, by the accumulation of mud at the roots. This mud is just the place suitable for sphagnum, which flourishes abundantly, absorbing and holding in solution an immense quantity of water, pushing out new plants above, while the lower stages daily become more rotten. Thus we see the curious phenomenon of a bog, almost in a liquid state, higher in the centre than the surrounding land,—a condition of things well described by Sir Charles Lyell as existing in the “Great Dismal Swamp” in Virginia. This is a morass, forty miles long by twenty-five broad, and is of a soft semi-liquid consistency, except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and roots. The centre is, nevertheless, considerably higher than the surrounding land. At a certain point of fluidity, however, the coherence of the pulpy mass gives way, and very destructive consequences may arise, as happened in the case of a bog in the King's county, which, in 1821, burst its bounds, and flowed down a valley for a mile and a half, covering 150 acres with a layer of bog from six to ten feet in thickness.

It must not be inferred that all bogs are alike in composition, though, probably, scarce any but those who have investigated the sub-

ject would have imagined that there was any difference.

Mr. Moore, who has an intimate knowledge of bog country, divides it into red, brown, black, and mountain bog, each depending on varieties of colour and consistence, locality, altitude, and all causes that affect the growth of the vegetable matter. The importance of the question will be sufficiently attested by the fact, that in Ireland alone there are nearly a million and a half of acres of red and black bog, and a million and a quarter of mountain bog ; and this importance arises from two causes—the advisability and efficacy of drainage, so as to make the land more valuable for other purposes, and the industrial economy of bog itself as a source of fuel. Of all the varieties, the red and brown are the least valuable for fuel, which probably arises from their extreme wetness and the small quantity of woody matter found in them. The mountain bog is found at any and every altitude, and appears to owe its difference of composition to the substitution of a grey moss, *Racomitrium lamiginosum*, for the ordinary sphagnum. The formation, too, of the latter is different. We have seen the way in which the flat bogs have arisen, from the stagnation of shallow pools, which could not of course exist on the steep sides of mountains, owing to the facility for natural drainage. Besides, the atmosphere which nearly always prevails in these high localities favours the growth of bog by the ceaseless moisture deposited by the clouds. Again, the substratum of the great central plain of Ireland, which is covered by flat bogs, consists of mountain limestone ; while that of the mountains is frequently of a schistose nature, the decomposition of which contributes greatly to the formation of peat.

A very peculiar feature is the presence of large trees, or rather the trunks of what were large trees at one time ; and they occur principally in the black bog. Far down beneath the surface we have constant traces of the hazel, oak, yew, and pine, and, in rarer cases, of the alder and elm. Curiously enough, there is a decided difference in the position of these respective varieties ; for instance, the fir is usually discovered in a standing position, with a few feet of trunk remaining, and usually towards the centre of the bog ; whereas the oak and yew are always scattered at the margin, generally rest on clay or gravel, and are almost invariably attached to their roots. Three varieties of pine, distinguishable by their cones, have been remarked, some being identical in species with those at present existing in the country. These facts point to the very great change which has come over the face of the land,

and show conclusively that the flat, dismal area, which is now only a waste of peat, was once beautifully wooded, and grateful to the eye with luxuriant foliage. And not in such very remote times either; for, independently of the facts that many of the trees, the remains of which contribute to form the peat bed, are identical with indigenous species at present existing, mention is frequently made in old Irish annals of tracts of forest where none are now found, as well as of the products of those trees, such as hazel nuts, beech mast, acorns, and crab apples.

In Wales, too, the same tradition of extensive forests is rife in districts which are now mountain bog—a tradition borne out by the name of “coed,” or wood, which is very common in the barren hill country.

It is true that, in the very earliest stage of the iron manufacture, when iron was smelted by charcoal instead of pit coal, a vast number of trees were cut down to support the demand, and thus considerable areas were denuded of timber; but this could not account for it altogether, as the term of “coed” is found where no traces of iron could ever have existed. By what geological phenomenon these forests could have been so completely destroyed and laid prostrate, it is difficult to say; for although mention is made in Irish annals of fearful and destructive storms, they still occasionally occur, and do not commit such havoc as the peat timber evidences. It appears to me that the real solution of the problem is in the sinking of a large district of ground, by which its level has been lowered and inundation caused. The forests would very soon perish under these circumstances, and the rotten *débris* accumulate to a considerable depth. A slight raising of the surface (and we know that such have repeatedly occurred, and are even now occurring) would cause the water to drain off somewhat, leaving behind a saturated mass of dead timber, which would be exceedingly favourable for the after growth of *confervæ* and sphagnum.

An additional interest is thrown on bogs by the discovery of many articles undoubtedly belonging to and fabricated by man. These are almost entirely found to be made of wood, and thus bear corroborative testimony to the great abundance of timber in those days, as well as give us an insight into the habits of the *primæval* settlers.

Almost all the articles found in bogs in Ireland have been implements used for the procuring of food, such as boats and paddles, canoes, drinking vessels, called by archaeologists “methers,” bowls, and other rude articles necessary for the convenience of life. In many of the morasses in the counties of Westmeath,

Roscommon, Cavan, and Leitrim, which in winter time are converted into lakes, whole residences have been discovered many feet below the surface, entirely formed of wood. They are known by the name of “*cramogues*,” and are islands defended by wooden stockades and containing wooden huts. Sometimes they were approached by causeways from the mainland, but were more frequently isolated; and as canoes are generally found in connection with them, it is clear with what intention they were formed. An interesting account of these early remains is given by Sir W. R. Wilde in his very comprehensive catalogue of the Royal Irish Academy.

The remains of other inhabitants are found as well—inhabitants which had probably existed a long time previous to the appearance of man. The elk, or *Cervus megaceros*, long extinct, was once a common denizen of the woods of Ireland, as testified by the frequent discovery of its bones and antlers. It far exceeded in magnitude any living species of deer, measuring ten feet from the ground to the tip of the antlers. When found in any quantity, it would appear, from the position of the elevated head and the antlers thrown back towards the shoulders, as though the herd had sought refuge in the marshes, and had there been suffocated. As the bones of the *Megaceros* have also been observed in the shell marl beds below the peat, it would seem that this animal constituted a link between the appearance of man and the glacial or drift epoch that preceded him. But as these suggestions trench upon the much-vexed question of the antiquity of man, and form only an incidental portion of the natural history of bogs, we will pass on to another feature, viz., the relation of bogs to coal beds—a subject of intense interest to geologists of the present day, and of incalculable importance, may be, to our posterity. I do not intend in this paper to describe all the geological theories advanced as to the formation of coal. It will suffice to state now that it appears to be the product of vegetation of rapid growth, which from some cause or other has been prostrated, inundated with water, either fresh, salt, or brackish; and finally subjected to great pressure, probably combined with a high temperature, although this last requirement has been denied by some geologists. At all events, to sum up in a few words, the requisites for the formation of coal have been vegetation, moisture, pressure, and (perhaps) heat. To a certain extent, though on a small scale, we have these requisites in peat or bog. We have the vegetation,—certainly not of a tropical order, as we know the vegetation of our coal beds to have been. We

have moisture ; the woods and forests which flourished, where now are peat beds, may have been destroyed by inundation, and the subsequent rotting of the roots and trunks by the persistence of the undrained water. We have little or no pressure, it is true ; but there is reason to suppose that if, in process of time, a fresh forest or fresh vegetation arose, became destroyed in its turn, lay prostrate over the original bed, and then became covered over with a superficial layer of earth, and that this process were repeated again and again, each time causing increased pressure on the subjacent beds, the consequence would be a formation of coal. Heat we have not, at least not the tropical heat that is supposed by many to have prevailed ; but, as I said before, this condition is doubted by others, and they back up their argument by the discovery of air-breathing reptiles which could not probably have lived except in a temperate atmosphere. There is a great relation, up to a certain point, between peat bogs and the prairies. The latter are formed thus, according to the observations of Mons. Leguèreux :—Mud is deposited on the banks of a large river, that, as it swells in the rainy season, brings down fresh layers, which, as they become stagnant, are exceedingly detrimental to the growth of vegetation. Trees, which have hitherto flourished, but have become subject to this species of muddy inundation, soon perish, and so far the bogs and the prairies are similar ; but after that, the climatal influences take effect : in Europe, the marshes, once formed, usually continue as such, unless altered by the interference of man ; but in tropical countries evaporation takes place in a very short time, from the intense heat of the sun ; so that the long grass peculiar to the prairies flourishes instead of the sphagnum and *confervæ*, which we have seen are the component parts of the bog. So much for the probable future of peat. It may, however, interest my readers to know in what way peat is useful now. Everybody who has travelled in Ireland is aware that at certain times of the year the prevailing topic of conversation in the inland districts is the probable crop of turf, *alias* peat, which is looked forward to with as much anxiety as the English farmer bestows on his corn. And this is not to be wondered at ; for, should the season be wet, as too many seasons are in Ireland, the turf runs a great risk of being spoiled, and the unfortunate peasant is obliged to face the rigours of the winter with little or no fire, to which, perhaps, is added the short supply of potatoes. No wonder that the cry of famine and starvation, then, resounds throughout the whole land.

At the time when the peat is cut the whole population adjourns to the bog (if it is happy enough to possess one, and I can assure my readers that the circumstance of a bog being found on any property is a wonderful advantage to it), the men to cut the peat with a peculiarly long spade, the women to carry away the square moulds and stack it in heaps, where it is left to the tender mercies of the weather to dry. Some little life and picturesque effect is imparted to the bog at these times, especially in Connemara, where the scarlet petticoats of the women contrast well with the black soil around. Were it not for this, the figures would be almost undistinguishable in the general monotony of colour.

When properly dried, it is found that turf yields a variable proportion of ash accordingly as it is dug from the surface or deeper down. Sir Robert Kane states that the turf from a bog forty feet deep yielded $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of ash near the surface, $3\frac{1}{2}$ at the middle, and 19 per cent. in the lowest four feet. This bears out what I have stated before, as to the pressure required to assimilate it to coal. The calorific or heat-giving power of turf is about half that of coal ; though if it were cut and dried under more favourable circumstances, this quality would be much increased. To bring about this result has been the endeavour of several practical individuals, who have seen in the large stores of Irish turf an important item in the industrial economy of the country. Among these experiments we may mention that of artificially drying the turf, and afterwards impregnating it with tar, so as to render it waterproof as well as to increase its burning properties.

Another proposal is to thoroughly break up the fibre of the turf, and then subject it to great pressure by hydraulic power, by which process it becomes perfectly dry, loses about $\frac{2}{3}$ ths of its weight, and is denser than wood. Peat prepared in this way costs about 5s. a ton, a price which is about the average of a ton of coal at the pit's mouth.

We see, therefore, that, apart from scientific speculations on the nature and formation of bog, it has an intrinsic value, of which many people have but little idea.

G. P. BEVAN.

AN OLD CHAPTER IN COOKERY.

SOME years since, when a discussion arose in the newspapers on the art of giving dinners, it struck us as a rather singular circumstance that none of the disputants recommended a reference to the *arcana* of cookery during the

luxurious dinner-times of bygone ages, to supply them with some hint which would throw a little variety into the stereotyped unappetizedness of modern banquets. History furnishes us with no end of *renaissances*. There has been a *renaissance* of sculpture, a *renaissance* of architecture, a *renaissance* of painting, and of art in each of its different branches; why not, then, a *renaissance* in the art of cooking and feeding? But as the word *renaissance* means in itself the re-existence of something which has already flourished in perfection, we must guard against misconception by limiting the area to which the habitual diner-out and the dyspeptic gastronome, whose digestion revolts at such plebeian coarseness as the roast and boiled beef and mutton of the present day, should have recourse for relief. We have no idea of sending them either to the records of the gluttonous feasts of the Roman Empire, where the tongues of canary birds and the roes of lampreys fattened on human flesh ministered to the cravings of diseased appetites. By no means! We would invite them to try nearer home; namely, to the times in our own country when hospitality was dispensed on the largest scale, and when the art of the table was cultivated luxuriously but not gluttonously.

If an Act of Parliament were to be passed now, restraining the rich from giving dinners which were too luxurious, we might fairly assume that a considerable number of the dishes in vogue at such banquets must be uncommonly good to eat. Yet in the thirty-fourth year of Henry III. such an Act was actually passed—with little result it is true, but the fact is the same; and it is consequently to the cookery of the succeeding six reigns—when the Black Prince feasted his royal prisoner John II.—the days that followed upon Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—the days of Chaucer and of Sir John Falstaff,—that we counsel our *blasé* diner-out and our despondent dyspeptic to fly for consolation. With this view we cull a few flowers from the cookery garden of that period, premising that though they are necessarily but a few, they will give an insight into the subject as interesting to the archæologist as to him whose palate is more nearly interested in so momentous an inquiry.

First, here is a famous old English dish eaten with great gusto during the reigns of the three Edwards and of the second Richard, both the name and receipt for which is remembered only by antiquaries. It was called “Cokagrys,” and the following is the way in which it was made.

“Take an old cock and pluck him, and skin him all but the legs, and fill him full of the

same stuffing” (this probably refers to one given in a recipe just preceding, which we will describe in a moment): “also take a pig and skin him from the middle downwards, and fill him all full of the same stuffing, and sew them fast together and boil them” (i.e., the cock and the pig); “and when they shall have boiled a good while take them up, and do them on a spit and roast them well; and take yolks of eggs, and add thereto saffron, and baste them therewith: and when they are roasted, dish them up, and garnish them with gold and silver foyle.”* The stuffing to be used for this notable dish consisted of pig’s liver minced small, with pepper, powdered cloves, cinnamon and currants, which might be used in its then state, or made into forcemeat balls (by the aid of whites of eggs) and roasted. Now, we ask, is no one patriotic enough to essay this dish, if only to see how the pig and the cock look when served up together according to the foregoing directions?

Another curious dish of about the same period, equally tantalising, deserves mention. It is called “Raffolys,” and is made thus:—“Take swine’s flesh, boil it and chop it small, and put thereto yolks of eggs, and mix it well together, and make it right ‘sauple,’” (i.e., easy to stir), “and put thereto a little minced lard, and grated cheese, and powdered ginger and cinnamon; then take and make balls thereof as large as an apple, and wind them in the flaret of the swine, each ball by itself; then make a coffin of paste of the shape of it” (we presume the whole mess contained), “place him therein and bake him: and when all is baked, take yolks of eggs, beat them up well in a vessel, put thereto sugar and good powder” (query flour), “and colour it with saffron, which pour over it and then serve up.” What would not the late M. Soyer have given for such a dish! Think what a demand there would have been upon the culinary department of the clubs! but we live in a truly degenerate age.

The French truly know what is what when they stimulate their appetites with a fricassee of frogs, and we flatter ourselves that even our ancestors of the fourteenth century would not have turned up their noses at a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. But where shall we taste the rich “Flampoyntes” and the delicate “Daryalys,” with its boxes of divers colours,

* “Foyle” is used in ancient cookery to denote “paste” or “crust.” We have left the word as it stands in the original.

† We have used the word “lard” for the original word “calle,” for want of a better. In medical phraseology, the “calle,” or call of an animal is the “omentum,” a fatty viscous substance resembling the peritonæum. Our readers must trust to their own ingenuity as to its exact application here.

containing almond cream, and "gode fat cheese and egges?" Above all, why are we to be denied "Pomedorry?"

Let us, by the way, imagine "Pomedorry," if there is no living cook who is clever enough to make it. "Take beef and cut it small, all raw, and cast it in a mortar and pound it, but not too small: take saffron and pound it therewith: when it is ground take the white of an egg so as it be not too stiff. Throw into the beef ground pepper, old raisins, and some currants: put on a pan of clean water, and make pellets" (balls) "of the beef, and when the water and the pellets are well boiled, place the whole aside and let it cool, then put it" (wepresume the pellets, or balls, or *rissoles*, as we should term them) "on a spit" (or skewer) "and roast it, basting it with yolks of eggs, and then serve up." This is "Pomedorry," once considered a great delicacy, though we doubt whether it ever held the place in the estimation of gastronomists which did that of "Pondorroe," a viand that must clearly have been reserved for the upper ten thousand, who dined with the Rose of Raby, or were invited to join the supper parties of madcap Prince Hal. The opening of this recipe runs as follows:—

"Take partridges with long filets" (cutlets) "of pork, all raw, mince them well small, and bray them in a mortar, and when they be well brayed, put thereto a good plenty of powder and yolks of eggs: and afterwards make thereof a stuffing, each piece being of the form and size of an onion: then boil them in good beef or pork broth: then let them cool, then put them on a hazel spit, and place them before the fire to roast: afterwards make good batter of flour and eggs, one batter white and the other yellow, adding thereto a good plenty of sugar: then take a feather on a stick, and take some of the batter and paint it on the apples" (i.e., the balls of stuffing), "so that one be white and the other yellow well coloured." It would require a considerable amount of imagination for any one to try and realise the merits of such a preparation as the above, unless he was determined to test it practically. Those who take an interest in the subject would do well to adopt the latter course.

Two other dishes only out of a vast mass, all remarkable for their quaintness and their combinations, do we propose to give the reader in this paper. The first refers to the mode of making swans edible, birds which as gastronomic favourites of bygone days have almost a classical claim on our attention, though without the aid of a consummate *chef de cuisine* it is impossible to conceive anything more hard or tasteless; while the second is an extract from

the "Liber Curæ Coquorum," a cookery book *in verse* in use in the fourteenth century, to be found in the Sloane MS. Reverting, then, to the first-mentioned, which is entitled, "Chaudern for Swannes," we have this singular composition:—

"Take the liver and all the offal (perhaps this means the giblets), clean it and boil it, and when it is boiled take it up and the bones out, clean and dress the liver and all the entrails and chop the best: then take bread steeped in broth, and strain it with the blood and broth through a strainer: then put it in a pot and let it boil, and add thereto wine and a little vinegar and ground pepper, cloves and ginger, and serve it up."

The second is simple enough, and has been chosen on that account; it is a receipt for making furmenty. In the "Liber Coquorum," the poetical cookery book, it runs thus:—

Take Wete and pyke h^t fayre,
And do h^t in a morter shene,
Bray h^t a lytell w^t wat^r h^t spryng,
Tyl h^t hull w^toute lesyng,
Yen wyndo h^t wele rede y^e mot
Wasshe h^t fayre, put h^t in pot,
Boyle h^t tylle h^t brest pen
Let h^t donn as I Pe kenne;
Take know milke and play h^t up
To h^t thykke rede to sup,
Lye h^t up w^t yolkes of eyren,
And kepe h^t wele lest it berne;
Colour h^t w^t saffron and salt h^t wele,
And s^tvyd h^t forthe at y^e mele.
W^t sug^r candy y^r may h^t dowee,
Yf it be s^tvyd in grete lordys howce;
Take black sub^t for mener menne,
Beware y^r w^t for h^t wylle brenne.

In a MS. book of ancient cookery, found in the library of the Royal Society, the prose version of the same receipt is given as follows:—

"Take clean wheat and bray it well in a mortar, so that the husks go clean off, then boil it in clean water until it break, then take it up and let it cool, and when thou wilt dress it, put it in a pot and add thereto good broth and cow milk or milk of almonds, and colour it with saffron, and take raw yolks of eggs and beat them well up and put them in the pot, but let it not boil afterwards, then serve it up."

Our space bids us stop here. There is much more that is curious and tantalising which one would fain impart to the reader, such as what relates to the mysteries of "Comadery," "Yppocras," "Blank Desire," "Mawmenny," "Petty Pruant," &c., but it cannot be now. There are two facts, however, to be gathered from the authorities from which we have been quoting which are worth notice. The first is that among several hundred dishes of the

period over which we have glanced, pork in some shape or another is one of the principal ingredients, in the proportion of three dishes to one ; the other, the extraordinary partiality of our ancestors for saffron. To most of our readers this condiment is probably very little known. Our own experience of its qualities is, it must be owned, but limited, but we can bear witness to one point—that it is superlatively nasty, and it must remain to us a mystery how it came to be such a favourite as to be used with almost everything. Even the peacock, which was the dish of kings, was seldom served up without it. Nor must we forget to mention that the cooks of those days were not forgetful to please the eye as well as the taste. The peacock, for instance, for a king's feast, was always served up in its own feathers, and with a gilded comb and tail, and similar adornment was employed in other dishes. Of the sauces, salads, and pickles in vogue we may possibly speak on a future occasion.

ERNEST R. SEYMOUR.

THE RUEFUL RIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN AND I."

I.

A TRAITOR'S sword unsheathed in the dark,
A thunder-bolt fall'n that leaves no spark,
A fitting vision to dreamy eyes,
An owl that wakes the night as she flies ;—
Like these was a herdsman's stealthy ride,
O'er the still Campagna wild and wide.

II.

'Tis night, or else you might trace his way,
By foam-flakes dashed from his horse like spray ;
You might see the splendour and supple grace
Of the beast who runs so mad a race,
But his heaving chest and sweat would tell
Of services prized not over-well.

III.

The rider uses both spur and rein,
He sets his teeth at the leagues to gain,
He throws a curse on the silent air,
To take it back with a coward's prayer ;
He counts up the moments still left of night,
And hates the signs that herald the light.

IV.

There are phantoms round him, weird and wild,
Like the demons he dreamed of when a child ;
Fiery, forky-tongued, ghastly, and grim,
Each with a finger pointed to him ;
The very breezes hiss in his ear,
The very stones take a shape of fear !

V.

Day breaks at last with a creeping light
That brings the minutest things to sight ;
He finds himself taking guilty heed
Of the blade of grass, of the stunted weed,
For each has a soul to understand
That a stain of blood is on his hand.

VI.

Like a ray cloudland worlds away,
Lies the sea in the glad embrace of day ;
Nearer the violet mountains seem
To move in mist, as shapes in a dream,
Whilst the sun, that alchemist skilled of old,
Turns the brown Campagna into gold.

VII.

The sunshine sears and searches his brain,
The breeze burns his blood with a sense of pain ;
He'd gladly recall the ghosts of night,
To banish the heaven come with light,
And, half from recklessness, half from need,
He presses his horse to wilder speed.

VIII.

Could we believe, as the children do,
That horses have souls to think and know,
We should say this one well understood
His rider's secret of crime and blood ;
So mad his pace as he onward flies,
So human the horror in his eyes !

IX.

Buffaloes start from their haunts of night,
To shake their manes at the sudden sight ;
Goatherds forget their meal as they gaze,
And ponder the errand with deep amaze ;
So, fearing and feared of living things,
They conquer distance as if on wings !

X.

And now the solitude grows less dread,
There is vineyard shadow overhead ;
Hovel and palace they pass, and tomb ;
The dust they raise is the dust of Rome ;
The dome of Peter hangs vast and high,
A smaller sun in the burning sky.

XI.

The rider alights, with skin-deep smile,
Charging his horse to a host meanwhile ;
"Poor devil," he jests, "thy work is done,
Thou shalt rest and eat till set of sun."
But when the stable-folk praise the steed,
His look grows dark, and he gives no heed.

XII.

Night comes, and with it the rider home,
Pompous with drink and the sights of Rome ;
He has seen the Pope and the Vatican,—
Rome is the place for a knowing man.
The landlord, winking his wisest eye,
Leads him on by praise and pleasantry.

XIII.

'Tis late when the loving cup is passed,
But both talk and laughter cease at last.
Then, coaxing his cheery host aside,
By the sight of gold-bags, gaping wide,
The rider pays him as drunkards pay,
With double price, and a curse at "Nry."

XIV.

He enters the stable, stealing slow,
With silky hands and a soft "So-ho."
He talks to his horse in playful tone,
Mocking some voice that is not his own ;
He fawns and flatters, as if to win,
The noble beast to forgive his sin.

XV.

He blows out the lamp and takes the rein,
But he never will use the spur again :
Straightway and swift in his throat are set
Teeth that have harmed no flesh as yet.
He falls to the ground with a groan of fear,
For the foe is strong and no help is near.

XVI.

Trampled like clover under the feet
That bore him anon, so far, so fleet,
He sinks ; and in the flutter of breath,
The swaying of soul between life and death,
He sees the glare of the horse's eyes,
And knows the verdict by which he dies.



XVII.

Whether, indeed, such judgment was right,
As to the deed that was done that night ;
Whether the horse did avenge or no
The death of his former master so,
Or if 'twere but work of a vicious mood,
Will never be rightly understood.

XVIII.

Thus much we know. The horseman who died,
Whom the beast had borne on that rueful ride,
Was only his lord by right of theft,
And the hand, with its stroke so soft and deft,
Was the self-same one that foully slew
His old loved master two days ago.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXVII. A TEMPTING BAIT.

THERE was a crash of carriages at one of the houses in Portland Place ; and as the doors were flung open ever and again to the visitors, the glare of many lights, the strains of music, the sweet perfume from the array of hot-house flowers on the staircase, struck dazzlingly to the charmed senses of the beautiful forms, gay as butterflies, fluttering in. The Earl of Oakburn and Lady Jane Chesney were holding an evening reception.

Their first that season, and their last. And yet, scarcely to be called "that season;" for the season was well-nigh over. In an ordinary year it would have been quite over, for August had come in, and numbers were already on the wing to cooler places, panting from the heat and dust of the close metropolis ; but Parliament had sat late, and many lingered still.

Jane had urged on the earl the necessity (she had put it so) of their giving one of these receptions. She had accepted invitations to a few ; the earl to a very few ; and she thought they should make a return. But such a thing was very much out of Lord Oakburn's line—for the matter of that, it was not in Jane's—and he had held out against it. Quite at the last moment, when three parts of the world had quitted London, the earl surprised Jane one morning by telling her she might "send out and invite the folks," and then it would be done with.

They were somewhat more at ease with regard to Clarice. Somewhat. Every possible inquiry that the earl could think of had been set on foot to find her, and the aid of the police called in. Day after day, hour after hour, had the old Countess of Oakburn come down to Portland Place, asking if she was found, and worrying the earl well-nigh out of his senses. She threw all the blame upon him ; she told him any father but he would have confined her as a lunatic, rather than have suffered her to be out without knowing where ; and Jane was grievously reproached for her share, in assuming that Clarice was in the situation in the vicinity of Hyde Park, when it turned out that she had been some twelve months gone away from it.

But still they were more at ease—or tried to feel so. In the course of their researches, which had extended to every likely quarter, they learnt the fact that one of the govern-
agencies had procured a situation some ten

months previously for a Miss Beauchamp. She had gone out to be governess in an English family of the name of Vaughan, who had settled in Lower Canada. The lady was described as young, nice-looking, and of pleasing manners ; and she had told the agent that she had no relatives in England to consult, as to her movements ; altogether there did seem a probability of its being really Clarice. The Earl of Oakburn, in his impetuous fashion, assumed it to be so without further doubt, and Jane hoped it.

Then there was a lull in the storm of suspense. Miss Beauchamp—the supposed Clarice—was written to ; not only by Jane, but by those who were making official inquiries on Lord Oakburn's part ; they were tolerably at their ease until answers should arrive, and were at liberty to think of other things. It was during this lull of ease that Lord Oakburn told Jane she might hold her reception.

And this was the night : and the rooms, considering how late was the month, August, were well filled, and Jane was doing her best, in her ever quiet way, to entertain her guests, wishing heartily at the same time that the thing was over.

In a pretty dress of white crape, a wreath of white flowers confining her flowing curls, sufficient mourning for a child, stood Lucy Chesney, her eyes beaming, her damask cheeks glowing with excitement. Perhaps Jane was not wise in suffering Lucy to appear : some of the people now around would have reproached her that it was not "the thing," had they dared ; but Jane, who knew little of fashionable customs, had never once thought of excluding her. One of the rooms had been appropriated to dancing, and Lucy, a remarkably graceful and pretty girl, had found partners hitherto, in spite of her youth. Not a single dance had she missed ; and now, after a waltz that had whirled her giddily, she leaned against the wall to regain breath.

"Just look at that child ! How can they let her dance like that !"

The words reached Jane's ears, and she turned round to see what child could be meant. Lucy ! But she might have divined it, for there was no other child present. Jane went up to her.

"You are dancing too much, Lucy. I wonder Miss Lethwait is not looking after you. Where is she ?"

"Oh, thank you, Jane, but I don't want looking after," was the reply, the child's whole face sparkling with pleasure. "I never was so happy in my life."

"But you may dance too much. Where is Miss Lethwait?"

"Oh, I have not seen her for this long while. I think she is with papa in his smoking-room."

"With papa in his smoking-room!" echoed Jane.

"Well, I saw her there once: we have had three dances since that. She was filling papa's pipe for him!"

"Lucy!"

"It is true, Jane. Papa was cross; saying that it was a shame that he could not smoke his pipe because the house was full, and Miss Lethwait said, 'You shall smoke it, dear Lord Oakburn, and I'll keep the door;' and she took off her gloves and began to fill it. I came away then."

Jane's brow darkened. "Had you gone into the room with Miss Lethwait?"

"No; I was running about from one room to another, and I ran in there and saw them talking. Jane! Jane! please don't keep me! They are going to begin another dance, and I am engaged for it."

The room called Lord Oakburn's smoking-room was a small den at the end of a passage. Not of much account as to size or anything else, but Jane had deemed it might be found useful for the night, and it had been converted into a reception-room. In it stood the governess, Miss Lethwait. She looked magnificent. Of that remarkably pale complexion which lights up so well, her eyes sparkling, her beautiful hair shining with a gloss purple as the raven's wing, the plainness of her features—and they were plain—was this night eclipsed. She wore a low white evening dress trimmed with scarlet, showing to the best advantage her white neck, her falling shoulders, her rounded arms. Never had she appeared to so great advantage: take her as a whole, there was not one form in the room could vie with hers: she looked made to adorn a coronet—and perhaps she was thinking so.

Perhaps some one else was thinking so. One who could think, so far as that opinion went, to more purpose than Miss Lethwait could—the Earl of Oakburn. The rough old tar stood near her, and his eyes ranged over her with much admiration. He had not lost his liking for a fine woman, although he was verging on his sixtieth year. The smoking interlude was over. Lord Oakburn had enjoyed his pipe, and Miss Lethwait had obligingly kept the door against intruders.

Was Miss Lethwait laying herself out to entrap the unwary? Had she been doing it all along, ever since her entrance into that house? It was a question that she never afterwards could come to any satisfactory conclusion upon. Certainly the tempting bait had been ever before her mind's eye, constantly floating in her brain; but she was of sufficiently honourable nature, and to lay herself deliberately out to allure Lord Oakburn was what she had believed herself hitherto to be wholly incapable of doing. Had she seen another guilty of such conduct, her worst scorn would have been cast on the offender. And yet—was she not, on this night, working on for it? It is true she did not lure him on by will or look; but she did stand there knowing that the peer's admiring eyes were bent upon her. She remained in that room with him, conscious that she had no business in it; feeling that it was not honourable to Lady Jane to be there, who naturally supposed her to be mixing with the company and giving an eye to Lucy; she had taken upon herself to indulge him in his longing for his pipe; had filled it for him; had stayed in the fumes of the smoke while he finished it. In after life Miss Lethwait never quite reconciled that night with her conscience.

"Do you admire all this hubbub and whirl?" suddenly asked the earl.

"No, Lord Oakburn. It dazzles my sight and takes my breath away. But then I am unused to it."

"By Jove! I'd sooner be in a hurricane, rounding the North Pole. I told Jane it would take us out of our soundings to have this crowd here, but she kept bothering about the 'claims of Society.' I'm sure society may be smothered for all the claim it has upon me!"

"The best society is that of our own fireside—those of us who have firesides to enjoy," returned Miss Lethwait.

"We have all got as much as that, I suppose," said the earl.

"Ah, no, Lord Oakburn! Not all. It is not my fortune to have one; and perhaps never will be. But I must not be envious of those who have."

She stood right under the gas chandelier, underneath its glittering drops; her head was raised to its own lofty height, but the eyelids drooped until the dark lashes rested on the cheeks, lashes that were moist with tears. She held a sprig of geranium in her white gloves, and her fingers were busy, slowly pulling it to pieces, leaf by leaf, petal from petal.

"And why should you not have a fireside?" bluntly asked Lord Oakburn, his sight not losing a single tear, a single movement of the

fingers. Keen sight it was, peering from beneath its bushy brows.

She quite laughed in answer; a scornful laugh it was, telling of inward pain.

"You may as well ask, my lord, why one woman is Queen of England, and another the unhappy wretch who sits stitching her fifteen hours daily in a garret, wearing out her heart and her life. Our destinies are unequally marked out in this world, and we must take them as they are sent. Sometimes a feeling comes over me—I don't know whether it be a wrong one—that the harder the lot in this world, the brighter it will be in that which has to come."

"Favours and fortune are dealt out unequally, that's true enough," said the earl, thinking of his past life of poverty and struggle.

"They are, they are," she answered bitterly. "And the worst is, you are so chained down to your lot that you cannot escape from it. As a poor bird entrapped into a cage beats its wings against the wires unceasingly, seeking to free itself from its prison, and seeks in vain, so do we wear out our minds with our never-ending struggle to free ourselves from the thralldom that is forced by destiny upon us. I was not made to live out my life in dependence, in servitude: every hour of the day I feel that I was not. I feel that my mind, my heart, my intellect, were formed for a higher destiny: nevertheless it is the lot that is appointed me, and I must abide by it."

"Will you share my lot?" suddenly asked the earl.

The governess raised her eyes to his, a keen, searching glance darting from them, as if she suspected the words were but a jesting mockery. The peer moved nearer, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"I'm a blue jacket of nine-and-fifty years, Miss Lethwait, but I have got some wear in me yet. I never had an earthly ailment the matter with me, except the gout; and if you'll be Countess of Oakburn and make my fireside yours, I'll take care of you."

It was rather an odd fashion of making an offer, certainly; gout and marriage jumbled incongruously together. The earl, however, was not a courtier: he could only speak the genuine thoughts of his heart.

"What do you say?" he continued, having given her scarcely time to speak.

She gently removed his hand from her shoulder, and lifted her wet eyes to his. The tears were genuine as the earl's words: emotion—perhaps gratitude—had called them up.

"Thank you greatly, Lord Oakburn, but it could not be."

"Why not?" asked the earl.

"It—I—It would not be agreeable to your daughters, my lord. They would never tolerate me as your wife."

"What are you talking about now?" cried the offended earl, who never brooked opposition, no matter from whom. "My daughters! What have they got to do with it? I am not their husband: they'll be getting husbands of their own."

"I am young; younger than Lady Jane," she said, her lips growing pale with the conflict that was before her. "Lord Oakburn, if you made me your wife it might sow dissension between you and all your daughters, especially between you and Lady Jane. I feel, I feel that it would do so."

"By Jupiter! but my girls shall not thwart me!" cried the peer in a heat. "I'd like to see them try at it. Laura has chosen for herself, Clarice has gone roaming nobody knows where, Lucy is a child; and as for Jane, do you think she possesses no common sense?"

The governess made no reply. She seemed to be endeavouring to steady her trembling lips.

"Look you, Miss Lethwait. The very day I came into the title, I made up my mind to marry: it is incumbent on me to do so. The next heir is a remote fellow, hardly a cousin at all, and he has lived in Nova Scotia or some such outlandish place since he was a boy. A pretty thing it would be to have that figure-head to succeed me! Anybody with a grain of gumption in his topknots would have known that I should marry; and, my dear, you've got a splendid figure, and I needn't look further; and I like you, and that's enough. Will you be Lady Oakburn?"

Miss Lethwait shook excessively; all of emotion that she possessed within her was called up. She had really good and amiable qualities, and she did *not* like to be the means of sowing ill feeling between the earl and his children. In that same moment the past grew clear to her, and she was conscious that the possibility of becoming Countess of Oakburn had been suspended before her dazzled vision as the one tempting bait of life. How few, how few have the strength to resist such baits! Do you remember the lines of Præd—where the Abbot of Glastonbury, walking out in the summer's noon, overtakes the "Red Fisherman" plying his trade, and halts to watch him?

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks
As he drew forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things;
A peacock's tail and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn eurl,
An armlet of silk, and a bracelet of pearl;

And a packet of letters from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

For beautiful trifles such as these, woman has before now given up her soul : how much more, then, her hand and heart ! Not one but bore charms for the eyes of Miss Lethwait ; symbols, all of them—the scarlet slipper, the curl, the silk armlet, the bracelet—of that path of pleasure that must beset the future partner of Lord Oakburn's coronet. These things in prospective bear so plausible a magic ! The packet of letters, sickly with their excess of perfume, would hold out to Miss Lethwait the least attraction ; love-letters penned by the old peer could savour of little save the ridiculous.

Would the tempting bait win her ? Hear what success followed that thrown by the "Red Fisherman."

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair :
But the rose of her lip had all faded away,
And her cheek it was white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ha ! ha !" said the fisher in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before !"
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft had he blessed those deep-blue eyes ;
The eyes of Mistress Shore.

The loving and the lovely, the pure and the sullied, the guilty and the innocent, all have succumbed to the golden visions held out to them : had Miss Lethwait withstood, she had been more than woman. Lord Oakburn waited for her answer patiently—patiently for him.

"If you wish to make me yours, my lord, so be it," she said, and her very lips quivered as she yielded to the temptation. "I will strive to be to you a good and faithful wife.

"Then that's settled," said the matter-of-fact earl, with more straightforwardness than gallantry. But he laid his hand upon her shoulder again, and bent to take a kiss from her lips.

At that moment one stood in the doorway, her haughty eyelids raised in astonishment, her blood bubbling up in fiery indignation. It was Lady Jane Chesney. She had come in search of the governess in consequence of the communication made by Lucy. That any serious intention accompanied that kiss, Jane suspected not. Never for a moment had it glanced across the mind of Jane that her father would marry again. In her devotion, her all-absorbing love, there had existed not a crevice for any such idea to insinuate itself. She gazed ; but she only believed him to have been betrayed into a ridiculous bit of folly, not ex-

cusable even in a young man, considering Miss Lethwait's position in the family ; worse than inexcusable in Lord Oakburn. And the governess lingering in the room with him, standing passively to receive the kiss ! No pen could express the amount of scornful condemnation cast on her from that moment by Jane Chesney.

Too pure-minded, too lofty-natured, too much the gentlewoman to surprise them, Jane drew back, noiselessly, but some movement in the velvet curtain had attracted the notice of the earl. The door to this room was nothing but a sliding panel—and which Miss Lethwait had unslided (if there be such a word) when the pipe was finished—with looped-back inner curtains of crimson.

The curtain stirred, and Lord Oakburn, probably thinking he had been hidden long enough away from his guests, and that it might be as well to show himself again if he wished to observe a decent hospitality, went forth. Jane waited an instant, and entered. The governess was sitting then, her hands clasped before her, as one who is in deep thought or pain, her eyes strained on vacancy, and a burning spot of scarlet on her cheeks, scarlet as the geranium wreath in her black hair.

"Are you here, Miss Lethwait ! I have been searching for you everywhere. Allow me to request that you pay proper attention to Lady Lucy."

She spoke in a ringing tone of command, one never yet heard by the governess from the quiet Jane Chesney. Miss Lethwait bowed her head as she quitted the room in obedience to see after Lucy, and the scarlet of emotion was turning to pallor on her cheeks.

Jane watched her out. She was not one to make a scene, but she had to compress her lips together, lest they should open in defiance of her will. Her mind was outraged by what she had witnessed ; the very house was outraged ; and she determined that on the morrow Miss Lethwait should quit. In her fond prejudice she cast little blame on her father ; it all went to the share of the unlucky governess. Jane believed—and it cannot be denied that circumstances appeared to justify the belief—that Miss Lethwait had sought Lord Oakburn in that room, and hidden herself there with him, on purpose to play off upon him her wiles and fascinations.

"Never more shall she have the opportunity," murmured Jane, "never more, never more. Ere midday to-morrow the house shall be rid of her."

Jane mixed again with the crowd, but so completely vexed was she by what had occurred

that she remained silent and passive, not paying the smallest fraction of attention to her guests. As she stood near one of the windows of the drawing-room, certain words, spoken in her vicinity, at length forced themselves on her notice : words that awoke her with a start to the reality of the present.

"Her name's Beauchamp. My mother wrote to one of the governess-agencies over here, I believe, and they sent her out to us in Canada."

Jane turned to look at the speaker. He was a stranger, a very young man, brought that evening to the house by some friends, and introduced. His name, Vaughan, had not struck upon any chord of Jane's memory at the time ; but it did now, in connection with the name of Beauchamp. Could he indeed be a member of that family in Canada to whom the Miss Beauchamp had gone out ?

"And she is an efficient governess ?" went on one of the voices. It was a lady speaking now.

"Very much so, indeed," replied Mr. Vaughan. "I have heard my mother say she does not know what she should do without Miss Beauchamp."

All her pulses throbbing with expectant hope, Jane moved up and laid her finger on Mr. Vaughan's arm.

"Are you from Canada ?"

"From Lower Canada," he replied, struck with something of suppressed eagerness in her tone. "My father, Colonel Vaughan, was ordered there some years ago with his regiment, and he took his family with him. Liking the place, we have remained there, and——"

"You live near to Montreal ?" interrupted Jane, too anxious to allow him to continue.

"We live at Montreal."

"I heard you speak of a Miss Beauchamp : a governess, if I understood you arightly ?"

"Yes, I was speaking of Miss Beauchamp. She is my sisters' governess. She came out to us from England."

"How long ago ?"

"How long ago ?—let me see," he deliberated. "I don't think she has been with us much more than a twelvemonth yet."

It was surely the same. Jane without ceremony placed her arm within the young man's, and led him to a less-crowded room.

"I am interested in a Miss Beauchamp, Mr. Vaughan," she said, as they paced it together. "A lady of that name, whom I know, went abroad as governess about a year ago. At least, we suppose she went abroad, though we don't know with certainty where. I am very anxious to find her. I think the Miss Beauchamp you speak of may be the same."

"I shouldn't wonder," returned the young gentleman. "This one's uncommonly nice-looking, Lady Jane."

"So was she. I should tell you that we have been making inquiries, and had learnt that a Miss Beauchamp went to Montreal in Canada about twelvemonths ago. That lady no doubt is the one in your house : it may be the one we are wishing to find. We have already sent out letters to ascertain, and are expecting their answers every day. How long have you been in England ?"

"Not a fortnight yet. I asked Miss Beauchamp if I could call on any of her friends in England with news of her ; but she said she had none that she cared to send to."

"It can be no other than Clarice !" murmured Jane in her inmost heart. "I am sure it must be the same," she said aloud. "Can you describe her to me Mr. Vaughan ?"

"I can almost show her to you if I can catch sight of a young lady I was dancing with just now," he replied. "I kept thinking how like she was to Miss Beauchamp."

"A pretty little girl in a white crape frock and a white wreath in her hair," said Jane, eagerly, remembering how great a resemblance Lucy bore to Clarice.

"I—no, I don't think she wore a wreath," returned Mr. Vaughan. "And she was not little. She—there she is ! there she is !" he broke off in quick excitement. "That's the one ; the lady in the blue dress, with some gold stuff in her hair. You can't think how much she is like Miss Beauchamp."

Jane's spirit turned faint. It was another disappointment. The young lady he pointed to was a Miss Munro, a very tall girl, with a remarkably light complexion and light-blue eyes. No imagination, however suggestive, could have traced the slightest resemblance between that young lady and Clarice Chesney.

"She !" exclaimed Jane. Has Miss Beauchamp—your Miss Beauchamp—a complexion light as that ? Has she blue eyes ?

"Yes. Miss Beauchamp is one of the fairest girls I ever saw. Her hair is light flaxen, very silky-looking, and she wears it in curls. It's just like the hair you see upon fair-complexioned dolls."

"It is not the same," said Jane, battling with her disappointment as she best might.

"The Miss Beauchamp I speak of has large soft brown eyes and brown hair. She is about as tall as I am."

"Then that sets the question at rest, Lady Jane," returned the young man, alluding to the eyes and hair. "And our Miss Beauchamp is very tall. As tall as that lady standing there."

He pointed to Miss Lethwait. Jane withdrew her eyes in aversion, and they fell on Lucy. She made a sign to the child, and Lucy ran up, her brown eyes sparkling, her dark hair flowing, the bright rose shining in her damask cheeks.

"There is a resemblance in this young lady's face to the one I have been speaking of, Mr. Vaughan. The eyes and hair and complexion are just alike."

"Is there? Why that's—somebody told me that was little Lady Lucy Chesney—your sister, of course, Lady Jane. She's very pretty, but she's not a bit like Miss Beauchamp."

Was it to be ever so? Should they come seemingly on the very track of Clarice, only to find their hopes mocked? Things seemed to be going all the wrong way to-night with Jane Chesney.

CHAPTER XXVIII. TURNED AWAY!

LADY JANE CHESNEY sat in the small drawing-room. It was nearly the only room that the servants had put into habitable order since the revelry of the previous night. Possibly Miss Lethwait may have deemed that to be the reason why her breakfast was that morning served apart. In the simple-mannered household, the governess had hitherto taken her meals with the family; but Jane would not again sit down to the same board with one who had so forgotten herself. Lucy, by Jane's orders, was allowed to remain later in bed.

Lord Oakburn had taken his breakfast with Jane in this same small drawing-room. Every thing in the house seemed at sixes and sevens, and he made no remark upon the absence of the governess and Lucy. He had risen somewhat later than usual, and it may be that he supposed they had already breakfasted. His lordship was expending all his superfluous breath in a tirade against party-giving.

"Where's the use of it, after all?" he asked of Jane. "What end does it answer? Here we have got the house turned topsy-turvy just for the sake of two or three hours' crush! Two or three hours! All that trouble for just two or three hours! There's no sense in it, Jane. What good does it do? Who benefits by it? The folks have the trouble of dressing themselves, and they come out for an hour, and then go back and undress!—wishing themselves quiet at home all the while. We shall be two days getting straight. The thing's just this, Jane: it may be all very well for those people who keep a full set of servants in each department to enter on the folly, but it's an awful bother to those who don't. Catch me giving one next year! If you must

give it on your own score, my Lady Jane, I shall go out the while."

Did the thought cross the earl's mind as he spoke, that ere the next year should dawn, Lady Jane would no longer be his house's mistress? Most probably: for he suddenly ceased in his grumbling, drank down his tea at a gulp, and quitted the room, Jane vainly reminding him that he had made less breakfast than usual.

She had the things taken away, and she got her housekeeping book—for Jane was an exact account-keeper still—and made out what was due to Miss Lethwait. She had not been with them three months yet, but Jane would pay her as though she had. Ringing the bell, Pompey came in answer to it.

"Desire Miss Lethwait to step here," said Jane.

Miss Lethwait came in at once. It was an idle hour with her, Lucy being yet in her room. She was dressed rather more than usual, in a handsome gown that she generally wore to church on a Sunday: a sort of fancy material with rich colours in it. Had she put it on in consequence of her new position in relation to Lord Oakburn?—to look well in his eye? There was little doubt of it. All night long she had lain awake: her brain, her mind, her thoughts in a tumult; the hot blood coursing fiercely through her veins at the glories that awaited her. One moment these glories seemed very near; real, tangible, *sure*: the next, they faded away to darkness, and she said to herself that probably Lord Oakburn had only spoken in the passing moment's delusion: a delusion which would fade away with the morning light.

The torment, the uncertainty did not cease with the day, and it brought a rich colour to her pale face, rarely seen there; never save in moments of deep emotion. As she entered Lady Jane's presence with this bloom on her cheeks and the purple light shining from her magnificent hair, her handsome gown rustling behind her and her fine figure drawn to its full height, even Jane, with all her prejudice, was struck with her real grandeur.

It did not soften Jane one bit; nay, it had the opposite effect. How haughty Jane could be when she chose, this moment proved. She was sitting herself, but she did not invite the governess to sit: she pointed imperiously with her hand for her to stand, there, on the other side the table, as she might have pointed to a servant. In her condemnation of wrong-doing, Jane Chesney did not deem the governess fit to sit in her presence.

"Miss Lethwait, I find it inexpedient to retain you in my household," began Jane, in a

coldly civil tone. "It will not inconvenience you, I hope, to leave to-day."

To say that Miss Lethwait gazed at Lady Jane in consternation, would be saying little. Never for a moment had she feared her to have been in any way cognisant of the previous night's little episode in the smoking-room; she had but supposed this present summons had reference to some matter or other connected with Lucy. The words fell upon her like a shock, and she could only stand in astonishment.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Jane," she said, when she found her tongue. "Leave, did you say? Leave to-day!"

"You will oblige me by so doing," calmly replied Jane.

Miss Lethwait stood before Lady Jane in silence. That calmness is so difficult to contend against! She might have met it better had her ladyship only been in a passion.

"May I ask the reason of this sudden dismissal?" she at length murmured, with a rush of fear that Lady Jane must have been in some obscure corner of the smoking-room and seen the kiss.

"I would prefer that you did not ask me the reason," replied Jane. "Possibly you might find it in your own conscience if you searched. There are things which to the refined mind are derogatory even to think of, utterly obnoxious to speak upon. I had deemed you a gentlewoman, Miss Lethwait. I am grieved that I was mistaken: and I bitterly regret having placed you in charge of Lady Lucy Chesney."

All that Miss Lethwait possessed of fiery anger rose up to boiling heat. Lady Jane's tone was so stinging, so quietly contemptuous: as if she, the governess, were no longer worthy of any other. The taunt as to the gentlewoman told home.

Retorting words rose to her tongue; but ere the lips gave utterance to them, prudence came to her, and they were choked down. A scene now with Lady Jane, and she might never be the Countess of Oakburn. The scarlet hue of emotion tinged her cheek, deep and glowing, as it had on the previous night; but she compelled herself to endure, and stood in silence.

"There is due to you a balance of six pounds," resumed Jane; "and five pounds in lieu of the customary month's warning will make it eleven. In justice I believe I ought also to advance to you money for the month's board: if you will name any sum you may deem suitable, I—"

"I beg your pardon, *that* is not customary," passionately interrupted Miss Lethwait. "I could not accept anything of the kind."

"Then I believe you will find this correct," said Jane, placing a ten-pound note and a sovereign on the table. And Miss Lethwait after a moment's hesitation took them up.

"I am sorry to have incurred your displeasure, Lady Jane," she said, her anger subsiding. "Perhaps you will think better of me sometime."

The tone in spite of herself was one of deprecation. It grated on Jane Chesney's ear. She raised her haughty eyelids and bent on the governess one long look of condemnation.

"Never," she answered, with more temper than she had hitherto shown. "Your duties in this house are finished, Miss Lethwait. Any assistance that you may require in packing, I beg you will ring for. And I would prefer—I would very much prefer that you should not see Lady Lucy previous to your departure."

"Put out of the house like a dog!" murmured the unlucky governess to her own rebellious spirit. "But the tables may be turned; yes, they may be turned ere many months shall have gone by!"

Jane moved her hand and bowed her from her presence, coldly civil, grandly courteous. She vouchsafed no other leave-taking, and the governess went forth from her presence, her cheeks hot with their scarlet tinge. Not many times in her life had that scarlet dyed the face of Eliza Lethwait.

Outside the door she paused in indecision. In spite of all that had passed, she was not deficient in maidenly reticence, and to search out Lord Oakburn went against her. But it was necessary he should know of this dismissal, if the past night's offer were to be regarded as an earnest one.

She went swiftly down the stairs and found the earl in the small apartment that Lucy had called his smoking-room. He would go there sometimes in a morning if he had letters to write. The earl was seated leaning over an open letter, his stick lying on the table beside it. He looked up when she entered.

"Lady Jane has dismissed me, Lord Oakburn."

She spoke in no complaining tone, in no voice of anger. Rather in sadness, as if she had merited the dismissal. The earl did not take in the sense of the words; he had been buried in a reverie, and it seemed that he could not at once awake from it.

"What?" cried he.

"I am sorry to say that Lady Jane has dismissed me," she repeated.

"What's that for?" he demanded, awaking fully to the words now, and his voice and his stick were alike raised.

"Lady Jane did not explain. She called me in, told me I could not remain, and that she wished me to depart at once. I could not quit the house without telling you, Lord Oakburn, and—and—if you please—giving you my address. I shall go to my father's."

"Shiver my timbers if you shall go out of my house in this way!" stormed the earl, striking his stick on the table. "My Lady Jane's a cool hand when she chooses, I know; but you have a right to proper warning."

Miss Lethwait extended her hand, and exhibited the money in its palm.

"Lady Jane has not forgotten to give me the warning's substitute," she said, with a proud, bitter smile.

"Then hark you, my dear! I am the house's master, and I'll let my lady know that I am. You shall not——"

"Stay, Lord Oakburn—I beg your pardon," she interrupted. "I could not remain in the house in defiance of Lady Jane. You have not thought, perhaps, how impossible it would be for one in my subordinate capacity to enter the lists of opposition against her. Indeed it could not be."

Lord Oakburn growled. But he made no answer. Possibly the good sense of the argument was forcing itself upon him.

"You belong to me now," he presently said. "I won't have you turned out like this."

"I shall be happier at home," she resumed. "In any case, I must have left shortly, if—I mean," she broke off, stammering and hesitating, for she did not like openly to allude to her new prospects until they were more assured—"I must have left your roof before——"

"Before you re-enter it as my wife," interposed the earl, calming down. "Be it so. I don't know but you are right. And when you do enter it, it will be your turn, you know, to cock-pit it over my Lady Jane."

Miss Lethwait felt that Lady Jane was not one to allow her or anybody else to "cock-pit" it over her; and a dark shade seemed to rise up in her mind and shadow forth a troubled future. A question from Lord Oakburn interrupted its gloom.

"When shall you be ready?"

"In an hour's time," she answered. "I have not much luggage to put up."

"Not for leaving here," cried the earl, correcting her mistake somewhat hotly. "When shall you be ready for the splicing?"

"For the splicing?" she faltered.

"For the marriage. Don't you understand? In a week?"

"Oh, Lord Oakburn! Putting other and weightier considerations aside, I could not be ready in a week."

"What are the weighty considerations?"

"The—the seemliness—the fitness of things," she answered, growing rather nervous. "My preparations would take me some weeks, Lord Oakburn."

"Preparations take some weeks!" echoed the earl, opening his eyes in astonishment. "What, for a wedding? I never heard of such a thing. Why, I could fit out my sea-chest in a day for a three-years' cruise! What d'ye mean, Miss Lethwait?"

Miss Lethwait did not feel equal to disputing the outfitting point with him. All that could be settled later. She gave him her father's address at his country vicarage, Twiford; and Lord Oakburn told her he should be at it almost as soon as she was.

"Then, now that I have told you, I will hasten my departure," she said, turning to put aside the velvet curtain for her exit. "Lady Jane will not be pleased if I linger. Fare you well, Lord Oakburn."

"Yes, I suppose it's better that you should go," acquiesced the earl. "I don't mean to tell her, you see, until it's done and over. Just come close, my dear."

She went up to him. She supposed he had something particular to say to her; some direction to tender.

"Just give me a kiss."

The gallant peer had not risen, and she would have to stoop to his up-turned face. It was certainly reversing the general order of such things. For a single moment her whole spirit rose up in rebellion; the next, she had bent her face passively to his.

With his single kiss upon her lips, with the red blood dyeing her brow, with a choking sob of emotion, she went from his presence and ascended to her chamber. Lucy ran out from the adjoining one ere she could enter it. The child, who had grown fond of her governess in spite of the dreadful German exercises, threw her arms round her.

"Oh, was it not a charming party! I wish we could have one every night! And how good you are, Miss Lethwait, to give me holiday to-day. What are you going to do?"

"Lucy, dear, the holiday is not of my giving. I am going from you. I am not to teach you any longer. I shall have departed in an hour's time."

"What's that for?" exclaimed Lucy, in very astonishment.

And then, and not until then, did it recur to Miss Lethwait's remembrance that Lady Jane had desired her not to see Lucy before she left. The request had brought its sting to Miss Lethwait: had her ladyship feared she would contaminate the child?—but she had

never meant to disobey it; but there was no help for it now.

"Are you not going to be my governess any longer?" questioned Lucy.

"I am sorry to have mentioned this, Lucy," she murmured in contrition. "I ought not to have spoken to you. Will you kindly tell Lady Jane that I spoke in inadvertence, not intentionally; and that I am sorry to have done so?"

"But, Miss Lethwait——"

"But I cannot tell you anything," was the interruption of the governess. "It may chance, my dear, that we shall meet again at some future time. I am not sure. What seems certain one day vanishes the next. But you may believe one thing, Lucy—that I shall always love you."

She pushed the pretty arms away from her, and bolted herself in her chamber. Lucy flew to the breakfast-room. It was in the hands of the servants: it had been the supper-room of the previous night.

"Where's Lady Jane?" asked the child, surveying the *débris* before her with interest.

The servants did not know, unless her ladyship was in the small drawing-room. And Lucy went to the small drawing-room in search of her.

Jane was there. She had been shut up there quietly with her housekeeping book since the dismissal of the governess; but she had risen now to go to Lord Oakburn.

"O Jane! Is Miss Lethwait really going?"

"Yes," calmly replied Jane.

"Why? I am so sorry."

"Hush, Lucy."

"But you'll tell me why, Jane? What has she done?"

"You must not ask, my dear. These things do not concern you. I will take your lessons myself until I can find some one in Miss Lethwait's place, more suitable than she is."

"But Jane——"

"I cannot tell you anything more, Lucy," was the peremptory answer. "It is enough for you to know that Miss Lethwait is discharged, and that she quits the house to-day. I am very sorry that she ever entered it."

Leaving the little girl standing there, Jane went down to Lord Oakburn. He was seated in just the same position as when interrupted by Miss Lethwait: himself in a reverie, and the open letter before him.

Jane drew the velvet curtain close, and told him she had been discharging the governess. She found that she was unsuitable for her charge, was all the explanation she gave. Jane had taken her knitting in her hand, and she sat with her eyes bent upon it while she spoke;

never raising them; saying as little as she possibly could say. It was terribly unpleasant to Jane to mention that name to her father, after what she had seen in that very room on the previous night.

The earl made no interruption. It may be, that Jane had feared she knew not what of question and objection; but he heard her in silence. He never said a word until she had finished, and then not much.

"It was rather cool of you to dismiss her without warning, my lady. A harsh measure."

A rosy flush tinged Jane's delicate features.

"I think not, papa."

"As you please," returned the earl. "And now what's to be done about Clarice?"

The question took her by surprise. Lord Oakburn pointed to the open letter.

"I got this letter this morning, Jane. We have been mistaken in supposing that it was Clarice who went to Canada. It was another Miss Beauchamp."

"Oh yes, papa, I know it," returned Jane, in much distress, as she reverted to the disappointment imparted by Mr. Vaughan. "I begin—I begin to despair of finding her."

"Then you are a simpleton for your pains," retorted the earl. "Despair of finding her! What next? She has gone on the Continent with some family, and is put down in their passport as 'the governess;' that's what it is. Despair of finding her, indeed! I shall go off to that governess-agency place, and ask what they meant by leading us to believe that it was the same Miss Beauchamp."

In his hot haste, his impulsive temper, the earl rose and departed there and then, hurrying no end of anathemas at the unlucky Pompey, who could not at the first moment, in the general disarrangement, lay his hands on his master's hat. And ere the sun was high at noon, the governess had quitted the house, as governess, for ever.

(To be continued.)

PLOTS FOR PLAYS.

CARLO GOLDONI, *Avvocato Veneto*, as he delighted to sign himself, flourished as a most prolific playwright about a century ago. He has left behind him some four and twenty volumes of comedies; of these, the far greater number bear the distinctive stamp of excellence, and are as worthy of acceptance now as they were when originally applauded by the critics of Venice and Mantua. Taken collectively, the entire of his works constitutes a mine of suggestive reference, which might well be utilised by our writers of to-day.

Why should we, in the matter of play

writing, restrict ourselves so closely to plagiarisms from the French? Why should we, indeed, borrow from any one? We are not generally chargeable with lack of originality; we write more and better novels than any other people of Europe, and the novel and comedy are kindred compositions. In both these kinds of writing, it is not the simply creative faculty that is called into requisition; that particular faculty has sway in the fantasies of Ludwig Tieck or Lamotte Fouqué. The novel and the play derive their value from the verisimilitude of their representations, and are valueless if their positions transcend the limits of conceivable experience. The genuine comedy is, in fact, a quasi-historical document, and we turn to it as we should to "Pamela" or "Tom Jones," for illustration of the manners of an epoch.

Seeing then that we write good novels, we ought to write good plays; we used so to do once upon a time,—doubtless could do so now if we chose, and probably shall do so some day. Meanwhile, it would be a point gained if we could be brought to vary our sources of temporary accommodation. Granted, that we must borrow; have we no liberty of selection? Has no one originated plots but M. Scribe? Has available material been wrought up by none but Frenchmen?

Some of our old resources have been exhausted or become obsolete. Kotzebue has been used up, and he is the only German worthy of notice under this head. The Spaniards are behind the time; Lopez de Vega and Calderon have been the great instructors in their art; all Europe has profited by them, but at present would be found intolerant of their methods.

Goldoni represents to us a forgotten, but old and approved source of supply. The editorial labours that have been bestowed on Shakspeare enable us to understand how extensively we are indebted to the Italian Novelle. These were, as be-seemed their age, often but loose and rambling narratives, but they have furnished the plots of many of the finest monuments of human genius. If in modern times the fire of Italian intellect has given forth few coruscations, it has been, no doubt, in consequence of the heavy pressure of circumstances on the nation: or, rather, on the disjointed members of what has now become a nation. Those who mark the tokens of that nascent national life, find reason to believe that they still retain the spirit of those fathers who transmitted to us light from the East, and were to us the leaders of civilisation.

If we were to propose the reviving of our own dramatic literature of Goldoni's date, we

should have to commence our operations with an extensive work of expurgation. It would be impossible to produce on the stage these works simply in the state in which our great-grandfathers applauded them. This modification of public sentiment is naturally enough due to the influences of a century's improvement. People would not sit out those exhibitions, nor listen to that language now, because we are, in appreciatory power, a century ahead of their original audiences. So, it is to be presumed, are the populations of Italian towns; yet to them the works of Goldoni are, at this present time, constantly produced in exactly the same textual condition in which, on the authority of cotemporary copies, we know them to have been originally represented. Of course we are bound to accept the verdict of a sound judgment on these data. It is evident that while the upper and middle classes in England were enacting the sort of thing reflected in the writings of Farquhar, Swift, and Gay, the Italians had pretty well matured their philosophy of social life. They lived and conversed in public with all modern observance of decencies. It is no impugnement of this assertion to say that their Novelle are apt to be extremely licentious. These, at least the most objectionable specimens, are of a much earlier date, and cannot be taken as affording general pictures of society. Strangely enough, too, the old novelists appear to have written in their loose style without *malice prepense*,—without the least notion that they were doing wrong, or abetting the cause of licentiousness. Their most sedate personages seem to have betaken themselves to this sort of composition as to an allowable relaxation from the severities of study and business. We cannot conceive how this mental perversion could be possible; but neither can we understand how men could be found to intermingle the profane and indecent with the sublimities of mediæval church decoration. Boccaccio himself was a grave man and profound scholar, whose conduct was severely moral, and whose presence was a rebuke to the profane. Among the learned men with whom Leo X. surrounded himself, were some who eminently illustrated the possibility of maintaining thus a seemingly impossible incongruity of character. Let any one who wishes to study the subject of human contradictoryness refer to the account which has been bequeathed to us by Theodore Lascares of the sayings and doings at the court of Leo. He will therein find notes of psychological combinations that the wildest of imaginations would never have devised.

Fortunately for us, they treated differently that literary fare which was to be produced

before a mixed audience. A man might choose his own reading, but, except on the condition of eschewing the theatre altogether, he must perforce assist at such representations as were provided. Thus, their comedies were devoid of grossness. There is almost as much difference between Goldoni and Wycherly, as there is between Wycherly and Aristophanes. You will find in him no such sentiments and phrases as our own Mrs. Centlivre puts into the mouths of her characters. He has plenty of wit and humour, but no profanity or indecency; as he wrote, so might copy be given to our actors to study.

Though rather an old coach he is by no means slow. Many of his plays literally translated, and very slightly modified, would go down well at the Haymarket or Princess's. The best of it is that our public is at this moment so little familiar with him, that a translation would come out with all the force of originality; and on hints derived from him a man might long work undiscovered.

Some few of his comedies may be considered antiquated; some are localised by their allusions too strictly to be interesting to a non-Venetian audience. From the goodly remainder many would be found, as we have said, producible just as they stand; and the whole of them would be available for plot and incident.

Taking one volume at random, we find it to contain four plays, "Le Femmine Puntigliose," "La Finta Amalata," "Le Donne Curiose," and "La Guerra." Let this serve as a sample of the stock. Out of the four, one may be dismissed as of local and passing interest; the remainder would be serviceable, two of them without any trouble beyond that of translation. The one dismissed is the "Finta Amalata," or "Sham-sick Maiden;" this piece is a squib aimed at the professors of the medical art at Venice. It would fall tamely on the perceptions of those who have no knowledge of the specialities of place and person. Moreover, we should not appreciate a scenic representation of the technicalities of medical practice. "Le Femmine Puntigliose" is primarily an attack on the absurd exclusiveness of the aristocratic circles of the day, and incidentally on the vulgarity of that obtrusiveness on the part of plebeians which would fain break through established restrictions. Here we have subject matter common to ourselves and the Italians. High-life and low-life are still standing relatively in the same attitude of attack and defence; the difference is, that we have largely become imbued with right notions of intrinsic worth: and that both camps now contain numerous representatives who set no extravagant value on conventionalities. Still we

are always ready to yield ourselves to a laugh at any kind of pretension.

Let us take this play as an example of those needing modification. The main plot might be left just as it stands. Let us essay a sketch of it. A rich tradesman has retired from business, and his wife has accordingly become desirous of penetrating into the forbidden circle of the aristocracy. With this view they arrive at Palermo, relying on the not altogether disinterested good offices of a certain noble. In fact, the lady has bribed him, and is ready to bribe all the world if need be. The gentlemen are ready to receive the plebeians, but the ladies are inexorable. Their contempt is veiled under outward civility, and none will avow herself to be a black-baller. The fun of the piece turns on the attempts made on either side to baffle the other. The plebeian descends to abject servility, and employs direct bribery, just as, if all tales be true, presentations at court are sometimes fished for among ourselves. The ladies receive her in private, but when surprised by any mutual acquaintance, tell all kinds of lies, and try all sorts of stratagems to give the visit a business air, to make it appear a matter of buying and selling. The incidental characters are capital. There is a gluttonous, coarse-minded noble, who laughs at the whole course of social proceedings, and would sell his own privileges for a roast capon; the plebeian has a good deal of the Becky Sharpe about her, and the ladies of quality are most amusing *intrigantes*. The *dénouement* takes place at a grand reception, where her presence, though paid for under the rose, is converted into an occasion of humiliation, and a grand crash takes place, in which the peccant members of the aristocracy are brought to book. The play, in spirit and treatment, is of the "School for Scandal" type.

Of the other two, we will give a slight sketch of one, "Le Donne Curiose," or as it might be rendered, "Female Curiosity." This is, in all respects, a first-rate production. A number of gentlemen have founded a club, the object of which is that they may enjoy the pleasures of association without the trammels of etiquette. But, as the presence of ladies would threaten the introducing of the elements of dissension, and the divulging of their secret (which is that they have no secret), they have a law rigorously to exclude women, and to conceal their no-secret from them. Some of these gentlemen are married, one is engaged, and all have female servants. All these women live in the torments of unsatisfied curiosity, and devote the energies of their lives and all the sharpness of woman's wit to the work of unravelling the mystery. Each one of

them has a theory of her own, and of course reads all the tokens of evidence in her own light. Each one appeals to the servant who is in constant attendance on the club-room. He is a sharp-witted fellow, and tells to each one of them a different story, suited to the several prevailing impressions which their leading questions have enabled him to detect. Every one of them is thus led on a wrong track. There is no end of fun in the way of comic scenes between lover and maiden, and husband and wife: the women driving the men to desperation by their obstinate strivings to come at the truth, and their perverse wrestling meanwhile of every trivial incident to the confirming of their own suspicions. At last the ladies, each acting separately, and each following out her own particular hypothesis, manage, each for herself, to get hold of the keys of the house where the club has its session. The scenes in which these stratagems are carried out are wonderfully rich. The men are all solemnly bound not to part with their keys to any uninitiated person, but, as might be expected, come off second best in the contest, and are every one of them overreached or overhwhelled by the women. At last, and after no end of misses and narrow escapes, the women, separately, and each thinking to steal a march on the others, make their way into the house, and get into the antechamber of the saloon of reunion. Here, standing betrayed one to the other, they make a virtue of necessity, and agree to act in concert. They find a peephole, but none will believe what they see, because none see what they expect. At last, in scrambling for turns at the keyhole, they make a noise, and are discovered. The mystery is then solved, and general reconciliation follows. The curtain falls; the community is restored to happiness, and convinced of the folly of unreasonable curiosity, of which they profess themselves determined never again to admit the disquieting intrusion.

This plot is admirably worked out by Goldoni,—especially in the scene in which one of the wives, aided by a cunning waiting-maid, manages to steal her husband's keys, though he never will part with them off his person.

“La Guerra,” or, as it might be rendered, “Life in the Camp,” is a stirring military

episode, very much in the spirit of “Wallenstein's Lager.” It gives you everything of war except the actual conflict of troops. It is a lively, bustling piece, of which the action never flags, and where the interest is sustained from beginning to end. These four plays comprise the contents of a single volume of Goldoni's works, taken at random. Are they not enough to indicate a richness of deposit that might reward a farther research and utilisation? We venture to predict that the man who first tries his skill in this direction will achieve a great success.

W.

THE EARTH TO THE SEA.

From his rock pillow and his bed of sand
Old Neptune rose just as the blushing Sun
Came forth the eastern gate dispensing smiles
O'er earth and sea. Old ocean's surface smooth,
With azure tint of sky, like mirror shone,
And scarce a ripple on its face appear'd,
Save by the zephyrs in pellucid rays
Disporting in their joy at dawn. Anon
A solemn voice was heard upon the shore:
“Was Earth complaining of the havoc made
By her sons who travel o'er the deep.
“Behold,” she said, “though now so bush'd and calm
All nature seems, the shore is overstrewn
With lifeless men and wreck of argosies,
Caused by the tempest which but lately raged.
O puissant god! it cannot be that thou
Shouldst pleasure take in vengeance on a race
Who for a time, and for a purpose wise,
Probathe here abide, sustaining life
By store of food abundantly supplied
By teeming earth and sea. I pray thee, then,
Consider their sad case, thy fury stay,
And let them peacefully pursue their way.”

The Seagod thus replied—“Deem not that I,
If ever vengeful, war with mortal foe.
'Tis true that my domain is oft, like yours,
The battlefield where spirits of the air,
Æolus-led, in elemental war
Disturb both earth and sea; 'tis also true
That creatures of the earth and sea and air
In these dire conflicts oftimes meet their doom.
But 'mongst all living things the strong the weak
Subdue; and man o'er all lord paramount
Holds sway; and, though with reason sole endow'd,
In deadly feud against his fellow-man,
In one short moon more of his race are slain
Than in an age by elemental strife.
We know these things have ever been; but then,
Their cause and purpose are beyond our ken.”

Old Earth thus saw how needless 'twere to roam—
That all reform must first commence at home.

T. FARROW.

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